

The World's Great
Books in Outline

THIRD VOLUME



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The World's GREAT BOOKS In Outline

Edited by
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Short Stories

FULLY ILLUSTRATED

Third Volume

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GUY DE MAUPASSANT

A LIFE

SEVERAL years before he published *A Life* (*Une Vie*), the first of his full-length novels, in 1883, Henri René Guy de Maupassant had clearly shown himself to be one of the most consummate masters of the *conte*, or short story, that the world had ever known. The first of his works to be published was *Boule de Suif*, which was contributed to *Les Soirées de Médan*, and this was followed immediately by *La Maison Tellier* and a succession of little masterpieces. Two years after *A Life*, the sad, engrossing tale retold here, appeared *Bel Ami*, and this was followed by *Pierre et Jean* (1888) and *Fort comme La Mort* (1889). De Maupassant's output was thirty volumes in about ten years—an amazing performance which, one feels, must have been partly responsible for his premature decline. Of the long tales, *A Life* is generally esteemed to be the best and strongest; but his true medium was the short story, a form in which de Maupassant has had no superior, in France or elsewhere. An English translation is published by T. Werner Laurie. The following epitome has been prepared direct from the French, by Edgar Preston.

I—Jeanne and Julien



JEANNE, just home from the convent where she had spent five placid years, was the daughter and only child of Baron Simon-Jacques Le Perthuis des Vauds, a Norman nobleman of the old school.

Her mother, the Baronne, mild, easy-going, short-winded and somnolent, was a semi-invalid, an affection of the heart being accompanied by an excessive corpulence: a very lovable woman—the feminine counterpart of her genial husband.

The daughter inherited all the kindness, and perhaps some of the resultant softness, of both. A fine, tall, healthy girl of seventeen, blue-eyed and fair-haired, she might have sat for a portrait by Veronese.

Her parents took her from the convent to the old family château on the cliffs near Yport, Les Peuples (so called from the poplars surrounding it), which was to be Jeanne's own property and home when she married. Great was the delight of the emancipated schoolgirl to be back in the dear old manor-house where her happy childhood had been spent.

The first night in the four-post bed she could not sleep for hours. Wide awake, she conjured up pictures of the happy future that should be hers; and at last she fell a-wondering who and what like her husband would be, and when he would

come and live with her in her seaside home. She would have two children, of course—a boy for him and a girl for herself. She could see them running about on the grass, while He the father and She the mother would follow them with proud and loving glance, and then gaze on one another with passion in their eyes!

The lover of whom Jeanne had been dreaming was not long in making his appearance. One day the Abbé Picot, *curé* of the district, round and rubicund, easy-going and tolerant, asked permission to introduce a neighbour, Vicomte Julien de Lamare, 'a charming young man, of quiet tastes and full of sense,' who had had to sell the family mansion to pay the debts left by his late father, and who now lived modestly in a farmhouse of his own not far away.

Having satisfied themselves as to the status of their neighbour, Jeanne's parents received Julien de Lamare with great cordiality. He was one of those men who appeal more to women than to their own sex. His bronzed face, framed by black, wavy hair and beard, his strongly-marked eyebrows and dark, dreamy eyes made up a face that certainly most women would have pronounced handsome and fascinating, despite the over-strong jaw.

Julien made so favourable an impression that very soon he was a regular visitor at the château.

Jeanne was attracted at once by the new-comer, who, in turn, showed plainly how much he enjoyed her society. Often the young people, with the Baron, went out walking together, and occasionally he would let them stroll on while he rested. One day, when they were alone, Julien suddenly seized her hands and, gazing eagerly into her frank eyes, exclaimed: "Will you be my wife?" Her eyes were instantly lowered; but when she raised them they spoke the answer he wanted.

There was no sort of objection on the part of Jeanne's parents; so within a few weeks Julien and she were man and wife. They went to Corsica for the honeymoon.

As they were saying good-bye to the parents Jeanne's mother put a fat purse into her hand. "That's for your odd expenses," she said, with her kind old smile. When the young bride counted the money it came to two thousand francs.

Although Julien had been kind and 'correct' enough on the wedding night and after, Jeanne was conscious of a vague feeling of disappointment. In her complete ignorance she had supposed marriage to be something more poetical, less material, something different. Of the passion she had expected to feel in Julien's company there was none. In its place was a sort of resentment—half shame, half disgust—at his embraces. But the sea voyage filled her with delight.

As they were preparing to land, Julien, who had collected the luggage, whispered to his wife: "I should think twenty sous is enough to give the steward, eh?"

He had been asking similar questions ever since they left home, so she replied

rather sharply: "If you're not sure of giving enough you should give too much."

To her surprise and humiliation, she had found her bridegroom constantly arguing over trifling sums with waiters, drivers, shopkeepers and others. When he had succeeded in knocking off a few coppers he would rub his hands and exclaim, with a smile of satisfaction: "I hate being robbed."

THEY stayed three days in Ajaccio, and then travelled inland on horseback, with a guide. Jeanne, who rode well, soon made a further discovery: her husband was but an indifferent horseman. Through wild, lovely scenery they rode for several days, finding hospitality for the night at this or that farmhouse, and Jeanne found enchantment at every turn. Something in the air seemed to intoxicate her. Once, when they had dismounted and sent the guide on ahead with the horses, Jeanne felt suddenly a great longing for Julien. When she kissed him and threw her arms about his neck he understood and, as surprised as delighted, made instant response to her invitation; their real love-making had begun.

Jeanne and Julien were away two months. Soon after the start of the honeymoon the husband had taken charge of his wife's pocket-money. As he said, "It might just as well be in my purse as yours." So when, in Paris, on their way home, Jeanne asked for some of the two thousand francs, to buy presents, she had an unpleasant shock on finding it difficult to get any of it back. Rather grudgingly, Julien gave her a hundred francs!

II—*Marriage and Disillusion*

BACK at Les Peuples, Jeanne was happy for a time with her parents, both of whom she loved devotedly; but life was monotonous on the cold cliff-side, and secretly she longed for the warm sun, the scented airs of lovely Corsica. Now that the honeymoon was over Julien and she occupied separate rooms. He appeared to her very much like an actor who, having played his part, put on his ordinary clothes and became a different man. He took very little notice of her now, all trace of the ardour of a few months

ago having vanished, save on rare occasions. Instead, he devoted all his attention to the property, worrying the peasants, revising their leases, cutting down expenses in every direction. All the old elegance disappeared as he turned into a sort of farmer, with beard untrimmed and nails neglected, and wearing his oldest, shabbiest clothes. Julien took care, however, to have the arms of his family, the de Lamares, quartered with those of the Le Perthuis des Vauds on the door of the Baron's carriage, which

had now become his. Otherwise he could not have paid the customary formal visits to any of their few neighbours of rank.

The Baron and his wife left the young people early in January, returning to their house in Rouen, where they habitually spent the winter months. Thus, Jeanne and Julien had nothing but their own society. Not content with managing the estate, Julien actually took over the housekeeping, where his mania for petty economy had full play. This left Jeanne less to do than ever, and daily she grew more disgusted and impatient to watch his incessant parsimony. She had been accustomed to have little fancy rolls left by the baker for her breakfast. These were stopped as being extravagant, and toast took their place.

Rosalie, the maid, who shared the work of the big house with Ludivine, the cook, had changed strangely of late. Formerly so gay and healthy-looking, she had now grown dull and hollow-eyed, as though suffering from some hidden malady. Often Jeanne, who liked the honest country girl—her foster sister—would inquire if anything ailed her, but the answer was always the same: there was nothing the matter.

ONE day Jeanne found the girl writhing in agony on the floor. Julien, summoned by her cries, rushed in and, when he saw her, sent Jeanne for Ludivine and old Simon, the gardener, telling his wife to stay out of the room for a little while. Rosalie was put to bed, and presently Julien told his wife, with every mark of anger and disgust, that a boy had been brought into the world.

"What are you going to do with this creature?" he asked fiercely. "We can't keep her and her brat in the house—that's certain."

"Perhaps we could have the child put out to nurse?" hazarded Jeanne timidly.

"And who's going to pay for it?" he answered bitterly. "You, of course?"

"But surely," said Jeanne, after a time, "the father will take charge of it; and if he marries Rosalie there's an end of the trouble. Whoever he is he can't be such a coward as to leave her in the lurch. We must find out his name."

Julien was for giving Rosalie a little money and throwing her out neck-and-crop; but Jeanne would have none of it. If necessary she would have the child brought up at her own expense, and never would she let Rosalie be turned out. The child was put out to nurse, and the mother returned in due course to her housework. Again and again Jeanne tried affectionately to induce the girl to tell her the name of the father, but it was all of no use.

MEANWHILE, Julien grew more and more morose, as though nursing a grievance against his young wife, who now showed signs of ill health, her appetite falling off and her nerves being always on edge. The hard winter lingered, and she longed for the warm breath of spring.

One night Jeanne was so cold that she could not sleep, although she heaped wood on the fire and clothes on her bed. At last, so constant was her shivering, she grew frightened and rang for Rosalie. There was no answer, so she rang again, but still the girl did not come. Jeanne resolved to go and find her. Rosalie's bed was empty and cold, as though it had not been slept in. Then Jeanne decided to go and wake Julien. By the flickering light of the dying fire she saw, on opening the door, two persons asleep—her husband and Rosalie.

The cry Jeanne gave, as she rushed from the room, awoke the pair. Julien ran after her, calling "Jeanne! Jeanne!" but she fled through the house out into the grounds, over the snow, bare-footed and with nothing on but her night-dress; then on and on, across the hills right to the edge of the cliff, where she stopped. Why should she not throw herself over and end it all? Then came Julien's voice and other voices, and Jeanne was on the point of leaping into space when hands seized her from behind and she fell back unconscious on the soft snow.

They took her home. For the next few weeks she lay in a high fever, between life and death, until at last consciousness returned, and with it, little by little, remembrance. When Jeanne told what had really happened, they thought she was still in delirium and for a long time refused to take the matter seriously.

When challenged by the Baron—for Jeanne was insistent and obviously in her right mind now—Julien denied everything indignantly, even threatening an action for slander against his father-in-law. But Rosalie, full of remorse, confessed the truth: she had been what Jeanne had discovered her to be ever since Julien had first come to the house.

Rosalie had to go this time. Jeanne's parents gave her a farm to occupy with her infant, and made arrangements that the property, which was worth twenty thousand francs, should be the son's when his mother died. Not very long afterwards a young peasant was found who was willing to marry the girl.

III—The Other Woman

SOON after she was convalescent Jeanne went with her husband to return a visit paid by their near neighbours, Comte and Comtesse de Fourville, with whom Julien had for some little time been acquainted. Jeanne had remarked with some surprise how greatly Julien's appearance had improved of late. Well-dressed and well-groomed, he looked like the lover of a year ago. The Comtesse was a very pretty woman of about her own age, with easy, delightful manners, and it was clear to see that the Comte adored her. A huge man, extremely powerful, with a large red moustache, he spent most of his time in the open air, shooting, fishing, hunting. They had no children. The two young wives soon became on the friendliest of terms, and though there was not much in common between rough, plain de Fourville and elegant, fascinating Julien, an intimacy soon grew up between the families. The Comtesse Gilberte, passionately fond of riding, was in the saddle every day. With her husband's full approval she was often accompanied in her rides by Julien.

One mild spring morning Jeanne went riding alone. Instinctively she made for the little wood near Etretat, having a sort of sentimental desire to see the spot where Julien had asked her to marry him. She had some difficulty in finding the exact place, and wandered this way and that until, all of a sudden, at the end of a long shady path, she perceived two

At first, after the revelation made by Rosalie, Jeanne declared she would leave her husband and go to live with her parents, the very thought of Julien filling her with loathing; but Father Picot, who was brought in to mediate, succeeded in preventing an open rupture. After a time, life at the château went on very much as before; and when a month or two later Jeanne's baby—a boy—arrived, the past was more or less forgotten.

Jeanne's child, christened Pierre Simon Paul, was her only thought and care. She had a son, who all her life long should be her pride, her comfort, her support. The disillusioned wife was now the happy, hopeful mother.

riderless horses standing side by side. Trotting up, Jeanne saw at once they were Gilberte's and Julien's and, thinking they must be near at hand, she called them, but got no reply. Then she noticed their whips, lying on the tumbled grass, and a woman's glove beside them. After waiting nearly half an hour, expecting them to return, Jeanne was seized with a sudden horrible suspicion. Mounting, she turned her horse's head and galloped back homeward. Presently she slackened the pace and began to think. Julien's treachery neither surprised nor troubled her greatly, but she felt disgusted with the whole world. Was there no decency, no honesty anywhere? And she wept bitter tears of disappointment as she walked her horse slowly up to Les Peuples.

When Jeanne's parents came from Rouen for their annual visit to Les Peuples Jeanne was shocked to see the change in her mother, who appeared to have aged by ten years in six months. Her breathing was so bad that exercise had become almost an impossibility, and one seldom saw the poor Baronne laugh. Luckily, her sight remained strong; so she would sit for hours together in her room reading Lamartine or turning over her old letters and other treasured relics. One afternoon, while walking in the grounds, Jeanne heard someone calling her loudly. Hurrying back towards the house she found her mother lying insensible near the seat under the big plane tree

where she was accustomed to rest. Doctors were sent for, but nothing could be done for her : she was dead.

Jeanne's grief knew no bounds. All night she sat by the bedside where her mother slept her last sleep. Hour after hour went by, but still she watched, untired. Then it occurred to her that it would be a fitting and a pious thing to read the letters that had been so dear to her who lay there serene and beautiful in death. So, taking the little packets from a drawer she placed them reverently on her mother's breast and, opening them one after another, began to read. It would be only right, she thought, to lay these letters on the morrow in the coffin. Most of them were from her mother's parents, and told of all sorts of far-off, homely household things. Then came a packet in another handwriting. She read : 'I cannot live without your kisses. I love you madly.' Unsigned, it bore the address : Madame la Baronne Le Perthuis des Vauds.

Jeanne opened another, which ran : 'Come to-night, as soon as he's gone out. We shall have an hour. I love you.'

There were others in the same strain and, in the same hand, one signed Paul d'Ennemaire, accepting an invitation to dinner. Jeanne's father sometimes spoke of 'poor old Paul,' long since dead. His wife had been her mother's closest friend.

So the pale, dead woman lying there beside her—her very own mother—had had a lover !

BURSTING into tears, Jeanne seized all the letters in her two hands and threw them in a heap on the fire. No one else should know the shameful secret.

The funeral was on the following day. Of all the mourners none was so affectionate, so sympathetic with Jeanne as Gilberte, who kissed her again and again, murmuring, "You poor darling !"

About this time the kindly, indulgent Abbé Picot was promoted, his successor as district priest being the Abbé Tolbiac, his absolute opposite, physically and in all other respects. This tiny, cold, fanatical ascetic, violent of speech, intolerant to the point of cruelty, was determined to

put down the immorality he saw, or thought he saw, among his new parishioners.

Soon he discovered the *liaison* between Julien and Gabrielle de Fourville, and did not scruple to inform Jeanne of what she knew only too well. It was her bounden duty, he told her, to make M. de Fourville acquainted with his wife's misconduct. He could put a stop to it at once. When Jeanne hesitated the priest left the house, crimson with rage.

Julien and Gabrielle became aware that the Abbé was spying on their movements. For safety, they were compelled to take refuge in a sort of hut on wheels that had been left by shepherds on the high ground above the cliffs. There they were safe from sudden surprise.

ONE stormy afternoon in early spring Jeanne saw the Comte de Fourville approaching the house in great haste on foot. His face was drawn, his eyes were wild and haggard, and he stammered as he inquired, "Is my wife here?" Jeanne, frightened at his appearance, replied, "No ; I haven't seen her to-day."

Muttering something about 'your husband,' the Comte rushed away in the direction of the cliffs. Jeanne understood ; but he took no notice when she cried out to him to stop.

The wind blew with hurricane force, and the rain and hail fell in torrents, as Gabrielle's husband ran up the steep hill-side. On the summit stood the hut, and beside it two horses, fastened to the shafts. As he drew near, M. de Fourville crawled on hands and knees and, reaching his destination unperceived, put his ear to the keyhole. After a few moments he rose, turned the key, which was on the outside of the door, and released the horses by cutting their bridles. Then, taking the shafts in his great hands, he pulled with all his force till he set the machine on the move. As soon as it was under way he released it and, running down the steep declivity, it gained speed rapidly. Cries came from within and fists were hammered on the woodwork, but soon the prison on wheels was rushing madly towards the cliff. A wheel became detached, but nothing could stop it.

Over and over it rolled, and in another moment it had fallen on to the shore below, where it lay like a crushed egg. The trapped lovers were dead and mutilated when found.

The terrible occurrence was attributed

to the *tempêt*. M. de Fourville's tragic secret was never revealed.

When Jeanne saw Julien's body borne into the house she fell to the ground unconscious. The same night she gave premature birth to a stillborn child—a girl.

IV—*Two Sons*

STUNNED by the shock of these successive blows, Jeanne was slow to recover. Happily, she had her boy, her idol. The years passed placidly on. Time brought its consolations, and the little household at Les Peuples—the old Baron, his unmarried sister, quiet, patient, self-sacrificing Tante Lison and Jeanne—all worshippers at the shrine of the son and heir, were happy enough for the next few years. At the age of fifteen Paul was sent to *Hâvre*, where he studied—or pretended to study—for the next five years. At first all his holidays had been spent at Les Peuples, but now, at twenty, he began to find these visits irksome, preferring to enjoy himself elsewhere, with companions of his own age. After all, it was but natural, said the Baron, when Jeanne lamented her boy's neglect.

One day a Jew with a German accent called with a bill for fifteen hundred francs, money lent to the young student. His grandfather paid the amount. Thinking it advisable to see what Paul was doing, the Baron took his daughter to *Hâvre*. They were informed, on reaching the College, that Paul had not been there for a month past. He was supposed to be at home ill. Eventually the police found him living in not the most desirable female company. Paul was taken back to Les Peuples. Soon he found an opportunity to escape with his girl companion; and this time the *Hâvre* police sought him in vain.

At last a letter came to the sorrowing mother. Paul was in London, well, but badly in need of money. Could they advance fifteen thousand francs of the sum that was due to come to him at his majority? They sent him what he asked, and heard no more for five months. When Paul wrote again it was to say a business speculation had failed. Unless help came at once there was nothing for him to do but blow out his brains. He owed eighty-five thousand francs: disgrace, ruin stared

him in the face. The Baron had to mortgage the estate to get the money. Then a steamboat company in which the heir was interested went bankrupt, with liabilities of two hundred and thirty-five thousand francs. Once again the grandfather was obliged to effect a mortgage on Les Peuples. Then he was carried off by an apoplectic stroke; and not long after Tante Lison followed him.

Worn out with grief and fatigue Jeanne fainted at the graveside. Awaking in bed, she saw a woman dozing by the fire—a strong, grey-haired, middle-aged woman, whose face seemed familiar. Jeanne got out of bed to look more closely, but the stranger picked her up and put her gently back between the sheets, telling her she would catch cold.

"Who are you?" enquired Jeanne anxiously.

"My poor mistress, Mam'zelle Jeanne, don't you remember me?"

It was Rosalie! Jeanne put her arms round her old servant, and kissed her till both were in tears.

Rosalie, telling Jeanne she would never leave her again, took charge of the household forthwith. She had saved money; her husband, who had treated her well, was dead; but their son Denis was alive, a good, honest, industrious lad. And Jeanne, when she heard it, thought of the difference between Julien's two sons—hers and Rosalie's!

It became necessary to sell Les Peuples. When the estate was wound up Paul received what remained of his inheritance, all that was left for his mother being barely enough to enable her to live decently in a small house which Rosalie, who arranged everything, secured for her near *Goder-ville*. They shared it, of course; and there at least was rest for poor Jeanne.

From time to time Paul wrote for money. Had it been left to his mother she would have sent him all she possessed. But

Rosalie took care that nothing of the sort happened.

Paul gave an address in Paris, and Jeanne resolved to make the long journey to the capital and try to induce him to come and live with her.

She went by one of the new-fangled steam trains; got lost in the great city, to which since her girlhood she had been a complete stranger; with difficulty discovered Paul's lodgings; found he had left some weeks before 'owing money everywhere,' as the concierge informed her; and at last had to return, crushed and despairing.

Back in her modest home, Jeanne seemed to lose all interest in life; she stayed indoors, absorbed in her sombre reflections. But when the spring came, with its caressing breezes, she was seized with a strange activity; went in and out of the house twenty times a day, and often wandered along the roads and fields for hours together, her thoughts ever in the irrecoverable past.

A letter came from Paul, to inform her that his companion—he called her his 'wife'—was dying. He was penniless and did not know what to do with their baby daughter, three days old. Could his mother take charge of the child?

At once Rosalie said: "I'll go myself this time, and bring back the baby. It can't be left like that." She went to Paris that night.

Two days later Jeanne had a line from Rosalie, simply saying she was coming back by the evening train.

Jeanne procured a cart from a neighbour, who drove her to the station to meet her servant. When Rosalie arrived she was carrying in her arms what looked like a bundle of clothes.

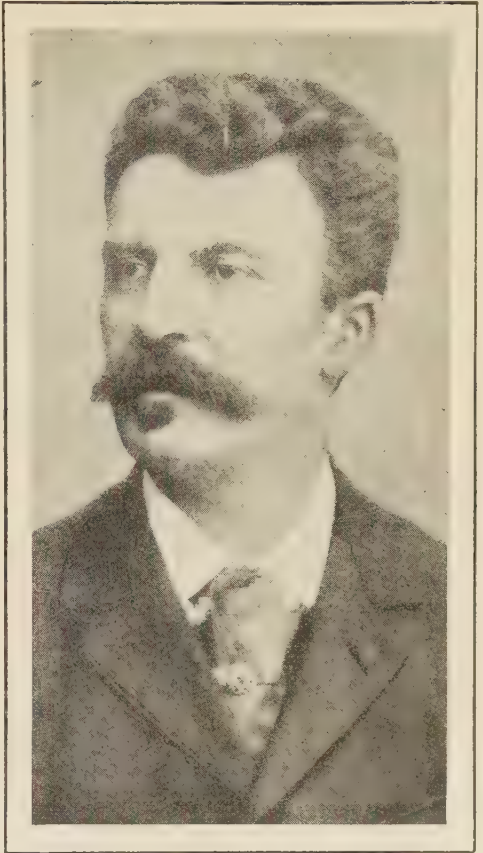
"Well?" stammered her mistress.

"Well," replied Rosalie calmly, "she died last night. They were married first. Here is the baby."

She handed the bundle to Jeanne, and they got into their conveyance.

Then Rosalie continued: "M. Paul will come after the funeral. About this time to-morrow, I suppose."

As the cart jogged along Jeanne became conscious of a soft warmth that penetrated



HENRI RENE ALBERT GUY DE MAUPASSANT was born at Miromesnil, Normandy, August 5, 1850, and educated at Yvetot and Rouen. He obtained an appointment in the Board of Education, but literature was his vocation and he became one of the brilliant group of literary men who gathered regularly at Gustave Flaubert's house. Beginning as a follower of Flaubert and of Zola he developed from a romanticist into a naturalist, the keenest and closest observer who ever studied life and its most faithful transcriber. Always neurasthenic and lacking balance, he developed general paralysis and died insane July 6, 1893.

her clothes to her legs and body. It came from the tiny being that lay asleep on her lap.

Then a wonderful feeling came over her. Uncovering the face of the child, which she had not yet seen—the face of her son's daughter!—she hugged it to her breast and half-smothered it with kisses. The baby opened her blue eyes, and her mouth moved.

Then Rosalie intervened: "Come! Come! Madame Jeanne; you'll make her cry!"

Presently she added: "Life, you know, is never so good or so bad as you think."



Christopher Columbus, immortalized by his discovery of the New World, was born at Genoa in 1451. Although he became a sailor at fourteen, voyaging in the Mediterranean and in the northern seas beyond Britain, he was a patient student of cosmography and later employed part of his time making maps and charts. About 1478 he married the daughter of Bartolomeo Perestrello, a captain in the service of Prince Henry the Navigator, and from this old sailor's papers and from correspondence with Toscanelli, the Florentine cosmographer, he evolved his scheme of reaching India by sailing westward. The story of his quest for royal patronage, of his voyages, of his crowning success on October 12, 1492, when he first set foot on the soil of the New World, and of his subsequent disillusionments and death, is one of the tragic epics in the world's history. Columbus died at Valladolid, May 25, 1506, and his body, after being interred successively at San Domingo and Havana, was finally laid to rest in 1898 in the cathedral at Seville. This picture is from the painting by Piombo.

WASHINGTON IRVING

THE LIFE AND VOYAGES OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS

AMONG the writers of biography who have won international and enduring fame, Washington Irving holds high place. He had an eye quick to comprehend the picturesque features of an age as reflected in the deeds and words of its typical representatives and, without encroaching upon the functions of the historian, he gave to all his biographical portraits a historical background at once scrupulously true to fact and fastidiously artistic. His *History of the Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus*, published in 1828, was the first fruits of researches made at Madrid during his residence there from 1826 to 1829. Other results of this work were *The Voyages and Discoveries of the Companions of Columbus* (1831), *A Chronicle of the History of Granada* (1829), and *The Alhambra* (1832). His distinctive gifts of easy narrative, clarity of style and fine judgement are revealed also in the lives of Oliver Goldsmith (1842), and Mahomet and his Successors (1849). Irving's chief work was *The Life of George Washington* (1855-59) of which an outline appears elsewhere in *The World's Great Books*

I—The Years of Waiting



CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS was born in Genoa about 1435, of poor but reputable parents. He soon evinced a passion for geographical knowledge and

an irresistible inclination for the sea. We have but shadowy traces of his life till he took up his abode in Lisbon about 1470. His contemporaries describe him as tall and muscular; he was moderate and simple in diet and apparel, eloquent, engaging and affable. At Lisbon he married a lady of rank, Doña Felipa. He supported his family by making maps and charts.

Portugal was prosecuting modern discovery with great enthusiasm, seeking a route to India by the coast of Africa; Columbus's genius conceived the bold idea of seeking India across the Atlantic. He set it down that the earth was a terraqueous globe, which might be travelled round. The circumference he divided into twenty-four hours. Of these he imagined that fifteen hours had been known to the ancients; the Portuguese had advanced the western frontier one hour more by the discovery of the Azores and the Cape de Verde Islands; still about eight hours remained to be explored. This space he imagined to be occupied in great measure by the eastern regions of Asia. A navigator, therefore, pursuing a direct course from east to west must arrive at Asia or discover intervening land.

The work of Marco Polo is the key to many of the ideas of Columbus. The territories of the Great Khan were the object of his search in all his voyages. Much of the success of his enterprise rested on two happy errors; the imaginary extent of Asia to the east, and the supposed smallness of the earth. Without these errors he would hardly have ventured into the immeasurable waste of waters of the Atlantic.

A deep religious sentiment mingled with his thoughts; he looked upon himself as chosen from among men, and he read of his discovery as foretold in Holy Writ. Navigation was still too imperfect for such an undertaking; mariners rarely ventured far out of sight of land. But knowledge was advancing, and the astrolabe, which has been modified into the modern quadrant, was being applied to navigation. This was the one thing wanting to free the mariner from his long bondage to the land.

Columbus now laid his great project before the King of Portugal, but without success. Greatly disappointed, he sailed to Spain, hoping to receive the patronage of Ferdinand and Isabella. It was many months before he could even obtain a hearing; his means were exhausted, and he had to contend against ridicule and scorn, but the royal audience was at length obtained.

Ferdinand assembled learned astronomers and cosmographers to hold a conference with Columbus. They assailed him

with citations from the Bible. One objection advanced was that, should a ship ever succeed in reaching India, she would never come back, for the rotundity of the globe would present a mountain up which it would be impossible to sail. Finally, after five years, the junta condemned the scheme as vain and impossible.

Columbus was on the point of leaving Spain, when the real grandeur of the subject broke at last on Isabella's mind, and she resolved to undertake the enterprise.

II—The First Voyage (August 1492—March 1493)

COLUMBUS set out joyfully for Palos, where the expedition was to be fitted out. He had spent eighteen years in hopeless solicitation, amidst poverty, neglect and ridicule. When the nature of the expedition was heard, the boldest seamen shrank from such a chimerical cruise, but at last every difficulty was vanquished and the vessels were ready for sea. Two of them were light, half-decked caravels; the *Santa Maria*, on which Columbus hoisted his flag, was completely decked. The whole number of persons was one hundred and twenty.

Columbus set sail on August 3, 1492, steering for the Canary Islands. From there they were wafted gently over a tranquil sea by the trade wind, and for many days did not change a sail. The poor mariners gradually became uneasy at the length of the voyage. The sight of small birds, too feeble to fly far, cheered their hearts for a time, but again their impatience rose to absolute mutiny. Then new hopes diverted them. There was an appearance of land, and the ships altered their course and stood all night to the south-west, but the morning light put an end to their hopes; the fancied land proved to be an evening cloud.

Again the seamen broke forth into loud clamours, and insisted on abandoning the voyage. Fortunately, the following day a branch with berries on it floated by; they picked up, also, a small board and a carved staff, and all murmuring was now at an end. Not an eye was closed that night. Columbus took his station on the top of the cabin. Suddenly about ten o'clock, he beheld a light. At two in the morning the land was clearly seen, and they took in sail, waiting for the

Articles of agreement were drawn up and signed by Ferdinand and Isabella. Columbus and his heirs were to have the office of High Admiral in all the seas, lands and continents he might discover, and he was to be viceroy over the said lands and continents. He was to have one-tenth of all profits, and contribute an eighth of the expense of expeditions. Columbus proposed that the profits from his discoveries should be consecrated to a crusade.

dawn. The great mystery of the ocean was revealed.

When the day dawned, Columbus landed, threw himself upon his knees, kissed the earth and returned thanks to God. Rising, he drew his sword, displayed the royal standard, and took possession in the names of the Castilian sovereigns, naming the island San Salvador. It is one of the Bahama Islands, and still retains that name, though also called Cat Island.

The natives thought that the ships had descended from above on their ample wings, and that these marvellous beings were inhabitants of the skies. They appeared to be a simple and artless people, and of gentle and friendly disposition. As Columbus supposed that the island was at the extremity of India, he called them Indians. He understood them to say that a king of great wealth resided in the south. This, he concluded, could be no other than Cipango, or Japan.

He now beheld a number of beautiful islands, green, level and fertile; and supposed them to be the archipelago described by Marco Polo. He was enchanted by the lovely scenery, the singing of the birds and the brilliantly coloured fish, though disappointed in his hopes of finding gold or spice; but the natives continued to point to the south as the region of wealth, and spoke of an island called Cuba.

He set sail in search of it, and was struck with its magnitude, the grandeur of its mountains, its fertile valleys, sweeping plains, stately forests and noble rivers. He explored the coast to the east end of Cuba, supposing it the extreme point of Asia, and then descried the mountains of Hayti to the south-east. In



THE DEPARTURE OF COLUMBUS FROM PALOS, ON HIS FIRST VOYAGE TO AMERICA

From the painting by A. Gisbert

coasting along this island, which he named Hispaniola, his ship was carried by a current on a sandbank and lost. The admiral and crew took refuge in one of the caravels. The natives, especially the cacique Guacanagari, offered him every assistance. The Spanish mariners regarded with a wistful eye the easy and idle existence of these Indians, who seemed to live in a golden world without toil, and they entreated permission to remain.

This suggested to Columbus the idea of forming the germ of a future colony. The cacique was overjoyed, and the natives helped to build a fort, thus assisting to place on their necks the yoke of slavery. The fortress and harbour were named La Navidad.

Columbus chose thirty-nine of those who volunteered to remain, charged them to be circumspect and friendly with the natives, and set sail for Spain. He encountered violent tempests; his small and crazy vessels were little fitted for the wild storms of the Atlantic; the oldest mariners had never known so tempestuous a winter, and their preservation seemed miraculous. They were forced to run into the Tagus for shelter. The King of Portugal treated Columbus with the most honourable attentions. When the weather had moderated he put to sea again, and

arrived safely at Palos on March 15, having taken not quite seven months and a half to accomplish this most momentous of all maritime enterprises.

Columbus landed and walked in procession to the church to return thanks to God. Bells were rung, the shops shut and all business suspended. The sovereigns were dazzled by this easy acquisition of a new empire. They addressed Columbus as admiral and viceroy, and urged him to repair immediately to court to concert plans for a second expedition. His journey to Barcelona was like the progress of a sovereign, and his entrance into that city has been compared to a Roman triumph. On his approach the sovereigns rose and ordered him to seat himself in their presence. When Columbus had given an account of his voyage, the king and queen sank on their knees and a *Te Deum* was chanted by the choir of the royal chapel. Such was the manner in which the brilliant court of Spain celebrated this sublime event.

The whole civilized world was filled with wonder and delight, but no one had an idea of the real importance of the discovery. The opinion of Columbus was universally adopted that Cuba was the end of Asia; the islands were named the West Indies, and the vast region was called the New World.

III—The Second Voyage (September 1493—June 1496)

EXTRAORDINARY excitement prevailed about the second expedition, and many hidalgos of high rank pressed into it. They sailed from Cadiz in September 1493; all were full of animation, anticipating a triumphant return. When they reached La Navidad they found the fortress burnt. At length, from some natives they heard the story of the brawls of the colonists between themselves, and their surprise and destruction by unfriendly Indians. Columbus fixed upon a new site for his colony, which he named Isabella. Two small expeditions were sent inland to explore, and returned with enthusiastic accounts, and Columbus sent to Spain a glowing report of the prospects of the colony.

Soon, however, maladies made their appearance, provisions began to fail and murmuring prevailed among the colonists. In truth, the fate of many of the young cavaliers, who had come out deluded by romantic dreams, was lamentable in the extreme. Columbus arranged for the government of the island, and set sail to explore the southern coast of Cuba, supposing it to be the extreme end of Asia. He had to contend with almost incredible perils and was obliged to return. Had he continued for two or three days longer he would have passed round the

extremity of Cuba, his illusion would have been dispelled, and a different course given to his subsequent discoveries.

During his absence from Isabella the whole island had become a scene of violence and discord. Margarite, the general left in charge of the soldiers, and Friar Boyle, the apostolical vicar, formed a cabal of the discontented, took possession of certain ships and set sail for Spain, to represent the disastrous state of the country, and to complain of the tyranny of Columbus. The soldiers indulged in all kinds of excesses, and the Indians were converted from gentle hosts into vindictive enemies.

Meanwhile, a commissioner was sent out to inquire into the distress of the colony and the conduct of Columbus. He collected all complaints and returned to Spain, Columbus sailing at the same time. Never did a more miserable crew return from a land of promise.

The vessels anchored at Cadiz, and a feeble train of wretched men crawled forth, emaciated by disease. Contrary to his anticipations, Columbus was received with distinguished favour. Thus encouraged, he proposed a further enterprise, and asked for eight ships, which were readily promised; but it was not until May 1498 that he again set sail.

IV—The Third Voyage (May 1498—October 1500)

FROM the Cape de Verde Islands, Columbus steered to the south-west, until he arrived at the fifth degree of north latitude. The air was like a furnace, the mariners lost all strength and spirit and Columbus was induced to alter his course to the north-west. After sailing some distance they reached a genial region with a cooling breeze and serene and clear sky. They descried three mountains above the horizon; as they drew nearer they proved to be united at the base, and Columbus therefore named this island La Trinidad. He coasted round Trinidad and landed on the mainland, but mistook it for an island. He was astonished at the body of fresh water flowing into the Gulf of Para, and came to the conclusion that it must be

the outpouring of a great unknown continent stretching to the south, far beyond the equator. His supplies were now almost exhausted, and he determined to return to Hispaniola.

He found the island in a lamentable situation. A conspiracy had been formed against his viceroy, and the Indians, perceiving the dissensions among the Spaniards, threw off their allegiance. After long negotiations Columbus was forced to sign a humiliating capitulation with the rebels. Meanwhile, every vessel that returned from the New World came freighted with complaints against Columbus. The support of the colony was an incessant drain upon the mother country. Was this compatible with the pictures he had drawn of the wealth of the island?

Isabella herself at last began to entertain doubts about Columbus, and the sovereigns decided to send out Don Francisco del Bobadilla to investigate his conduct. This officer appears to have been needy, passionate and ambitious. He acted as if he had been sent out to degrade the admiral, not to inquire into his conduct. He threw Columbus into irons and seized his arms, gold, jewels, books and most secret manuscripts. Columbus conducted himself with characteristic magnanimity. Bobadilla collected testimony sufficient, as he thought, to ensure the condemnation of Columbus, and sent him a prisoner to Spain.

V—The Fourth Voyage (May 1502—November 1504)

COLUMBUS's thoughts were suddenly turned to a new enterprise. Vasco da Gama had recently reached India round the Cape of Good Hope, and immense wealth was poured by this route into Portugal. Columbus was persuaded that the currents of the Caribbean Sea must pass between Cuba and the land which he had discovered to the south, and that this route to India would be more easy and direct than that of Vasco da Gama. His plan was promptly adopted by the sovereigns, and he sailed in May 1502, on his last and most disastrous voyage.

He steered to Hispaniola, but was not permitted to land, and then coasted along Honduras and down the Mosquito Coast to Costa Rica. Here he found gold among the natives, and heard rumours of Mexico. He continued beyond Cape Nombre de Dios in search for the imaginary strait, and then gave up all attempt to find it.

Possibly he knew that another voyager, coasting from the eastward, had reached this point. He turned westward to search for the gold mines of Veragua, and attempted unsuccessfully to found a settlement there. As his vessels were no longer capable of standing the sea, he ran them aground on Jamaica, fastened them together and put the wreck in a state of defence. He dispatched canoes to Hispaniola, asking Ovando to send a ship to relieve him, but many months of suffering and difficulty elapsed before it came.

Columbus returned to Spain in November 1504. Care and sorrow were destined

The arrival of Columbus at Cadiz, in chains, produced almost as great a sensation as his first triumphant return. A general burst of indignation arose. The sovereigns sent orders that he should be instantly set at liberty, repudiated Bobadilla's high-handed proceedings and declined to investigate his charges, and promised that Columbus should be reinstated in all his dignities. But Ferdinand repented having invested such great powers in any subject, and especially in a foreigner. Plausible reasons were given for delaying his reappointment, and meanwhile Don Nicolas de Ovando was sent out to supersede Bobadilla.

to follow him ; his finances were exhausted, and he was unable, from his infirmities, to go to court. The death of Isabella was a fatal blow to his fortunes. Many months were passed by him in painful and humiliating solicitation for the restitution of his high offices. At length he saw that further hope of redress from Ferdinand was vain. His illness increased, and he expired, with great resignation, on May 20, 1506.

Columbus was a man of great and inventive genius, and his ambition was noble and lofty. Instead of ravaging the newly-found countries, he sought to found regular and prosperous enterprises. He was naturally irritable and impetuous, but, though continually outraged in his dignity and foiled in his plans by turbulent and worthless men, he restrained his valiant and indignant spirit, and brought himself to forbear and reason, and even to supplicate. His piety was genuine and fervent, and diffused a sober dignity over his whole deportment.

He died in ignorance of the real grandeur of his discovery. What visions of glory would have broken upon his mind could he have known that he had indeed discovered a new continent ! And how would his spirit have been consoled, amidst the afflictions of age and the injustice of an ungrateful king, could he have anticipated the empires which would arise in the world he had discovered ; and the nations, towns and languages which were to revere and bless his name to the latest posterity !

A Note on George Bernard Shaw

THE most elusive genius of our age, as he has been aptly styled, is by common repute an expert in two or three of the recognized arts at least, to say nothing of the dramatic; but in none of these does he excel so conspicuously as in the 'gentle art of making enemies.' A Dubliner by birth (1856) but by extraction of Kilkenny (where his paternal grandfather

was High Sheriff) George Bernard Shaw descended with his family on London in 1876, not having quite reached his majority, with the express object, it would seem, of upsetting all our most treasured convictions, of unsettling most of our beliefs, and of making us feel generally uncomfortable by putting us through the disturbing experience known

as 'seeing ourselves as others see us,' or, at any rate, as he himself sees us.

It is hardly surprising that the audacious young Irishman—who, of course, made haste to become a Fabian and a Socialist, while remaining a vegetarian, an abstainer and an anti-tobacconist, just to be as unlike the average Englishman as possible—should have made himself exceedingly unpopular in a very short space of time. The majority of us know very little, if anything at all, of his revolutionary, subversive tracts and lectures; but when G.B.S. got into the theatre and made game of our time-honoured institutions, 'tilted at all sorts of vested interests, turned, in his horribly effective, topsy-turvy way, our very virtues into vices, then most of us became really uneasy and indignant, if not angry, and began to ask savagely 'Who the deuce is this fellow?'

One discovered that he had written a quite original and rather clever novel, *Cashel Byron's Profession*, that his were the musical criticisms in *The Star*, signed 'Corno di Bassetto,' an unpleasant person who appeared to take a special delight in pouring contempt on our popular favourites, performers and composers alike, while at the same time showing an uncanny technical knowledge—only accounted for in part by the fact that his mother had been a teacher of singing—which gave one an uneasy feeling that this uncompromising critic might be right after all, and the others all wrong; further, that

the same derisive pen wrote on art and music and the drama for *The Pall Mall Gazette*, *The World*, and *The Saturday Review*. Evidently someone to be reckoned with!

As time went on, the criticisms ceased to appear; but play followed play with disconcerting rapidity and regularity. After *Widowers' Houses* came *Mrs. Warren's Profession* (not publicly produced, because prohibited by the Censor, until 1926), *Arms and the Man* (1894), *Candida*, written in 1894, and produced nine years later, *You Never Can Tell*, *The Devil's Disciple*, *Caesar and Cleopatra*, *Captain Brassbound's Conversion*, *John Bull's Other Island*, *Major Barbara*, etc.

By the time *Man and Superman* set all the world talking it was pretty generally realized that Mr. Shaw must not be taken too seriously. He wrote all sorts of unpalatable things, but 'it was only his fun'; never quite serious, he was laughing up his sleeve.

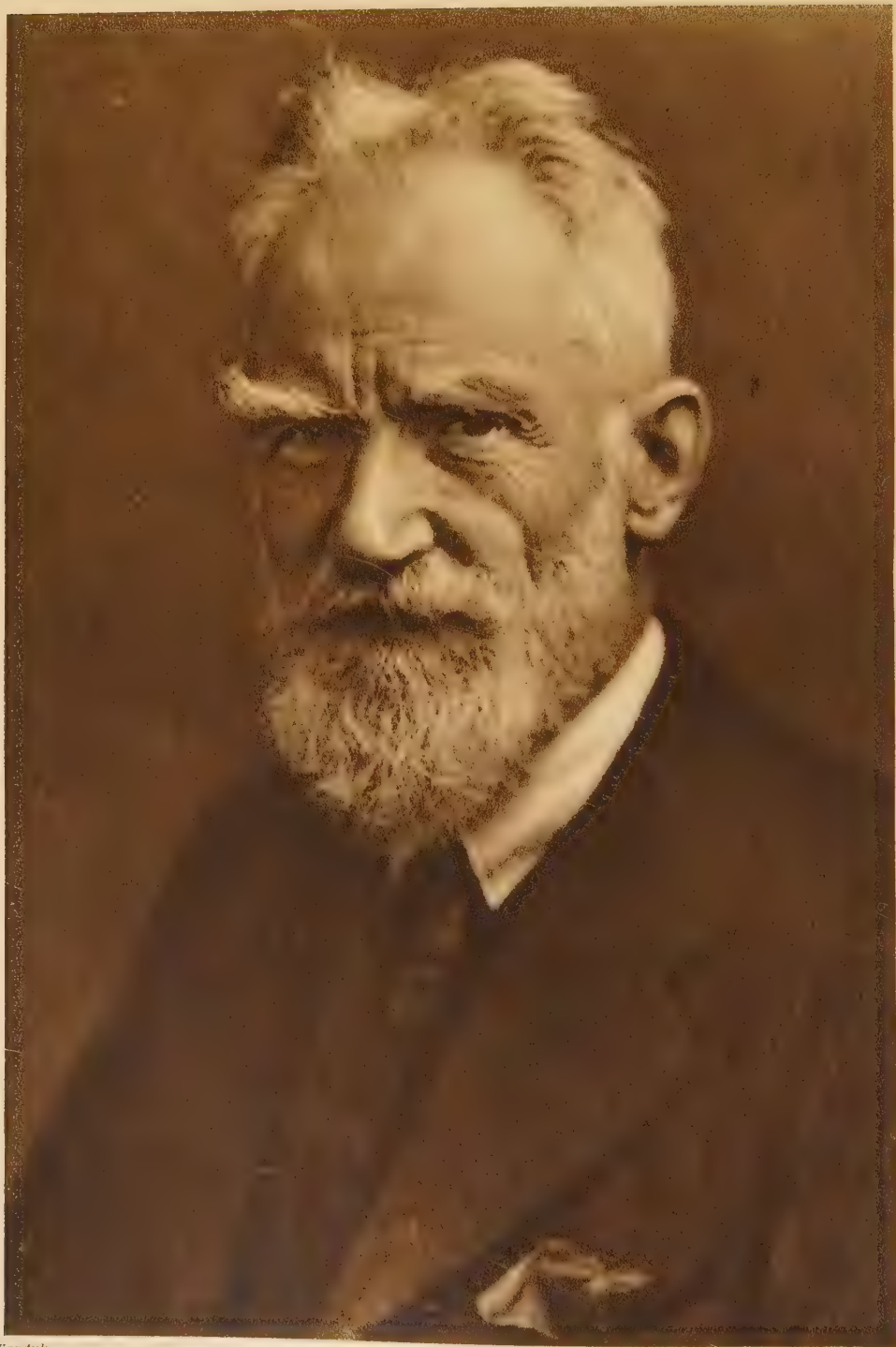
The *Showing Up of Blanco Posnet* came in 1909, and *Fanny's First Play*, in which the dramatic critics are so acutely parodied, followed two years later. Next *Androcles and the Lion*—brilliant fooling—then *Pygmalion* (with Tree and Mrs. Patrick Campbell) in the spring of 1914. The Great War, of course, called a halt, and Shaw's admirers had to be content with re-reading his *Plays Pleasant and Unpleasant*, which had first brought him really into touch with the reading, as distinct from the theatre-going, public in 1898. Shaw's plays are published by Constable and Co.

Back to *Methuselah*, of which a study is attempted in the following pages, is a rather colossal affair—a cycle of five plays, otherwise a 'metabiological pentateuch,' preceded by a preface of well-nigh a hundred pages. Typical Shaw, almost every page of it sparkles with wit, fresh, caustic, thought-compelling, brimful of imagination. On the five days, February 18-22 of 1924, the faithful witnessed the entire series at the Court Theatre. Saint Joan, another remarkable effort, was staged at the New Theatre a month later. In the preface just mentioned, Mr. Shaw hints at a waning of his powers. Few, methinks, will discover any sign of it in these his latest achievements.

HAPPILY, this is not the time, even if it were the place, to discuss the complete works of George Bernard Shaw, who, let us hope, has still much more to say. Yet for years past the question has been debated: Has he a message? and, if so, what is it? Thence arises the further inquiry: Is he ever truly in earnest? or is he 'pulling our leg' all the time? And again: Is he merely destructive? or is there aught of construction in his work? Who shall decide?



'G. B. S.' about 1890



Vandyk

G. Bernard Shaw

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

BACK TO METHUSELAH

A Study by Edgar Preston

I—In the Beginning



SAUL among the Prophets!—Shaw among the hagiographers! which is the more surprising? Flippancy, irreverent 'G.B.S.,' who frankly

confesses to cutting cerebral 'capers and letting off 'aphoristic fireworks,' comes solemnly forth with *Back to Methuselah*: a Metabiological Pentateuch; and we ask 'What next?'

At the outset the unsophisticated reader scarce knows whether his attitude should be grave or gay. Soon, of course, he will discover, as he might have guessed, that it is all a prodigiously witty fantasy, serving as vehicle for the satire of the alertest, most whimsical mind at work to-day. He will find it all brain and no heart: which must be very much what Mr. G. K. Chesterton meant when he described George Bernard Shaw as 'Light without heat.'

Having left the Preface (of nearly ninety pages!) till the end—a course I would recommend—I half expected to find in the opening Part, 'In the Beginning,' things reminding me a little of La Bible Folichonne; but I was wrong. To be sure, subjects commonly regarded as sacred are handled very frankly and unceremoniously, as is the fashion of the 'Intellectuals' of to-day; but I found nothing that should really shock the sensibilities of even the most old-fashioned. Yet every page contained matter apt to make one think—and sometimes 'furiously.'

How is the 'average, sensual man' to approach a work so subtle, so variegated as this? and how do anything like justice to the arguments, the reasonings, the deductions—religious, scientific, political, social, artistic and what not—of a writer so various as Mr. Shaw, whose bewildering

habit it is to start hare after hare—and leave his readers to chase 'em! A perfect description of his methods is supplied in his own words, applied to Comedy, which is: 'destructive, derisory, critical, negative.' So, realizing this, let us watch the gifted author as he 'takes the Garden of Eden and weeds it properly.'

The date of 'In the Beginning' is 4004 B.C.; and the scene, of course, is the Garden. The characters are Adam and Eve—and the Serpent.

Eve: But who taught you to speak?

The Serpent: You and Adam. I have crept through the grass, and hidden, and listened to you. I am the most subtle of all the creatures of the field. I can talk of many things. I am very wise. It was I who whispered the word to you that you did not know—Dead—Death, Die.

[Eve had just been shocked at the sight of a fawn that had fallen from a height and broken its neck. Adam has taken the body away to bury it.]

Eve (*shuddering*): Why do you remind me of it? I forgot it when I saw your beautiful hood. You must not remind me of unhappy things.

Serp.: Death is not an unhappy thing when you have learnt how to conquer it.

Eve: How can I conquer it?

Serp.: By another thing, called Birth.

Eve: What is birth?

Serp.: The serpent never dies. Some day you shall see me come out of this beautiful skin, a new snake with a new and lovelier skin. That is birth.

Eve: I have seen that. It is wonderful. But the rest of us will die sooner or later, like the fawn.

Serp.: That must not be—I worship you, Eve—I must have something to worship. There must be something greater than the snake.

With Adam still away, the Serpent continues Eve's education, explaining to her that although she and Adam—who had thought themselves immortal—must die some day, they may be succeeded by

new Adams and new Eves. When Adam returns Eve tells him the great news.

Eve : I will make other Adams, other Eves.

Adam : I tell you you must not make up stories about this. It cannot happen.

Serp. : I can remember when you were yourself a thing that could not happen, yet you are.

Adam (*struck*) : That must be true.

Serp. : I will tell Eve the secret ; and she will tell it to you.

Adam : The secret ! [*He turns quickly towards the serpent, and in doing so puts his foot on something sharp.*] Oh !

Eve : What is it ?

Adam (*rubbing his foot*) : A thistle—and there, next to it, a briar—and nettles, too ! I am tired of pulling these things up to keep the garden pleasant for us for ever.

Serp. : Why should you trouble yourself ? Let the new Adams clear a place for themselves.

Eve (*to Adam*) : You must clear away some of those horrid things, or we shall be scratched and stung.

Adam : Oh yes, some of them, of course. I will clear them away to-morrow. (*The Serpent laughs.*) What a funny noise to make—I like it.

Eve : I do not. Why do you make it again ?

Serp. : Adam has invented something new—he has invented to-morrow. You will invent things every day now that the burden of immortality is lifted from you.

Eve : Immortality ? What is that ?

Serp. : My new word for having to live for ever.

Eve : The serpent has made a beautiful word for being. Living.

Adam : Make me a beautiful word for doing things to-morrow.

Serp. : Procrastination.

Eve : That is a sweet word. I wish I had a serpent's tongue.

Serp. : That may come too. Everything is possible.

Act II is 'a few centuries later,' with the scene laid in an oasis in Mesopotamia.

II—The Gospel of the Brothers Barnabas

FROM first to last 'The Gospel of the Brothers Barnabas,' which constitutes Part II, is a truly brilliant piece of comedy. It is of the present day, and to a large extent political, two of the more important characters, Joyce Burge and Henry Hopkins Lubin, being easily recognizable caricatures of famous Liberal leaders. Their manners, opinions, points of view and modes of speech are parodied with delightful felicity, while the mutual leg-pulling of the pair is exhilarating in the extreme. The brothers Barnabas may

Adam delves in his garden, 'looking worried, like a farmer,' and Eve sits spinning flax in the shadow of a tree. Enter Cain, a warlike figure, with spear and shield. His reception by his parents is far from cordial ; the prejudice caused by that little affair with Abel seems to linger. Cain is rather proud of his exploit. If Adam was the first man, at least he, his eldest son, was the first murderer. He despises his old father for a mere plodder ; while he, Cain, is an adventurer, a man of spirit. A general wrangle ensues, with a lot of plain speaking all round. In fact, it might be a Saturday night family squabble in a Camden Town kitchen with Adam a 'labourer,' Eve a 'charlady,' and Cain—from the way he 'chucks his weight about'—a rough sort of Tommy but lately demobbed. Altogether an unedifying scene, especially when Cain and his father nearly come to blows, after Eve has said many nasty things—as mothers-in-law have continued to do, so they say—about her son's wife. But the air clears a little before the close and, when Cain has left them, Adam and Eve resume their monotonous tasks.

Eve (*slowly taking up her distaff*) : If you were not a fool you would find something better for both of us to live by than this spinning and digging.

Adam : Go on with your work, I tell you ; or you shall go without bread.

Eve : Man need not always live by bread alone. There is something else. We do not yet know what it is ; but some day we shall find out ; and then we shall live on that alone ; and there shall be no more digging, no spinning, nor fighting, nor killing.

[*She spins resignedly ; he digs impatiently.*]

be taken to represent the educated, enlightened, thinking public, Conrad being professor of biology at Jarrowfields University, and Franklyn a man of means and leisure, at one time in the Church, 'instead of which' he now lectures.

The scene is laid in the study of Franklyn Barnabas's house, overlooking Hampstead Heath. Both have come to the same conclusion, namely, that life is too short for men to take it seriously, and they are agreed that its term should be extended to at least three centuries. That is their

Gospel. The new rector, Mr. Haslam, is introduced. He is a young, jolly, honest parson of the modern type, who 'doesn't think he could stick the Church' all his life, and to whom the possibility of hundreds of years of it is by no means alluring. A bright little niece, Cynthia—'usually called Savvy, short for Savage,' Dr. Conrad explains—then comes in. A 'simple-lifer,' frank, slangy and bobbed, she hits it off at once with the padre who, unlike the uncles, has no sort of objection to her manners. Then there is a parlour-maid, who has 'given notice' because she feels that, since she has only one life, it behoves her to marry a village woodman with poetic eyes and a moustache. She turns up in a surprising way later, and is altogether an engaging creature.

JOYCE BURGE, the eminent politician, is announced. The brothers hastily decide to try their new Gospel on him, but without much hope of success. "Why," declares Conrad, "Joyce Burge has talked so much in the House of Commons and out of it that he has lost the power of listening." In reality Burge wants Franklyn Barnabas, whose reputation and real character give him weight, to stand for a Liberal seat. Soon they are in the thick of an argument.

Burge (*testily*): I wish you would come to your point. Half the time you are saying that you must have principles; and when I offer you principles you say they won't work.

Franklyn: You have not offered me any principles—your party shibboleths are not principles. If you get into power again you will find yourself at the head of a rabble of Socialists and anti-Socialists, of Jingo Imperialists and Little Englanders, of cast-iron Materialists and ecstatic Quakers, of Christian Scientists and Compulsory Inoculationists, of Syndicalists and Bureaucrats: in short, of men differing fiercely and irreconcilably on every principle that goes to the root of human society and destiny; and the impossibility of keeping such a team together will force you to sell the pass again to the solid Conservative Opposition.

Burge (*rising in wrath*): Sell the pass again! You accuse me of having sold the pass! I solemnly declare that this is a false and monstrous accusation.

Frank.: Do you deny that the thing occurred? Were the uncontradicted reports false? Were the published letters forgeries?

Burge: Certainly not. But I did not do it. I was not Prime Minister then. It was that old dotard, that played-out old humbug Lubin. He was Prime Minister then, not I.

Frank.: Do you mean to say you did not know?

Burge (*sitting down again with a shrug*): Oh, I had to be told. But what could I do? If we had refused we might have had to go out of office.

Frank.: Precisely.

Burge: Well, could we desert the country in such a crisis? The Hun was at the gate. Everyone has to make sacrifices for the sake of the country at such moments. We had to rise above party; and I am proud to say we never gave party a second thought. We stuck to——

Conrad: Office?

Burge (*turning on him*): Yes, sir, to office: that is, to responsibility, to danger, to heart-sickening toil, to abuse and misunderstanding, to a martyrdom that made us envy the very soldiers in the trenches. If you had had to live for months on aspirin and bromide of potassium to get a wink of sleep, you wouldn't talk about office as if it were a catch.

Frank.: Still, you admit that under our parliamentary system Lubin could not have helped himself?

Burge: On that subject my lips are closed. Nothing will induce me to say one word against the old man.

MR. BURGE is proceeding to say every sort of disparaging thing about 'the old man' when the parlour-maid announces Mr. Lubin. Affable, kindly, self-possessed, easily dignified, he is at home at once. Very soon he is seated beside Savvy and patting her hand in a nice, paternal way; she interests him far more than do any of the others. It is not long before the rival leaders are saying very plain, straight things to one another. They differ profoundly on every subject, but, of course, are debarred from quarrelling openly in their friends' study.

I could quote further from this—to my mind, the best—part of the work; but I want to get on to the 'Gospel,' which would have had no sort of chance amidst the politicians' chatter had not bright little Savvy insisted on making her uncles expound it. When Burge and Lubin hear the brothers' 'Back to Methuselah' programme they are mildly interested, and not disinclined to agree that, after all, seventy years or so is a somewhat brief term in which to bring to perfection the great schemes they have at the back of their minds. At the same time they are both politely sceptical as to its possibility; and Lubin sarcastically enquires whether the elixir is lemons, or sour milk, or what?

Burge, on the other hand, thinks he sees political capital to be made out of it. 'Back to the Bible!' that's the cry for the next election. Think of the effect on the Nonconformist vote! "You have put the Liberal Party into power for the next thirty years, Doctor; that's what you've done." Then Lubin cuts in once more. "Are the citizens to live three hundred years, as well as the statesmen?" "Of course," replies Conrad. Whereupon Lubin, remarking "that had not occurred to me," sits down abruptly, evidently very unfavourably affected by this new light.

Before the talk comes to an end the brothers have explained that they don't know when 'the thing's going to happen.' They can't make it happen; they can put it into men's heads that there is nothing to prevent its happening but their own wish to die before their work is done, and their own ignorance of the splendid work there is for them to do. In a word, it's all a matter of Will.

Lubin : Why do you fix three hundred years as the exact figure?

Franklyn : Because we must fix some figure. Less would not be enough; and more would be more than we dare as yet face.

Lub. : Pooh! I am quite prepared to face three thousand, not to say three million.

Conrad : Yes, because you don't believe you will be called on to make good your word.

Frank. (gently) : Also, perhaps, because you have never been troubled much by visions of the future.

Burge (with emphasis) : The future does not exist for Henry Hopkins Lubin.

Lub. : If by the future you mean the millennial delusions which you use as a bunch of carrots to lure the uneducated British donkey to the polling booth to vote for you, it certainly does not.

As they go out Lubin remarks to Burge: "You don't suppose, do you, that our friends here are in earnest? They have just been pulling our legs very wittily."

In the summer of the year A.D. 2170 'the thing' has happened. We find ourselves in the official parlour of the President of the British Islands. There have, indeed, been many changes in the two hundred and fifty years that have elapsed since the scene in the Hampstead study, but Conrad Barnabas—or someone very like him—survives, and presently he is in conversation with the President, Burge-Lubin, 'a

stoutish, middle-aged man, good-looking and breezily genial, dressed in a silk smock, stockings, handsomely ornamented sandals, and a gold fillet round his brows.' He is like Joyce Burge, yet also like Lubin, as if nature had made a composite photograph of the two men. Burge-Lubin sits down in the presidential chair. After putting a peg in his switchboard, he turns the pointer on the dial, puts another peg in and presses a button. At once a silvery screen hiding the end wall vanishes, and in its place appears another office, wherein is discovered a man who looks like Conrad. He is the Accountant-General. At the President's request, he goes off to interview an American who claims to have invented a method of breathing under water. It is suggested that Barnabas, as the greatest living authority on the duration of human life, should enquire into it, as the invention may upset his estimate of that duration. When he has gone, Confucius, the Chief-Secretary, comes in. Burge-Lubin wishes the people would take a serious interest in politics.

Confucius : I do not agree. The Englishman is not fitted by nature to understand politics. Ever since the public services have been manned by Chinese, the country has been well and honestly governed. What more is needed?

Burge-Lubin : What I can't make out is that China is one of the worst governed countries on earth.

Conf. : No. It was badly governed twenty years ago; but since we forbade any Chinaman to take part in our public services, and imported natives of Scotland for that purpose, we have done well.

Burge-Lubin : People don't seem to be able to govern themselves. I can't understand it. Why should it be so?

Conf. : Justice is impartiality. Only strangers are impartial.

OTHER characters introduced in this topsy-turvy scene are the Minister of Health (a handsome negress), and Archbishop Haslam (our old friend the rector), who does not look a day over sixty, but is actually two hundred and eighty-three. He estimates that he has four million relatives. Then the Domestic Minister, Mrs. Lutestring, calls. She is a fine, young-looking woman, and the Archbishop is struck by her appearance. They begin to talk about ages, and the lady feels sure she has met him before; in fact, has

opened the door for him many a time. She is, or was, the parlour-maid, now aged two hundred and seventy-five. There is

general jealousy of the young-old pair, especially when they go off together to get married. All this is excellent fooling.

III—The Tragedy of an Elderly Gentleman

WE come next to the 'Tragedy of an Elderly Gentleman,' the date of which is A.D.3000, and the scene Burrin pier, on the south shore of Galway Bay, Ireland. The Elderly Gentleman is discovered seated on an ancient stone stump. He has come from Bagdad, the capital of the British Commonwealth, on a pious pilgrimage 'to one of the numerous lands of his fathers.' The lady with whom he converses—one of the guardians of the district—can hardly understand his speech. She smiles gravely at his appearance, observing that it must be at least a hundred and fifty years since she last laughed. She is too old for such frivolity. A male inhabitant is called upon to try what he can make of the stranger; but he has no more luck than the lady; and at length the Elderly Gentleman, who, it appears, is a Vice-President of the Travellers' Club, and no end of a swell, is turned over to a young woman who looks no older than Savvy Barnabas, whom she resembles somewhat, looked a thousand odd years before. Her name is Zoo. They get on fairly well.

The Elderly Gentleman: Pray, is there no one in these islands who understands plain English?

Zoo: Well, nobody except the oracles. They have to make a special historical study of what we call the dead thought.

Eld. Gent.: Dead thought! I have heard of the dead languages, but never of the dead thought.

Zoo: Well, thoughts die sooner than languages. I understand your language, but we do not always understand your thought. The oracles will understand you perfectly. Have you had your consultation yet?

Eld. Gent.: I did not come to consult the oracle, madam. I am here simply as a gentleman travelling for pleasure in the company of my daughter, who is the wife of the British Prime Minister, and of General Aufsteig, who I may tell you in confidence is really the Emperor of Turania. The greatest military genius of the age.

Zoo: Why should you travel for pleasure? Can you not enjoy yourself at home?

Eld. Gent.: I wish to see the world.

Zoo: It is too big. You can see a bit of it anywhere.

Eld. Gent. (out of patience): Damn it, madam,

you don't want to spend your life looking at the same bit of it! (*Checking himself*). I beg your pardon for swearing in your presence.

Zoo: Oh! That is swearing, is it? I have read about that. It sounds quite pretty. Dammitmadam, dammitmadam. Say it as often as you please. I like it.

Eld. Gent. (*expanding with immense relief*): Bless you for those profane but familiar words! Thank you, thank you. I begin to feel at home.

Quite the brightest thing in this section of the book is, I think, the Elderly Gentleman's outburst on the subject of Ireland—much too long to quote, unfortunately—which is a sheer masterpiece of *malice*, with a lot of truth mingled with its laughter. None but an Irishman could so perfectly have hit off his native land.

The rest of the party from Bagdad now arrive. Among them is 'a man of compact figure, clean-shaven, saturnine, and self-centred, very like Napoleon I.' They all proceed to a courtyard before a temple, where presently the Oracle is to be consulted by the Envoys. Napoleon—otherwise Emperor of Turania—encounters a Veiled Woman who, when she has dressed for the part, becomes the Oracle, and there is a very amusing trial of will power between them, the Man of Destiny coming off second best, needless to say. All this scene is first-rate burlesque. The visitors remark a statue, and enquire whose it is. Zoo volunteers to tell them the story of the statue:

A thousand years ago, when the whole world was given over to short-lived people, there was a war called the War to End War. In the war that followed it about ten years later, none of the soldiers were killed; but seven of the capital cities of Europe were wiped out of existence. It seems to have been a great joke; for the statesmen, who thought they had sent ten million common men to their deaths, were themselves blown into fragments, with their houses and families, while the ten million men lay snugly in the caves they had dug for themselves. Later on even the houses escaped, but their inhabitants were poisoned by gas that spared no living soul.

Of course, the soldiers starved and ran wild; and that was the end of pseudo-Christian civilization. The last civilized thing that happened was that the statesmen discovered that cowardice

was a great patriotic virtue; and a public monument was erected to its first preacher, an ancient and very fat sage called Sir John Falstaff. Well (*pointing*), that's Falstaff.

THE rest of the Act, like that which follows, is frank farce. A lot of elaborate tomfoolery, more effective acted than read, with plenty of creepy 'effects,' scenic and otherwise, finds its culmination in the Oracle's blunt reply to the fussy Envoy: "Go home, poor fool." This, Zoo informs the party, is "the same reply, word for word, that your illustrious predecessor got fifteen years ago. You asked for it, and you got it."

But the Envoy's grand-daughter is not satisfied. That was not the answer given before. She can remember it, having learnt it at school. And she quotes: "When Britain was cradled in the west, the east wind hardened her and made her great. Whilst the east wind prevails Britain shall prosper. The east wind shall wither Britain's enemies in the day of contest."

They come to the conclusion that the former Envoy, on hearing the Oracle's reply, faked up an answer fit for publication—and won an election with it. "He was capable of anything," adds the present Envoy bitterly; "I knew his private secretary."

In Part V we find ourselves 'As Far as Thought can Reach.' It is some distance, certainly, the date being A.D. 31,920! In my innocence I had supposed all along that the solution of all this joyous nonsense, masquerading so gravely in the garb of wisdom, might be found herein; but I was mistaken. If solution there be, each of us must discover it for himself, or 'give it up,' as I confess myself compelled to do.

AMONG the characters is Pygmalion, a sculptor, who, with the aid of a noted biologist, has constructed a synthetic man. Alas! he turned out a most dangerous beast, and had to be destroyed. Next a synthetic couple are introduced; they, too, are all right up to a certain point, but the woman bites her creator, Pygmalion, and he falls dead. It was necessary to kill the couple also. So all the laboratory work was wasted. Perhaps the solution, or the 'moral,' may be here? I cannot tell. But

no one claimed to have created a Soul.

Last of all come Ghosts—Adam's, Eve's, Cain's, the Serpent's, Lilith's. All but the last-named say a few words in justification of the part each played 'in the Beginning.' Eve concludes with: "My clever ones have inherited the earth. All's well." The Serpent declares himself content, since "there is now no evil, and wisdom and good are one." Cain says: "None can deny that mine was a splendid game while it lasted." Adam says—and it may well be the father of mankind speaks for the vast majority—"I can make nothing of it, neither head nor tail. What is it all for? Why? Whither? Whence? . . . Foolishness, I call it."

To Lilith is left the final word: "Of Life only is there no end . . . It is enough that there is a Beyond."

So this is Mr. Shaw's 'beginning for a Bible of Creative Evolution'; these are the books forming his 'Metabiological Pentateuch': and, having read them with great care—often puzzled, at times rather bored (for these notes were nothing unless perfectly frank), frequently filled with admiration and astonishment and amusement—having duly done my utmost to meet my author half-way, I come to the conclusion that this is a brilliant achievement, especially for one who would have us believe 'his sands are running out'! Garrulity, to which he rather unnecessarily pleads guilty, there is, of course, but this is not the garrulity of age—which is intolerable.

No; let Mr. Shaw say what he will, the author of this extraordinarily suggestive, provocative work is just as 'unbearably brilliant'—to use his own perfect piece of self-criticism—to-day, as he was in what he likes to regard as his prime, a quarter of a century, or more, ago. Time has left G.B.S. untouched. And really, when you come to think of it, there would seem to be no reason why, as a disciple of his delightful Brothers Barnabas, Mr. Shaw should not be found, some time about the year 2170, correcting the final proof sheets of the concluding portion of the 'Bible' he has now so engagingly commenced. His 'Revelation' would be worth reading!

JOHN STUART MILL

A SYSTEM OF LOGIC

THE year 1843 marked the publication of John Stuart Mill's *A System of Logic, Ratiocinative and Inductive, Being a Connected View of the Principles of Evidence and the Methods of Scientific Investigation*. The book was an instant success, and its popularity went far beyond the author's expectations. Comte's influence upon John Stuart Mill is betrayed in much of *A System of Logic*; Mill, however, takes pains to state that his theory of inductive reasoning was the result of his own independent investigation. Regarding the soundness of Mill's teaching there has been much dispute, and there have been many strong supporters and opponents; the final decision has, probably, not yet been reached. Nevertheless, the fact that John Stuart Mill's great work in the development of opinion had the deepest effect on the thinking world is unquestionable. *A System of Logic* has been many times reprinted; Longmans publish an edition of the work at 7s. 6d.

I—Names and Propositions



LOGIC is not the science of belief, but the science of proof, or evidence; and its province must be restricted to that portion of our knowledge

which consists of inferences from truths previously known, whether those antecedent data be general propositions or particular observations and perceptions. It includes the subservient operations of naming, definition and classification.

A proposition may be defined as 'discourse in which something is affirmed or denied of something.' Every proposition consists of three parts—subject, predicate and copula. The predicate is the name denoting that which is affirmed or denied. The subject is the name denoting the person or thing of which something is affirmed or denied. The copula is the sign denoting that there is affirmation or denial.

Thus in the proposition 'the earth is round,' the predicate is the word 'round,' which denotes the quality affirmed or 'predicated'; the subject is the words 'the earth,' of which the quality is predicated; and the copula is the word 'is,' which is a mark of affirmation.

Every act of belief supposes two *nameable things*; every proposition consists of two names, and affirms or denies one of these names or the other.

Propositions may be affirmative, *e.g.* 'Caesar is dead,' or negative, *e.g.* 'Caesar

is not dead.' They may be universal, *e.g.* 'All men are mortal,' or particular, *e.g.* 'Some men are mortal,' or indefinite, *e.g.* 'Man is mortal,' or singular, *e.g.* 'Caesar is mortal.'

When we further examine the general nature of the assertions of propositions, we find that in every proposition is either existence, co-existence, sequence, causation, or resemblance. This five-fold division is an exhaustive classification of matters of fact; of all things that can be believed or tendered for belief, of all questions that can be propounded and all answers that can be returned to them.

A distinction must be drawn between what may be called real and verbal propositions, between such propositions as predicate of the subject more than its name connotes, and such propositions as merely express what is connoted by the significance of the subject name. Thus, 'Man is a rational being' is a verbal proposition; while 'Man is liable to malaria' is a real proposition.

A definition is a proposition declaratory of the meaning of a name, and the meaning of a name is its connotation. The meaning of the word may be expressed by replacing it by two or more words which together cover the same connotation, and a perfect definition declares all the facts which a name signifies. A proposition which defines a name by one of its accidents is 'a description,' not a definition.

II—Ratiocination

THERE are two main types of reasoning:

Induction—inference of a proposition from propositions less general; and Ratiocination, or Syllogism—inference of a proposition from propositions equally general or more general. All valid ratiocination may be arranged in certain forms or figures known as syllogisms. A syllogism consists of three propositions, namely, the proposition to be proved, the 'conclusion,' and two other propositions which prove it—the premises. There must be three, and only three terms—the subject and predicate of the conclusion, called respectively the *minor* and *major* terms, and another called the 'middle term,' which must not occur in both premises.

If we analyse the process involved in every syllogism we find that it is based on two principles. The first, which is the principle of affirmative syllogisms, is that things which co-exist with the same thing, co-exist with one another. The second, which is the principle of negative syllogisms, is that a thing that co-exists with another thing with which a third thing does not co-exist, is not co-existent with that third thing.

We have now to inquire whether the syllogistic process, that of reasoning from general to particulars, is or is not a process of inference.

When we say:

All men are mortal;

The king is a man;

Therefore, the king is mortal,

do the premises prove the conclusion, is there any real inference? It is evident that if the proposition '*all* men are mortal' be true the king must be included in the assertion, and therefore the syllogistic process is superfluous. Regarded correctly, the inference is made in the major premise. We know nothing about *all* men; but from the observation of *many* men we *infer* that *all* men are mortal.

General propositions, therefore, are merely registers of inferences made and short formulæ for making more; and the conclusion is not an inference drawn *from* the formula but an inference drawn according to the formula. The major premise expresses individual cases. The minor premise is the place of comparison.

A, B, C, my father and my forefathers, and an indefinite number of other persons were mortal. The king resembles all these persons in the attributes connoted by the word man. Therefore, he further resembles them in the attribute mortality.

We thus obtain a universal type of the reasoning process. Certain individuals have a given attribute; an individual or individuals resemble the former in certain other attributes; therefore they resemble them also in the given attribute.

Where the resemblances necessary for inference are obvious to the senses, as in the king's resemblance to mortal persons, no difficult deductive process is necessary; but in many cases the required resemblances can only be indirectly established by a train of inductive and deductive processes.

Thus, suppose the syllogism to be '*All arsenic is poisonous.*' In this case probably the minor premise would itself require to be established by a syllogistic process thus: Whatever substance gives certain chemical tests is arsenic; this substance gives these tests; therefore this substance is arsenic. Here, therefore, we have two syllogisms, and the major term of each is an induction. In the deductive sciences the processes of induction and deduction are numerous and complicated. It must be noted that even the most deductive sciences start from inductions, and that even the axioms of mathematics are inductions from the evidence of our senses.

III—Induction

INDUCTION is the operation of the mind by which we infer that what we know to be true in a particular case or cases will be true in all cases which resemble the former in certain assignable respects.

The mere summing up of details in a single proposition is not induction, but colligation; induction always involves inference from the known to the unknown, from facts observed to facts unobserved.

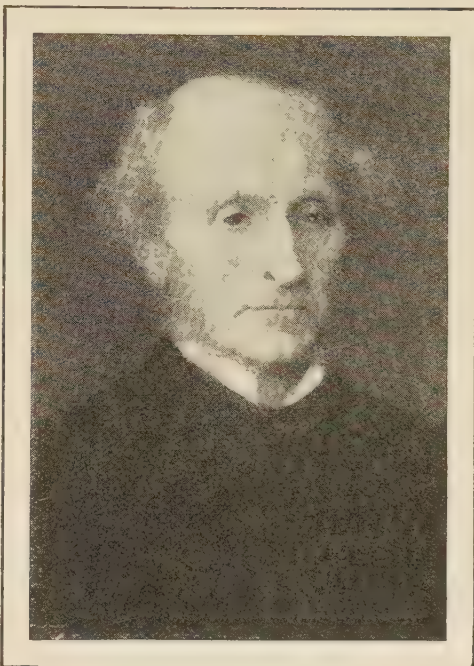
The fundamental principle of induction is the proposition that the course of nature is uniform. The test of any induction is its consistency with inductions which have been found invariable in experience. If an induction conflicts with stronger inductions it must give way. It is the part of the logic of induction to find certain and universal inductions, and to use them as criteria.

At the root of the whole theory of induction is the notion of *physical* cause. To certain phenomena, certain phenomena always do, and, as we believe, always will, succeed. The invariable antecedent is termed the 'cause,' the invariable consequent, the 'effect.' Upon the universality of this truth depends the possibility of reducing the inductive process to rules.

Invariable sequence, however, seldom subsists between a consequent and one single antecedent; the consequent usually follows from the concurrence of several antecedents. In such a case it is usual to style the cause that antecedent which came last into existence, or whose share in the matter is the most conspicuous, or whose share in the matter is most easily prevented or encouraged. But the real cause is the whole of the antecedents, the whole of the contingencies of every description, which being realized, the consequent invariably follows. Yet even invariable sequence is not synonymous with causation. The sequence, besides being invariable, must be *unconditional*.

WE may define, therefore, the cause of a phenomenon to be the antecedent, or the concurrence of antecedents, upon which it is invariably and *unconditionally* consequent. To distinguish conditionally uniform sequences from those unconditionally uniform is a principal part of the great problem of induction. All phenomena have unconditional antecedents, and these antecedents have prior antecedents, and so on, till we come to one primeval cause or a conjunction of several—the so-called permanent causes.

In the analysis of sequences into conditional and unconditional, the first operation is to ascertain and distinguish antecedents and consequents. The next step is to trace the connexion between antece-



JOHN STUART MILL was born in London, May 20, 1806, and educated privately by his father and then in France, becoming extraordinarily proficient in logic, political economy, history and mathematics. From 1820 to 1858 he was employed in the East India Office and then retired on a pension. He represented Westminster in Parliament from 1865 to 1868, and in 1866 was Lord Rector of the University of St. Andrews. In later years an advanced Radical, Mill was an ardent defender of the rights of the working classes and an advocate of women's suffrage. His essay on Liberty represents his mature political views. Mill died at Avignon, May 8, 1873.

dents and consequents, and this we can do only by a consideration of some of the antecedents or consequents under other conditions; we must either *find* an instance in nature suited to our purposes, or by an artificial arrangement of circumstances *make* one. When we make an artificial arrangement, we are said to *experiment*; and experimentation has great advantages over observation in that it often enables us to obtain innumerable combinations of circumstances which are not to be found in nature.

There are four experimental principles, or canons, on which causation may be established or partly proven:

FIRST CANON. If two or more instances of the phenomenon under investigation have only one circumstance in common, the circumstance in which alone all the instances agree is the cause (or

effect) of the given phenomenon. This is sometimes known as the method of agreement.

SECOND CANON. If an instance in which the phenomenon under investigation occurs, and an instance in which it does not occur, have every circumstance in common save one, and that one occurring only in the former, the circumstance in which alone the two instances differ is the effect or the cause, or a necessary part of the cause, of the phenomenon. This is sometimes known as the method of difference.

THIRD CANON. If two or more instances in which the phenomenon occurs have only one circumstance in common, while two or more instances in which it does not occur have nothing in common save the absence of that circumstance, the circumstance in which alone the two sets of instances differ is the effect or cause, or a necessary part of the cause, of the phenomenon.

FOURTH CANON. Subduct from any phenomenon such part as is known by previous inductions to be the effect of certain antecedents, and the residue of the phenomenon is the effect of the remaining antecedents.

To these four canons may be added a fifth, the method of concomitant variations. Whatever phenomenon varies in any manner whenever another phenomenon varies in some particular manner is either a cause or an effect of that phenomenon, or is connected with it through some fact of causation. The difficulty of discovering causation is greatly increased by the fact that in many cases there are plurality of causes and intermixture of effects.

CERTAIN effects may be produced by diverse causes; thus heat may be produced by the sun and by friction. How can such causes be found? Here, the first canon fails, for causes A B C and A D E, both producing effect *a*, might have A, and only A, in common, and yet not A, but B and D might be the cause of *a*. Only by an exhaustive analysis of antecedents and a multiplication of instances can plural causes be disproved by the method of agreement. It is necessary in most cases, and best in all cases, to use

the method of difference, which is at once decisive, for if two instances, B C and A B C, are found, and the latter gives rise to *a*, and the former does not, it is at once evident that A is the cause of *a*.

Many effects are compounded, are the product of several causes. Such a compound may be quite a new product incomparable with its causes, or it may be simply composed of the effect of its several causes.

A COMPOUND of the first kind is seen in the chemical products of chemical substances. Thus hydrogen and oxygen may produce a new product, a new bundle of effects known as water. How are the causes in such cases to be unravelled? In most cases such compound effects can be unravelled by experiment, for such compounds can usually be made to reproduce their causes. Thus, water under certain circumstances may be made to reproduce its causes, oxygen and hydrogen. Complex mental effects, however, do not lend themselves to this simple mode of analysis, and we can only discover their causes by the slow process of studying the simple feelings themselves, and ascertaining synthetically, by an examination of their possible combinations, what they are capable of eventually producing.

A compound of the second kind, produced by the interplay of the regular effects of multiple causes, is always difficult to analyse, since the effects become mixed and mingled, and oppose or augment each other. Here we must fall back on the deductive method, which is the chief method by which we acquire knowledge of the conditions and laws of occurrence of the most complex phenomena.

It consists of three operations: firstly, direct induction; secondly, ratiocination; and, thirdly, verification. In the first place, the consequents or laws of individual causes must be ascertained; in the second place the effect of various combinations of such causes must be estimated, and causes selected adequate to produce in combination the compound effect in question; and, in the third place, the causes so selected must be shown actually to produce the effect, unless frustrated by other known causes.

IV—Fallacies

THERE are five distinguishable classes of fallacy.

Fallacies of simple inspection, or *a priori* fallacies, are due to mistaking the idea of a thing for the reality of the thing itself, subjective facts for objective, laws of the percipient mind for laws of the perceived object. A large proportion of the erroneous thinking which exists in the world arises from the assumption that the same order must obtain among the objects in nature which obtains among our ideas of them ; that if we always think of two things together, the two ideas must always exist together—that if one thing makes us think of another as preceding or following it, that other must precede it or follow it in actual fact. And conversely, that when we cannot conceive two things together they cannot exist together. Instances of these errors are legion. For instance, it was long held that the Antipodes was impossible because our ideas had difficulty in conceiving persons with their heads in the same direction as our feet.

Observation may lead to fallacies either through non-observation or through mal-observation. Mal-observation always arises from mistaking inference for perception. Perception and inference always go together ; but it is necessary to discriminate between parts played by each. The Copernican theory was opposed by many because they thought they *saw* the sun move ; whereas they did not actually see the sun move, but inferred its motion from certain appearances.

Fallacies of generalisation are very numerous, and are due to fundamental misconceptions of the legitimate mode of drawing conclusions from observation and experiment.

A common fallacy of generalisation is that due to induction which proceeds *per enumerationem simplicem* [‘ by simple enumeration ’], without real comparison of instances, without even ascertainment of the material circumstances in any given instance, and without any attempt to establish causal connexion. The common fallacy of *post hoc, ergo propter hoc* [‘ after this, therefore on account of this ’] is of this nature.

Another fallacy of generalisation may be called the fallacy of false analogies. An argument from analogy takes the following form. An object has a property B ; another object is found to resemble this object in property A ; and, therefore, it probably resembles it in property B. The argument has little value unless there is a real connexion between properties A and B ; and if there be a real connexion the argument is no longer a mere argument from analogy.

In some cases an analogy is brought to support an inference when the resemblance fails at the really important point, and an argument of this nature is properly a fallacy of false analogies. For instance, paternal government in a family works well, therefore it is argued that a despotic government in a state will work well ; but the success of paternal government depends on the affection of the parent for his children and on the superior wisdom of age ; and neither the paternal affection nor the superior wisdom is likely to exist in a political despot.

Metaphors are obviously a kind of analogy and, consequently, must be used for purposes of inference with the greatest caution. The main purpose of a metaphor is to make a proposition clear and vivid, not to prove it.

IT remains to be said that the most fertile source of fallacies of generalisation is bad classification, grouping together things which have no common properties, or none permitting any important general propositions to be made with respect to the class.

Among the fallacies of ratiocination are to be ranked all cases of vicious syllogism laid down in books. These generally resolve themselves into having more than three terms to the syllogism, either avowedly or in the covert mode of an undistributed middle term, or an illicit process of one of the two extremes.

A common and dangerous fallacy of this class is committed when, in the premises, a proposition is asserted with a qualification, and the qualification lost sight of in the conclusion ; or, oftener, when a limitation or condition, though not asserted, is

necessary to the truth of the proposition, but is forgotten when that proposition comes to be used as a premise.

Many of these fallacies are due to ambiguity of terms and to the use of terms as synonyms which are not really synonymous. Words used in several senses contribute to the confusion. Another type of this class of fallacy is known as *petitio principii* ['begging the question'], with its variety, 'reasoning in a circle.' This fallacy consists in the employment of a premise to prove a proposition upon which the premise itself depends. As a rule the fallacy is disguised by variations in language, so that the same thing is called by different names. Thus 'Opium produces sleep because it is a *soporific*.'

None of the modes of assuming what should be proved are more frequent than what are termed by Bentham 'question-begging appellatives'; names which beg the question under the guise of stating it. The most patent are those which have a laudatory or vituperative character, e.g. materialist, socialist, imperialist.

Still another fallacy of confusion, known as *ignoratio elenchi*, consists in mistaking the conclusion which is to be proved, or in intentionally proving an irrelevant conclusion. Thus, a man might endeavour to prove the bellicosity of Germany by an estimate of the guns made by Krupp, or an unphilosophical critic might endeavour to disprove Berkeley's idealism by breaking a window.

Most Tragic of the Waverley Novels

SIR WALTER SCOTT

THE BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR

SCOTT says of *The Bride of Lammermoor* that he got the subject of the story from connexions of his own who lived near the period, and were closely related to the Bride's family. The tragedy is based on an incident in the history of the Dalrymple family, which took place on the night of the wedding of Janet, daughter of the first Lord Stair, to David Dunbar of Baldoon, the bride being in love with Lord Rutherford. Scott dictated *The Bride of Lammermoor*, A Legend of Montrose, and *Ivanhoe* when he was subject to sufferings that drew cries from him. Laidlaw, his steward-amanuensis, begged him to rest, but Scott's reply was: 'Nay, Willie, only see the doors are fast. I would fain keep the cry as well as the wool to ourselves; but as to giving over work, that can only be when I am in woollen.' When *Lammermoor* was published, in 1819, before he rose from his bed, Scott did not remember a line of it. It is the most tragic of his works and, with the exception of *Kenilworth*, the only Waverley novel that ends unhappily.

I—The Master of Ravenswood



IN the gorge of a mountain glen ascending from the fertile plains of East Lothian there stood, in former times, an extensive castle. Its ancient proprietors were a race of powerful and warlike barons; but towards the period of the Revolution the last proprietor of Ravenswood Castle saw himself compelled to part with the ancient family seat and to remove himself to a lonely sea-beaten tower on the bleak shores of the boisterous German Ocean, the remains of the property.

Lord Ravenswood imputed the final declension of his family to Sir William Ashton, who had now become, by purchase,

the proprietor of Ravenswood, and honoured him with a full portion of his hatred.

For some time he continued to wage ineffectual war with his successor concerning various points, which were successively decided in favour of the lord keeper (for to this height Sir William Ashton had ascended) until death closed the litigation by summoning Ravenswood to a higher bar. His only son Edgar witnessed his dying agonies, and heard the curses he breathed against his adversary, as if they had conveyed to him a legacy of vengeance.

The pomp of attendance to which the deceased had latterly been a stranger was revived as he was about to be consigned

to the realms of forgetfulness; and the principal gentry of the country attended, while a priest of the Scottish Episcopal communion, arrayed in his surplice, read the funeral service of the Church, contrary to the custom, and even the law of the time.

The Presbyterian church-judicatory of the bounds had applied to the lord keeper, as the nearest privy councillor, for a warrant to prevent the ceremony; but when the official person, supported by some armed men, attempted to interrupt, the insult was instantly resented by the only son of the deceased, a youth of about twenty years of age, and a hundred swords glittered in the air as he commanded the clergyman to proceed.

ON the morning after the funeral, the legal officer hastened to state before the lord keeper the resistance he had met with in the execution of his duty, and gave a faithful report of the threatening language of young Ravenswood, and others, obviously directed against Sir William Ashton. When the door had closed behind his informer, the lord keeper remained in deep meditation.

"Young Ravenswood," he muttered, "is now mine; he shall bend or break. These memoranda, stated to the Privy Council, cannot but be construed into an aggravated riot; a heavy fine might be imposed, even a charge of treason might be laid on many of these words, though God forbid that I should prosecute the matter to that extent. No, I will not—I will not touch his life; and yet, if he lives till a change of times, what follows? Restitution, perhaps revenge. What a ready tool he would be for those who are watching the downfall of our administration!"

He proceeded to walk abroad to reflect further, and hearing the silver tones of his daughter's voice to the accompaniment of the lute, requested her to attend him in his walk. A group of wild cattle were grazing in the extensive chase through which they were walking; and a bull, stimulated perhaps by the red colour of Miss Ashton's mantle, suddenly began to pursue them at full speed. The lord keeper continued to support and drag onward his daughter, until, her fears altogether depriving her of strength, she sank down at his side.

He turned and placed himself betwixt her and the raging animal, when a shot from a neighbouring thicket arrested its progress. The bull was struck between the junction of the spine and the skull and, with a hideous bellow, he rolled on the ground within three yards of the astonished lord keeper.

Lucy lay senseless, and her father was almost equally stupefied, till he observed a man among the branches, with a short gun in his hand. He called to him, whom he perceived to be a stranger, and directed him, as younger and stronger than himself, to carry the young lady to a neighbouring fountain, while he went to procure more aid. He soon came back, followed by two woodcutters, to meet his daughter, recovered and holding fast by the stranger's arm, coming in anxious search of him.

"Lucy, my dear Lucy, are you safe? Are you well?" were the only words that broke from him as he embraced her in ecstasy.

"I am well, sir, thank God, and still more that I see you so! But this gentleman," she said, "what must he think of me?" And her eloquent blood, flushing over neck and brow, spoke how much she was ashamed of the freedom with which she had craved, and even compelled, his assistance.

"This gentleman," said Sir William Ashton, "will, I am sure, permit us to request——"

"Request nothing of me, my lord," said the stranger, in a stern and peremptory voice. "I am the Master of Ravenswood." With a haughty inclination towards Lucy, the Master turned, and was immediately lost in the thicket.

As the depth and violence of that revengeful passion by which he had been actuated in seeking an interview with her father began to abate, the Master of Ravenswood began to look back on his conduct towards Lucy Ashton as harsh and unworthy. The sweetness of her voice, the vivid glow of her filial affection embittered his regret at having repulsed her gratitude with rudeness approaching disdain. Yet, though he still was resolved to leave Scotland, he remained day after day in his deserted mansion of Wolf's Crag. He had written to one or two kinsmen

intimating his purpose, and awaited their reply, especially that of the Marquis of A—. That nobleman was rich and powerful; and, although he was suspected of entertaining sentiments unfavourable to

the government, had address enough to head a party in the Scottish Privy Council, powerful enough to menace those to whom the lord keeper adhered with a probable subversion of their power.

II—*Ravenswood and Lucy*

THE very report which reached the lord keeper served to render the success of the marquis's intrigues the more probable; his inquiries proved the existence of a correspondence between the marquis and his distressed kinsman beyond a doubt; he had no small reason to apprehend the issue if the English House of Lords should be disposed to act upon an appeal from the Master of Ravenswood 'for remeid in law'; a reconciliation with Ravenswood was likely to give him an opportunity to play his own game with the marquis; and he began to bethink himself 'that if Ravenswood is to be warmly and effectually befriended by the government, there might be worse matches for my daughter Lucy,' and the alliance would, in some measure, legitimate his own possession of the greater part of the Master's spoils.

So the lord keeper availed himself of an opportune hunting party within a few miles of Wolf's Crag, and a thunderstorm rendered it impossible for the owner to avoid offering an old man and a lady, in such an emergency, the use of his home.

Ravenswood's disconsolate seneschal, old Caleb Balderstone, was aghast at this accession of guests to the ruined castle, where there was neither food, nor money to purchase provisions. The credit of the house of Ravenswood was, in Caleb's eyes, to be maintained at all cost.

First, having secured the outer gate, he informed the excluded huntsmen and grooms that his honour the Master of Ravenswood and some guests of quality had just sat down to dinner, that the gate was never opened in meal times, that there was excellent brandy at the inn in the village of Wolf's Hope down below—and he held out some obscure hint that the reckoning would be discharged by the Master. So the jolly troop of huntsmen retired from Wolf's Crag execrating the niggardly disposition of the proprietor.

A burst of thunder, so sudden and dread-

ful that the old tower rocked to its foundation, awakened still further the inventive genius of the flower of majors-domo. The soot showered down the huge chimneys at the shock of the thunder, and Caleb rushed into the hall where Ravenswood stood with his guests.

"Naething left in the house fit to present for dinner," said the old man, and then he proceeded to give a description of the imaginary dinner ruined by the soot, which, as he observed afterwards, "wad hae made a fu' man hungry." Caleb detailed this banquet with such peculiar determination that Miss Ashton at last burst into a fit of uncontrollable laughter, in which even her father and the Master of Ravenswood joined.

Caleb's resources, however, were not yet at an end. He hastened to the village, and proclaimed the news that the lord keeper was at the castle with his daughter "just ready to fling her at my lord's head if he winna tak her out o' his arms."

A fat goose and a brace of wild ducks on two spits revolved before the fire, and no sooner was the room empty than old Balderstone removed from the fire the spit bearing the wild fowl, clapped his hat on his head, and fairly marched off with it. A more royal provision had not been seen in Wolf's Crag since the funeral feast of its deceased lord.

AS for Ravenswood, neither the feelings which he had begun to entertain towards Lucy Ashton nor the hospitality due to his guests was able entirely to subdue the deep passions which arose within him at beholding his father's foe standing in the hall of the family he had in a measure ruined. Sir William Ashton did not wait the conclusion of his irresolution.

"Lucy, my love," he said, "lay aside your mask, and let us express our gratitude to the Master openly."

"If he will condescend to accept it," was all that Lucy uttered, but in a tone so

sweetly modified, and that seemed to imply at once a feeling, and a forgiving of the cold reception to which they were exposed, that her words cut Ravenswood to the heart for his harshness. He muttered something of surprise, something of confusion, and ending with a warm and eager expression of his happiness in being able to afford her shelter under his roof, he saluted her. Their cheeks had touched.

The lord keeper presently produced papers which showed the Master that Sir William Ashton had acted as peacemaker between him and the jealous authorities concerning the riot, as it was termed, at his father's funeral; and Ravenswood now gave to his feudal enemy the full confidence of a haughty but honourable heart, and he accompanied his guests on their return to Ravenswood Castle, but he soon felt his honour required he should take instant leave. Each attempt he made to explain his purpose of departure only proved a new evidence of his desire to stay; until, at length, instead of bidding Lucy Ashton farewell, he gave his faith to her for ever, and received her troth in return; their lips, as well as their hands, pledged the sincerity of their love.

"And now," he said, "it is fit I should speak to Sir William Ashton—he must know of our engagement."

But Lucy begged him to wait until her mother should know him. She was absent from home. They ended by going through an emblematic ceremony of trothplight. They broke betwixt them a thin, broad piece of gold.

"And never shall this leave my bosom," said Lucy, as she hung the token on a



LUCY ASHTON AND RAVENSWOOD

From the painting by Sir John Millais, P.R.A.

ribbon round her neck, "until you, Edgar Ravenswood, ask me to resign it to you; and while I wear it, never shall this heart acknowledge another love than yours."

LADY ASHTON had no sooner received a hint of the situation of affairs at Ravenswood Castle than she hastily returned, and sent the Master of Ravenswood a billet which made it impossible for him to remain an instant longer within its walls. He went, as had been previously arranged, to Edinburgh, and took up his abode with his noble kinsman, whence he made in vain an effort to make Lady Ashton forget ancient prejudices and misunderstanding. Many attempts did he

make to convey letters to Lucy, but had only the mortification to learn that effective precautions had been taken to prevent their correspondence. When he could no longer delay his departure

upon an important mission that had been confided to him, the marquis pledged his word of honour to be his friend and the Master could but thank him, and leave him full power to act in all his affairs.

III—*Ravenswood's Return*

TWELVE months had passed away ; and the marquis, consulting what he conceived his relative's best interests, drove on an appeal to the British House of Peers against those judgements of the courts of law by which Sir William had become possessed of Ravenswood's property. As a natural consequence of the alleged injustice meditated against her father every means was resorted to to induce Miss Ashton to break off her engagement.

Lucy's spirit, however, was high and, although alone and unaided, she might have endured the ceaseless repinings of her father and the bitter taunts and occasional violence of her brother, Colonel Ashton ; but it was beyond her power to withstand or elude the unceasing persecution of Lady Ashton, who bent the whole efforts of her powerful mind to place a perpetual bar between the lovers by effecting Lucy's union with Bucklaw, a young gentleman who had just succeeded to an extensive property in the neighbourhood.

Every letter in which Ravenswood conveyed to Lucy the reasons that detained him abroad, and more than one that poor Lucy addressed to him, fell into the hands of her mother, who also took care that a report should find its way to Ravenswood Castle, through various channels, that the Master of Ravenswood was on the eve of marriage with a foreign lady of fortune and distinction. At last Lucy's health became shaken, her temper unequal, and she announced, with a vivacity that startled her parents, that she was conscious heaven and hell had set themselves against her union with Ravenswood. ' Let me be assured,' she concluded, ' that he will free me from my engagement, and dispose of me as you will.'

A letter was despatched, dictated by Lady Ashton, in which her daughter required to know of Ravenswood whether he intended to abide by or to surrender ' their unfortunate engagement.'

Week crept away after week, and St. Jude's day arrived, the last term to which Lucy had limited herself, and there was neither letter nor news of Ravenswood.

But Bucklaw arrived early in the morning for the completion of the espousals, and for signing the deeds. The marriage was to be solemnised upon the fourth day after, and to the unobserving eye of Bucklaw Lucy's demeanour was that of a bashful young lady, who, however, he could not disguise from himself, was complying with the choice of her friends rather than exercising any personal predilection in his favour.

The business of the day went forward, and in the distinct character in which the name of Lucy Ashton is traced on every page there is only a slight tremulous irregularity ; but the last signature is incomplete, for the hasty tramp of a horse was heard, succeeded by a step in the gallery ; the pen dropped from Lucy's fingers as she cried, " He is come ! He is come ! " And the Master of Ravenswood entered the apartment.

He bent his eyes on Lucy as if she had been alone, with an expression of deep grief and indignation, having more the appearance of one returned from the dead than a living visitor. The dead silence was broken by Lady Ashton, who demanded the cause of this intrusion. Her son and Bucklaw interposed fiercely.

" Be patient, gentlemen," said Ravenswood sternly. " If you are as weary of your lives as I am, I will find time and place to pledge mine against one or both ; my mission here will be shortly accomplished. Is that your handwriting, madam ? " he added, in a softer tone, extending towards Miss Ashton her last letter.

A faltering " Yes " seemed to escape her lips, but terror, and yet a stronger and more confused feeling so utterly disturbed her understanding that she seemed unable to comprehend, and could only falter out, " It was my mother."

"She speaks truly," said Lady Ashton. "It was I who, authorised alike by the laws of God and man, advised her to set aside an unhappy and precipitate engagement." And in proof that Lucy had used her own free will, she showed him the contract newly signed.

"This is indeed, madam, an undeniable piece of evidence," said Ravenswood sternly. "There, madam," laying down before Lucy the broken piece of gold, "there is the evidence of your first engagement; I will trouble you to return the corresponding token of my ill-placed confidence."

Lucy returned the scornful glance of her lover with a gaze from which perception seemed to have been banished; yet she raised her hands as if to undo a blue

ribbon round her neck. Lady Ashton cut the ribbon, and handed the gold piece to Ravenswood, who was much softened. "And she could wear it thus," he said, speaking to himself, "could wear it in her very bosom even when——. But complaint avails not," he said and, striding to the chimney, threw the gold piece into the fire.

"To you, madam," he said addressing Lucy, "I have nothing further to say, except to pray to God that you may not become a world's wonder for this act of wilful and deliberate perjury."

And, turning on his heel, he left the apartment and, mounting his horse, departed with the speed of a demon dismissed by the exorcist.

IV—The Bridal Tragedy

Lucy remained for some time in a state of absolute stupor, but by the ensuing day seemed to have recovered not merely her spirits and resolution, but a sort of flighty levity, foreign to her character, chequered by fits of deep silence and melancholy. She often raised her hands to her neck, as if in search of the blue ribbon, and muttered, "It was the link that bound me to life."

Notwithstanding these alarming symptoms, Lady Ashton would not delay the marriage, aware if Bucklaw once saw any reluctance on her daughter's part he would break off the treaty, to her great personal shame and dishonour.

On the eve of the bridal day Lucy appeared to have one of her fits of levity, and surveyed the preparations of dress, etc., with girlish interest. The morning dawned bright and cheerily, and the bride's great beauty and the splendour of her dress occasioned a universal murmur of applause; but her brother afterwards remembered till the day of his death that when her hand touched his it was as cold as marble.

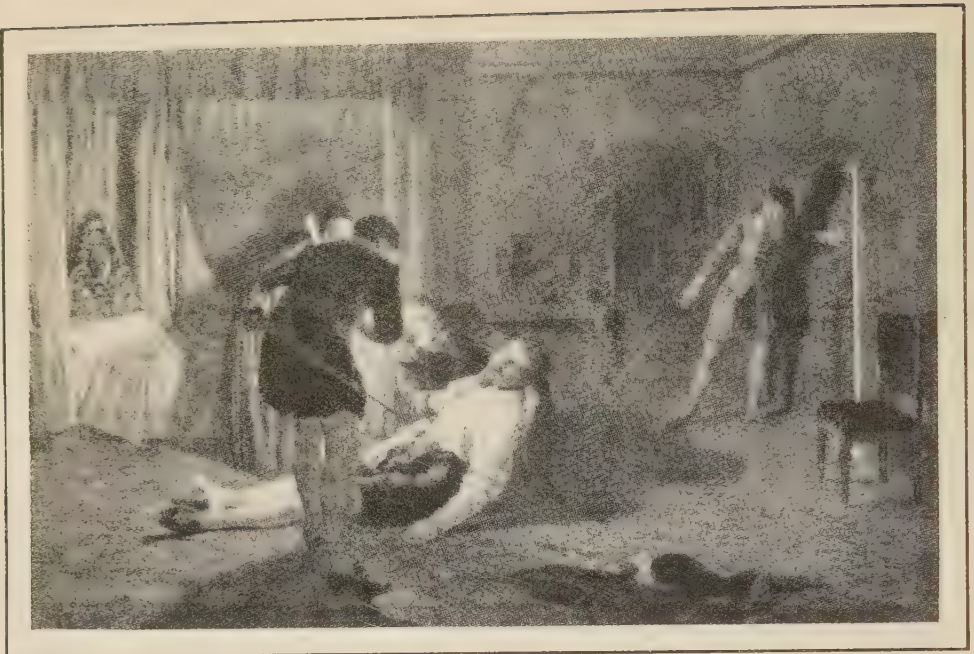
At the ball which closed the bridal entertainment, Lady Ashton, making an apology on account of her daughter's health, offered her hand as a substitute to Bucklaw, who about an hour after, at a whisper from her, vanished from the apartment.

Suddenly a cry was heard, so shrill and

piercing as at once to arrest the dance and music. All stood motionless, but when the yell was repeated Colonel Ashton snatched a torch and the key of the bridal chamber, and rushed thither followed by his mother and father. Colonel Ashton knocked and called, but received no answer but stifled groans. When he forced open the door the bridegroom's body was lying on the threshold, and all around was flooded with blood; but in vain they sought Lucy. The unfortunate girl was at last discovered crouched in the corner of the chimney—her nightgear torn and dabbled with blood, her features convulsed into a wild paroxysm of insanity. She gibbered and pointed at them with her bloody fingers, with the frantic gestures of an exulting demoniac.

Female assistance was now hastily summoned; the unhappy bride was overpowered, not without the use of some force. As they carried her over the threshold, she looked down, and uttered the only articulate words that she had yet spoken, saying, with a sort of grinning exultation, "So, you have ta'en up your bonny bridegroom?"

She was conveyed to another apartment, secured and closely watched. All night she was delirious, then fell into a state of absolute insensibility. She woke from her trance with some appearance of calmness, yet, so soon as she put her hand to her neck, as if to search for the fatal



COLONEL ASHTON FINDS THE BODY OF BUCKLAW

From the painting by W. E. Lockhart

blue ribbon, a tide of recollections seemed to rush upon her—convulsion followed convulsion till they closed in death. Next day were consigned to dust the remains of what was once lovely, beautiful and innocent, though exasperated to frenzy by unremitting persecution.

This melancholy ceremony was performed in the misty dawn of an autumnal morning, with such moderate attendance and ceremony as could not possibly be dispensed with. A few of the nearest relations attended her body to the same churchyard to which she had so lately been led as a bride, with as little free will, perhaps, as could be now testified by her lifeless and passive remains.

Colonel Ashton, observing a figure muffled in deep mourning, addressed him with rising passion. "I cannot doubt that I speak to the murderer of my sister," said he.

"You have named me too truly," said Ravenswood.

"Here," said the colonel, giving a paper, "is the measure of my sword. Sunrise to-morrow morning on the links to the east of Wolf's Hope."

The Master seemed irresolute. At length he spoke.

"Do not," said he, "urge to further desperation a wretch already desperate. Enjoy your life while you can, and let me seek my death from another."

"That you never shall," said Douglas Ashton. "You shall die by my hand!"

"Enough," said the Master. "I will not fail you."

Colonel Ashton, frantic for revenge, was pacing the turf with eagerness, and looking with impatience towards the tower. The sun had risen, so that he could easily discern the horseman who rode towards him with a speed which argued impatience equal to his own. All at once the figure became invisible, as if it had melted into air. He rubbed his eyes, and hastened towards the spot—no trace whatever of horse or rider could be discerned; it only appeared that the treacherous quicksands had been greatly extended by the late high winds, and the unfortunate horseman, in his precipitate haste, had taken the shortest course.

Lady Ashton lived to extreme old age, the only survivor of the group of unhappy persons whose misfortunes were owing to her implacability.

JEAN FROISSART

CHRONICLE OF ENGLAND

BORN at Valenciennes about 1338, Jean Froissart was only twenty when he began his famous Chronicle of England, France, Spain and the Adjoining Lands. In his youth he visited England, and in 1361 became clerk to the chamber of Queen Philippa. After her death he was *curé* of Lestines and was subsequently attached to the court of Wenceslaus de Luxembourg. Throughout his life he was dominated by the passion for inquiry, the fruits of which furnished material for his great history. The Chronicle forms a vivid and graphic history of events in France, Britain and the other countries of Western Europe during the period from 1326 to 1400. It is not always reliable as historical fact, yet from the point of view of colour, spirit and living human interest the Chronicle is worth more than many a dry though accurate record of fact. As a picture of the life and manners of the later feudal period it is quite unrivalled. An edition of the work is included in Everyman's Library.

I—The Battle of Crecy



THAT the honourable enterprises, noble adventures and deeds of arms performed in the wars between England and France may be properly related

and held in perpetual remembrance, to the end that brave men, taking example from them, may be encouraged in their well-doing, I sit down to record a history deserving great praise ; but before I begin, I request of the Saviour of the world, Who from nothing created all things, that He will have the goodness to inspire me with sense and sound understanding to persevere in such manner that all those who shall read may derive pleasure and instruction from my work.

The true reason of my undertaking this book was for my amusement, to which I have ever been inclined, and for which I have frequented the company of many noblemen and gentlemen, as well in France as in England and Scotland, and in other countries, from whose acquaintance I have always requested accounts of battles and adventures, especially since the mighty battle of Poitiers, where the noble King John of France was taken prisoner, but before that time I was young in years and understanding ; however, on quitting school, I boldly undertook to write and relate the wars above-mentioned, which compilation, such as it was, I carried to England and presented to my lady Philippa of Hainault, Queen

of England, who most graciously received it from me, to my great profit.

And perhaps as this book is neither so exactly nor so well written as such feats of arms require, I have undertaken this present work, at the prayer and request of my dear lord and master, Sir Robert de Namur, knight, Lord of Beaufort, to whom I owe all love and obedience, and God give me grace to do always according to his pleasure.

The King of England was encamped, on Friday, near Crecy, in Ponthieu. He, who had been informed that the King of France was following him in order to give him battle, said to his people : " Let us post ourselves here, for we will not go farther before we have seen our enemies. I have good reason to wait on them on this spot, as I am now upon the lawful inheritance of my lady mother, which was given to her as her marriage portion, and I am resolved to defend it against my adversary, Philippe de Valois."

That evening the army set about furbishing and repairing their armour ; and the king gave a supper to the earls and barons of his army, where they made good cheer. On their taking leave, the king remained alone with the lords of his bed-chamber ; he retired into his oratory and, falling on his knees before the altar, prayed to God that, if he should combat his enemies on the morrow, he might come off with honour. About

midnight he went to his bed, and, rising early the next day, he and the Prince of Wales heard mass and communicated. The greater part of his army did the same, confessed and made proper preparations.

THE king ordered that his army should be divided into three battalions. In the first he placed the young Prince of Wales, with many lords, knights and squires whom I cannot name. In the second battalion were the Earl of Northampton, the Earl of Arundel and many others; and the third battalion was commanded by the king.

The king then mounted a small palfrey, having a white wand in his hand, and attended by his two marshals on each side of him; he rode at a foot's pace through all the ranks, encouraging and entreating the army that they would guard his honour and defend his right. He spoke this so sweetly, and with such a cheerful countenance, that all who had been dispirited were directly comforted by seeing and hearing him.

When he had thus visited all the battalions, it was near ten o'clock; he retired to his own division and ordered them all to eat heartily and to drink a glass after. They ate and drank at their ease, and then seated themselves upon the ground, placing their helmets and bows before them, that they might be the fresher when their enemies should arrive.

This, when the lords whom the King of France had sent to reconnoitre saw, they counselled that the battle should be delayed until the morrow, for, said they, 'before we can fight to-night your men will be tired and in disorder, while the enemy is fresh and proper arrayed.'

The king commanded that the army should be halted there, and the two marshals rode, the one to the front and the other to the rear, crying out: 'Halt, banners, in the name of God and St. Denis!'

Those that were in front halted, but those behind said they would not halt until they were as forward as the front. As soon as the foremost rank saw them advancing, they fell back in great disorder, which alarmed those behind, who thought they had been fighting.

The English, on seeing their enemies advance, rose undauntedly up and fell into their ranks. You must know that these kings, earls, barons and lords of France did not advance in any regular order, but one after the other, or any way most pleasing to themselves. As soon as the King of France came in sight of the English he cried out to his marshals, 'Order the Genoese forward, and begin the battle, in the name of God and St. Denis!'

There were about fifteen thousand Genoese cross-bowmen, but they were quite fatigued, having marched that day six leagues, completely armed, and with their cross-bows. They told the constable they were not in a condition to do any great things that day in battle. The Earl of Alençon, hearing this, said, 'This is what one gets by employing such scoundrels, who fall off when there is any need for them.'

As the Genoese advanced, they set up three times a loud shout in order to frighten the English; but they remained quite still, and did not seem to attend to it. Then, advancing with their cross-bows presented, they began to shoot. The English archers then advanced one step forward, and shot their arrows with such force and quickness that it seemed as if it snowed. When the Genoese felt these arrows, which pierced their arms, heads and through their armour, they all turned about and retreated quite discomfited.

THE King of France, seeing them thus fall back, cried out: 'Kill me those scoundrels, for they stop up our road without any reason!' You would then have seen the men-at-arms lay about them, killing all they could of these runaways.

As for the prince's battalion, early in the day some French, Germans and Savoyards had broken through the archers and had engaged with the men-at-arms. The first division, seeing the danger they were in, sent a knight in great haste to the King of England, who was posted upon a hill near a windmill.

On the knight's approach, he said: 'Sir, those who are about your son are hard pressed by the French, and they entreat that you would come to their

assistance with your battalion, for if they should come in greater number they fear he will have too much to do."

The king replied: "Is my son dead, unhorsed, or so badly wounded that he cannot support himself?"

"Nay, thank God," answered the knight, "but he is in so hot an engagement that he has great need of your help."

The king replied: "Now, Sir Thomas, go back to those that sent you, and tell them from me not to send again for me this day, nor expect that I shall come, let what will happen, as long as my son has life; and say that I command them to let the boy win his spurs, for I am determined, if it please God, that all the glory and honour of this day shall be given to him, and to those into whose care I have entrusted him."

II—*Froissart Visits the Count de Foix*

IT fell on a day that I considered in myself that grand deeds of arms would not fall out for a long space of time in the marches of Picardy and the country of Flanders, since there was peace in those parts. Moreover, I knew that such valiant men as were desirous of advancing themselves, whether in Castile, Portugal, Gascony, Rouergue, Quercy, or in Bigorre, did not remain idle, but employed themselves underhand against each other, in the wish to perform deeds of arms that might surprise and conquer towns and fortresses.

And for this reason, and because it was very tiresome to me to be idle; for I well know that when the time shall come when I shall be dead and rotten, this grand and noble history will be much in fashion, and all noble and valiant persons will take pleasure in it, and gain from it augmentation of profit; and, moreover, since I had, God be thanked, sense and memory, and since I was of age and constitution of body well fit to encounter difficulties, I determined not to delay pursuing my subject.

And in order to know the truth of distant transactions, I took an opportunity of visiting that high and redoubted Prince Gaston Phoebus, Count de Foix and de Bearn; for I well knew that if I were so fortunate as to be admitted into his household, and to remain there in quiet, I could not choose a situation more

The knight returned to his lords and related the king's answer, which mightily encouraged them.

The battle, in the main, went hard against the French, and more and more. It was ended at the hour of vespers, and when it was over King Edward came down from his post and with his whole battalion advanced to the Prince of Wales, whom he embraced in his arms and kissed, and said, "Sweet son, God give you good perseverance. You are my son, for most loyally have you acquitted yourself this day. You are worthy to be a sovereign."

The prince bowed down very low and humbled himself, giving all honour to the king his father. The English, during the night, made thanksgivings to the Lord for the happy issue of the day, and without rioting; for the king had forbidden all riot.

proper to learn the truth of every event, as numbers of foreign knights and squires assembled there from all countries, attracted by his high birth and gentility.

It fell out, most happily, that on my journey thither, at the city of Pamiers, I met a knight attached to the Count de Foix, called Sir Espaign du Lyon. He was a prudent and valiant knight, handsome in person, and about fifty years of age. I introduced myself to his company, as he had a great desire to know what was doing in France. We were six days on the road travelling to Orthez.

As we journeyed, the knight, after saying his orisons, conversed the greater part of the day with me, asking for news; and when I put any questions to him, he very willingly answered them. Moreover, as we passed castles and towns, he related to me the feats of arms that he knew had been the means of their capture by one lord from another, or by the French from the English, and again how the English had had the better hap.

Indeed, all the histories of Sir Espaign du Lyon gave me such satisfaction and delight I thought the road was much too short. And each night, as soon as we dismounted at our inns, I wrote all down, whether it was late or early, that posterity might have the advantage of it, for there is nothing like writing for the preservation

of events. So, therefore, often riding at our leisure so that we might the better entertain ourselves with talk, we came at last to Orthez.

The knight informed the Count de Foix of my arrival, and I was instantly sent for; for he is a lord above all others who delights to see strangers in order to hear news. On my entering he received me handsomely, and retained me of his household, where I staid upwards of twelve weeks well entertained, as were my horses.

Our acquaintance was strengthened by my having brought with me a book which I had made at the desire of Wenceslaus of Bohemia, Duke of Luxembourg and Brabant. In this book, called *Le Meliador*, are contained all the songs, ballads, roundelays and virelays which that gentle duke had composed, and of them I had made this collection. Every night after supper I read out to him parts, during which time neither he nor anyone else spoke, for he was desirous I should be well heard, and took much delight in it.

I shall relate to you several things respecting him and his household, for I tarried there as long as I could gain any information. Count Gaston Phoebus de Foix, of whom I am now speaking, was at that time fifty-nine years old; and I must say that, though I have seen very many knights, kings, princes and others, I have never seen any so handsome, either in the form of his limbs or in countenance.

He was so perfectly formed one could not praise him too much. He loved earnestly the things he ought to love, and hated those which it was becoming him so to hate. He was a prudent knight, full of enterprise and wisdom. He had never any men of abandoned character with him, reigned prudently, and was constant in his

devotions. He had every day distributed as alms, at his gate, five florins in small coin to all comers. He was liberal and courteous in his gifts; and well knew how to take when it was proper and to give back where he had confidence. He was easy of access to all, and entered very freely into discourse, though laconic in his advice and in his answers.

In such manner did the Count de Foix live. When he quitted his chamber at midnight for supper, twelve servants bore each a large lighted torch before him, which were placed near his table and gave a brilliant light to the apartment. The hall was full of knights and squires, and there were plenty of tables laid out for any person who chose to sup.

In short, everything considered, though I had been in several courts, I was never at one which pleased me more, nor was I ever more delighted with feats of arms than at this of the Count de Foix. There were knights and squires to be seen in every chamber, hall and court, going backwards and forwards, and conversing on arms and amours. Everything honourable was there to be found. All intelligence from distant countries was there to be learnt, for the gallantry of the count had brought visitors from all parts.

It was there I was informed of the greater part of those events which had happened in Spain, Portugal, Arragon, Navarre, England, Scotland and on the borders of Languedoc; for I saw, during my residence, knights and squires arrive from every nation. I therefore made inquiries from them, or from the count himself, who cheerfully conversed with me. Thus, to my great pleasure, and mightily to the profit of this history, I abode there a while.

III—Froissart at the English Court

IN truth I, Sir John Froissart, treasurer and canon of Chimay, had now a great desire to go and see the kingdom of England: more especially since a truce had been concluded for four years, on sea and land, between France, England and their allies.

Several reasons urged me to make this journey, but principally because in my youth I had been educated at the court of

King Edward, of happy memory, and that good lady, Philippa, his queen, with their children, and others of the barons of those times, and was treated by them with all honour, courtesy and liberality. I was anxious, therefore, to visit that country, for it ran in my imagination that if I once saw it again, I should live the longer.

I had taken care to form a collection

of all the poetry on love and morality that I had composed during the last twenty-four years, which I had caused to be fairly written and illuminated.

And being desirous to pay my respects to King Richard of England and his uncles, I had provided myself with my book of poesy, finely ornamented, bound in velvet, and decorated with silver-gilt clasps and studs, as a present for the king.

THUS, in the year of grace 1395, I crossed into England. There I found friends who, after a time, were able to introduce me to the king, and I presented the book to him in his chamber. He opened and looked into it with much pleasure. He then asked me what the book treated of; I replied, "Of love!" He was pleased with the answer, and dipped into several places, reading parts aloud, for he read and spoke French perfectly well, and then gave me many acknowledgments for it.

It happened this same Sunday, after the king had received my book so handsomely, that an English squire, called Henry Castide, a man of prudence and character, made acquaintance with me, having learnt that I was a historian. He asked me if I had chanced to hear an account of the late expedition to Ireland; and since I had not, was willing to tell it me, that I might insert it in my history.

Henry Castide thus began.

"It is not in the memory of man that any king of England ever led so large an armament of men-at-arms and archers, to make war on the Irish, as the present king. He remained upwards of nine months in Ireland, at great expense, which, however, was cheerfully defrayed by his kingdom; for his subjects thought it was well laid out when they saw their king return home with honour.

"To tell you the truth, Ireland is one of the worst countries to make war in, or to conquer; for there are such impenetrable and extensive forests, lakes and bogs, there is no knowing how to carry on war advantageously. The Irish are a very hardy race, of great subtlety, and of various tempers, paying no attention to any gentleman, although their country is governed by kings, but desires to remain in the savage state they have been brought up in.

"True it is that four of the most potent kings have submitted to the King of England, but more through love and good humour than by battle or force. This was considered by everyone as a great acquisition, and the object of the armament accomplished; for, during the whole of King Edward's reign, of happy memory, he never had such success as King Richard. The honour is great, but the advantage little, for with such savages nothing can be done."

He further related to me matters concerning Ireland, so that I was moved to speak thus.

"Sir Henry, I readily believe you. But I should like to ask you one thing, which has much surprised me: I should like to know how these four Irish kings have so readily submitted to King Richard. You have said it was brought about by a treaty and the grace of God: the grace of God is good, and of infinite value to those who can obtain it; but we see few lords nowadays augment their territories otherwise than by force."

To this he answered: "In truth, I cannot more fully explain how it was brought about, but it is generally believed that the Irish were greatly frightened at the large force the king landed in Ireland, being much greater than any force that King Edward had ever sent there, because his armies were ever engaged in other wars. Moreover, the Irish had great reverence for Saint Edward, King of England and lord of Ireland and of Aquitaine; and when our king went thither, he bore the arms of Saint Edward on his banners. This, we heard, was very pleasing to the Irish, and inclined them more to submission, for their ancestors had done homage to Saint Edward.

"Thus I have related to you how our king accomplished the object of his expedition to Ireland, so that when you have returned home you may insert it in your chronicle."

"Henry," said I, "you have well spoken, and it shall be done."

All these things, therefore, I retained in my memory, and put on paper, so that they are now written in my history, which, I know well, shall be read by posterity.



Izaak Walton was born at Stafford, August 9, 1593. After a few years' schooling there he was sent to London and apprenticed to an ironmonger. Soon he had his own small shop in Gresham's Burse, or Exchange, in Cornhill, but by 1614 he had moved his business to Fleet Street, two doors west of Chancery Lane. It was while Walton lived here that he came into touch with the famous John Donne, then vicar of St. Dunstan's, whose life he later wrote and who brought him into friendly communication with Sir Henry Wotton, Richard Hooker and George Herbert, all of whom were subjects of biographies by Walton. He retired from business when he was about fifty and the forty remaining years of his life would seem to have been spent in leisure and literary occupation, visiting friends and fellow devotees of the angle, compiling material for his biographies, and always making notes of odd new information for his immortal work *The Compleat Angler*. He died in Winchester, December 15, 1683. This famous portrait, by Jacob Huysmans, is in the National Portrait Gallery.

IZAAK WALTON

THE COMPLEAT ANGLER

BECAUSE of this book there is hardly a name in the history of English literature whose immortality is more secure than that of Izaak Walton. The Compleat Angler, or Contemplative Man's Recreation, was first published in 1653, but the author kept on adding to it, in a leisurely fashion, for over twenty years : thus it comes that though the 1653 original edition has only thirteen chapters, the edition of 1676 (the fifth) has twenty-one. There had been earlier books on the subject of fishing, in English, such as Dame Juliana Berners's Treatise Pertaining to Hawking, Hunting and Fishing with an Angle (1486) and several others. But The Compleat Angler was the first 'nature book' in English literature, and the new quality in it, and the great secret of its unfading popularity, is the charm of temperament that illumines every page. Charles Lamb said of it that 'it breathes the very spirit of innocence, purity and simplicity of heart.' Many reprints of this work have been made.

I—The Virtues of Angling



PISCATOR : You are well overtaken, gentlemen. A good-morning to you both ! I have stretched my legs up Tottenham Hill to overtake you, hoping your

business may occasion you towards Ware, whither I am going this fine, fresh May morning.

Venator : Sir, I, for my part, shall almost answer your hopes, for my purpose is to drink my morning's draught at the Thatched House. And, sir, as we are all so happy to have a fine morning, I hope we shall each be the happier in each other's company.

Auceps : Sir, I shall, by your favour, bear you company as far as Theobalds, for then I turn up to a friend's house, who mews a hawk for me. And as, the Italians say, good company in a journey maketh the way to seem the shorter, I, for my part, promise you that I will be as free and open-hearted as discretion will allow with strangers.

Pisc. : I am right glad to hear your answers. I shall put on a boldness to ask you, sir, whether business or pleasure caused you to be up so early, for this other gentleman hath declared he is going to see a hawk that a friend mews for him.

Ven. : Sir, I intended to go hunting the otter.

Pisc. : Those villainous vermin, for I hate them perfectly, because they

love fish so well, or, rather, destroy so much. For I, sir, am a brother of the angle.

Auc. : And I profess myself a falconer, and have heard many grave, serious men scoff at anglers and pity them, as it is a heavy, contemptible, dull recreation.

Pisc. : You know, gentlemen, it is an easy thing to scoff at any art or recreation ; a little wit mixed with ill nature, confidence and malice will do it ; but though they often venture boldly yet they are often caught, even in their own trap.

There be many men that are by others taken to be serious and grave men, whom we condemn and pity ; men that are taken to be grave because nature hath made them of a sour complexion—money-getting men, men that are condemned to be rich ; for these poor rich men, we anglers pity them most perfectly. No, sir, we enjoy a contentedness above the reach of such dispositions.

Ven. : Sir, you have almost amazed me ; for though I am no scoffer, yet I have—I pray let me speak it without offence—always looked upon anglers as more patient and simple men than, I fear, I shall find you to be.

Pisc. : Sir, I hope you will not judge my earnestness to be impatience. As for my simplicity, if by that you mean a harmlessness which was usually found in the primitive Christians, who were,

as most anglers are, followers of peace—then myself and men of my profession will be glad to be so understood. But if, by simplicity, you mean to express a general defect, I hope in time to disabuse you.

Water is the eldest daughter of the creation, the element upon which the spirit of God did first move. There be those that profess to believe that all bodies are water, and may be reduced back into water only.

The water is more productive than the earth. The increase of creatures that are bred in the water is not only more miraculous but more advantageous to man for the preventing of sickness. It is observed that the casting of Lent and other fish days hath doubtless been the cause of these many putrid, shaking agues to which this country of ours is now more subject.

To pass by the miraculous cures of our known baths, the Romans have made fish the mistress of all their entertainments, and have had music to usher in their sturgeons, lampreys and mullets.

Auc. : Sir, it is with much sadness that I must part with you here, for I see Theobalds House. And so I part full of good thoughts. God keep you both.

Ven. : Sir, you said angling was of great antiquity, and a perfect art, not easily attained to. I am desirous to hear further concerning those particulars.

Pisc. : Is it not an art to deceive a trout with an artificial fly? A trout! More sharp-sighted than any hawk! Doubt not angling is an art worth your learning. The question is, rather, whether you be capable of learning it? Angling is like poetry—men are to be born so. Some say it is as ancient as Deucalion's flood, and Moses makes mention of fish-hooks, which must imply anglers.

But as I would rather prove myself a gentleman by being learned and humble, valiant and inoffensive, virtuous and

communicable, than by any fond ostentation of riches, or, wanting those virtues, boast these were in my ancestors, so, if this antiquity of angling shall be an honour to this art, I shall be glad I made mention of it.

I shall tell you that a debate hath arisen whether the happiness of man doth consist more in contemplation or action.

Some have endeavoured to maintain their opinion of the first by saying that the nearer we mortals approach to God by way of imitation, the more happy we are. And they say God enjoys Himself only by a contemplation of His own infiniteness, eternity, goodness and the like.

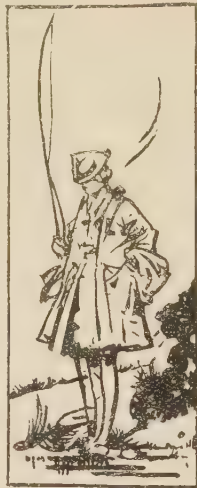
On the contrary, there want not men of equal authority that prefer action to be the more excellent; such as experiments in physics for the ease and prolongation of man's life.

Concerning which two opinions I shall forbear to add a third, and tell you, my worthy friend, that both these meet together, and do most properly belong to the most honest, quiet and harmless art of angling.

THERE may be many wonders reported of rivers, as of a river in Epirus that puts out any lighted torch and kindles any torch that was not lighted; the river Selarus, that in a few hours turns a rod to stone; and mention is made of the like in England, and many others on historical faith.

But to tell you something of the monsters, or fish, call them what you will; Pliny says the fish called the balaena is so long and so broad as to take up more length and breadth than two acres of ground; and in the river Ganges there be eels thirty feet long.

I know we islanders are averse to the belief of these wonders, but there are many strange creatures to be now seen. Did not the prophet David say, 'They that occupy themselves in deep waters see the wonderful works of God?' And of the Apostles of our Saviour, were not four simple fishermen? He found that the hearts of such men by nature were fitted for contemplation and quietness—men of sweet and peaceable spirits, as indeed most anglers are.



Ven.: Sir, you have angled me on with much pleasure to the Thatched House, for I thought we had three miles of it. Let us drink a civil cup to all lovers of angling, of which number I am now willing to count myself, and if you will

but meet me to-morrow at the time and place appointed we two will do nothing but talk of fish and fishing.

Pis.: 'Tis a match, sir. I will not fail you, God willing, to be at Amwell Hill to-morrow before sun-rising.

II—Master and Pupil

PISCATOR: Sir, I am right glad to meet you. Come, honest Venator, let us be gone.

Venator: Well, let's to your sport of angling.

Pisc.: With all my heart.—But we are not yet come to a likely place. Let us walk on. But let us first to an honest alehouse, where my hostess can give us a cup of her best drink.

Seneca says that the ancients were so curious in the newness of their fish that they usually did keep them living in glass bottles in their dining-rooms, and did glory much in the entertaining of their friends to have the fish taken from under their table alive that was instantly to be fed upon. Our hostess shall dress us a trout that we shall presently catch, and we, with brother Peter and Coridon, will sup on him here this same evening.

Ven.: And now to our sport.

Pisc.: This is not a likely place for a trout, the sun is too high. But there lie upon the top of the water twenty chub. Sir, here is a trial of my skill! I'll catch only one, and he shall be the big one that has some bruise upon his tail.

Ven.: I'll sit down and hope well, because you seem so confident.

Pisc.: Look you, sir! Oh, 'tis a great logger-headed chub! I'll warrant he will make a good dish of meat.

Under that broad beech-tree yonder I sat down when I was last a-fishing, and the birds in the adjoining grove seemed to have a friendly contention with the echo that lives in a hollow near the brow of that primrose-hill. There I sat viewing the silver stream slide away, and the lambs sporting harmlessly. And as I sat, these thoughts so possessed my soul that I thought, as the poet hath it,

I was for that time lifted above the earth;
And possess'd joys not promised at my birth.

But let's further on, and we will try for a trout. 'Tis now past five of the clock.

Ven.: I have a bite! Oh, me! He has broke all, and a good hook lost! But I have no fortune! Sure, yours is a better rod and tackling.



Pisc.: Nay, then, take mine, and I will fish with yours. Look you, scholar, I have another. I pray you, put that net carefully under him, but have a care that you touch not my line. Well done, scholar. I thank you.

And now, having three brace of trouts, I will tell you a tale as we walk back to our hostess.

A PREACHER that was to procure the approbation of a parish got from a fellow-preacher the copy of a sermon that was preached with great commendation by him that composed it; and though the borrower preached it, word for word, yet it was utterly disliked; and on complaining to the lender of it, was thus answered, 'I lent you, indeed, my fiddle, but not my fiddle-stick; for you are to know everyone cannot make music with my words, which are fitted for my own mouth.'

And so you are to know that though you have my fiddle, that is my very rod and tacklings, with which I catch fish, you have not my fiddle-stick, that is skill to know how to carry your hand and line, or how to guide it to the right place.

Ven.: Master, you speak very true. Yonder comes mine hostess to call us to supper; and when we have supped we will sing songs, which shall give some addition of mirth to the company.

Pisc.: And so say I; and, for to-morrow, we meet up the water towards Waltham.

III—Fish of English Streams

PISCATOR : Indeed, my good scholar, we may say of angling, as Dr. Boteler said of strawberries, 'Doubtless, God could have made a better berry ; but, doubtless, God never did.' And so God never did make a more calm, quiet, innocent recreation than angling.

And when I see how pleasantly that meadow looks, and the earth smells so sweetly, too, I think of them as Charles the Emperor did of the city of Florence—'that they were too pleasant to be looked on but on holidays.'

To speak of fishes ; the salmon is accounted the king of fresh-water fish. He breeds in the rivers in the month of August, and then hastes to the sea before winter, where he recovers his strength and comes next summer to the same river for, like persons of riches, he has his summer and winter house to spend his life in, which is as Sir Francis Bacon hath observed, not above ten years.

The pike, the tyrant of the fresh waters, is said to be the longest-lived of any fresh-water fish, but not usually above forty years. Gesner relates of a man watering his mule in a pond, where the pike had devoured all the fish, and the pike bit his mule's lips ; he hung so fast, the mule did draw him out of the water.

Besides being an eater of great voracity, the pike is observed to be a solitary, melancholy, and a bold fish. When he is dressed with a goodly sauce and oysters this dish of meat is too good for any man but an angler or a very honest man.

The carp, that hath only lately been naturalised in England, will grow to a very great bigness—I have heard much above a yard long.

The stately bream and the tench, that physician of fishes, love best to live in ponds. In every tench's head are two little stones which physicians make great use of. Rondeletius says, at his being in Rome, he saw a great cure done by applying a tench to the feet of a sick man.

But I will not meddle more with that ; there are too many meddlers in physic and divinity that bring destruction to their followers.

The perch is a bold, biting fish and

carries his teeth in his mouth ; and to affright the pike and save himself he will set up his fins like as a turkey-cock will set up his tail. If there be twenty or forty in a hole, they may be caught one after the other at one standing, they being, like the wicked of this world, not afraid, though their fellows and companions perish in their sight.

And now I think best to rest myself, for I have almost spent my spirits with talking.

Venator : Nay, good master, one fish more ! For it rains yet. You know our angles are like money put to usury ; they may thrive, though we sit still. Come, the other fish, good master !



Pisc. : I will now tell you of the eel, which is a most dainty fish. The Romans have esteemed her the Helena of their feasts. Sir Francis Bacon will allow the eel to live but ten years, but he mentions a lamprey belonging to the Roman emperor that was made tame and kept for three-score years ; so that, when she died, Crassus, the orator, lamented her.

I will tell you next how to make the eel a most excellent dish of meat.

First, wash him in water and salt, then pull off his skin and clean him ; then give him three or four scotches with a knife ; and then put into him sweet herbs, an anchovy and a little nutmeg. Then pull his skin over him, and tie him with pack-thread, and baste him with butter, and what he drips be his sauce. And when I dress an eel thus, I wish he were a yard and three-quarters long. But they are not so proper to be talked of by me, because they make us anglers no sport.

The barbel, so called by reason of his barb or wattles, and the gudgeon, are both fine fish of excellent shape.

My further purpose was to give you directions concerning roach and dace, but

I will forbear. I see yonder brother Peter. But to-morrow as we walk towards London, if I have forgotten anything now, I will not then keep it from you.

IV—Walking Homewards

PISCATOR : I will tell you, my honest scholar, I once heard one say, 'I envy not him that eats better meat, or wears better clothes than I do ; I envy him only that catches more fish than I do.'

And there be other little fish that I had almost forgot, such as the minnow, or penk, the dainty loach, of no pleasing shape ; the stickleback, good only to make sport for boys and women anglers.

Well, scholar, I could tell you many things of the rivers of this nation, the chief of which is the Thames ; of fish-ponds, and how to breed fish within them ; and how to order your lines and baits for the several fishes ; but I will tell you some of the thoughts that have possessed my soul since we met together. And you shall join with me in thankfulness to the Giver of every good and perfect gift for our happiness, which may appear the greater when we consider how many, even at this very time, lie under the torment, and the stone, the gout, and toothache ; and all these we are free from.

Since we met, others have met disasters ; some have been blasted, and we have been free from these. What is a far greater mercy, we are free from the insupportable burden of an accusing conscience.

Let me tell you there be many that have forty times our estates that would give the greatest part of it to be healthful and cheerful like us ; who have ate and drank, and laughed and angled, and sung and slept, and rose next day, and cast away care, and sung and laughed, and angled again.

Let me tell you, scholar, Diogenes walked one day through a country fair, where he saw ribbons and looking-glasses and nut-crackers and fiddles, and many other gim-cracks ; and said to his friend, ' Lord, how many things are there in this world of which Diogenes hath no need ! '

But I now see Tottenham High Cross, which puts a period to our too long discourse, in which my meaning was to plant that in your mind with which I labour to possess my own soul—that is, a meek and

Ven. : Come, we will all join together and drink a cup to our jovial host, and so to bed. I say good-night to everybody.

Pisc. : And so say I.

thankful heart. And, to that end, I have showed you that riches without this do not make a man happy. But riches with it remove many fears and cares. Therefore, my advice is that you endeavour to be honestly rich, or contentedly poor ; but be sure your riches be justly got. And, in the next place, look to your health, for health is a blessing that money cannot buy. As for money, neglect it not, and, if you have a competence, enjoy it cheerfully.

Venator : Well, master, I thank you for all your good directions, and especially for this last, of thankfulness. And now, being at Tottenham High Cross, I will requite a part of your courtesies with a drink com-



posed of sack, milk, oranges and sugar, which all put together make a drink like nectar indeed ; and too good for anybody but anglers. So here is a full glass to you.

Pisc. : And I to you, sir.

Ven. : Sir, your company and discourse have been so pleasant that I truly say that I have only lived since I enjoyed it and turned angler, and not before.

I will not forget the doctrine Socrates taught his scholars, that they should not think to be honoured for being philosophers, so much as to honour philosophy by the virtue of their lives. You advised me to the like concerning angling, and to live like those same worthy men. And this is my firm resolution. And when I would beget content, I will walk the meadows by some gliding stream, and then contemplate the lilies, that take no care. That is my purpose ; and so ' let the blessing of St. Peter's Master be with mine.'

Pisc. : And upon all that are lovers of virtue, and be quiet, and go a-angling :

Study to be quiet.



GEORGE FOX PREACHING IN A TAVERN: SOME RECEIVED ME LOVINGLY AND SOME SLIGHTED ME
From the painting by E. H. Wehnert in the Victoria and Albert Museum

GEORGE FOX

GEORGE FOX'S JOURNAL

IN a paper dated June 24, 1685, George Fox named a committee to superintend a transcription of the papers constituting the 'great journal of my life, sufferings, travails, and imprisonments' and also the printing together in a volume of his 'little journal books.' In 1694, three years after Fox's death, the journal was published in folio, and it still retains its place as a standard exposition of Fox's doctrine of the inner life, which is the essence of Quakerism, and also as a book rich in passages of beauty and power. It is, moreover, extraordinarily interesting as a quaintly egotistic record of unquestioning faith and unconquerable endurance in pursuit of a spiritual ideal throughout a rude age. An edition of the Journal is published in Everyman's Library. Of the numerous other works of religious exhortation which Fox wrote, mostly in prison, in a style which is tantalisingly involved, none retains any vitality.

I—His Youth and Divine Calling



I was born in the month called July, 1624, at Drayton-in-the-Clay, in Leicestershire. My father's name was Christopher Fox ;

he was by profession a weaver, an honest man, and there was a seed of God in him. In my very young years I had a gravity and staidness of mind and spirit not usual in children. When I came to eleven years of age I knew pureness and righteousness. The Lord taught me to be faithful in all things, inwardly to God and outwardly to man, and to keep to 'Yea' and 'Nay' in all things.

Afterwards, as I grew up, I was put to a man, a shoemaker by trade, who dealt in wool, and was a grazier and sold cattle, and a great deal went through my hands. I never wronged man or woman in all that time ; for the Lord's power was with me, and over me to preserve me. While I was in that service, it was common saying among people that knew me, "If George says 'Verily,' there is no altering him."

At the command of God, on the ninth day of the seventh month, 1643, I left my relations, and broke off all familiarity or fellowship with old or young. I went to Barnet in the month called June, in 1644. Now, during the time that I was at Barnet a strong temptation to despair came upon me. Then I thought, because I had forsaken my relations, I had done amiss against them. I was about twenty years of age when these exercises came upon me,

and I continued in that condition some years in great trouble. I went to many a priest to look for comfort, but found no comfort from them.

Then the priest of Drayton, the town of my birth, whose name was Nathaniel Stephens, came often to me, and I went often to him. At that time he would applaud and speak highly of me to others, and what I said in discourse to him on the week days he would preach of on the first days, for which I did not like him. This priest afterwards became my great persecutor.

After this I went to another ancient priest at Mancetter, in Warwickshire, and reasoned with him about the ground of despair and temptations ; but he was ignorant of my condition ; he bade me take tobacco and sing psalms. Tobacco was a thing I did not love, and psalms I was not in a state to sing. Then I heard of a priest living about Tamworth, but I found him only like an empty, hollow cask. Later I went to another, one Mackam, a priest of high account. He would needs give me some physic, and I was to have been let blood.

I saw they were all as nothing to me, for they could not reach my condition. And this struck me, 'that to be bred at Oxford or Cambridge was not enough to make a man fit to be a minister of Christ.' So neither these, nor any of the dissenting people, could I join with, but was a stranger to all, relying wholly upon the Lord.

It was now opened in me 'that God, who made the world, did not dwell in temples made with hands,' but in people's hearts, and His people were His temple. During all this time I was never joined in profession of religion with any, being afraid both of professor and profane. For which reason I kept myself much a

stranger seeking heavenly wisdom and getting knowledge from the Lord.

When all my hopes in them were gone, then—oh, then—I heard a voice which said, 'There is one, even Christ Jesus, that can speak to thy condition.' And my heart did leap for joy, and the Lord stayed my desires upon himself.

II—Preaching and Persecution

THEN came people from far and near to see me, and I was made to speak and open things to them. And there was one Brown, who had great prophecies and sights upon his death-bed of me. He spoke only of what I should be made instrumental by the Lord to bring forth. And I had great openings and prophecies, and spoke of the things of God.

And many who heard me spread the fame thereof, and the Lord's power got ground, and many were turned from the darkness to the light within the compass of these three years—1646, 1647 and 1648. Moreover, when the Lord sent me forth, he forbade me to 'put off my hat' to any high or low. And I was required to 'thee' and 'thou' all, men and women, without any respect to great or small.

But, oh, the rage that then was in the priests, magistrates, professors and people of all sorts; but especially in priests and professors! Oh, the scorn, the heat and fury that arose! Oh, the blows, beatings and imprisonments that we underwent!

About this time I was sorely exercised in speaking and writing to judges and justices to do justly; in warning such as kept public-houses for entertainment that they should not let people have more drink than would do them good. In fairs also and in markets I was made to declare against their deceitful merchandise, cheating and cozening; warning all to deal justly, to speak the truth, to let their yea be yea and their nay be nay.

Likewise I was made to warn masters and mistresses, fathers and mothers in private families, to take care that their children and servants might be trained up in the fear of the Lord; and that they themselves should be therein examples and patterns of sobriety and virtue.

But the earthly spirit of the priests wounded my life, and when I heard the bell toll to call people together to the steeple-house it struck at my life; for it was just like a market-bell to gather people together, that the priest might set forth his wares to sale.

III—In Perils Oft

NOW as I went towards Nottingham on a first day, when I came on the top of a hill in sight of the town, I espied the great steeple-house, and the Lord said unto me, 'Thou must go cry against yonder great idol, and against the worshippers therein.' When I came there all the people looked like fallow ground, the priest (like a great lump of earth) stood in his pulpit above. Now the Lord's power was so mighty upon me that I could not hold, but was made to cry out.

As I spoke, the officers came and took me away, and put me into a nasty, stinking prison, the smell whereof got so into my nose and throat that it very much annoyed me. But that day the Lord's power sounded so in their ears that they were

amazed at the voice. At night they took me before the mayor, aldermen and sheriffs of the town. They examined me at large, and I told them how the Lord had moved me to come. After some discourse between them and me, they sent me back to prison again; but some time after the head sheriff sent for me to his house. I lodged at the sheriff's, and great meetings we had in his house. The Lord's power was with this friendly sheriff, and wrought a mighty change in him; and accordingly he went into the market, and into several streets, and preached repentance to the people. Hereupon the magistrates grew very angry, and sent for me from the sheriff's house, and committed me to the common prison. Now, after I was re-

leased from Nottingham gaol, I travelled as before in the work of the Lord.

And while I was at Mansfield-Woodhouse, I was moved to go to the steeple-house there and declare the truth to the priest and people; but the people fell upon me in great rage, struck me down and almost stifled and smothered me; and I was cruelly beaten and bruised by them

with their hands, Bibles and sticks. Then they haled me out, though I was hardly able to stand, and put me into the stocks, where I sat some hours. After some time they had me before the magistrate, who, seeing how evilly I had been used, after much threatening, set me at liberty. But the rude people stoned me out of the town for preaching the word.

IV—A Willing Sufferer

WHILE I was in the house of correction at Derby as a blasphemer, my relations came to see me and, being troubled for my imprisonment, they went to the justices that cast me into prison, and desired to have me home with them, offering to be bound in one hundred pounds, and others of Derby with them in fifty pounds each, that I should come no more thither to declare against the priests.

So I was had up before the justices, and because I would not consent that they or any should be bound for me—for I was innocent from any ill behaviour, and had spoken the word of life and truth unto them—Justice Bennett rose up in a rage; and as I was kneeling down to pray to the Lord to forgive me, he ran straight upon me and struck me with both his hands. Whereupon I was had again to the prison and there I was kept until six months were expired.

Now the time of my commitment being nearly ended, the keeper of the house of correction was commanded to bring me before the commissioners and soldiers in the market place, and there they offered me preferment, as they called it, asking me if I would take up arms for the commonwealth against Charles Stewart; but I told them I lived in the virtue of that life and power that took away the occasion of all wars, and was come into the covenant of peace which was before wars and strifes were.

I then passed through the country clearing myself amongst the people; and some received me lovingly, and some slighted me. And some when I desired lodging and meat, and would pay for it, would not lodge me except I would go to the constable, which was the custom, they said, of all lodgers at inns, if strangers. I

told them I should not go, for that custom was for suspicious persons, but I was an innocent man.

And I passed in the Lord's power into Yorkshire, and came to Tickhill, where I was moved to go to the steeple-house. But when I began to speak to the people there they fell upon me, and the clerk took up his Bible and struck me in the face with it, so that it gushed out with blood, and I bled exceedingly in the steeple-house.

Then the people got me out and beat me exceedingly, stoning me as they drew me along, so that I was besmeared all over with blood and dirt. Yet when I got upon my legs again I declared to them the word of life. Some moderate justices, hearing of it, came to hear and examine the business, and he that shed my blood was afraid of having his hand cut off for striking me in the church (as they called it), but I forgave him, and would not appear against him.

THEN I went to Swarthmore to Judge Fell's, and from there to Ulverstone, where the people heard me gladly, until Justice Sawrey—the first stirrer-up of cruel persecution in the North—incensed them against me, to hale, beat and bruise me, and the rude multitude, some with staves and others with holly-bushes, beat me on the head, arms and shoulders till they deprived me of sense. And my body and arms were yellow, black and blue with the blows I received that day, and I was not able to bear the shaking of a horse without much pain. And Judge Fell, coming home, asked me to give him a relation of my persecution, but I made light of it—as he told his wife—as a man that had not been concerned, for, indeed, the Lord's power healed me again.

V—Encounters With Cromwell

WHEN I came to Leicester I was carried up a prisoner by Captain Drury, one of the Protector's life-guards, who brought me to London and lodged me at the Mermaid, over against the Mews at Charing Cross. And I was moved of the Lord to write a paper to Oliver Cromwell, wherein I declared against all violence, and that I was sent of God to bring the people from the causes of war and fighting to a peaceable gospel. After some time Captain Drury brought me



GEORGE FOX, founder of the Society of Friends, was born at Drayton-in-the-Clay (now called Penny Drayton), Leicestershire, in July 1624. His itinerant ministry began in 1648, and his opposition to social conventions and ecclesiastical formalism, his condemnation of war and refusal to take oaths led to much persecution both of himself and of his followers, of whom communities were established in all parts of England by 1658. Fox visited Scotland and Ireland, and in 1671-72 travelled in North America and the West Indies, later visiting Holland in company with Penn and Barclay. In 1669 he married Margaret Fell, one of his early converts, and he died in London, January 13, 1691.

before the Protector himself at Whitehall, and I spoke much to him of truth and religion, wherein he carried himself very moderately; and as I spoke he several times said it was very good and it was truth, and he wished me no more ill than he did his own soul.

When I went into Cornwall I was seized and brought to Launceston to be tried, and being settled in prison upon such a commitment that we were not likely to be soon released, we were put down into Doomsdale, a nasty, stinking place where they put murderers after they were con-

demned; and we were fain to stand all night, for we could not sit down, the place was so filthy. We sent a copy of our sufferings to the Protector, who sent down General Desborough to offer us liberty if we would go home and preach no more; but we could not promise him. At last he freely set us at liberty, and in Cornwall, Devonshire, Dorsetshire and Somersetshire, the truth began to spread mightily.

And when I had returned to London I was moved to write again to Oliver Cromwell. There was a rumour about this time of making Cromwell king, whereupon I warned him against it, and he seemed to take well what I said to him and thanked me. Taking boat to Kingston, and thence to Hampton Court, to speak with him about the sufferings of Friends, I met him riding into Hampton Court Park before I came to him. As he rode at the head of his life-guards, I felt a waft of death go forth against him, and he looked like a dead man. After I had warned him, as I was moved, he bid me come to his house. But when I came he was sick, so I passed away, and never saw him more.

After, I was imprisoned in Lancaster, but when I had been in gaol twenty weeks was released on King Charles being satisfied of my innocency. Then I was tried at Leicester and found guilty, but was set at liberty suddenly. And at Lancaster I was tried because when they tendered me the oaths of allegiance and supremacy I would not take any oath at all, and there I was a prisoner in the castle for Christ's sake, but was never called to hear sentence given, but was removed by an order from the king and council. And afterwards I lay a year in Scarborough gaol, but was discharged by order of the king as a man of peaceable life.

And on the 2nd of the second month of the year 1674 I was brought to trial at Worcester, and during my imprisonment there I wrote several books for the press, and this imprisonment so much weakened me that I was long before I recovered my natural strength again, and in later years my body was never able to bear the closeness of cities long.

SAMUEL RUTHERFORD CROCKETT THE RAIDERS

Retold by the Author

IT was in 1893 with the publication of *The Stickit Minister* that Samuel Rutherford Crockett first secured a prominent place among contemporary writers. This was a volume of Scottish character studies somewhat in the same vein as that worked by Ian McLaren and Sir James Barrie but distinguished by a more robust humour. Two years later he published *The Raiders* and demonstrated his possession of a story-telling power much beyond that of any of the so-called Kailyard school. The success of this book committed the author to further use of his great talent, and after publishing *The Lilac Sunbonnet*—a charming piece of fiction in a more tender spirit—he produced a long sequence of stories all full of atmosphere and characterised by the forthright style of their vigorous narrative. The following outline of his famous romance was prepared specially for *The World's Great Books* by Mr. Crockett himself with the permission of his publisher T. Fisher Unwin.

I—The Free Traders



THE smugglers had been put to flight. Silver Sand and his great dog Quharrie were in full chase. Quharrie was huge enough and savage enough to frighten any man, and as for Silver Sand, in his hairy disguise he was thought to be the very devil himself. But certainly it was not these two, but the girl May Maxwell, of the Maxwells of Craigdarroch, who had saved me.

As the bay of the ghostly hunters in their chase died away down the wind May Maxwell and I stood a long while silent ere we could fall away from one another. We only held hands and continued to look, and that strangely. I wanted to thank her in words, but could not, for something came into my throat and dried my mouth.

May Maxwell stood a little while silent before me, her hands fallen at her sides, looking down as though expecting something. Then she took the skirt of her dress in her hands, dusted and smoothed it in a moment, and began to move slowly away.

"Guid e'en to ye," she said, dropping me a curtsy. "Virtue is its ain reward, I ken, but a kennin' uninterestin'. Guid e'en to ye—sheep!"

With that she turned and left me speechless, holding by the wall.

May Mischief walked very stately and dignified across the moonlight, and passed the open grave which the raiders had

made, as though she did not care a button for it. At the gap in the wall she turned—looking mighty pretty and sweet, I do allow—nodded her head three times, and said solemnly, "Baa!"

As I rode home in the gloaming of the morning, just when the full flood-tide of daylight was drowning the light of the moon, I decided within myself that I hated that girl worse than ever! Whatever she had done, I could never forgive her for making a mock of me.

MY father, you must know, was the laird of a little isle off Auchencairn in Galloway, on the Solway shore.

John Heron of Isle Rathen was never a strong man all the days of him. He married a lass from the hills who brought him no tocher, but, what was better, a strong dower of sense and good health. She died, soon after I was born, of the plague which came to Dumfries in the Black Year, and from that day my father was left alone with me in the old house on the Isle of Rathen. John Heron was the laird of a barren heritage, for Rathen is but a little isle—indeed, only an isle at all when the tide is flowing. Except in the very slackest of the neaps there is always, twice a day, a long track of shells and shingle out from the tail of its bank. This track is, moreover, somewhat dangerous, for Solway tide flows swift and the sands are shifting and treacherous. So we went and came for the most part by boat.

It was a black day for me, Patrick Heron, when my father lay a-dying. I remember it was a bask day in early spring. The tide was coming up with a strong drive of east wind wrestling against it, and making a chattering jabble all about the rocks of Rathan.

"Noo, Patrick," he said, over in the still time of the morning, at the hour of slack tide, when a watcher sitting up with the sick gets chill and cauldrie, "I'm gaun, Patrick, it's time I was awa'. I could wish for your sake that I had mair to leave ye. Had I been a better boy at your time o' life, ye wad hae had mair amang your hands; but then, maybe, it's you

that wad hae been the ill boy. It's better that it was me. But there'll be a pickle siller in Matthew Erskine's hands for a' that. . . . But gin I can leave ye content to be doin' wi' little, an' the saving salt o' honour to be the kitchen to your piece, that's better than the lairdship o' the barony."

He was silent for a while, and then he said, "Ye are no' feared, Patrick?"

"Feared, father?" I said. "What for would I be feared of you?"

"Awheel, no," he answered, very calm. "I am no' a man to make a todo about dying. I bid ye guid-nicht, my son Patrick." And so passed, as one might fall on sleep.

II—The Smugglers of Solway

THERE are, as everyone knows, in the land of Galloway two kinds of the lads who bring over the duty-free gear from Holland and the Isle of Man. There be the decent lads who run it for something honest to do in the winter; also for the spice of danger, and without a thought of hurt to King George, worthy gentleman! And there are also the 'Associated Ill-doers,' as my father would often call them in his queer, daffing way—the Holland rogues who got this very isle of ours its bye-name of Rogues' Island by running their cargoes into our little land-locked cove which looks towards White Horse Bay. These last were fellows who would stick at nothing, and as often as not they would trepan a lass from the Cumberland shore, or slit a Dumfries burgher's throat to see the colour of his blood.

But the Black Smugglers could never have come to such a pitch of daring and success unless they had made to themselves friends of the disaffected of these parts. The truth of the matter was, that in the wilds of Galloway that look toward Ayrshire, up by the springs of Doon and

Dee, there lies a wide country of surpassing wildness, whither resorted all the evil gipsies of the hill—red-handed runagates, outlaw and alien to all this realm of well-affected men.

My father had fallen out with Captain Yawkins when he began the robbing of men and the seizing of maids.

"It's clotted nonsense," said my father over and over to him; "and, more than that, it's blank blackguardism; and, as for me, I shall have no trokings wi' the like o' ye about the matter."

From which and other things I gathered that in the days of his wildness my father had had his hands pretty deep in the traffic. So, not being wanted, I went off with my perspective glass to view the land.

Away at the back yonder, across the fertile valley of the Dee, we could see from Rathan Head the blue shadowy hills, where, among the wild heather and the solitudes in which the whaups cried all summer long, the hill gipsies had their fastnesses. On those blue hills, to us so sweet and solemn, no king's man had been of his own free will since the days of Clavers.

III—Silver Sand

SILVER SAND, our wonder worker and mystery man, was a slenderish man, of middle height, stooped in the shoulders, with exceedingly long arms, which he carried swinging at his sides as if they belonged to somebody else who had hung them there to drip. These arms were somehow malformed, but as no one had

seen Silver Sand without his coat, no one had found out exactly what was wrong. Also he was not chancy to ask a question of. It was curious, however, to see him grasp anything from a spoon to a plough-handle, or a long scythe for meadow hay, with the palm upwards.

Silver Sand made no secret of his calling

and livelihood. He had a donkey and a dog, both wonderful beasts of their kind—the donkey, the largest and choicest of its breed; the dog, the greatest and fiercest of his; a wolf-hound of the race kept only by the hill gipsies, and not many removes in blood from their ancient hereditary enemy. This fierce brute padded softly by his master's side as he in turn walked by the side of the donkey, not one of the three raising a head, or apparently looking either to the right or to the left.

I had known Silver Sand ever since I was a lad. It so chanced that I had been over to the mainland by the shell-causeway that was dry at every ebb tide. I went to gather blackberries, which, owing to the winds, did not grow in any plenty on Rogues' Island. Now, in the tangle of the copse, it happened that I heard a great outcry of boys. I made straight for them and found half-a-dozen laddies of my own age, or a little older, who were torturing a donkey.

I could never abide ill deeds to dumb things. So I went into the fray like a young tiger. I had no skill or science of my hands but I made pretty fair handling of the first half-dozen, till a great lout came behind, and with the knob of a branch laid me on the grass. Then it had gone ill with the donkey and worse with me but for the advent of Silver Sand

and his dog, Quharrie. Then there were sore dowps and torn breeks among the Orraland callants that night. The donkey, Silver Sand and I fell on one another's necks. Afterwards Silver Sand introduced me to Quharrie, making him tender me a great paw in a manner absurdly solemn, which made me blood-brother to him all the days of my life, and I have received many a gift less useful.

IT was a heartsome sight to see the encampment of Silver Sand by the little burnside, that came down from the high spring on Rathan Isle. Silver Sand and Quharrie appeared there with a kind of regular irregularity, so that we grew to expect them. Some months, looking out of my deep-set wicket in the high old house of Rathan, there would be a whiff of blue wood-smoke rising on the side of the Rathan Linn, which made me hurry on my clothes and omit my prayers, which are not so pressing in the morning.

When I came in sight of the encampment I usually ran, for there I would see Silver Sand pottering about in front of his bit tent, with a frying-pan or a little black cannikin hung above his fire from three crooked poles, in the fashion he had learnt from the gipsies. It was ever the prime of the morning and the spring of the year when Silver Sand camped on Rathan.

IV—The Crowing of the Red Cock

THE sea gipsies, in league with those of the Dungeon of Buchan (a great fastness of rock and morass among the Galloway hills, twenty miles from anywhere) had resolved to burn Craigdarroch, the home of May Maxwell.

Their leader, Captain Yawkins, had sworn "Be the day dark or clear, the nicht starshine or pit-mirk, if the Red Cock craw not on the roof-tree of Richard Maxwell by the heuch of Craigdarroch, may I turn for ever frae side to side between the red coal and the brimstone flaming blue ayont the bars o' muckle hell." A dreadful oath to speak, but he spake it often.

The gipsies burnt Craigdarroch, and in the absence of his sons, smuggling in Ramsey Bay, Richard Maxwell, his daughter May, the painter Jerry and my-

self had perforce to defend the great cave on Isle Rathan. We beat off the sailors' attack easily enough; but it was a different thing when the hill gipsies were upon us.

Thus it happened we heard a great noise outside, as of cannon firing, and a moment afterwards there came out of the smoke, floating as it were upon the water, half-a-dozen heads, black and fierce, with long hair dabbling in the tide as their owners swam towards us.

Richard Maxwell, Jerry and I fired, but what with the darkness of the place, the thickness of the smoke, and the horror of shooting at men's heads so close, I think no one of us, except old Richard, hit his man.

In another tick of the clock they were on us with the dirk, all except one of them,

who swam last, seemingly grievously hurt, and near the sinking.

It was a dismal enough fight in that crowded little cave, and I was nowise expert at the dirk.

The oaths of the gipsies, the shouts of old Richard, whose pistol cracked again and again, the crying of the womenfolk, all dinned in my ears, and in the midst of all the sulphur of the powder set me a-sneezing.

In a little the light grew clearer in the cave, and I could see dimly. Richard Maxwell was in death-grips with a tall gipsy, and little Jerry was engaging another. One lay on his face at the edge of the water, and one at my feet. The fifth was nowhere to be seen. I rushed to Richard Maxwell's assistance; but the man at my feet gripped me, and I came down over him.

Outside there was a great noise of guns—an irregular fire, and the sound of a boat coming up the passage.

"This is the end," said I, within myself; for it would be as much as we could do to be quit of those who had already gained access to the cave. We could not hope to beat back another boatload. The man who had brought me to the ground could only grip and hold. He had no weapon, but drew me nearer and nearer to him, as though he would bite. A loathing came over me that was near to fascination, I could not resist with my full strength; and I verily believe that by strength of arm the fierce wounded gipsy had drawn me quick into his embrace and met his teeth in my face had not the boat we had heard coming along the cave at that moment discharged her cargo of men; who soon put an end to the combat.

I swooned away before I knew my fate—but more from excitement than from any hurt, and also because I was green, and had not yet come to my strength.

V—The Fight at the Bridge Head

BUT after Richard Maxwell's death a pursuit was organized, Silver Sand being the leading spirit, to rescue the cattle which had been driven away by the gipsies into their fastnesses, and especially to deliver the maid May Maxwell from the clutches of Hector Faa.

When I awoke Kennedy Maxwell was bending over me. He shook me roughly.

"Where is my sister?" he said.

What I said in answer I know not, and Kennedy, seeing that I had no certain word to speak, instantly ran from me, leaving me lying. I tried to rise; and in a little I stood upon my feet. Two of the Maxwells, Will, the eldest, and his brother Patie, were bending over their father where he had fallen at the other side of the wide room where we had fought. Silver Sand knelt on the opposite side, and the old man appeared to speak to him earnestly, but with great difficulty. The other five of the Maxwells—Kennedy, and young Richard, David, Archibald and Steenie—were nowhere to be seen.

MAY MAXWELL had been carried off by Hector Faa, the chief of the assailants. Richard was wounded to death, and being about to die, forgave his enemies while the seven Maxwells stood about their father, who sat half-supported in the arms of Silver Sand.

"Me they have bereft in one day of my home, of my daughter and of my life. The Lord knows that never have I done harm to those that sought my blood. Listen, my sons; forgiveness belongs to the Lord, and I forgive these sons of Zeruiah. I that am about to pass, and shall never carry spear or pistol more—yea, sincerely I forgive them. But see that ye meddle not with such matters, at least till ye be as near the presence of the Judge as I. Follow after them with great vengeance. Vindicate the right. Smite with the sword of the Lord and of Gideon. Let the Lord smite an He will, or hold His sword an He will; but see ye that ye be Gideons, and spare not your swords to strike. Let not your eye pity till that evil tribe be rooted out—robbers of houses and murderers of men."

Silver Sand and his dog Quharrie went on before to try to rescue the girl, May Maxwell; but I followed the stolen cattle with the Maxwell brothers. The Maxwells were before me at the Brig o' Dee, under which the water flows silken grey, shot with quivering rays of white.

A curious moaning grew as I ascended, and opened out into a hoarse, tumultuous routing. There they were at last! The head of the column was making for the bridge. The riders rode before, their heads low between their shoulders, glancing forward. The whippers-in ran on the flanks, dressing the uneven files. The moaning of the herd came to me like the crying of a single mighty beast in pain.

The outlaws were playing a bold game. Their mounted fighting men were pushing out along the front. The silent, eager dogs, and the limber gipsy laddies were dressing the sides of the column, which, indeed, was naturally held in by the very formation of the ground. The unmounted men kept circulating along the rear. Between them and the bridge there was a lowing, roaring, horn-tossing sea of wild cattle.

I found myself down by the water's edge, and with my belt-thong of leather I fastened my napkin, filled with my powder-flask and pistols, upon the top of my head. The strap caught in my teeth, and without a moment's delay I pushed off. Though I could wade nearly all the way, at last I was swept off my feet. Ten strokes, however, take me over, and I stood shivering on the north side of the Black Water.

But my powder and my pistols were dry, though I myself was steaming wet. Crying my name, to let the Maxwells know not to shoot, in a moment I was at the bridge-end and among them. Kennedy Maxwell, who was the one I came nearest, had only time to say, "Dinna throw a shot away, Patrick. We're turning them. This is the third time they have come on."

Even as he spoke the mounted men did come on us again, but a storm of balls tore through their ranks, and set the horses plunging and the cattle wild with terror.

Again the mounted outlaws drew off to the rear, and for a space only the dogs kept the column within its lines.

Gradually their front widened, as though to flank the bridge and make for the water. We spread out to meet them. The others were soon blazing away, but the gipsies were far behind, and I saw small service in maddening the poor dumb beasts with pistol-balls.



SAMUEL RUTHERFORD CROCKETT was born at Little Duchrae, Galloway, September 24, 1860, and educated at Edinburgh University. When a young man he spent some time abroad as a tutor and quite early began to contribute occasional verse and tales to various periodicals. In 1886 he published his first book, a volume of poetry entitled *Dulce Cor*, and in the same year he was called to the ministry at the Free Church of Penicuik. After the phenomenal success of his romance *The Raiders*, in 1895, he decided to give up the ministry and devote himself entirely to literature. Crockett died April 19, 1914.

Then suddenly a great, fierce light arose in the rear. The outlaws had kindled a fire, and the red light burned up, filtering through the ranks of the cattle and projecting great horned shadows against the clouds.

For a few minutes this picture stood like a painted show, with the Dee water running dark and cool beneath—a kind of Circe's inferno where the beasts are tortured for ever.

Two half-naked fiends ran alongside the column of cattle, carrying what was apparently a pot of blazing fire, which they threw in great ladlefuls on the backs of the packed beasts that stood frantically heaving their heads up to the sky. Then in a moment from all sides arose deafening yells. Fire lighted, and ran along the hides of the rough, red Highland and black Galloway cattle. Desperate men sprang on their backs, yelling. Dogs drove them forward. With one wild, irresistible, universal rush the maddened column of beasts drove at the bridge and swept us aside like chaff.

There was no question of standing. I shot off my pistols into the mass. I might as well have shot them into the Black

Water. I declare some of the yelling devils were laughing as they rode, like fiends yammering and girning when Hell wins a soul.

I looked again. Beneath the ford I saw a thousand wild cattle with their thick hair blazing with fire, their tails in the air, tossing wide-arched horns. I saw the steam

of their nostrils going up like smoke as they surged through the water, a hundred mad Faas and Marshalls on their backs yelling like fiends of the pit. In a score of pulse-beats there was not a beast that had not forced the bridge or crossed the ford. We who defended were broken and scattered; we that had been so sure of victory.

VI—The Black Sea-Chest

WHEN I came to myself I found that I had been thrown from the back of a wild bullock. I was tortured by the pain of the burning oil and tar, sprinkled by the gipsies, yet after a short convalescence I set off for the central hills where was the Raiders' stronghold.

As a pedlar with a good pack and money to pay for my lodging I managed to pass well enough when I came to the house in Wolf's Slock. It was kept by a terrible old woman called Eggface, the chief of a gang of outlaws. Yet to me she seemed kind.

"Noo, ye'll be tired," said Grannie Eggface in a little, "and ye had better gang to yer bed, my man, for we maun be up betimes in the mornin'. I like nae lazy banes in my hoose."

I said this accorded well with my own wishes. At the word she lighted a rush dip candle of the thinnest kind, and showed me into the little back room, the door of which had stood open all the evening. It was furnished with a creepie stool, a bed, and a great black sea-chest.

"And a brave guid e'en to ye," said the old woman, as she shut the door.

So there I stood, with my brogues in one hand and my rushlight in the other, and surveyed my narrow chamber. I turned down the bedclothes. They were clean sheets that had never been slept in but once or twice. But I turned down the sheets also, for I am particular in these matters. Something black and glutinous was clogged and hardened on the bed. I turned up the vallance. The dark stuff had soaked through and dripped upon the earthen floor. It was not dry yet, though some sand had been thrown upon it. I did not need to examine further as to the nature of that substance. I turned sick at heart, and gave myself up for lost. But it was necessary that I should make the best of things, even if I were to die. So I lifted the

lid of the great sea-chest. Merciful heavens! The back of a dead man took my eye. There were two open gashes on the right side, livid and ghastly. The rest of the man seemed to be cut up and piled within, as a winter bullock is pressed into a salt barrel ready for the brine.

It was a mercy that I did not swoon away then, or let the lid of the chest fall with a clang. Instead, I put it very softly down and knelt down to pray. And as I knelt, I was aware of one that came to the door and spied upon me through the latch-hole, then went and reported what he saw—whereat there was a laugh, as at one who had good cause to say his prayers. As indeed I had.

While I knelt in the still hush after the great guffaw of laughter, I heard the noise of a woman sobbing above somewhere; not a child, but the slower, sharper sob of a woman. Also, somewhere about the house someone whetted at a knife.

As I rose to my feet a folded piece of paper fluttered down from a crack in the black boards of the ceiling. I took it in my hand as I went shuffling bedward. There was writing upon it.

"For God's sake, try the window. You are near your end by cruel men. The Murder Hole gapes wide. A friend writes this."

Then there was written below something in smaller characters.

"If by any chance you that read are Patrick Heron, I that write am May Maxwell. And be ye who ye may, God pity you!"

I was outside in a moment and had replaced the window, that I might have longer time without discovery. I found myself in a narrow passage between the rock of the hillside and the wall of the cottage, which was all built up against the precipice.

Climbing up the rock I crept slowly along the thatch, feeling for an opening into the room whence the letter had fallen. With a throb of fear that was almost delirious, my hand suddenly encountered a hand stretched out in the darkness—a human hand, which closed upon mine. It was as startling as though it had come up from the grave. But it was warm and small, and among ten millions I had sworn to it as the hand of May Maxwell, whom my heart called May Mischief.

I pulled the little hand up, but the little hand pulled me down. In a moment my ear was close to her lips. There was only a little skylight, unglazed, like the window, but far too small to let anyone through.

"Run for your life, Patrick! Oh, they are cruel! They show no mercy!" she said.

"I shall never go without you," said I. "What! Leave you—you that I came to save?"

"You must," she said. "They will not kill me. And—and—I have a knife!"

"Give me that knife!" said I.

She leaped down like a feather and handed me up a great knife, which was almost like a sword set in a haft.

Readily I cut away the thatch till I felt the skylight about to fall on the floor.

"Catch it, May," I said softly; and the next moment the iron frame gave way and fell in her lap, for, in the darkness, she was holding out her dress, as I had told her.

This also she laid down, so that there was no noise.

"But the little maid?" she said; "she is in the next room, asleep?"

"Her they will not harm—she is, as it were, of their own people," I said hastily, to get May away; for, to my shame, I thought only of her.

She tripped down again, swung a bag about her by a strap, and was out beside me in a twinkling.

We slid off the roof, and found ourselves on the ground in a moment. Then, hand in hand, we stole into the wild war of the elements. The wilder the better for us. I had meant to try the Wolf's Slock, but two things forbade me; first, the murderers knew that that was the way I had come; and, second, there was a terrible spout of broken stone which must be crossed. So we stood towards the west, along the margin of a loch that was lashing its waves on a rocky shore.

VII—The Murder Hole

IT seemed as though we had only gone a hundred yards when behind us we heard a fearsome crying. "The pedlar has escaped—the pedlar has escaped! Loose the bloodhounds!"

At this perilous outcry May and I instantly set off running at the top of our speed, and by the guiding of Providence we managed to run a long way, keeping our feet somehow among the slippery screes that lie between Craignairny and Loch Neldricken.

Lanterns began to dance on the slopes above us—that frowning tableland, the outlaws' fortress, which we were leaving. The booming of the dogs came nearer. We ran on down, still down. We seemed to leave the ground beneath us.

Suddenly, in trying to lift May Maxwell I stumbled all my length on a heap of stones, dashing myself on the sharp corners till I felt the rough granite dint into my flesh.

Then I awoke, and in the brighter light

—for the sky had now been swept clear of clouds—I saw May Maxwell, with a knife in either hand, and so changed was she that I hardly knew her. She crouched, as it were, like a lithe, wild cat on the spring, and there was glittering fire in her eyes. Down the wind came the baying very near, and the soft gallop of the feet on the heather.

Then, like a bolt, came a great dog out of the darkness, with white fangs dripping froth. Voiceless it sprang at May; but, with the knife in her hand, this girl, who for fear of wet had held up her skirts as she ran, thrust the steel with more force than many a man into the open mouth of the beast, which fell roaring and snapping upon the iron. Yet she recovered the weapon and struck again and again. Then another brute sprang past her at me as I lay helpless, for it was my trail on which the dogs had been laid. But my bravest girl drove sideways with her knife as the dog came on; yet so heavy and fierce

was the brute that it overbore the knife, and would have fallen upon me had she not thrown herself across my breast. The beast seized her left arm, and bit savagely before, with her right hand free, she got home the knife that had been fatal to the first. The brute rolled over, and, with a long whine, it died.

Then behind came dancing rows of lanterns, and I knew that we were doomed indeed. But there was the spirit of an army of men in this girl, for she knelt over me, with my bleeding head on her knee, set her back to the rock, and waited.

Now we were on a platform on the north side of Loch Neldricken, but close down by the waterside. There was a strange thing beneath us. It was a part of this watermost end of the loch, level as a green where they play bowls, and in the daylight, of the same smooth colour; but in the midst a black, round eye of water, oily and murky, as though it were without a bottom, and the water a little arched in the middle—a most unwholesome place to look upon.

As she knelt over me May Maxwell pointed it out to me with the knife which was in her hand.

"That is their Murder Hole," she said; "but if you and I are to lie there, we shall not lie there without company!"

The lights of the pursuers were dancing among the heather, and their cries came from here and there, scattered and broken.

In a little, waiting thus together, we could see their leader clear against the sky. He also could see us, for he cried out to the outlaws behind him.

But in that moment of appalling terror, a shaggy beast sprang past me, infinitely greater than the dead bloodhounds, followed by another beast, less in size but even swifter in action. These flashed out of sight and disappeared in the direction of our pursuers.

It was the Ghost Hunters that hunted only at the Dark of the Moon. Our pursuers turned in their tracks and began to flee.

"The Loathly Beasts!" we heard them cry. "The Witch Dogs are out!"

So we were lying side by side when suddenly Silver Sand came and found us. So

near were we that the dead bloodhounds had blown their bloody froth upon us in their gasping. Silver Sand brought water from Loch Neldricken to throw on May.

"What was that horrible beast?" she said, clutching me as she awoke.

"It was no greater beast than I," said Silver Sand; "my twisted arms are turned the wrong way about for some good purpose. 'Twas but the matter o' a sheepskin coat, a little phosphorus, and Quharrie!"

I soon found that, though misty and dizzy, I could yet walk a little. So we set off—May Maxwell and Silver Sand supporting me. The night wind blew on my wounded head cooling it, and May Maxwell's arm was about me.

Now I shall tell you an extraordinary thing. All this happened on the great height above Loch Trool, when the morning star was turning golden white in a violet sky. May Maxwell and I never said a word of love—such as asking one another whether we loved each other, as lovers do in books. But as she leant to wipe my brow, she was very near. So I set my arm about her to steady her, and being so near, and, she looking up, I kissed her.

"I dreamt that in a dream," I said, ere I let her go. "It has come true."

Even yet I looked for her to be angry, or at least to make believe. But for so lively and merry-hearted a maid she took it exceedingly sedately, which I liked best of all. Indeed, she kissed me back again, fair and frank, a good true-hearted kiss, which I am proud of—Silver Sand having his back to us, being busy with his pony's girths.

Now I vow and declare this was all our love-making. Which is strange, considering the coil that is made about the affair in verse-books and ballads. When we made love after that we did it of set purpose, without any pretence that either of us did not like it, which is not at all what I had expected of May Mischief.

The morning broke as we rode through the shallow water of the Trool at Fordmouth, and so came out on the open. Then Silver Sand flung up his cap with the shaggy ears into the air, and we all cried, "Hurrah!" For we were clear at last.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER

TROILUS AND CRESEIDA

THE works of Chaucer may be divided into three periods. The first of these is probably best represented by *The Boke of the Duchesse*. To the second period we must ascribe *Troilus and Creseida*, composed at some time between 1372 and 1386. In this great poem the distinguishing mark of the author's second epoch—the beautifying influence of Italian literature—is most clearly evident. The plot was taken from the *Filostrato* of Boccaccio, and Boccaccio's development of the theme is followed throughout. Yet Chaucer is no mere translator, for the characters left dull and conventional in Boccaccio's treatment are, in Chaucer's version, imbued with colour and humanity. Humour and pathos, and the glory of youth in its triumphs and despondencies are all seen at their topmost level in this great love poem. The *Canterbury Tales* are the characteristic work of Chaucer's third and most mature period. The following epitome has been made from the version contained in Cowden Clarke's *The Riches of Chaucer*, in which the spelling is modified and the rhythm accentuated. The book is published by Macmillan & Co., and is a most commendable text book for the reader whose Chaucerian studies are not concerned with details of philology and orthography.



THE double sorrow of Troilus
to tell
That was the King Priámus'
son of Troy ;
In loving how his áventurés fell
From woe to weal, and after
out of joy,

My purpose is ere that I parté fro'y (from you).
Thou Thesiphone ! thou helpé me t' indite
This woful verse, that weepen as I write.

It is well wist how that the Greekés strong
In armés with a thousand shippés went
To Troié wardés, and the city long
Besiegeden, nigh ten years ere they stent (ceased),
And how in divers wise and one intent
The ravishing to wreak of Queen Helen,
By Paris done, they wroughten all their pain.

Now fell it so that in the town there was
Dwelling a lord of great authority,
A great divine, that clepéd was Calcas,
That in that science so éxpert was that he
Knew well that Troié should destroyéd be
By answer of his god, that hight was thus
Dan Phebus, or Apollo Delphicus.

Wherefore to departen softély
Took purpose full this wight, foreknowing, wise,
And to the Greekés host full prively
He stole anon ; and they in courteous wise
Diden to him both worship and service,
In trust that he hath conning them to rede
(direct)
In every peril which that was to dread.

Now had this Calcas left in this mischance,
Unknowing of this false and wicked deed,
A daughter which that was in great pénance,
And of her life she was full sore in dread,
And ne wist what best was to rede ;
And as a widow was she, and alone,
And n'ist to whom she might ymake her moan.

Creseida was this lady's name aright ;
As to my doom (judgement), in all Troyés city
Most fairest lady, passing every wight ;
So angeliké shone her native beauty,
That like a thing immortal seeméd she
And therewith was she so perfect a créature
As she had been made in scorning of Nature.

[Troilus, a valiant knight of Troy, sees Creseida for the first time at the feast of Pallas Athene. He is at once struck with her beauty. His heart answers the prompting of the eye : it is love at first sight. He returns home and condemns his misfortune in not knowing the lady who has enthralled him thus.]

Bewailing in his chamber thus alone,
A friend of his, that calléd was Pandare,
Came onés in unware, and heard him groan,
And saw his friend in such distress and care ;
" Alas," quod he, " who causeth all this fare ?
O mercy God ! what unhap may this mean ?
Have now thus soon the Greekés made you
lean ? "

Then 'gan this sorrowful Troilus to sike (sigh),
And said him thus : " God leave it be my best
To tellen thee, for sith it may thee like,
Yet will I tell it thee, though my hearté breste,
And well wot I thou may'st do me no reste ;
But let thou deem that I trust not to thee ;
Now hearken friend, for thus it stands with me :

" Lové, against the which who so defendeth
Him selven most, him alderleast availieth,
With despair so sorely me offendeth
That straight unto the death my heart yiaileth
Thereto desire so burningly m' assaileth
That to be slain it were a greater joy
To me than King of Greece to be, and Troy ! "

[Picture the astonishment and delight of Pandarus when the confession proceeds and he discovers that it is none other than his own niece

Creseida who has won the love of his illustrious friend. He willingly promises that he will further the suit of the prince with his niece, and for Troilus 'now of hope the kalendés begin.' Pandarus seeks his niece at her palace and finds her mourning in shame for her father's base desertion. He comforts her, and then proceeds to refer to the exploits of the Trojans against the Greeks. The name of Troilus is mentioned, at first as it were casually then pointedly, in a long eulogy of his bravery: finally Pandarus tells his niece of the prince's love for her.]

CRESEIDA, which that heard him in this wise,
Thought: 'I shall feel what he meanéth
iwis (I know)':
"Now eme," (uncle) quod she, "what wolden you
devise (advise)?"
What is your rede (counsel) I should do of this?"
"That is well said," quod he; "certáin best is
That ye love him again for his loving,
As love for love is skilful guerdoning (reasonable
reward)."

[She wakes on the morrow with joy in her heart. Her uncle visits her betimes and she promises, so far as is consistent with her honour, to make herself acceptable to Troilus. Pandarus, indefatigable in his friend's interest, serves him yet further by engaging Deiphobus in the cause of Creseida who has been traduced by one 'false Poliphete.' Deiphobus is eager to vindicate Creseida and promises also the good offices of Hector and Helen, for, he says, their society will give her consequence with her adversaries. Pandarus, full of the good news, rushes off to Troilus whom he finds lying love-sick, 'as still as any stone.' He takes him to the house of Deiphobus where, he suggests, the bright company will alleviate the malady. Creseida has been bidden to dinner with Deiphobus, and, accompanied by her women, sits down to sup with Hector and Helen.]

Great honour did them Deiphobus certáin,
And fed them well with all that did them like,
But evermore, alas, was his refrain:
"My goodé brother, Troilus, the sick,
Li'th yet"; and therewithal he gan to sike
And after that he painéd him to glad
Them as he might, and cheeré good he made.

[Hector and Helen, too, are sympathetic for Troilus: so that Creseida becomes distressed, thinking he is very ill. Pandarus leads her to the room where the prince lies. It is the first occasion on which the lovers have spoken to each other.]

"Sir," quod Creseid, "it is Pandáre and I."
"Ye, sweetheart; alas! I may not rise
To kneel, and do you honour in some wise."
And dressed him upward; and she right tho
(then)
'Gan both her handés soft úpon him to lay.

[Troilus then tells Creseida of the passion in his heart, and begs to be allowed to serve her as her knight.]

With that she gan her eyen on him cast
Full easily and full débonairly,
Avising her, and lied her not too fast
With ne'er a word, but said him softely
"Mine honour safe, I will well truely,
And in such form as ye can now devise
Receive him fully to my service."

[Thus begins a time of joy for the lovers. Pandarus arranges many secret meetings. Finally, the seal is set upon their passion one tempestuous night when, fearing the storm outside, Creseida passes the night at the house of Pandarus. Troilus, forewarned—for it is a stratagem of Pandarus—arrives, pleading for shelter, and is led to Creseida's chamber.

But there comes at last a day when their happiness is rudely shattered. Creseida's father, Calchas, the deserter, has persuaded the Greeks to offer Antenor, a valiant foe captured in battle, to Troy in exchange for his daughter. Pandarus, hearing this fell news, would soothe Troilus by saying that if Creseida be lost, Troy yet has 'many fair dames,' and he 'shall recover another.' Troilus is enraged.]

"Thou biddest me that I should love another
All freshly new, and let Creseidé go?
It li'th not my power, levé (dear) brother,
And though I might, yet would I not do so:
But can'st thou playen racket to and fro,
Nettle in, Dock out; now this, now that,
Pandare?

Now foulé fall her for thy woe that care!"

[When Creseida hears the dreadful news:]

Her owndid hair, that sunnish was of hue
She rent, and eke her fingers long and smale
She wrung full oft, and eke God on her rue,
And with the death to do bote on her bale;
Her hué, whilom bright, that then was pale,
Bare witness of her woe and her complaint.

About her eyen two a purplé ring
Bitrent in sothfast tokening of her pain,
That to behold it was a deadly thing,
For which Pandarus ne might not restrain
The tearés from his eyén for to rain.

HE tries to console her, and arranges a final meeting with Troilus. The lovers agree, after a time, to accept the blow of fate. Creseida is to be led off to the Greeks by Diomed, but is to tempt the miserly Calchas, with a tale of gold left in Troy in a hiding-place known only to her, to allow her to return after ten days. She is then to meet her distracted Troilus.]

"So what for one thing and for other, sweet!
I shall him so enchanten with my saws,
That right in heaven his soulé shall he meet.
For, all Apollo or his clerkés laws,
Or calculating, availeth not three haws;
Desire of gold shall so his soulé blend
That as me list I shall well make an end."

Full ready was at primé (early) Diomed
Creseid' unto the Greekés host to lead;

For sorrow' of which she felt her hearté bleed,
As she that ne wist what was best to rede :
And truély, as men in bookés reade,
Men wisté never woman have the care,
Ne was so loth out of a town to fare.

This Troilus in guise of courtesy,
With hawk on hand, and with a hugé rout
Of knightés, rode and did her company,
Ypassing all the valley far without,
And farther would have ridden out of doubt
Full fain, and woe was him to go so soon :
But turn he must, and it was eke so done.

[Diomed engages Creseida in talk. He begs her to command him if there is aught he may do for her, and that she will regard him as her knight. They come to Calchas's tent.]

Her father hath her in his armés nome (taken)
And twenty times he kissed his daughter sweet,
And said : " O dearé daughter mine ! welcome."
She said eke she was fain with him to meet,
And stood forth still, mild, mute and mansuete.
But here I leave her with her father dwell,
And forth I will of Troilus you tell.

.....Piteously he cried upon Creseid',
And to himself right thus he spake, and said :
" Where is my owné lady lefe and dear ?
Where is her whité breast ? where is it ? where ?
Where be her armés and her eyen clear
That yesterday this timé with me were ? "

PANDARUS exerts his eloquence to calm the desperate Troilus. He counsels him to eschew his melancholy and reminds him of his rendezvous with Creseida. The tenth day arrives. Creseida is withheld in the Greek camp by her father, and fails to keep her tryst. She determines to attempt an escape the next day.]

But to tellen forth of this Diomed,
It fell that after on the tennéth day
Since that Creseid' out of the city yede,
This Diomed, as fresh as branch in May,
Came to the tenté there as Calchas lay.

[The wily Diomed means to woo Creseida from her allegiance to Troilus. He speaks to her of love, and she replies :]

" If that I should of any Greek have ruth
It should y'oe your selven by my truth."

[speak,
The morrow came, and ghostly (truly) for to
This Diomed is come unto Creseid' ;
And, shortly, lest that ye may my talé break,
So well he for himselfé spake and said
That all her sighés sore adown he laid ;
And finally, the sothé for to sain,
He reft her of the great of all her pain.

But truély the story telleth us
There maden never woman moré woe
Than she when that she falséd Troilus ;
She said : " Alas ! for now is clean ygo
My name, in truth, of love for evermo,

For I have falsed one of the gentillest
That ever was, and one the worthiest."

[Six days pass, after the tenth, on each of which Troilus rides forth with Pandarus in hope of seeing Creseida ; but his hopes are vain. Troilus is in despair. He dreams one night of his Creseida lying with a tusked boar in her arms. He asks his sister Cassandra to explain the vision.]

" This ilké boar betokeneth Dioméde,
Tydéus' son that down descended is
From Mele'agér, that made the boar to bleed ;
And thy lady, where so she be iwis,
This Diomed her heart hath, and she his :
Weep if thou wilt, or leave ; for out of doubt
This Diomed is in and thou art out."

[Troilus refuses to believe this interpretation and wrathfully dismisses Cassandra. He writes several letters to Creseida begging her to return to him. She replies, promising to come, but protests she cannot name a day.]

STOOD on a day in his meláucholy
This Troilus, and in suspición
Of her for whom he weened for to die :
And so befell that throughout Troyé town,
As was the guise, iborne was up and down
A manner coat of armour, as saith the story
Before Deiphobé, in sign of his victóry.

The whiché coat, as telleth Lollius,
Deiphobé it had yrent from Diomed
The samé day, and when this Troilus
It saw he 'gan to taken of it heed,
Avising of its length, and of the brede (breadth)
And all the work, but as he 'gan behold
Full suddenly his heart began to cold.

As he that on the collar found within
A brooch that he Creseida gave at morrow
That she from Troyé town must needés twin,
And she him laid again her faith to borrow
To keep it aye ; but now full well he wist
His lady no longer on to trist.

" Now God," quod he, " me senden yet the grace
'That I may meeten with this Diomed,
And truély, if I have might and space,
Yet shall I make his sidés bleed :
Now God (quod he) that oughtest taken heed
To futhren truth, and wrongés to punice
Why n'ilt thou do a vengeance to this vice ? "

The wrath, as I began you for to say,
Of Troilus the Greekés boughten dear,
For thousandés his hands maden dey :
As he that was withouten any peer,
Save in his time Hectór, as I can hear ;
But welaway ! (Save only Goddés will !)
Dispiteously him slew the fierce Achil.

Go, little book, go, little tragedy,
Where God, my Maker, yet ere that I die
So send me might to make some comedy ;
But little book, make thou thee noné envy,
But subject be untó all poesie,
And kiss the steppés, where thou seest pace
Of Virgil, Ovid, Homer, Lucan, Stace

MICHAEL FARADAY
THE CHEMICAL HISTORY
OF A CANDLE

GREAT though it was before his death, the fame of Faraday has steadily risen since then. His researches were of truly epoch-making character, and he was the undisputed founder of the modern science of electricity. Faraday excelled as a lecturer, and could even stand the supreme test of lecturing to an audience of children. The *Chemical History of a Candle* was the most famous course in the long and remarkable series of Christmas lectures, 'adapted to a juvenile auditory,' at the Royal Institution, and remains a rarely approached model of what such lectures should be. They were illustrated by experiments and specimens, but they did not depend upon these for coherence and interest. They were delivered in 1860-61, and have since been translated into several languages. Various editions have been published in English since the lectures were delivered and the book may be obtained from Chatto & Windus, in an edition edited by William Crookes, at 5s.

I—Candles and Their Flames



THERE is not a law under which any part of this universe is governed that does not come into play in the phenomena of the chemical history of a candle. There is no better door by which you can enter into the study of natural philosophy than by considering the physical phenomena of a candle.

And now, my boys and girls, I must first tell you of what candles are made. Some are great curiosities. I have here some bits of timber, branches of trees particularly famous for their burning. And here you see a piece of that very curious substance taken out of some of the bogs in Ireland, called *candle-wood*—a hard, strong, excellent wood, evidently fitted for good work as a resister of force, and yet withal burning so well that, where it is found, they make splinters of it, and torches, since it burns like a candle, and gives a very good light indeed. And in this wood we have one of the most beautiful illustrations of the general nature of a candle that I can possibly give. The fuel provided, the means of bringing that fuel to the place of chemical action, the regular and gradual supply of air to that place of action—heat and light all produced by a little piece of wood of this kind, forming, in fact, a natural candle.

But we must speak of candles as they are in commerce. Here are a couple of candles commonly called dips. They

are made of lengths of cotton cut off, hung up by a loop, dipped into melted tallow, taken out again and cooled; then re-dipped until there is an accumulation of tallow round the cotton. However, a candle, you know, is not now a greasy thing like an ordinary tallow candle, but a clean thing; and you may almost scrape off and pulverise the drops which fall from it without soiling anything.

The candle I have in my hand is a stearine candle, made of stearine from tallow. Then here is a sperm candle, which comes from the purified oil of the spermaceti whale. Here, also, are yellow beeswax and refined beeswax, from which candles are made. Here, too, is that curious substance called paraffin, and some paraffin candles made of paraffin obtained from the bogs of Ireland. I have here also a substance brought from Japan, a sort of wax which a kind friend has sent me, and which forms a new material for the manufacture of candles.

Now, as to the light of the candle. We will light one or two, and set them at work in the performance of their proper function. You observe a candle is a very different thing from a lamp. With a lamp you take a little oil, fill your vessel, put in a little moss, or some cotton prepared by artificial means, and then light the top of the wick. When the flame runs down the cotton to the oil, it gets stopped, but it goes on burning in the part above. Now, I have no doubt you will ask.

how is it that the oil, which will not burn of itself, gets up to the top of the cotton, where it will burn? We shall presently examine that; but there is a much more wonderful thing about the burning of a candle than this. You have here a solid substance with no vessel to contain it; and how is it that this solid substance can get up to the place where the flame is? Or, when it is made a fluid, then how is it that it keeps together? This is a wonderful thing about a candle.

YOU see, then, in the first instance, that a beautiful cup is formed. As the air comes to the candle, it moves upwards by the force of the current which the heat of the candle produces, and it so cools all the sides of the wax, tallow, or fuel as to keep the edge much cooler than the part within; the part within melts by the flame that runs down the wick as far as it can go before it is stopped, but the part on the outside does not melt. If I made a current in one direction, my cup would be lop-sided, and the fluid would consequently run over—for the same force of gravity which holds worlds together, holds the fluid in a horizontal position.

You see, therefore, that the cup is formed by this beautifully regular ascending current of air playing upon all sides, which keeps the exterior of the candle cool. No fuel would serve for a candle which has not the property of giving this cup, except such fuel as the Irish bogwood, where the material itself is like a sponge, and holds its own fuel.

YOU see now why you have such a bad result if you burn those beautiful fluted candles, which are irregular, intermittent in their shape, and cannot therefore have that nicely-formed edge to the cup which is the great beauty in a candle. I hope you will now see that the perfection of a process—that is, its utility—is the better point of beauty about it. It is not the best-looking thing, but the best-acting thing which is the most advantageous to us. This good-looking candle is a bad burning one. There will be a guttering round about it because of the irregularity of the stream of ascending air and the badness of the shape of the cup which is formed thereby.

You may see some pretty examples of the action of the ascending current when you have a little gutter run down the side of a candle, making it thicker there than it is elsewhere. As the candle goes on burning, that keeps its place and forms a little pillar sticking up by the side, because, as it rises higher above the rest of the wax or fuel, the air gets better round it, and it is more cooled and better able to resist the action of the heat at a little distance.

Now, the greatest mistakes and faults with regard to candles, as in many other things, often bring with them instruction which we should not receive if they had not occurred. You will always remember that whenever a result happens, especially if it be new, you should say: 'What is the cause? Why does it occur?' And you will in the course of time find out the reason.

THEN there is another point about these candles which will answer a question—that is, as to the way in which this fluid gets out of the cup, up to the wick, and into the place of combustion. You know that the flames on these burning wicks in candles made of beeswax, stearine, or spermaceti, do not run down to the wax or other matter and melt it all away, but keep to their own right place. They are fenced off from the fluid below, and do not encroach on the cup at the sides.

I cannot imagine a more beautiful example than the condition of adjustment under which a candle makes one part subserve to the other to the very end of its action. A combustible thing like that, burning away gradually, never being intruded upon by the flame, is a very beautiful sight; especially when you come to learn what a vigorous thing flame is, what power it has of destroying the wax itself when it gets hold of it, and of disturbing its proper form if it come only too near.

But how does the flame get hold of the fuel? There is a beautiful point about that. It is by what is called capillary attraction that the fuel is conveyed to the part where the combustion goes on, and is deposited there, not in a careless way, but very beautifully in the midst of the centre of action which takes place around it.

II—The Brightness of the Candle

AIR is absolutely necessary for combustion; and, what is more, I must have you understand that *fresh* air is necessary, or else we should be imperfect in our reasoning and our experiments.

Here is a jar of air. I place it over a candle, which burns very nicely in it at first, showing that what I have said about it is true; but there will soon be a change. See how the flame is drawing upwards, presently fading, and at last going out. And going out, why? Not because it wants air merely, for the jar is as full now as it was before, but it wants pure, fresh air. The jar is full of air, partly changed, partly not changed; but it does not contain sufficient of the fresh air for combustion.

Suppose I take a candle, and examine that part of it which appears brightest to our eyes. Why, there I get these black particles, which are just the smoke of the candle; and this brings to mind that old employment which Dean Swift recommended to servants for their amusement, namely, writing on the ceiling of a room with a candle.

But what is that black substance? Why, it is the same carbon which exists in the candle. It evidently existed in the candle, or else we should not have had it here. You would hardly think that all those substances which fly about London in the form of soots and blacks are the very beauty and life of the flame. Here is a piece of wire gauze which will not let the flame go through it, and I think you will see, almost immediately, that, when I bring it low enough to touch that part of the

flame which is otherwise so bright, it quells and quenches it at once, and allows a volume of smoke to rise up.

Whenever a substance burns without assuming the vaporous state—whether it becomes liquid or remains solid—it becomes exceedingly luminous. What I say is applicable to all substances—whether they burn or whether they do not burn—that they are exceedingly bright if they retain their solid state when heated, and that it is to this presence of solid particles in the candle flame that it owes its brilliancy.

I have here a piece of carbon, or charcoal, which will burn and give us light exactly in the same manner as if it were burnt as part of a candle. The heat that is in the flame of a candle decomposes the vapour of the wax, and sets free the carbon particles—they rise up heated and glowing as this now glows, and then enter into the air. But the particles when burnt never pass off from a candle in the form of carbon. They go off into the air as a perfectly invisible substance, about which we shall know hereafter.

Is it not beautiful to think that such a process is going on, and that such a dirty thing as charcoal can become so incandescent? You see, it comes to this—that all bright flames contain these solid particles; all things that burn and produce solid particles, either during the time they are burning, as in the candle, or immediately after being burnt, as in the case of gunpowder and iron-filings — all these things give us this beautiful light.

III—The Products of Combustion

WE observe that there are certain products as the result of the combustion of a candle, and that of these products one portion may be considered as charcoal, or soot; that charcoal, when afterwards burnt, produces some other product—carbonic acid, as we shall see; and it concerns us very much now to ascertain what yet a third product is.

Suppose I take a candle and place it under a jar. You see that the sides of the jar become cloudy, and the light begins to burn feebly. It is the products, you see,

which make the light so dim, and this is the same thing which makes the sides of the jar so opaque. If you go home and take a spoon that has been in the cold air, and hold it over a candle—not so as to soot it—you will find that it becomes dim, just as that jar is dim. If you can get a silver dish you will make the experiment still better. It is *water* which causes the dimness, and we can make it assume the form of a liquid.

And so we can go on with almost all combustible substances, and we find that if

they burn with a flame, as a candle, they produce water. You may make these experiments yourselves. The head of a poker is a very good thing to try with, and if it remains cold long enough over the candle, you may get water condensed in drops on it; or a spoon or a ladle, or anything else may be used, provided it be clean, and can carry off the heat, and so condense the water.

And now—to go into the history of this wonderful production of water from combustibles, and by combustion—I must first of all tell you that this water may exist in different conditions; and although you may now be acquainted with all its forms, they still require us to give a little attention to them for the present, so that we may perceive how the water, whilst it goes through its protean changes, is entirely and absolutely the same thing, whether it is produced from a candle, by combustion, or from the rivers or ocean.

First of all, water, at the coldest, is ice. We speak of water as water; whether it be in its solid, or liquid, or gaseous state, we speak of it chemically as water.

We shall not in future be deceived, therefore, by any changes that are produced in water. Water is the same everywhere, whether produced from the ocean or from the flame of the candle. Where, then, is this water which we get from a candle? It evidently comes, as to part of it, from the candle; but is it within the candle beforehand? No! It is not in the candle; and it is not in the air round about the candle, which is necessary for its combustion. It is neither in one nor the other, but it comes from their conjoint action, a part from the candle, a part from the air.

If we decompose water we can obtain from it a gas. This is hydrogen—a body

classed amongst those things in chemistry which we call elements, because we can get nothing else out of them. A candle is not an elementary body, because we can get carbon out of it; we can get this hydrogen out of it, or at least out of the water which it supplies. And this gas has been so named hydrogen because it is that element which, in association with another, generates water.

Hydrogen gives rise to no substance that can become solid, either during combustion or afterwards as a product of its combustion. But when it burns it produces water only; and if we take a cold glass and put it over the flame, it becomes damp, and you have water produced immediately in appreciable quantity, and nothing is produced by its combustion but the same water which you have seen the flame of a candle produce. This hydrogen is the only thing in nature that furnishes water as the sole product of combustion.

WATER can be decomposed by electricity, and then we find that its other constituent is the gas oxygen in which, as can easily be shown, a candle or a lamp burns much more brilliantly than it does in air, but produces the same products as when it burns in air. We thus find that oxygen is a constituent of the air, and by burning something in the air we can remove the oxygen therefrom, leaving behind for our study the nitrogen, which constitutes about four-fifths of the air, the oxygen accounting for nearly all the rest.

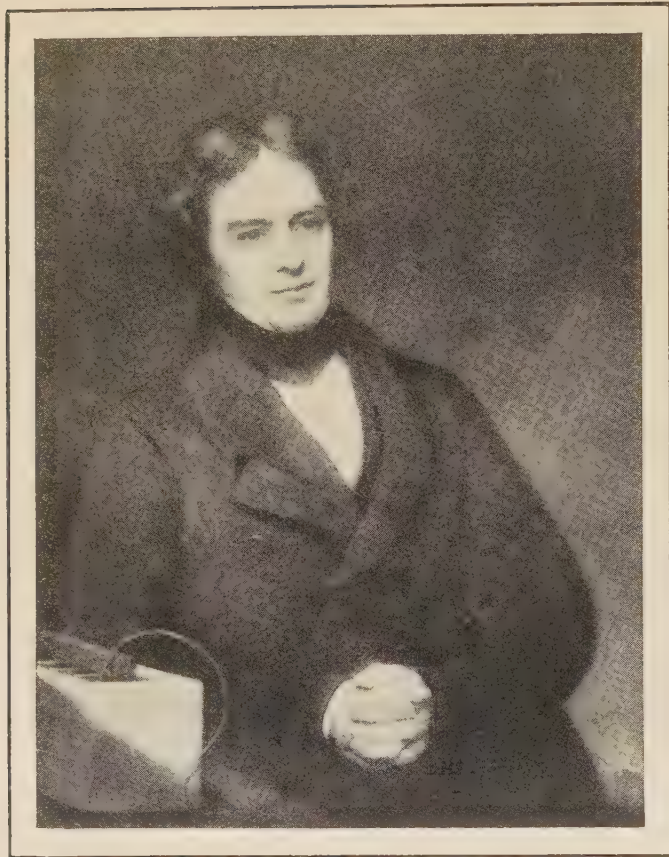
The other great product of the burning of a candle is carbonic acid—a gas formed by the union of the carbon of the candle and the oxygen of the air. Whenever carbon burns, whether in a candle or in a living creature, it produces carbonic acid.

IV—Combustion and Respiration

NOW I must take you to a very interesting part of our subject—to the relation between the combustion of a candle and that living kind of combustion which goes on within us. In every one of us there is a living process of combustion going on, very similar to that which occurs in a candle.

For it is not merely true in a poetical

sense—the relation of the life of man to a taper. A candle will burn some four, five, six, or seven hours. What, then, must be the daily amount of carbon going up into the air in the way of carbonic acid? What a quantity of carbon must go from each of us in respiration! A man in twenty-four hours converts as much as seven ounces of carbon into carbonic acid: a



MICHAEL FARADAY was the son of a Yorkshire blacksmith and was born in London, September 22, 1791. After serving an apprenticeship with a bookbinder he became, at the age of twenty, assistant to Sir Humphry Davy, whose Royal Institution lectures he had attended; and it was at the Royal Institution, as Fullerian professor, that he worked for the rest of his laborious life, which closed August 25, 1867. Faraday stands at the head of scientific observers of the 19th century, and his discoveries have left their indelible mark on the progress of mankind. To him must be given the credit for the solid foundation of electrical science as it is known to-day. This portrait, by Thomas Phillips, R.A., is in the National Portrait Gallery.

milch cow will convert seventy ounces, and a horse seventy-nine ounces, solely by the act of respiration. That is, the horse in twenty-four hours burns seventy-nine ounces of charcoal, or carbon, in his organs of respiration to supply his natural warmth in that time.

All the warm-blooded animals get their warmth in this way, by the conversion of carbon; not in a free state, but in a state of combination. And what an extraordinary notion this gives us of the alterations going on in our atmosphere! As much as 5,000,000 pounds of carbonic acid is formed by respiration in London alone

in twenty-four hours.

And where does all this go? Up into the air. If the carbon had been like lead or iron, which, in burning, produces a solid substance, what would happen? Combustion would not then go on. As charcoal burns, it becomes a vapour, and this vapour passes off into the atmosphere, which is the great vehicle, the great carrier, for conveying it away to other places. Then, what becomes of it?

Wonderful is it to find that the change produced by respiration—a change so injurious to us, for we cannot breathe air twice over—is the very life and support of plants and vegetables that grow upon the surface of the earth. It is the same also under the surface in the great bodies of water, for fishes and other animals respire upon the same principle, though not exactly by contact with the open air. They respire by the oxygen which is dissolved from the air by the water, and form carbonic acid; and they all move about to produce the one great work of

making the animal and vegetable kingdoms subservient to each other.

All the plants growing upon the surface of the earth absorb carbon. These leaves are taking up their carbon from the atmosphere, to which we have given it in the form of carbonic acid, and they are prospering. Give them a pure air like ours, and they could not live in it; give them carbon with other matters, and they live and rejoice. So are we made dependent not merely upon our fellow-creatures, but upon our fellow-existers, all nature being tied by the laws that make one part conduce to the good of the other.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

THE HISTORY OF HENRY ESMOND

FIRST published in 1852, *The History of Henry Esmond, Esquire, a Colonel in the Service of Her Majesty Queen Anne*, is justly regarded as the finest historical novel which English literature has to show. As in *Vanity Fair* Thackeray produced a supreme achievement in the novel of contemporary manners, so in *Esmond* he produced a supreme achievement in eighteenth century romance. The novel is admirable for the technical perfection of the plot, contrived to excite genuine passion and emotion; and so thoroughly had the author imbibed the spirit and atmosphere of the period that the novel is the finest picture we possess of social life in the age of Queen Anne. Finally, it was written when Thackeray's style had reached its perfection, and its mingled grace and humour, its tender feeling and the true humanity of its leisurely moralising have won for it a singularly warm place in the affection of all discerning readers. An outline of *The Virginians*, the sequel to

The History of Henry Esmond, appears in later pages of *The World's Great Books*.

I—Nameless and Honourless



WHEN the fourth Viscount Castlewood came to his title and took possession of his house of Castlewood, county Hants, in the year 1691, almost the only tenant of the place, besides the domestics, was a lad twelve years of age, of whom no one seemed to take any note. Lady Castlewood came upon this boy in the Yellow Gallery as she went round the house with the house-keeper, and discovered that he was called Henry Esmond, the family name.

"So this is the little priest! Welcome, kinsman," laughed my lord, entering with his daughter.

"He is saying his prayers to mamma," said the baby girl.

The last lord had been a reckless Jacobite and had died from a wound in the Battle of the Boyne. After the death of his only child he had sent to a humble house in London and had brought Henry Esmond to Castlewood to serve his wife, a be-painted old dame known among the local Protestants as Lady Jezebel, in the capacity of page. Lady Jezebel had been arrested and imprisoned just before her husband's death, and that was how the new Lord Castlewood came to find Henry Esmond, a little Papist, in occupation of Castlewood. This new Lord Castlewood was a Jacobite in a mild degree, but a Protestant, as was his young wife.

Henry Esmond was kindly treated by the new master and mistress of Castlewood.

He earned their love by saving the heir one day from being burnt to death, and that day they ever after kept as his birthday—for he had no other. Advancing in years, having been admirably educated by his tutor, the late lord's priest, a Father Holt, he was employed to instruct the children of the new lord—little Beatrix and Frank, the infant heir. He was very happy and contented, loving his kind mistress, Lady Castlewood, above everything on earth.

But he was soon pained to see unhappiness between Lord Castlewood and his girl wife. My lord was a jolly gentleman, with very little of the august or divine in his nature, though his fond wife persisted in revering it; and besides, if he had a loving wife, he had a very jealous and exacting one. Esmond, educating the children, watched the breach widening between the turbulent and middle-aged lord and the young and most lovely lady. He was ever a comfort to his beautiful mistress.

Beatrix was wayward and jealous. She would fling away even from the maternal arms if she saw Frank had been there before her; insomuch that Lady Castlewood was obliged not to show her love for her son in the presence of the little girl.

One day news came to the house that the dreadful scourge of smallpox had broken out in the blacksmith's house. Esmond turned pale. He had been there that day—a boy's ardent passion for the blacksmith's daughter. He confessed, and Lady Castlewood flew into a violent passion with him.

Lord Castlewood interfered. He would have no hard words said to Esmond, and was strangely earnest in his protection of the youth. There was a scene. Lady Castlewood went out in a rage. The end of this was that Lady Castlewood fell ill with

smallpox, as did also Esmond and the little heir to Castlewood. All three recovered, however, and with recovery came reconciliation between Lady Castlewood and Esmond. Esmond learnt that his mistress had nursed him in his delirium.

II—Wealth and Honour Flung to the Flames

WHEN Esmond was happy once more in the love of his dear mistress, a legacy coming to that lady she devoted it to sending her young kinsman to Cambridge. She desired that he should become a saintly country parson after the manner of George Herbert, and that he should occupy the parsonage of Castlewood and thus always be near to her. Lord Castlewood who had other ambitions regarding the legacy, accepted his wife's decision with rather a bad grace.

Esmond, though he had no inclination to become a parson, received this noble gift of his beloved mistress with the joy of a heart that knows itself dear to the object of its purest affection.

He came back one vacation to find Lord Mohun, an unprincipled libertine, gamester and duellist, occupying rooms at Castlewood. The breach had widened between lord and lady. To her the presence of Mohun was an insult. To him Mohun was the best fellow in England, by G—d!

The two lords spent the day in gambling. An explosion occurred one evening just before supper, as the family sat in front of the great fireplace. Beatrix had shown jealousy of her father's intimacy with Mohun. To tease her, Castlewood said she should marry Mohun when she grew up.

"I think my lord would rather marry mamma," said the child, "and is waiting till you die to ask her."

The two lords, who were at cards, both gave a start. My lady turned as red as scarlet.

Beatrix, ordered from the room, tried to explain herself, and made things worse. She said that her mother had talked to Lord Mohun on the previous night ever so long, and had sent the children out of the room and had cried when they came back.

Castlewood flung down his cards.

"Ask Lord Mohun what I said to him," her ladyship said, rising up with a scared face, but yet with a touching dignity.

"Last night," said Mohun, "with tears in her eyes, your wife implored me to play no more with you at dice or at cards; and you know best whether what she asked was not for your good."

They were on the edge of a duel, but Harry Esmond saved the situation by wise words.

They became friends. Castlewood bade his lady wait upon Mohun, who was laid up with gout and, to show his confidence in wife and friend, encouraged her to go driving alone with his guest. But the gentlemen still played at cards for high stakes and Esmond, deploring one day his master's gambling to Lady Castlewood, learnt that Lord Mohun had promised her to let Castlewood win back the large sum which he had lost.

"And in God's name what do you return him for this sacrifice?" cried Esmond, aghast. "How, in Heaven's name, are you to pay him?"

"With a mother's blessing and a wife's prayer," announced the simple and confiding lady.

THEN Esmond set himself to unmask the villain who was compassing his dear lady's dishonour. He accused Mohun of affecting the gout that he might avoid wine and keep cool-headed while his antagonist grew fuddled. The end of this altercation, which took place in a carriage, was an accident in which both Mohun and Harry Esmond were badly injured.

Lord Mohun departed for London. Lady Castlewood divined that some terrible trouble was brewing between him and her lord. She commissioned Esmond to find out what it was. Castlewood said he wished to consult his doctor in London and his wife let him go thither, with Esmond to take care of him. That visit resulted in a duel between Mohun and Castlewood, a duel which Esmond tried to prevent, tried to bear himself and finally shared.

Castlewood was mortally wounded, and Esmond slightly.

On his death-bed Castlewood made a written confession to a priest that Esmond was the real viscount. The late lord, early in his profligate life, had married under a false name a foreign woman abroad. He had abandoned this poor creature to marry his cousin and scrape favour with the reigning viscount. On succeeding to the title, and losing the one child born to him by his wife, he had had the son of the first marriage brought to Castlewood, and Father Holt had educated him.

The priest to whom the dying Lord Castlewood had confessed put the paper into Esmond's hand. He looked at it. It swam before his eyes.

"'Tis a confession," he said.

"'Tis as you please," said the priest.

There was a fire in the room. Esmond went to it, and threw the paper on the flames. For Lady Castlewood's sake he branded himself with the shame which he

had unjustly borne all his boyhood. The flames consumed his title, his wealth, his honour.

When he lay in prison, after his lord's death, on a charge concerned with the duel, Lady Castlewood visited him and in the agony of her grief most bitterly upbraided the young man.

"All that has happened," cried the poor lady, "is a just judgement on my wicked, jealous heart. Oh, I am punished—awfully punished! My husband lies in his blood, murdered for defending me! And you were by, and you let him die, Henry!"

This cruel denunciation broke the young man's heart.

There was another person who knew the truth about Esmond's birth, the Dowager Lady Castlewood. This old rouged dame rescued her kinsman from prison, and presently got him a commission in the army. Esmond had now no thought of the Church. Castlewood was a paradise shut against him. He faced the world alone.

III—Lady Castlewood's Love

WHEN he returned from a campaign abroad, Esmond went to Winchester, where Lady Castlewood was staying to be near her father, the dean. He went to the cathedral, at the hour of evening prayer, and had a seat given to him opposite his beloved mistress and the little lord. The boy saw Esmond, and cried, "Look, mother!" so that Esmond heard.

When the service was over and Lady Castlewood and Esmond were walking home together, she made amends for her ill-treatment of him and asked his forgiveness. More than this, she half-confessed that love for him had been a sin upon her conscience. She had parted with him, after confessing to a priest, but said, "I knew you would come back. In the anthem to-day when they sang 'When the Lord turned the captivity of Zion, we were like them that dream,' I thought, yes, like them that dream—they that dream. And then it went, 'They that sow in tears shall reap in joy; and he that goeth forth weeping shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.' And I looked up from the book and saw you. I was not surprised when I saw you. I knew you would come, my dear.

"Do you know what day it is?" she continued. "It is your birthday. But last year we did not drink it. No, no. My lord was cold, and my Harry was likely to die; and my brain was in a fever, and we had no wine. But now—now you are come again, bringing your sheaves with you, my dear."

Carried away by her sweetness and goodness, Esmond asked her to marry him. She hushed the words on his lips.

"When you need me again, I will come ever so far," she said. "When your heart is wounded, then come to me, my dear. Be silent! Let me say all. You never loved me, dear Henry—no, you do not now; and I thank Heaven for it. I used to watch you, and knew by a thousand signs that it was so. Do you remember how glad you were to go away to college? 'Twas I sent you. I told my papa that, and Mr. Atterbury, of St. Bride's, when I spoke to him in London. And they both gave me absolution—both; and they are godly men, having authority to bind and to loose. And they forgave me, as my dear Lord forgave me before he went to heaven."

"I think the angels are not all in

heaven," Mr. Esmond said. And as a mother cleaves to her son's breast, so for a few moments Esmond's beloved mistress came to him and blessed him.

When they arrived at their home, Esmond was greeted by Beatrix, the young lord shouting out, "She hath put on her scarlet stockings and white shoes! Oh, my fine mistress, is this the way you set your cap at the captain?"

Beatrix was wonderfully beautiful. She quite dazzled Esmond. He learnt that she was likely to marry young Lord Churchill; but Lady Castlewood said to him, "She will make no man happy who loves her." And because she herself so loved Esmond, she warned him against her daughter. So Esmond packed his valise and went off to the wars, hopelessly in love with the brilliant Beatrix, and divinely loved by her adorable mother.

After the great victory of Blenheim he returned to England. The young lady of sixteen, who had appeared the most beautiful object his eyes had ever looked on two years back, was now advanced to a womanly ripeness and perfection, such as instantly enthralled the poor devil who had already been a fugitive from her charms. And Beatrix was now the rage in London, a maid of honour to whom the poets and wits addressed laudations; while poor Harry Esmond, in the eyes of the world, was the son of dishonour—his story bruited about the town and laughed at by all who heard it.

One day he poured out the bitterness of his hopeless passion to Lady Castlewood. At the end a sense of remorse came over him for the wearisome pain he had been inflicting upon the dearest and kindest friend ever man had. "Oh, pardon me, pardon me, my dearest and

kindest!" he said. "I am in hell, and you are the angel that brings me a drop of water." He buried his head in her lap.

Lady Castlewood, who had tears in her eyes, answered, "I am your mother, you are my son, and I love you always"—holding her hands over him. He did not realize, in his madness for the child, the glory of the mother's love for him.

Once again Esmond fled from Beatrix and tried to forget his passion in the fever of war. He had only to speak to make himself Lord Castlewood. He could bring himself before the proud Beatrix and before the world as a man cleared of dishonour. But he would not take that step. In vain, however, did he struggle to escape from the dominion which Beatrix had exercised upon his soul. He was her slave. His heart contained no other image.

HE returned from the wars more in love than ever. He knew that Beatrix had a thousand faults beside her charms. He knew both perfectly well. She was imperious, light-minded; she was flighty, she was false, she had no reverence in her character; she was in everything the contrast of her mother, who was the most devoted and the least selfish of women. But Esmond wanted her; he cared for none other.

Alas! he soon found the hopelessness of his passion. Beatrix, who almost disdained her doubtful kinsman whilst she made eyes at him, became engaged to be married to Lord Ashburnham; and once again Esmond went away to fight the Duke of Marlborough's battles. On that campaign young Lord Castlewood married a German lady, and sent Esmond to break the news to his mother.

IV—*Beatrix's Diamonds*

WHEN Esmond arrived he found that Lady Castlewood had learnt the true story of his birth, and also the narrative of his renunciation, from the old dowager. She addressed him as her lord, called him head of the family and left everything to his decision. He refused to take the title.

As he spoke, his dearest mistress flung herself down on her knees before him and

kissed both his hands in an outbreak of passionate love and gratitude.

"Dearest saint," he cried, "purest soul, that has had so much to suffer, that has blest the poor lonely orphan with such a treasure of love! 'tis for me to kneel, not for you; 'tis for me to be thankful that I can make you happy. Hath my life any other aim? Blessing to God that I can serve you! What pleasure, think you,

could all the world give me compared to that ? ”

“ Don’t raise me,” she said in a wild way, to Esmond, who would have lifted her. “ Let me kneel—let me kneel, and—and—worship you ! ”

Beatrix Esmond had quarrelled with Lord Ashburnham and, after being married by report to a dozen noblemen, was soon to be engaged to the Duke of Hamilton. But Esmond could not help hoping for her love. The truth is that, whether she laughed at him or encouraged him, whether she smiled or was cold, Esmond, do what he would, never could get Beatrix out of his mind. If he read his name in a gazette, or escaped the shot of a cannon-ball, the instant thought after the honour achieved or the danger avoided, was, “ What will *she* say of it ? ”

And then came the great news that Beatrix was engaged to the Duke of Hamilton and that the marriage was to be hurried forward. This was the knell of all his hopes. Esmond brought her a casket of diamonds which the old dowager had bequeathed to him. It was to be his farewell to love, hope and happiness. Lady Castlewood was in the room when he made this gift. Beatrice ran to the glass with her diamonds and, turning back with the gems about her beautiful neck, was about to kiss her cousin when the door opened and the bridegroom-elect was announced.

He looked very black upon Esmond.

“ Look, my lord duke,” says Beatrix, showing the diamonds on her breast.

“ Diamonds,” says his grace. “ H’m ! they seem pretty.”

“ They are a present on my marriage,” says Beatrix.

“ From her Majesty ? ” asks the duke. “ The Queen is very good.”

“ From my cousin Henry—from our cousin Henry ! ” cry both the ladies in a breath.

“ I have not the honour of knowing the gentleman.”

“ From our cousin, Colonel Henry Esmond, my lord, who was left guardian to us by our father and hath a hundred times shown his love and friendship for our family.”

“ The Duchess of Hamilton receives no diamonds but from her husband, madam,” says the duke ; “ may I pray you to restore them to Mr. Esmond ? ”

“ Beatrix Esmond may receive a present from our kinsman and benefactor, my lord duke,” said Lady Castlewood, with an air of great dignity. “ She is my daughter yet ; and if her mother sanctions the gift, no one else has the right to question it.”

“ Kinsman and benefactor ! ” says the duke. “ I know of no kinsman ; and I do not choose that my wife should have for a benefactor a ——”

“ My lord ! ” says Colonel Esmond.

“ I am not here to bandy words,” says his grace ; “ frankly, I tell you that your visits to this house are too frequent, and that I choose no presents for the Duchess of Hamilton from gentlemen that bear a name they have no right to.”

MY lord ! ” breaks out Lady Castlewood, “ Mr. Esmond hath the best right to that name of any man in the world ; and ’tis as honourable as your grace’s.”

Then Lady Castlewood told the story of Esmond’s renunciation. And the duke, being a noble-minded and generous young man, asked Esmond’s pardon for words uttered in ignorance, and begged for the favour of his friendship.

“ I shall esteem it a favour, my lord,” says the duke, speaking of his marriage, “ if Colonel Esmond will give away the bride.”

“ And if he will take the usual payment in advance, he is welcome,” says Beatrix, stepping up to him. And, as Esmond kissed her, she whispered, “ Oh, why didn’t I know you before ? ”

My lord duke was as hot as a flame at this salute, but said never a word.

V—The Folly of the Prince

THE great marriage was not destined to take place. The ill-omened Mohun appeared in London and, a quarrel breaking out between him and the Duke of Hamilton, the two gentlemen came to a

duel. The duke killed his man, but as Mohun fell, one of his friends ran up and stabbed the duke through the heart.

And now there came to the mind of Colonel Esmond a sudden idea. Beatrix

had shut herself up after the murder of the duke, and whenever Esmond saw her she was cold, tearless and proud. But there was one thing on which she doted—the return of the Pretender, who was living as the Duke of Berwick in exile.

Many were the plots to bring this prince to the throne. Some of the greatest families in England were concerned in them. Beatrix was a Jacobite above everything else in the world. It occurred to Colonel Esmond that if he could accomplish this great matter, if he could do what others merely talked about, he would win her love.

HE said to her, announcing his departure for abroad, "If I come back to you and bring you fame, will that please you? If I do what you desire most—what he who is dead desired most—will that soften you?"

"What is it, Henry?" says she, her face lighting up. And when he had hinted his purpose, "Stay, Harry," she says; "hear a last word. I do love you—I do admire you—who would not, that has known such love as yours has been to us all? But I think I have no heart—at least, I have never seen the man that could touch it; and, had I found him, I would have followed him in rags, had he been a private soldier. I would do anything for such a man, bear anything for him; but I never found one. You were ever too much a slave to win my heart; even my lord duke could not command it. I had not been happy had I married him."

The proud and wilful girl made a catalogue of all her faults, compared herself frankly with the noble character of her mother and warned Esmond that they could never be happy together.

It was with this melancholy farewell in his ears, having kissed the cheek she gave him, which was as cold as marble, that Esmond rode away on his perilous exploit.

He reached France, saw the young prince, explained that Queen Anne was nearing the end of her days, and assured him that there were powerful men in England ready to strike for him if he would appear. The plot was simple and intelligent. The prince, or king, as some called him, was to come to England with young Lord Castlewood, who had never returned from abroad since his foolish marriage, and

his majesty was to accompany Lord Castlewood in the capacity of Monsieur Baptiste, confidential attendant.

The scheme worked well. The Pretender arrived safely in England and was received in Lady Castlewood's house. But his gallantry imperilled the scheme at its outset. At sight of Beatrix descending the stairs he forgot his part of servant and went forward with exclamations of the liveliest admiration, pushing Lord Castlewood aside in his eagerness to greet this lovely apparition. Colonel Esmond had to call to him sharply as 'Baptiste' to remind him of his part.

When the servants had withdrawn and the family were alone, Castlewood and Esmond uncovered and the ladies went down on their knees before the prince, who graciously gave each a hand.

"Madam," says he, "my mother will thank your ladyship for your hospitality to her son. For you, madam," turning to Beatrix, "I cannot bear to see so much beauty in such a posture. You will betray Monsieur Baptiste if you kneel to him; sure 'tis his place rather to kneel to you."

A light shone out of her eyes. A pang, as of rage and jealousy, shot through Esmond's heart; he clenched his hand involuntarily and looked across to Castlewood, whose eyes answered his alarm-signal and were also on the alert.

THE intimacy between the king and Beatrix grew daily more dangerous. The prince drank a great deal of wine and at night was tipsy and free. Esmond decided to hurry matters forward. At last a plan was arranged.

One day a conspirator arrived at the house, saying, "In half an hour her majesty and her favourite lady will take the air in the Cedar Walk behind the new banquetting house. Her majesty will be drawn in a garden-chair; Madam Beatrix Esmond and *her brother, my Lord Viscount Castlewood*, will be walking in the private garden—here is Lady Masham's key—and will come upon the royal party. The man that draws the chair will retire. Mistress Beatrix will present her *brother*."

This was the scheme for getting Queen Anne to receive the prince. Beatrix and the Pretender set out together.

When she returned she was alone, and in a great tremor and very pale. She asked for a glass of water and after drinking put off her hood, and said, "Her majesty was in her chair in the Cedar Walk, accompanied only by Lady——. My heart throbbed so, I scarce could speak; but my prince whispered, 'Courage, Beatrix,' and marched on with a steady step. His face was a little flushed, but he was not afraid of the danger. The prince uncovered, and I saw the queen turning round to Lady Masham, as if asking who these two were. Her majesty looked very pale and ill, and then flushed up. The favourite made us a signal to advance, and I went up, leading my prince by the hand, quite close to the chair. 'Your majesty will give my lord viscount your hand to kiss,' says her lady. And the queen put out her hand, which the prince kissed, kneeling on his knee, he who should kneel to no mortal man or woman."

Beatrix narrated how the queen addressed the prince as Viscount Castlewood, and then told how the favourite gave her a signal to retire, at the same time whispering something to the queen, which made her majesty start and utter one or two words in a hurried manner, looking towards the prince, and catching hold with her hand of the arm of her chair.

"He began to speak very rapidly," said Beatrix. "I caught the words, 'Father—blessing—forgiveness.' Then he

fell on his knees, saying, 'I am here, your brother, in your power.' Lady Masham ran round on the other side of the chair, kneeling too, and speaking with great energy. The queen sat with a stupefied look. Then of a sudden she uttered several piercing shrieks and burst into a great fit of hysterical tears and laughter."

THUS was the first step taken. While the conspirators waited for the second, the prince besieged Beatrix so closely that Lady Castlewood and Esmond sent her down to Hampshire to save the family honour. She went in a fury. On the very day when the message came from the Court, "*Now or never*," when the prince was needed to strike the great and decisive blow, he was nowhere to be found. Esmond guessed where he was.

He and Castlewood, riding post-haste to the family house in Hampshire, found him there with Beatrix. She was innocent. Ruin had not come. But Esmond's great love for her died in that old house of Castlewood. She came to him, when his stern anger had humbled the prince to the dust, and hissed out a word or two. "If I did not love you before, cousin," says she, "think how I love you now!"

As he looked at her he wondered that he could ever have loved so shameless and poor a creature. His love of ten years was over. He never saw her from that day.

VI—Love Conquers All

THE conspiracy failed ignominiously and amidst the shouts of 'God save King George!' the conspirators fled to foreign countries till the storm should be overpast.

It was when the wild passion for Beatrix was exorcised that Esmond's heart realized how much deeper, nobler and enduring was his love for the beautiful mother.

'With the sound of King George's trumpets,' he wrote from Virginia, whither he went with his wife when a quarrel between Lady Castlewood and Beatrix had quite separated mother and daughter, 'all the vain hopes of the weak and foolish young Pretender were blown away; and with that music, too, I may say, the drama of my own life was ended. That happiness

which hath subsequently crowned it cannot be written in words; 'tis of its nature sacred and sweet, and not to be spoken of, though the heart be ever so full of thankfulness, save to heaven and the one ear alone—to one fond being, the truest, and tenderest and purest wife ever man was blest with.

'As I think of the immense happiness that was in store for me, and of the depth and intensity of that love which for so many years hath blessed me, I own to a transport of wonder and gratitude for such a boon—nay, am thankful to have been endowed with a heart capable of feeling and knowing the immense beauty and value of the gift which God hath bestowed upon me. Sure, love *vincit omnia*; is immeasurably above all ambition, more precious than wealth, more noble than name.'

WILLIAM DAMPIER

A NEW VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD

DAMPIER'S *A New Voyage Round the World* was first published in 1697 and deals with expeditions made between 1679 and 1691. It shows clearly that this great buccaneer and explorer had a high genius for observation, that he was deeply interested in the scientific phenomena that affected the navigator of these days. The style in which the work is penned is easy, direct and has a flavour of straightforward manliness that is highly pleasing. Dampier's knowledge of natural history, though lacking a scientific basis, is accurate and trustworthy. During the years 1703 to 1707 Dampier commanded two government privateers on an unsuccessful expedition to the South Seas. Alexander Selkirk, the master of one of the vessels, was marooned during this expedition on Juan Fernandez; but Dampier was successful in rescuing him while he was carrying out his final expedition during the years 1708-1711 with Captain Woodes Rogers.

I—Buccaneering in Southern Seas



I FIRST set out of England on this voyage at the beginning of the year 1679, in the *Loyal Merchant*, of London, bound for Jamaica, Captain Knapman commander. I went a passenger, designing when I came thither to go from thence to the Bay of Campeachy, in the Gulf of Mexico, to cut logwood. We arrived safely at Port Royal in Jamaica, in April 1679, and went immediately ashore. I had brought some goods with me from England, which I intended to sell here, and stock myself with rum and sugar, saws, axes, hats, stockings, shoes and such other commodities as I knew would sell among the Campeachy logwood-cutters.

About Christmas one Mr. Hobby invited me to go a short trading voyage to the country of the Mosquito Indians. We came to an anchor in Negril Bay, at the west end of Jamaica; but, finding there Captains Coxon, Sawkins, Sharpe and other privateers, Mr. Hobby's men all left him to go with them upon an expedition; and being thus left alone, after three or four days' stay with Mr. Hobby, I was the more easily persuaded to go with them too.

I was resolved to march by land over the Isthmus of Darien. Accordingly, on April 5, 1680, we went ashore on the isthmus, near Golden Island, one of the Sambaloës, to the number of between 300 and 400 men, carrying with us such provisions as were necessary, and toys wherewith to gratify the wild Indians.

In about nine days' march we arrived at Santa Maria and took it, and, after a stay there of about three days, we went on to the South Sea coast and there embarked ourselves in such canoes and periagoes as our Indian friends furnished us withal. We were in sight of Panamá on April 23, and having in vain attempted Pueblo Nuevo, before which Sawkins, then commander-in-chief, and others were killed, we made some stay at the isles of Quibo.

About Christmas we were got as far as the isle of Juan Fernandez, where Captain Sharpe was, by general consent, displaced from being commander, the company being not satisfied either with his courage or behaviour. In his stead Captain Watling was advanced; but he being killed shortly after before Arica, where we were repulsed, we were without a commander.

Off the island of Plata we left Captain Sharpe and those who were willing to go with him in the ship, and embarked into our launch and canoes. We were in number forty-four white men who bore arms; a Spanish Indian, who bore arms also, and two Mosquito Indians, who always have arms among the privateers, and are much valued by them for striking fish and turtle, or tortoise, and manatee, or sea-cow; and five slaves taken in the South Seas, who fell to our share. We sifted as much flour as we could well carry, and rubbed up twenty or thirty pounds of chocolate, with sugar to sweeten it; these things and a kettle the slaves carried on their backs after we landed.

We gave out that if any man faltered in the journey overland he must expect to be shot to death; for we knew that the Spaniards would soon be after us,

and one man falling into their hands might well be the ruin of us all. We finished our journey from the South Sea to the North in twenty-three days.

II—Adventures With the Privateers

IT was concluded to go to a town called Coretaga (Cartagena) and march thence on Panamá. I was with Captain Archembo; but his French seamen were the saddest creatures ever I was among. So, meeting Captain Wright, who had taken a Spanish tartane (a one-masted vessel) with four petereroes for stone shot, and some long guns, we that came overland desired him to fit up his prize and make a man-of-war of her for us. This he did, and we sailed towards Blewfields River, where we careened our tartane.

While we lay here our Mosquito men went in their canoe and struck some sea-cow. This creature is about the bigness of a horse, and ten or twelve feet long. The mouth of it is much like the mouth of a cow, having great thick lips. The eyes are no bigger than a small pea; the ears are only two small holes on the side of the head; the neck is short and thick, bigger than the head. The biggest part of this creature is at the shoulders, where it has two large fins, one at each side of its belly.

A calf that sucks is the most delicate meat; privateers commonly roast them. The skin of the manatee is of great use to privateers, for they cut them out into straps, which they make fast on the sides of their canoes, through which they put their oars in rowing, instead of pegs. The skin of the bull, or of the back of the cow, they cut into horsewhips, twisted when green and then hung to dry.

The Mosquitoes, two in a canoe, have a staff about eight feet long, almost as big as a man's arm at the great end, where there is a hole to place the harpoon in. At the other end is a piece of light wood, with a hole in it through which the small end of the staff comes; and on this piece of bob-wood there is a line of twelve fathoms wound about, the end of the line made fast to it. The other end is made fast to the harpoon, and the man keeps about a fathom of it loose in his hand.

When he strikes, the harpoon presently comes out of the staff, and as the manatee

swims away the line runs off from the bob; and although at first both staff and bob may be carried under water, yet as the line runs off it will rise again. When the creature's strength is spent they haul it up to the canoe's side, knock it on the head and tow it ashore.

When we had passed by Cartagena we descried a sail off at sea and chased her. Captain Wright, who sailed best, came up with her and engaged her; then Captain Yanky, and they took her before we came up. We lost two or three men and had seven or eight wounded. The prize was a ship of twelve guns and forty men, who had all good small arms; she was laden with sugar and tobacco and had eight or ten tons of marmalade on board.

We went to the isle of Aves, where the Count d'Estrées's whole squadron, sent to take Curaçao for the French, had been wrecked. Coming in from the eastward, the count fell in on the back of the reef, and fired guns to give warning to the rest. But they, supposing their admiral was engaged with enemies, crowded all sail and ran ashore after him, for his light in the maintop was an unhappy beacon. The men had time enough to get ashore.

There were about forty Frenchmen on board one of the ships, where there was good store of liquor. The afterpart of her broke away and floated off to sea, with all the men drinking and singing, who, being in drink, did not mind the danger, but were never heard of afterwards.

CAPTAIN PAYNE, commander of a privateer of six guns, had a pleasant accident at this island. He came hither to careen, therefore hauled into the harbour and unrigged his ship. A Dutch ship of twenty guns seeing a ship in the harbour, and knowing her to be a French privateer, came within a mile of her, intending to warp in and take her next day, for it is very narrow going in. Captain Payne got ashore and did in a manner conclude he must be taken; but spied a Dutch sloop

turning to get into the road, and saw her, at the evening, anchor at the west end of the island. In the night he sent two canoes aboard the sloop, took her, and went away in her, making a good reprisal and leaving his own empty ship to the Dutchman.

While we lay on the Caracas coast we went ashore in some of the bays and took seven or eight tons of cacao; and after

that three barques, one laden with hides, the second with European commodities, the third with earthenware and brandy. With these three barques we went to the island of Roques, where we shared our commodities. Twenty of us took one of the vessels and our share of the goods, and went directly for Virginia, where we arrived in July 1682.

III—On Robinson Crusoe's Island

I now enter upon the relation of a new voyage, proceeding from Virginia by the way of Tierra del Fuego and the South Seas, the East Indies and so on, till my return to England by way of the Cape of Good Hope.

On August 23, 1683, we sailed from Achamack (Accomack), in Virginia, under the command of Captain Cook. On February 6 we fell in with the straits of Le Maire, and on February 14, being in latitude 57°, and to the west of Cape Horn, we had a violent storm, which held us till March 3—thick weather all the time, with small, drizzling rain. The nineteenth day we saw a ship, and lay muzzled to let her come up with us, for we supposed her to be a Spanish ship. This proved to be one Captain Eaton, from London. Both being bound for Juan Fernandez's Isle, we kept company, and we spared him bread and beef and he spared us water.

On March 22, 1684, we came in sight of the island, and the next day got in and anchored. We presently went ashore to seek for a Mosquito Indian whom we left here when we were chased hence by three Spanish ships in the year 1681, a little before we went to Arica. This Indian lived here alone above three years. He was in the woods hunting for goats when Captain Watling drew off his men, and the ship was under sail before he came back.

He had with him his gun and a knife, with a small horn of powder and a few shot. These being spent, he contrived a way, by notching his knife, to saw the barrel of his gun into small pieces, wherewith he made harpoons, lances, hooks and a long knife; heating the pieces first in the fire, which he struck with his gun-flint, and a piece of the barrel of his gun, which he hardened, having learnt to do that among the English. The hot pieces of iron he would

hammer out and bend as he pleased with stones, and saw them with his jagged knife, or grind them to an edge by long labour, and harden them to a good temper as there was occasion. With such instruments as he made in that manner he got such provision as the island afforded, either goats or fish. He told us that at first he was forced to eat seal before he had made hooks; but afterwards he never killed any seals but to make lines, cutting their skins into thongs.

He had, half a mile from the sea, a little house or hut, which was lined with goatskin. His couch, or barbecue of sticks, lying along about two feet distant from the ground, was spread with the same, as was all his bedding. He had no clothes left, having worn out all those he brought from Watling's ship, but only a skin about his waist. He saw our ship the day before we came to an anchor, and did believe we were English, and therefore killed three goats and dressed them with cabbage to treat us when we came ashore.

THIS island is about twelve leagues round, full of high hills and small, pleasant valleys, which, if manured, would probably produce anything proper for the climate. The sides of the mountains are part woodland and part savannahs, well stocked with wild goats descended from those left here by Juan Fernandez in his voyage from Lima to Valdivia.

Seals swarm as thick about this island as though they had no other place to live in, for there is not a bay nor rock that one can get ashore on but is full of them. They are as big as calves, the head of them like a dog, therefore called by the Dutch sea-hounds. Here are always thousands—I might say millions—of them sitting on the bays, or going and coming

in the sea round the island. When they come out of the sea they bleat like sheep for their young, and though they pass through hundreds of other young ones before they come to their own, yet they will not suffer any of them to suck. A blow on the nose soon kills them. Large ships might here load themselves with sealskins and train-oil, for they are extraordinary fat.

Our passage lay now along the Pacific Sea. We made the best of our way towards the line and fell in with the mainland of South America. The land is

of a most prodigious height. It lies generally in ridges parallel to the shore, three or four ridges one within another, each surpassing the other in height. They always appear blue when seen at sea; sometimes they are obscured with clouds, but not so often as the high lands in other parts of the world—for there are seldom or never any rains on these hills, nor are they subject to fogs. These are the highest mountains that ever I saw, far surpassing the peak of Teneriffe, or Santa Marta, and, I believe, any mountains in the world.

IV—More Buccaneers Exploits

ON May 3 we descried a sail. Captain Eaton, being ahead, soon took her; she was laden with timber. Near the island of Lobos we chased and caught three sail, all laden with flour. In the biggest was a letter from the viceroy of Lima to the president of Panamá, assuring him there were enemies in that sea. He had dispatched this flour, desiring him to be frugal of it, for he knew not when he should send more.

In this ship were likewise seven or eight tons of marmalade of quinces, and a stately mule sent to the president, and a very large image of the Virgin Mary in wood, carved and painted, to adorn a new church at Panamá. She brought also from Lima 800,000 pieces of eight to carry with her to Panamá; but while she lay at Huanchaco, taking in her lading of flour, the merchants, hearing of Captain Swan's being at Valdivia, ordered the money ashore again.

On September 20 we came to the island of Plata, so named, as some report, after Sir Francis Drake took the *Cacafuego*—a ship chiefly laden with plate, which they say he brought hither and divided with his men. Near it we took an Indian village called Manta, but found no sort of provision, the viceroy having sent orders to all seaports to keep none, but just to supply themselves.

At La Plata arrived Captain Swan, in the *Cygnel*, of London. He was fitted out by very eminent merchants of that city on a design only to trade with Spaniards or Indians; but, meeting with divers disappointments, and being out of

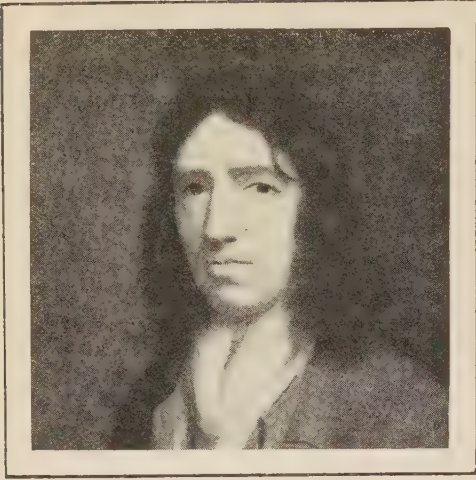
hopes to obtain a trade in these seas, his men forced him to entertain a company of privateers who had come overland under the command of Captain Peter Harris.

CAPTAINS DAVIS AND SWAN sent our small barque to look for Captain Eaton, the isle of Plata to be the general rendezvous; and on November 2 we landed 110 men to take the small Spanish seaport town of Payta. The governor of Piura had come the night before to Payta with a hundred armed men to oppose our landing, but our men marched directly to the fort and took it without the loss of one man, whereupon the governor of Piura, with all his men, and the inhabitants of the town ran away as fast as they could. Then our men entered the town and found it emptied both of money and goods. There was not so much as a meal left for them.

We anchored before the town, and stayed till the sixth day in hopes to get a ransom. Our captains demanded 300 packs of flour, 300 lb. of sugar, twenty-five jars of wine, and water, but we got nothing of it. Therefore Captain Swan ordered the town to be fired.

Once in three years the Spanish Armada comes to Porto Bello, then the Plate Fleet also from Lima comes hither with the king's treasure, and abundance of merchant ships, full of goods and plate. With other privateers we formed the plan, in 1685, of attacking the Armada and capturing the treasure.

On May 28 we saw the Spanish fleet three leagues from the island of Pacheco—in all fourteen sail, besides periagoes.



WILLIAM DAMPIER, buccaneer and circumnavigator, was born at East Coker, Somerset, in 1652, and died in London in March 1715. At sea, as a youth, he fought against the Dutch in 1673. In 1674 he became a plantation overseer in Jamaica, but held this post only for a short time. Next he became a logwood cutter in Campeachy Bay, and finding himself short of wood to barter for provisions, joined the privateers who waged piratical war on the Spaniards. Returning to England 1678, he sailed again, as described in this work on a voyage round the world, which was not completed until 1691. This portrait, by Thomas Murray, is in the National Portrait Gallery.

Our fleet consisted of but ten sail. Yet we were not discouraged by their larger numbers, but resolved to fight them, for, being to windward, we had it in our choice whether we would fight or not. We therefore bore down right afore the wind upon our enemies, but night came on without anything besides the exchanging of a few shot.

V—Home by the East Indies

AFTERWARDS we steered for the coast of California, and, some of us taking the resolution of going over to the East Indies, we set out from Cape Corrientes on March 31, 1686. We were two ships in company, Captain Swan's ship and a barque commanded under Captain Swan by Captain Tait, and we were 150 men—100 aboard of the ship and 50 aboard the barque, besides slaves. It was very strange that in all the voyage to Guam, in the Ladrões, we did not see one fish, not so much as a flying fish.

From Guam we went to Mindanao in the Philippines. About this time some of our men, who were weary and tired with wandering, ran away into the country.

When it grew dark the Spanish admiral put out a light as a signal to his fleet to anchor. We saw the light in the admiral's top about half an hour, and then it was taken down. In a short time after we saw the light again and, being to windward, we kept under sail, supposing the light to have been in the admiral's top.

But, as it proved, this was only a stratagem of theirs, for this light was put out a second time at one of their barques' topmast head, and then she went to leeward, which deceived us. In the morning, therefore, contrary to our expectations, we found they had got the weather-gauge of us, and were coming upon us with full sail. So we ran for it and, after a running fight all day, were glad to escape. Thus ended this day's work, and with it all that we had been projecting for four or five months.

The town of Puebla Nuevo was taken with 150 men, and in July, being 640 men in eight sail of ships, we designed to attempt the city of Leon. We landed 470 men to march to the town and I was left to guard the canoes till their return. With eighty men Captain Townley entered the town, and was briskly charged in a broad street by 170 or 200 Spanish horsemen; but two or three of their leaders being knocked down, the rest fled. The Spaniards talked of ransom, but only to gain time to get more men. Our captains therefore set the city on fire and came away.

The whole crew were under a general disaffection and full of different projects, and all for want of action. One day that Captain Swan was ashore, a Bristol man named John Reed peeped into his journal and lighted on a place where Captain Swan had inveighed bitterly against most of his men. Captain Tait, who had been abused by Captain Swan, laid hold of this opportunity to be revenged. So we left Captain Swan and about thirty-six men ashore in the city.

Among the Pescadores we had a storm in which the violent wind raised the sea to a great height; the rain poured down as through a sieve; it thundered and lightened prodigiously, and the sea seemed

all of a fire about us. I was never in such a violent storm in all my life ; so said all the company. Afterwards we came to Grafton and Monmouth islands, the island of Celebes and others.

Being clear of all the islands, we stood off south and on January 4, 1688, we fell in with the land of New Holland, a part of Terra Australis Incognita. It is not yet determined whether it is an island or a main continent, but I am certain that it does not join Asia, Africa or America.

We sailed from New Holland to Sumatra and the Nicobar Islands, where, being anxious to escape from the ship, I desired Captain Reed to set me ashore. Mr. Robert Hall and a man, whose surname I have forgot, were put ashore with me.

From the Nicobar people we bought for an axe a canoe, in which we stowed our chests and clothes; and in this frail craft we three Englishmen, with four Malays and a mongrel Portuguese, made our way to Achin. The hardships of this voyage, with the scorching heat of the sun at our first setting out, and then the cold rain in a fearful storm, cast us all into fevers. Three days after our arrival our Portuguese died. What became of our Malays I know not. Ambrose lived not long after.

In January 1691 there came to an anchor in Bencouli Road the *Defence*, Captain Heath commander, bound for England. On this ship I obtained a passage to England, where we arrived on September 16, 1691.

A Bright Mirror of Life in Decadent Rome

MARTIAL

EPIGRAMS, EPITAPHS & POEMS

MARCUS VALERIUS MARTIALIS was born at Bilbilis, Spain, A.D. 43. He went to Rome when twenty-four and was introduced in society by Seneca and Lucan. The earliest of his books now extant celebrate the games associated with the dedication of the Colosseum in A.D. 80 by Titus. Most of his other work belongs to the reign of Domitian, to whom he cringed in fulsome adulation. He returned to Spain in the third year of Trajan, and died about A.D. 102. Martial left in his verses, even when they are coarsest, an extraordinarily graphic index to the pleasure-loving society of his day. He had no serious outlook on life, yet there is much more in him than flippancy. Where he best exhibited genuine feeling was in his laments for the dead and in his affection for his friends. With the exception of the introductory piece from Byron, the verse translations here given are by Professor Wight Duff. Many editions of the text as well as translations have been published and may be obtained at moderate prices.

I—Satiric Pieces and Epigrams



HE unto whom thou art so partial,
O reader! is the well-known Martial,
The Epigrammatist: while living [be giving ;
Give him the fame thou wouldst
So shall he hear, and feel, and know it—
Post-obits rarely reach a poet.—Byron.

Martial on his Work

Some things are good, some fair, but more you'll say
Are bad herein—all books are made that way !

On Freedom of Language

Strict censure may this harmless sport endure :
My page is wanton, but my life is pure.

The Aim of the Epigrams

My satire knoweth how to keep due bounds :
Sparing the sinner, 'tis the sin it rounds.

On a Spendthrift

Castor on buying doth a fortune spend :
Castor will take to selling in the end !

To a Reciter who Bawled

Why wrap your throat with wool before you read ?

Our ears stand rather of the wool in need !

To an Apologetic Reciter

Before you start your recitation,

You say your throat is sore :

Dear sir, we hear your explanation—

We don't want any more !

Answer to Poetaster

Pompilius asks why I omit

To send him all the poetry that is mine ;

The reason is that in return for it,

Pompilius, thou might'st send me *thine*

On a Plagiarist

Paul buys up poems, and to your surprise,

Paul then recites them as his own :

And Paul is right ; for what a person buys
Is his, as can by law be shown !

A Lover of Old-fashioned Poetry

Vacerra likes no bards but those of old—
Only the poets dead are poets true !
Really, Vacerra—may I make so bold ?—
It's not worth dying to be liked by *you*.

A Good Riddance

Linus, you mock my distant farm,
And ask what good it is to me ?
Well, it has got at least one charm—
When there, from Linus I am free !

How a Wet Season helps the Adulteration of Wine

Not everywhere the vintage yield has failed,
Dear Ovid ; copious rain has much availed.
Coranus has a hundred gallons good
For sale—*well watered*, be it understood.

The Systematic Diner-out

Philo declares he never dines at home,
And that is no exaggeration :
He has no place to dine in Rome,
If he can't hook an invitation.

The Legacy-Hunter considers a Marriage of Convenience

Paula would like to marry me,
But I have no desire to get her ;
Paula is old ; if only she
Were nearer dead, I'd like it better !

Widower and Widow

Fabius buries all his wives ;
Chrestilla ends her husbands' lives.
The torch which from the marriage-bed
They brandish soon attends the dead.
O Venus, link this conquering pair !
Their match will meet with issue fair,
Whereby for such a dangerous *two*,
A single funeral will do !

The Importunate Beggar

'Tis best to grant me, Cinna, what I crave ;
And next best, Cinna, is refusal straight.
Givers I like : refusal I can brave ;
But you don't give—you only hesitate !

To a Friend Over-cautious in Lending

A loan without security
You say you have not got for me ;

But if I pledge my bit of land,
You have the money close at hand.
Thus, though you cannot trust your friend,
To cabbages and trees you lend.
Now *you* have to be tried in court—
Get from my bit of land support !
Exiled, you'd like a comrade true—
Well, take my land abroad with you !

An Old Dandy

You wish, Laetinus, to be thought a youth,
And so you dye your hair.
You're suddenly a crow, forsooth ;
Of late a swan you were !
You can't cheat all : there is a Lady dread
Who knows your hair is grey :
Proserpina will pounce upon your head,
And tear the mask away.

Patient and Doctor

When I was ill you came to me,
Doctor, and with great urgency
A hundred students brought with you
A most instructive case to view.
The hundred fingered me with hands
Chilled by the blasts from northern lands !
Fever at outset had I none ;
I have it, sir, now you have done !

Aping One's Betters

Torquatus owns a mansion sumptuous
Exactly four miles out of Rome :
Four miles out also Otacilius
Purchased a little country home.

Torquatus built with marble finely veined
His Turkish baths—a princely suite :
Then Otacilius at once obtained
Some kind of kettle to give heat !

Torquatus next laid out upon his ground
A noble laurel-tree plantation :
The other sowed a hundred chestnuts round—
To please a future generation.

And when Torquatus held the consulate,
The other was a village mayor,
By local honours made as much elate
As if all Rome were in his care !

The fable saith that once upon a day
The frog that aped the ox did burst :
I fancy ere this rival gets his way,
He will explode with envy first !

II—Epitaphs

On a Dead Slave-boy

DEAR Alcimus, Death robbed thy lord of thee
When young, and lightly now Labican soil
Veils thee in turf : take for thy tomb to be
No tottering mass of Parian stone which
toil
Vainly erects to moulder o'er the dead.
Rather let pliant box thy grave entwine,
Let the vine-tendrils grateful shadow shed
O'er the green grass bedewed with tears of
mine.
Sweet youth, accept the tokens of my grief :
Here doth my tribute last as long as time.

When Lachesis my final thread shall weave, *
I crave such plants above my bones may climb.

On a Little Girl, Erotion

Mother Flaccilla, Fronto sire that's gone,
This darling pet of mine, Erotion,
I pray ye greet, that nor the Land of Shade
Nor Hell-hound's maw shall fright my little maid.
Full six chill winters would the child have seen
Had her life only six days longer been.
Sweet child, with our lost friends to guard thee,
play,
And lisp my name in thine own prattling way.
Soft be the turf that shrouds her ! Tenderly
Rest on her, earth, for she trod light on thee.

III—Poems on Friendship and Life

A Worthy Friend

IF there be one to rank with those new friends
Whom antique faith and age-long fame
attends ;
If, steeped in Latin or Athenian lore,
There be a good man truthful at the core ;
If one who guards the right and loves the fair,
Who could not utter an unworthy prayer ;
If one whose prop is magnanimity,
I swear, my Decianus, thou art he.

A Retrospect

Good comrades, Julius, have we been,
And four-and-thirty harvests seen :
We have had sweetness mixed with sour ;
Yet oftener came the happy hour.
If for each day a pebble stood,
And either black or white were hued,
Then, ranged in masses separate,
The brighter ones would dominate.
If thou wouldst shun some heartaches sore,
And ward off gloom that gnaws thy core,
Grapple none closely to thy heart :
If less thy joy, then less thy smart.

Gifts to Friends are not Lost

A cunning thief may rob your money-cheat
And cruel fire lay low an ancient home :
Debtors may keep both loan and interest ;
Good seed may fruitless rot in barren loam.
A guileful mistress may your agent cheat,
And waves engulf your laden argosies ;
But boons to friends can Fortune's slings defeat :
The wealth you give away will never cease.

On Making the Best of Life

Julius, in friendship's scroll surpassed by none,
If life-long faith and ancient ties may count,
Nigh sixty consulates by thee have gone :
The days thou hast to live make small amount.
Defer not joys thou mayst not win from Fate :
Judge only what is past to be thine own.
Cares with a linked chain of sorrows wait.
Mirth tarries not ; but soon on wing is flown.
With both hands hold it—clapsed in full embrace,
Still, from thy breast it oft will glide away !
To say, ' I mean to live,' is folly's place :
To-morrow's life comes late ; live then, to-day.

A Day in Rome

(First Century A.D.)

The first two hours Rome spends on morning calls,
And with the third the busy lawyer bawls.
Into the fifth the town plies varied tasks ;
The sixth siesta ; next hour closing asks.
The eighth sees bath and oil and exercise ;
The ninth brings guest on dining-couch who lies.
The tenth is claimed for Martial's poetry,
When you, my friend, contrive high luxury
To please great Caesar, and fine nectar warms
The mighty hand that knows a wine-cup's charms.
Eve is the time for jest : with step so bold
My Muse dare not at morn great Jove behold.

Boredom versus Enjoyment

If you and I, dear Martial, might
Enjoy our days in Care's despitè,
And could control each leisure hour,
Both free to cull life's real flower,
Then should we never know the halls
Of patrons or law's wearying calls,
Or troublous court or family pride ;
But we should chat or read or ride,
Play games or stroll in porch or shade,
Visit the hot baths or ' The Maid.'
Such haunts should know us constantly,
Such should engage our energy.
Now neither lives his life, but he
Marks precious days that pass and flee.
These days are lost, but their amount
Is surely set to our account.
Knowledge the clue to life can give ;
Then wherefore hesitate to live ?

At the Seaside

Sweet strand of genial Formiæ,
Apollinaris loves to flee
From troublous thought in serious Rome
And finds thee better than a home.
Here Thetis' face is ruffled by
A gentle wind ; the waters lie
Not in dead calm, but o'er the main
A peaceful liveliness doth reign,
Bearing gay yachts before a breeze
Cool as the air that floats with ease
From purple fan of damozel
Who would the summer heat dispel.
The angler need not far away
Seek in deep water for his prey—
Your line from bed or sofa throw,
And watch the captured fish below !
How seldom, Rome, dost thou permit
Us by such joys to benefit ?
How many days can one long year
Credit with wealth of Formian cheer ?
We, round whom city worries swarm,
Envy our lacqueys on a farm.
Luck to you happy slaves affords
The joys designed to please your lords !

The Poet's Final Retreat in Spain

Mayhap, my Juvenal, your feet
Stray down some noisy Roman street,
While after many years of Rome
I have regained my Spanish home.
Bilbilis, rich in steel and gold,
Makes me a rustic as of old.
With easy-going toil at will
Estates of uncouth name I till.
Outrageous lengths of sleep I take,
And oft refuse at nine to wake.
I pay myself nor more nor less
For thirty years of wakefulness !
No fine clothes here—but battered dress,
The first that comes, snatched from a press !
I rise to find a hearth ablaze
With oak the nearest wood purveys.

This is a life of jollity :
So shall I die contentedly

EMILY BRONTE

WUTHERING HEIGHTS

TWO months after the publication of *Jane Eyre* (see page 856 of *The World's Great Books*) by Charlotte—that is, in December 1847—*Wuthering Heights*, by Emily, and Agnes Grey, by Anne Brontë, were issued in one volume. The critics, who did not discover that these books were written by women, suggested persistently that *Wuthering Heights* must be an immature work by Currer Bell (Charlotte Brontë). A year after the publication of her novel Emily died, unaware of her success in achieving a lasting, if narrow, fame. She was extraordinarily reserved, sensitive and wayward, and lived in an imagined world of her own, morbidly influenced, no doubt, by the vagaries of her worthless brother Branwell. That she had true genius, allied with fine strength of intellect and character, is the unanimous verdict of competent criticism, which must ever grieve over the unfulfilled possibilities of this great soul. *Wuthering Heights* has many times been reprinted and can be obtained in moderately priced editions.

I—A Surly Brood



"MR. HEATHCLIFF?"
A nod was the answer.

"Mr. Lockwood, your new tenant at Thrushcross Grange, sir."

"Walk in." But the invitation, uttered with closed teeth, expressed the sentiment "Go to the deuce!" And it was not till my horse's breast fairly pushed the barrier that he put out his hand to unchain it.

I felt interested in a man who seemed more exaggeratedly reserved than myself as he preceded me up the causeway, calling, "Joseph, take Mr. Lockwood's horse; and bring up some wine."

Joseph was an old man, very old, though hale and sinewy. "The Lord help us!" he soliloquised in an undertone as he relieved me of my horse.

Wuthering Heights, Mr. Heathcliff's dwelling, is a farmhouse on an exposed and stormy edge, its name being significant of atmospheric tumult. Its owner is a dark-skinned gipsy in aspect, in dress and manners a gentleman, with erect and handsome figure, but morose demeanour. One step from the outside brought us into the family living-room, the recesses of which were haunted by a huge liver-coloured bitch pointer, with a swarm of squealing puppies, and other dogs. As the bitch sneaked wolfishly to the back of my legs I attempted to caress her, an

action that provoked a long, guttural growl.

"You'd better let the dog alone," growled Mr. Heathcliff in unison, as he checked her with a punch of his foot. "She's not accustomed to be spoiled."

As Joseph was mumbling indistinctly in the depths of the cellar, and gave no sign of ascending, his master dived down to him, leaving me *vis-à-vis* with the ruffianly bitch and half a dozen four-footed fiends that suddenly broke into a fury, while I parried off the attack with a poker and called aloud for assistance.

"What the devil is the matter?" asked Heathcliff, as he returned.

"What the devil, indeed!" I muttered. "You might as well leave a stranger with a brood of tigers!"

"They won't meddle with persons who touch nothing," he remarked. "The dogs are right to be vigilant. Take a glass of wine."

Before I went home I determined to volunteer another visit to my sulky landlord, though evidently he wished for no repetition of my intrusion.

Yesterday I again visited *Wuthering Heights*, my nearest neighbours to Thrushcross Grange. On that bleak hilltop the earth was hard with a black frost, and the air made me shiver through every limb. As I knocked for admittance, till my knuckles tingled and the dogs howled,

vinegar-faced Joseph projected his head from a round window of the barn, and shouted to me.

"What are ye for? T' maister's down i' t' fowld. There's nobbut t' missis. I'll hae no hend wi't," muttered the head, vanishing.

Then a young man, without a coat and shouldering a pitchfork, hailed me to follow him; and showed me into the apartment where I had been formerly received with a gruff "Sit down; he'll be in soon."

In the room sat the 'missis,' motionless and mute. She was slender, scarcely past girlhood, with the most exquisite little face I have ever had the pleasure of beholding; and her eyes, had they been agreeable in expression, would have been irresistible. But the only sentiment they evinced hovered between scorn and a kind of desperation. As for the young man who had brought me in, he slung on his person a shabby jacket and, erecting himself before the fire, gazed down on me from the corner of his eyes as if there was some mortal feud unavenged between us. The entrance of Heathcliff relieved me from an uncomfortable state.

I found in the course of the tea which followed that the lady was the widow of Heathcliff's son, and that the rustic youth who sat down to the meal with us was Hareton Earnshaw. Now, before passing the threshold, I had noticed over the principal door, among a wilderness of crumbling griffins and shameless little boys, the name Hareton Earnshaw, and the date 1500. Evidently the place had a history.

The snow had fallen so deeply since I entered the house that return across the moor in the dusk was impossible.

Spending that night at Wuthering Heights on an old-fashioned couch that filled a recess, or closet, in a disused chamber, I found, scratched on the paint many

times, the names Catherine Earnshaw, Catherine Heathcliff, and again Catherine Linton.

There were many books in the room in a dilapidated state, and, being unable to sleep, I examined them. Some of them bore the inscription 'Catherine Earnshaw, her book'; and on the blank leaves and margins, scrawled in a childish hand, was a regular diary. I read: 'Hindley is detestable. Heathcliff and I are going to rebel. . . . How little did I dream Hindley would ever make me cry so! Poor Heathcliff! Hindley calls him a vagabond, and won't let him sit or eat with us any more.'

When I slept I was harrowed by nightmare, and next morning I gladly left the house; and, piloted by my landlord across the billowy white ocean of the moor, I reached the Grange benumbed with cold and as feeble as a kitten from fatigue.

WHEN my housekeeper, Mrs. Nelly Dean, brought in my supper that night I asked her why Heathcliff let the Grange and preferred living in a residence so much inferior.

"He's rich enough to live in a finer house than this," said Mrs. Dean; "but he's very close-handed. Young Mrs. Heathcliff is my late master's daughter—Catherine Linton was her maiden name, and I nursed her, poor thing. Hareton Earnshaw is her cousin, and the last of an old family."

"The master, Heathcliff, must have had some ups and downs to make him such a churl. Do you know anything of his history?"

"It's a cuckoo's, sir. I know all about it, except where he was born, and who were his parents, and how he got his money. And Hareton Earnshaw has been cast out like an unfledged dunnoek."

I asked Mrs. Dean to continue the story. This she did, evidently pleased.

II—The Story Runs Backward

BEFORE I came to live here (began Mrs. Dean), I was almost always at

Wuthering Heights, because my mother nursed Mr. Hindley Earnshaw, that was Hareton's father, and I used to run errands and play with the children. One day, old Mr. Earnshaw, Hareton's

grandfather, went to Liverpool, and promised Hindley and Cathy, his son and daughter, to bring each of them a present.

He was absent three days, and at the end of that time brought home, bundled up in his arms under his greatcoat, a dirty, ragged, black-haired child, big enough

both to walk and talk, but only able to talk gibberish nobody could understand. He had picked it up, he said, starving and homeless in the streets of Liverpool. Mrs. Earnshaw was ready to fling it out of doors, but Mr. Earnshaw told her to wash it and let it sleep with the children. The children's presents were forgotten. This was how Heathcliff, as they called him, came to Wuthering Heights.

Miss Cathy and he soon became very thick; but Hindley hated him. He was a patient, sullen child, who would stand blows without winking or shedding a tear. From the beginning he bred bad feeling in the house. Old Earnshaw took to him strangely, and Hindley regarded him as having usurped his father's affections. As for Heathcliff, he was insensible to kindness. Cathy, a wild slip, with the bonniest eye, the sweetest smile, and the lightest foot in the parish, was much too fond of Heathcliff.

Old Mr. Earnshaw died quietly in his chair by the fireside one October evening.

MR. HINDLEY, who had been to college, came home to the funeral, and set the neighbours gossiping right and left, for he brought a wife with him. What she was and where she was born he never informed us. She evinced a dislike to Heathcliff, and drove him to the company of the servants, but Cathy clung to him, and the two promised to grow up together as rude as savages. Once Hindley shut them out for the night and they came to Thrushcross Grange, where the Lintons took Cathy in, but would not have anything to do with Heathcliff, the Spanish castaway, as they called him. She stayed five weeks with the Lintons, and became very friendly with the children, Edgar and Isabella, and when she came back was a dignified little person, and quite a beauty.

Soon after Hindley's son, Hareton, was born, the mother died, and the child fell wholly into my hands, for the father grew desperate in his sorrow and gave himself up to reckless dissipation. His treatment of Heathcliff now was enough to make a fiend of a saint, and daily the lad became more savagely sullen. I could not half tell what an infernal house we had, till at last nobody decent came near us, except that

Edgar Linton called to see Cathy, who at fifteen was the queen of the country-side—a haughty and headstrong creature.

One day, after Edgar Linton had been over from the Grange, Cathy came into the kitchen to me and said, "Nelly, will you keep a secret for me? To-day Edgar Linton has asked me to marry him, and I've given him an answer. I accepted him, Nelly. Be quick and say whether I was wrong."

"First and foremost," I said sententially, "do you love Mr. Edgar?"

"I love the ground under his feet, and the air over his head, and everything he touches, and every word he says. I love his looks, and all his actions, and him entirely and altogether. There now!"

"Then," said I, "all seems smooth and easy. Where is the obstacle?"

"Here and here!" replied Catherine, striking one hand on her forehead and the other on her breast. "In my soul and in my heart I'm convinced I'm wrong! I've no more business to marry Edgar Linton than I have to be in heaven: and if the wicked man in there, my brother, had not brought Heathcliff so low I shouldn't have thought of it. It would degrade me to marry Heathcliff now; so he shall never know how I love him, and that not because he's handsome, Nelly, but because he's more myself than I am. Whatever our souls are made of, his and mine are the same, and Linton's is as different as a moon-beam's from lightning, or frost from fire. Nelly, I dreamt I was in heaven, but heaven did not seem to be my home, and I broke my heart with weeping to come back to earth; and the angels were so angry that they flung me out into the middle of the heath on the top of Wuthering Heights, where I woke sobbing for joy."

Ere this speech was ended, Heathcliff, who had been lying out of sight on a bench by the kitchen wall, stole out. He had heard Catherine say it would degrade her to marry him, and he had heard no further.

THAT night, while a storm rattled over the heights in full fury, Heathcliff disappeared. Catherine suffered uncontrollable grief, and became dangerously ill. When she was convalescent she went to Thrushcross Grange. But Edgar Linton,

when he married her, three years subsequent to her father's death, and brought her here to the Grange, was the happiest man alive.

On a mellow evening in September, I was coming from the garden with a basket of apples I had been gathering, when, as I approached the kitchen door, I heard a voice say, "Nelly, is that you?"

Something stirred in the porch, and, moving nearer, I saw a tall man, dressed in dark clothes, with dark hair and face.

"What," I cried, "you come back?"

"Yes, Nelly. You needn't be so disturbed. I want one word with your mistress."

I went in and explained to Mr. Edgar and Catherine who was waiting below.

"Oh, Edgar darling!" she panted, flinging her arms round his neck. "Heathcliff's come back—he is!"

"Well, well," he said, "don't strangle me for that! There's no need to be frantic. Try to be glad without being absurd."

When Heathcliff came in, she seized his hands and laughed like one beside herself.

LATER, we learnt from Joseph that Heathcliff had called on Earnshaw, whom he found sitting at cards, had joined in the play, and, seeming plentifully supplied with money, had been asked by his ancient persecutor to come again in the evening. He then offered liberal payment for permission to lodge at the Heights, which Earnshaw's covetousness made him accept.

Heathcliff now commenced visiting Thrushcross Grange, and gradually established his right to be expected. A new source of trouble sprang up in an unexpected form—Isabella Linton evincing a sudden and irresistible attraction towards Heathcliff. At that time she was a charming young lady of eighteen. I tried to persuade her to banish him from her thoughts.

"He's a bird of bad omen, miss," I said, "and no mate for you. How has he been living? How has he got rich? Why is he staying at Wuthering Heights in the house of the man he abhors? They say Mr. Earnshaw is worse and

worse since he came. They sit up all night together continually, and Hindley has been borrowing money on his land and does nothing but play and drink."

"You are leagued with the rest," she replied, "and I'll not listen to your slanders."

THE antipathy of Mr. Linton towards Heathcliff reached a point at last at which he called on his servants one day to turn him out of the Grange, whereupon Heathcliff's revenge took the form of an elopement with Linton's sister. Six weeks later I received a letter of bitter regret from Isabella, asking me distractedly how I had preserved the common sympathies of human nature at Wuthering Heights, where they had returned.

On receiving this letter, I obtained permission from Mr. Linton to go to the Heights to see his sister, and Heathcliff, on meeting me, urged me to secure for him an interview with Catherine.

"Nelly," said he, "you know as well as I do that for every thought she spends on Linton she spends a thousand on me. If he loved her with all the powers of his puny being, he couldn't love her as much in eighty years as I could in a day. And Catherine has a heart as deep as I have. The sea could be as readily contained in that horse-trough as her whole affection be monopolised by him."

Well, I argued, and refused, but in the long run he forced me to agree to put a missive into Mrs. Linton's hand.

When he met her, I saw that he could hardly bear, for downright agony, to look into her face, for he was stricken with the conviction that she was fated to die.

"Oh, Cathy, how can I bear it?" was the first sentence he uttered.

"You and Edgar have broken my heart, Heathcliff," was her reply. "You have killed me and thriven on it, I think."

"Are you possessed with a devil," he asked, "to talk in that manner to me when you are dying? You know you lie to say I have killed you, and you know that I could as soon forget my existence as forget you. Is it not sufficient that while you are at peace, I shall be in the torments of hell?"

"I shall not be at peace," moaned Catherine.

"Why did you despise me? Why did you betray your own heart? You loved me. What right had you to leave me?"

"Let me alone!" sobbed Catherine. "I've done wrong, and I'm dying for it! Forgive me!"

That night was born the Catherine you, Mr. Lockwood, saw at the Heights, and her mother's spirit was at home with God.

When in the morning I told Heathcliff, who had been watching near all night, he dashed his head against the knotted trunk of the tree by which he stood and howled, not like a man, but like a savage beast, as he besought her ghost to haunt him. "Be with me always—take any form," he cried. "Only do not leave me in this abyss, where I cannot find you!"

Life with Heathcliff becoming impossible to Isabella, she left the neighbourhood, never to revisit it, and lived near London; and there her son, whom she christened Linton, was born a few months after her escape. He was an ailing, peevish creature. When Linton was twelve, or a little more, and Catherine thirteen, Isabella died, and the boy was

brought to Thrushcross Grange. Hindley Earnshaw drank himself to death about the same time, after mortgaging every yard of his land for cash; and Heathcliff was the mortgagee. So Hareton Earnshaw, the first gentleman in the neighbourhood, was reduced to dependence on his father's enemy, in whose house he lived, ignorant that he had been wronged.

The motives of Heathcliff now became clear. Under the influence of a passionate but calculating revenge, allied with greed, he was planning the destruction of the Earnshaw family, and the union of the Wuthering Heights and Thrushcross Grange estates.

To this end, having brought his weakly son home to the Heights and terrorised him into a pitiable slavery, he schemed a marriage between him and young Catherine Linton, who was induced to accept the arrangement through sympathy with her cousin, and the hope of removing him from the paralysing influence of his father. The marriage was almost immediately followed by the death of both Catherine's father and her boyish husband, who, it was afterwards found, had been coaxed or threatened into bequeathing all his property to his father.

III—The Story Runs Forward

YESTERDAY was bright, calm and frosty, and I went to the Heights as I proposed. My housekeeper entreated me to bear a little note from her to her young lady, and I did not refuse, for the worthy woman was not conscious of anything odd in her request. Hareton Earnshaw unchained the gate for me. The fellow is as handsome a rustic as need be seen, but he does his best, apparently, to make the least of his advantages. Catherine, who was preparing vegetables for a meal, looked more sulky and less spirited than when I had seen her first.

I approached her, pretending to desire a view of the garden, and dropped Mrs. Dean's note on her knee unnoticed by Hareton. But she asked aloud, "What is that?" and chucked it off.

"A letter from your old acquaintance, the housekeeper at the Grange," I answered. She would gladly have gathered it up at this information, but Hareton

beat her. He seized and put it in his waistcoat, saying Mr. Heathcliff should look at it first; but later he pulled out the letter, and flung it on the floor as ungraciously as he could. Catherine perused it, and asked, "Does Ellen like you?"

"Yes, very well," I replied hesitatingly.

NEXT September, when going north for shooting, a sudden impulse seized me to visit Thrushcross Grange and pass a night under my own roof, for the tenancy had not yet expired. When I reached the Grange before sunset I found a girl knitting under the porch, and an old woman reclining on the house-steps, smoking a meditative pipe.

"Is Mrs. Dean within?" I demanded.

"Mistress Dean? Nay!" she answered. "She doesn't bide here; shoo's up at th' Heights."

"Are you housekeeper, then?"

"Eea, aw keep th' house," she replied.

"Well, I'm Mr. Lockwood, the master. Are there any rooms to lodge me in, I wonder? I wish to stay all night."

"T' maister!" she cried in astonishment. "Yah sud ha' sent word. They's nowt norther dry nor mensful abaht t' place!"

Leaving her scurrying about making preparations, I climbed the stony by-road that branches off to Mr. Heathcliff's dwelling. On reaching it I had neither to climb the gate nor to knock—it yielded to my hand. "This is an improvement," I thought. I noticed, too, a fragrance of flowers wafted on the air from among the homely fruit-trees.

Not to interrupt Hareton Earnshaw and Catherine Heathcliff, who were talking together, I went round to the kitchen, where my old friend Nelly Dean sat sewing and singing a song.

MRS. DEAN jumped to her feet as she recognized me. "Why, bless you, Mr. Lockwood!" she exclaimed. "Pray step in! Have you walked from Gimmerton?"

"No, from the Grange," I replied; "and while they make me a lodging room there I want to finish my business with your master."

"What business, sir?" said Nelly.

"About the rent," I answered.

"Oh, then it is Catherine you must settle with, or rather me, as she has not learnt to arrange her affairs yet."

I looked surprised.

"Ah! You have not heard of Heathcliff's death, I see," she continued.

"Heathcliff dead!" I exclaimed.

"Three months since; but sit down, and I'll tell you all about it."

"I was summoned to Wuthering Heights," she said, "within a fortnight of your leaving us, and I went gladly for Catherine's sake. Mr. Heathcliff, who grew more and more disinclined to society, almost banished Earnshaw from his apartment, and was tired of seeing Catherine—that was the reason why I was sent for—and the two young people were thrown perforce much in each other's company in the house, and presently Catherine began to make it clear to her obstinate cousin that she wished to be friends. The intimacy ripened rapidly, and, Mr. Lockwood, on



EMILY JANE BRONTË, 'that chainless soul,' was born at Thornton, Yorkshire, August 30, 1818, and died at Haworth, December 19, 1848. She will always have a place in literature by reason of her weird, powerful novel, *Wuthering Heights*. Like her sister, Charlotte, Emily was educated at Cowan school and at Brussels. For a time she became a governess, but it seemed impossible for her to live away from the fascination of the Yorkshire moors, and she went home to keep house at Haworth Parsonage while her sisters taught. It was there that she died. Her works include a number of poems of some merit. This painting by Branwell Brontë is in the National Portrait Gallery.

their wedding day there won't be a happier woman in England than myself. Joseph was the only objector, and he appealed to Heathcliff against 'yon flay-some graceless quean, that's witched our lad wi' her bold een and her forrad ways.' But after a burst of passion at the news, Mr. Heathcliff suddenly calmed down and said to me, 'Nelly, there is a strange change approaching; I'm in its shadow.'

"Soon after that he took to wandering alone, in a state approaching distraction. He could not rest; he could not eat; and he would not see the doctor. One morning as I walked round the house I observed the master's window swinging open and the rain driving straight in. 'He cannot be in bed,' I thought, 'those showers would drench him through.' And so it was, for when I entered the chamber his face and throat were washed with rain, the bed-clothes dripped, and he was perfectly still—dead and stark. I called up Joseph. 'Eh, what a wicked 'un he looks, gurning at death,' exclaimed the old man, and then he fell on his knees and returned thanks that the ancient Earnshaw stock were restored to their rights.



MALVOLIO, YELLOW STOCKINGED AND CROSS GARTERED, APPEARS BEFORE OLIVIA AND MARIA
From the painting by Daniel Muelise, B.A., in the National Gallery

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

TWELFTH NIGHT

TWELFTH NIGHT, OR WHAT YOU WILL was written about 1601, performed in the Hall of the Middle Temple in 1602, and first printed in 1623. Described by John Masefield as 'the happiest and one of the loveliest of all Shakespeare's plays' and 'the best English comedy,' it is a tale of love in which the wooing by Orsino, Duke of Illyria, of a rich countess, Olivia, in mourning for her brother, is moved out of its course by the coming of a brother and sister (Sebastian and Viola) whose resemblance to each other causes a confusion of their identity. The plot is based on an old Italian story as it was recast in English by Barnaby Riche in his *Farewell to Military Profession*, 1581; but the characters of Malvolio, Sir Toby Belch, Sir Andrew Aguecheek, Feste the Clown and Maria are Shakespeare's.

PERSONS IN THE PLAY

Orsino, Duke of Illyria
Sebastian, brother to Viola
Antonio, a sea captain, friend
to Sebastian
Sir Toby Belch, uncle to Olivia
Sir Andrew Aguecheek

Malvolio, steward to Olivia
Feste, a clown, and Fabian
servants to Olivia
Olivia, a rich countess
Viola, sister to Sebastian
Maria, Olivia's gentlewoman

SCENE—*A City in Illyria; and the sea-coast near it*

First Act

Enter Duke, Lords and musicians attending.



DUKE : If music be the food
of love, play on ;
Give me excess of it, that, sur-
feiting, [die.—
The appetite may sicken, and so
That strain again!—it had a
dying fall :

O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour !

[The Duke declares his great love for the Countess Olivia, but learns from his messenger of Olivia's decision, in memory of her brother, not to walk unveiled for seven years. Viola and Sebastian are separated by shipwreck, and Viola arranges with the captain of the vessel to dress in boy's clothes and seek service with the Duke. Sir Toby Belch, uncle to Olivia, is living riotously at her expense and that of the dull but wealthy Sir Andrew Aguecheek, whom he introduces as his niece's wooer. In three days Viola, under the name of Cesario, has so won the Duke's confidence that he makes her his envoy to Olivia.]

Viola : Say I do speak with her, my lord,
what then ?

Duke : O, then unfold the passion of my love ;
It shall become thee well to act my woes ;
She will attend it better in thy youth
Than in a nuncio of more grave aspect.

Vio. : I think not so, my lord.

Duke : Dear lad, believe it ;
For they shall yet belie thy happy years
That say thou art a man : Diana's lip
Is not more smooth and rubious ; thy small pipe

Is as the maiden's organ, shrill in sound,
And all is semblative a woman's part.
I know, thy constellation is right apt
For this affair.—Prosper well in this,
And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord,
To call his fortunes thine.
Vio. : I'll do my best
To woo your lady.—[*Aside*].—yet, a barful strife !
Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife. [*Exeunt*].

[The scene changes to a room in Olivia's house. Maria chides the Clown for his absence.]

Maria : You will be hanged for being so long
absent.

Clown : Many a good hanging prevents a
bad marriage.

Mar. : You are resolute, then ?

Clo. : I am resolved on two points.

Mar. : That if one break the other will hold ;
or, if both break, your gaskins fall.

Clo. : Apt, in good faith ; very apt. If Sir Toby
would leave drinking, thou wert as pretty a piece
of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria.

Mar. : Peace, you rogue, no more o' that.
Here comes my lady : make your excuse wisely.
[*Exit*].

Clo. : Wit, an't be thy will, put me into good
fooling. Those wits that think they have thee, do
very oft prove fools ; and I, that am sure I lack
thee, may pass for a wise man : for what says
Quinapalus ? Better a witty fool than a foolish
wit. [*Enter Olivia and Malvolio*]. God bless
thee, lady !

Olivia : Take the fool away.

Clo. : Do you not hear, fellows ? Take away
the lady.

Oli. : Go to, you're a dry fool ; I'll no more of
thee : besides, you grow dishonest.

Clo. : Two faults, madonna, that drink and good counsel will amend.—The lady bade take away the fool; therefore, I say again, take her away.

Oli. : Sir, I bade them take away you.

Clo. : Misprision in the highest degree! Good madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.

Oli. : Well, sir, for want of other idleness, I'll bide your proof.

Clo. : Good madonna, why mourn'st thou?

Oli. : Good fool, for my brother's death.

Clo. : I think his soul is in hell, madonna.

Oli. : I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

Clo. : The more fool, madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heaven.—Take away the fool, gentlemen.

Malvolio : I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal.

Oli. : O, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distempered appetite.

[Maria announces that a fair young man is being detained at the gate by Sir Toby Belch. Olivia sends Malvolio to the gate. Sir Toby enters, half-drunk, and makes a defiant exit after reproof by Olivia.]

Oli. : What's a drunken man like, fool?

Clo. : Like a drowned man, a fool, and a madman: one draught above heat makes him a fool; the second mads him; and a third drowns him.

Oli. : He's drowned: go, look after him.

[Exit Clown.]

Mal. (re-entering) : Madam, yond young fellow swears he will speak with you.

Oli. : What kind o' man is he?

Mal. : Why, of man kind.

Oli. : Of what personage and years is he?

Mal. : Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash is before it is a peascod, or a codling when 'tis almost an apple. He is very well favoured.

Oli. : Let him approach: call in my gentlewoman.

[Exit Malvolio. Maria enters. Olivia dons her veil. Viola enters and, alone with Olivia, begins to plead for Orsino.]

Viola : Good madam, let me see your face.

Oli. : Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? But we will draw the curtain, and show you the picture. (Unveiling.) Look you, sir; such a one I was this present: is't not well done?

Viola : Excellently done, if God did all.

Oli. : 'Tis in grain, sir; 'twill endure wind and weather.

Viola : 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white

Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on.—I see you, what you are—you are too proud; But, if you were the devil, you are fair.

My lord and master loves you: O, such love Could be but recompensed, though you were crowned

The nonpareil of beauty!

Oli. : How does he love me?

Viola : With adorations, with fertile tears, With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

Oli. : Your lord does know my mind; I cannot love him.

He might have took his answer long ago.

Viola : If I did love you in my master's flame, With such a suffering, such a deadly life, In your denial I would find no sense.

Oli. : Why, what would you?

Viola : Make me a willow cabin at your gate.

And call upon my soul within the house;

Write loyal cantons of contemnèd love,

And sing them loud even in the dead of night:

Holla your name to the reverberate hills,

And make the babbling gossip of the air

Cry out, 'Olivia!' O, you should not rest

Between the elements of air and earth,

But you should pity me.

Oli. : You might do much.—Get you to your lord:

I cannot love him: let him send no more;—

Unless, perchance, you come to me again,

To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well:

I thank you for your pains: spend this for me.

Viola : I am no fee'd post, lady; keep your purse:

My master, not myself, lacks recompense.

Love make his heart of flint that you shall love;

And let your fervour, like my master's, be

Placed in contempt! Farewell, fair cruelty. [Exit.]

Oli. : Methinks, I feel this youth's perfections With an invisible and subtle stealth

To creep in at mine eyes.—Well, let it be.—

What, ho, Malvolio.

[Malvolio re-enters.]

Run after that same peevish messenger,

The county's man: he left this ring behind him,

Would I or not: tell him I'll none of it.

Desire him not to flatter with his lord,

Nor hold him up with hopes; I am not for him:

If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,

I'll give him reasons for't. Hie thee, Malvolio.

Mal. : Madam, I will.

[Exit.]

Oli. : I do I know not what, and fear to find Mine eye too great a flatterer to my mind. [Exit.]

Second Act

SEBASTIAN, believing his twin-sister drowned, is saved by Antonio, who, though he has enemies there, says he will go to Orsino's Court with Sebastian. Malvolio delivers the ring to Viola, contemptuously. In a rollicking scene the Clown sings a love song, 'O Mistress Mine,' for Sir Toby and Sir Andrew. Sir Toby then suggests they rouse the night owl with a catch. Enter Maria. They continue, despite her remonstrances. Enter Malvolio.]

Malvolio : My masters, are you mad? or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time, in you?

Sir Toby : Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?—A stoop of wine, Maria!

Mal. : Mistress Mary, if you prized my lady's favour at anything more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule : she shall know of it, by this hand. [*Exit.*]

Mar. : Go shake your ears.—Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for to-night. For Monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him : if I do not gull him into a nay-word, and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed.

Sir To. : Possess us, possess us ; tell us something of him.

[*Maria describes Malvolio as something of a Puritan, but an affectioned ass who thinks all that look on him love him. She can write very like her lady and will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love.*]

Sir To. : He shall think, by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my niece, and that she's in love with him ?

Mar. : My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that colour.

Sir Andrew Aguecheek : And your horse, now, would make him an ass. O ! 'twill be admirable.

Mar. : Sport royal, I warrant you. For this night, to bed, and dream on the event. Farewell.

[*Exit.*]

Sir To. : She's a beagle, true-bred, and one that adores me. Come, come ; I'll go burn some sack ; 'tis too late to go to bed now. Come, knight ; come, knight. [*Exeunt.*]

[*At the palace the Duke discourses of love and music, bidding Viola*

'Let thy love be younger than thyself,
For women are as roses, whose fair flower,
Being once displayed, doth fall that very hour.'
He sends for Feste, to sing

'That old and antique song we heard last night ;
Methought it did relieve my passion much,
More than light airs and recollected terms
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times.'

Feste sings 'Come Away, Come Away, Death.'
Along with Viola, the Duke talks again of Olivia.]

Duke : Get thee to yond same sovereign cruelty :

Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,
Prizes not quantity of dirty lands.

Viola. : But if she cannot love you, sir ?

Duke : I cannot be so answered.

Viola. : Sooth, but you must.

Say, that some lady, as perhaps there is,
Hath for your love as great a pang of heart
As you have for Olivia : you cannot love her ;
You tell her so ; must she not then be answered ?

Duke : Make no compare
Between that love a woman can bear me
And that I owe Olivia.

Viola. : Ay, but I know—

Duke : What dost thou know ?

Viola. : Too well what love women to men may owe :

In faith, they are as true of heart as we.

My father had a daughter loved a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I should your lordship.

Duke : And what's her history ?

Vio. : A blank, my lord. She never told her love,

But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek : she pined in thought ;
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like Patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed ?

Duke : But died thy sister of her love, my boy ?

Vio. : I am all the daughters of my father's house,

And all the brothers too ;—and yet I know not.—
Sir, shall I to this lady ?

Duke : Ay, that's the theme.

To her in haste : give her this jewel ; say,
My love can give no place, bide no denial. [*Exeunt.*]

[*Maria, copying her mistress's hand, writes a love-letter which Malvolio, finding, thinks is meant for him. The letter bids 'the unknown beloved,' the M, O, A, I that 'doth sway my life,' 'if this fall into thy hands,' not to be afraid of greatness ('some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them') and suggests that he wear yellow stockings and cross-garters (things the Countess abhors) and let his affection appear in his smiling (which would be peculiarly unwelcome to her in her present mood of melancholy). Sir Toby declares of Maria, 'I could marry this wench for this device.'*]

Third Act

IN the three opening scenes *Olivia* confesses her love to *Cesario* ; *Sir Toby* incites *Sir Andrew* to send *Cesario* a challenge ; and *Antonio* giving *Sebastian* his purse the two friends agree to meet in an hour's time when *Sebastian* shall have viewed his lodgings and the town. Scene IV. is in *Olivia's* garden.]

Olivia : Where is Malvolio ?—he is sad and civil,

And suits well for a servant with my fortunes.

Maria : He's coming, madam ; but in very strange manner. He is sure possessed, madam.

Oli. : Why, what's the matter ? Does he rave ?

Mar. : No, madam, he does nothing but smile : your ladyship were best to have some guard about you, if he come ; for sure the man is tainted in his wits.

Oli. : Go, call him hither.—I'm as mad as he, If sad and merry madness equal be. (*Re-enter Maria with Malvolio.*) How now, Malvolio ?

Mal. : Sweet lady, ho, ho.

Oli. : Smil'st thou ?

I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.

Mal. : Sad, lady ! I could be sad : this does make some obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering ; but what of that ?

Oli. : Why, how dost thou, man ? what is the matter with thee ?

Mal. : Not black in my mind, though yellow in my legs. It did come to his hands, and commands shall be executed : I think we do know the sweet Roman hand.

Oli. : Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio ?

Mal. : To bed ! ay, sweetheart ; and I'll come to thee.

Oli. : God comfort thee ! why dost thou smile so, and kiss thy hand so oft ?

Mal. : Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady !

Mal. : ' Be not afraid of greatness ' :—'twas well writ.

Oli. : What meanest thou by that, Malvolio ?

Mal. : ' Some are born great,'—

Oli. : Ha ?

Mal. : ' Some achieve greatness,'—

Oli. : What sayest thou ?

Mal. : ' And some have greatness thrust upon them.'

Oli. : Heaven restore thee !

Mal. (*continuing to quote from the forged letter*) : ' Remember, who commended thy yellow stockings,'—

Oli. : My yellow stockings !

Mal. : ' And wished to see thee cross-gartered.'

Oli. : Cross-gartered ?

Mal. : ' Go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to be so,'—

Oli. : Am I made ?

Mal. : ' If not, let me see thee a servant still.'

Oli. : Why, this is very midsummer madness.

[Malvolio is committed to the care of Sir Toby, who, with his confederates, treats him as a madman and decides to put him in a dark room and bind him. Sir Toby and Fabian, a servitor of Olivia, bring Sir Andrew and Viola together for the duel, and they unwillingly have drawn their swords when Antonio appears and, mistaking Viola for Sebastian, stops the fight, to the discomfiture of Sir Toby. But officers appear and arrest Antonio, who, asking for some money from the purse he has given his friend, utters bitter words of disillusionment when Viola offers a loan from slender resources but denies all knowledge of him. When Antonio is taken away Viola, recalling his words about the youth he has snatched from death, thinks that, after all, her brother may be living.]

Fourth Act

SEBASTIAN, mistaken by the Clown for Cesario, gives Feste money and bids him vent his folly somewhere else. *Enter* Sir Andrew, who makes the same mistake as Feste.]

Sir Andrew : Now, sir, have I met you again ? there's for you. [*Striking Sebastian.*]

Seb. : Why, there's for thee, and there, and there.

Are all the people mad ? [*Beating Sir Andrew.*]

Sir Toby (*entering*) : Hold, sir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er the house.

Clown : This will I tell my lady straight. I would not be in some of your coats for twopence.

[Sebastian disengages himself from Sir Toby and both have drawn their swords when Olivia enters and, in her turn mistaking Sebastian for Cesario, dismisses Sir Toby and the others and invites Sebastian to her house.]

Seb. : What relish is in this ? how runs the stream ?

Or I am mad, or else this is a dream.

Oli. : Nay ; come, I prithee. Would thou'dst be ruled by me !

Seb. : Madam, I will.

Oli. : O ! say so, and so be. [*Exeunt.*]

[Maria persuades the Clown to don gown and beard and, in the guise of Sir Topas the curate, to visit Malvolio in his dark room and speak as if to one who is mad. In vain Malvolio pleads to the pseudo curate to take a message to his lady. The Act ends in the bewildered Sebastian consenting to immediate marriage with Olivia.]

Fifth Act

THE Duke, Viola, and attendants arrive before Olivia's house. Antonio is brought in by officers. The Duke, recalling Antonio's fame at sea against the ducal fleet, asks what foolish boldness brings him hither. Antonio explains how he saved ' that ungrateful boy there ' (Viola) and had come for love of him.]

Duke : When came he to this town ?

Ant. : To-day, my lord ; and for three months before—

No interim, not a minute's vacancy—

Both day and night did we keep company.

Duke : Here comes the countess : now heaven walks on earth !—

But for thee, fellow—fellow, thy words are madness :

Three months this youth hath tended upon me ;

But more of that anon.—Take him aside.

[*Enter Olivia and attendants.*]

Oli. : What would my lord, but that he may not have,

Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable ?—

Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.

Vio. : Madam ?

Duke : Gracious Olivia—

Oli. : What do you say, Cesario ?—Good my lord,—

Vio. : My lord would speak ; my duty hushes me.

Oli. : If it be aught to the old tune, my lord, It is as fat and fulsome to mine ear—

As howling after music.

Duke : Still so cruel ?

Oli. : Still so constant, lord.

Duke : What, to perverseness ? What shall I do ?

Oli. : Even what it please my lord, that shall become him. [it,

Duke : Why should I not, had I the heart to do Kill what I love ?

Come, boy, with me ; my thoughts are ripe in mischief.

[*Viola prepares to follow the Duke.*]

Oli. : Where goes Cesario ?

Vio. : After him I love More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife.

Oli. : Ay me, detested ! how am I beguiled !

Vio. : Who does beguile you ? who does do you wrong ?

Oli. : Hast thou forgot thyself ? Is it so long ? Call forth the holy father ! [*Exit an attendant.*]

Duke (*to Viola*) : Come away.

Oli. : Whither, my lord ?—Cesario, husband, stay.

Duke : Husband ?

Oli. : Ay, husband : can he that deny ?

Duke : Her husband, sirrah ?

Vio. : No, my lord, not I.

[*Re-enter* attendant with the priest, who confirms the marriage.]

Duke : O thou dissembling cub ! what wilt thou be

When time hath sowed a grizzle on thy case ?

Farewell, and take her ; but direct thy feet

Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

Vio. : My lord, I do protest——

[Sir Andrew enters with his head bleeding, calling for a surgeon, and exclaiming that Cesario broke his head and gave Sir Toby a bloody coxcomb too. He is followed by Sir Toby, drunk but in need also of a surgeon. Olivia dismisses them. *Enter* Sebastian.]

Seb. : I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kinsman ;

But had it been the brother of my blood,

I must have done no less, with wit and safety.

You throw a strange regard upon me, and by that I do perceive it hath offended you :

Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows

We made each other but so late ago.

Duke : One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons ;

A natural perspective, that is, and is not !

Seb. : Antonio, O my dear Antonio !

How have the hours racked and tortured me,
Since I have lost thee !

Ant. : Sebastian are you ?

Seb. : Fear'st thou that, Antonio !

Ant. : How have you made division of yourself ?——

An apple cleft in two is not more twin

Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian ?

Oli. : Most wonderful !

[The identity of brother and sister established, the Duke affirms Sebastian's noble blood, then turns to Viola.]

Duke : Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times

Thou never shouldst love woman like to me.

Vio. : And all these sayings will I overswear

And all those swearings keep as true in soul

As doth that orb'd continent, the fire

That severs day from night.

Duke : Give me thy hand ;

And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

Vio. : The captain, that did bring me first on shore

Hath my maid's garments : he, upon some action

Is now in durance, at Malvolio's suit,

A gentleman and follower of my lady's.

Oli. : He shall enlarge him :—fetch Malvolio hither :——

And yet, alas, now I remember me,

They say, poor gentleman, he's much distract.

[Clown enters with a letter from Malvolio which Olivia bids him open and read.]

Clown : Look then to be well edified, when the fool delivers the madman.—(*Reads*) : ' By the Lord, madam, '——

Oli. : How now ! art thou mad ?

Clo. : No, madam, I do but read madness.

Olivia (*to* Fabian) : Read it you, sirrah.

Fabian (*reads*) : ' By the Lord, madam, you wrong me, and the world shall know it : though you have put me into darkness and given your drunken cousin rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my senses as well as your ladyship. I have your own letter that induced me to the semblance I put on ; with the which I doubt not but to do myself much right, or you much shame. Think of me as you please. I leave my duty a little unthought of, and speak out of my injury.—The madly-used Malvolio.'

Oli. : Did he write this ?

Clo. : Ay, madam.

Duke : This savours not much of distraction.

Oli. : See him delivered, Fabian : bring him hither. [*Exit* Fabian.]

My lord, so please you, these things further thought on,

To think me as well a sister as a wife.

Duke : Madam, I am most apt to embrace your offer.—

(*To* Viola.) Your master quits you ; and, for your service done him,

Here is my hand : you shall from this time be Your master's mistress.

[*Re-enter* Fabian with Malvolio.]

Oli. : How now, Malvolio ?

Mal. : Madam, you have done me wrong, Notorious wrong.

Oli. : Have I, Malvolio ? no.

Mal. : Lady, you have. Pray you, peruse that letter.

Oli. : Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing, Though, I confess, much like the character : But, out of question, 'tis Maria's hand. But when we know the grounds and authors of it, Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge Of thine own cause.

Fab. : Good madam, hear me speak ; Most freely I confess, myself and Toby

Set this device against Malvolio here,

Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts

We had conceived against him. Maria writ

The letter at Sir Toby's great importance :

In recompense whereof, he hath married her.

How with a sportful malice it was followed

May rather pluck on laughter than revenge.

Oli. : Alas, poor fool, how have they baffled thee !

Clo. : I was one, sir, in this interlude,—one Sir Topas, sir.—But do you remember ? ' Madam, why laugh you at such a barren rascal ? '—and thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges.

Mal. : I'll be revenged on the whole pack of you. [*Exit*.]

Oli. : He hath been most notoriously abused.

Duke : Pursue him, and entreat him to a peace.—Cesario, come ;

For so you shall be, while you are a man ;

But when in other habits you are seen,

Orsino's mistress and his fancy's queen.

[*Exeunt* all except Feste, who brings down the curtain with a song, ' When That I Was and a Little Tiny Boy. ']

THE BOOKS OF HINDUISM

Abridgement by Professor T. Witton Davies

I—Vedanta Sutras

THOUGH usually understood to include Brahmanism, Hinduism is, in fact, a later development of it. Its central doctrine is the trinity, or Trimurti, which embraces the three-fold manifestation of the god-head as Brahma, the creator; Vishnu, the Preserver; and Siva, the Destroyer. Of the Books of Hinduism which are summarised here, the Sutras are the earliest. The Vedanta (literally 'goal' or 'issue of the Veda') is a purely pantheistic and monistic philosophical system, and by far the most prevalent in modern India. It is ascribed to Badarayana, sometimes called Vyasa, though this last is really a generic name denoting 'a collector.' The word 'sutra' denotes literally 'threads,' and is used by Brahmanic writers for short, dry sentences, or brief expositions.

Note on the Vedanta Sutras



THE Vedanta is sometimes called the Mimamsa (philosophical reflections), but this latter term is more comprehensive. The aphorisms of which the Vedanta Sutras consist are in themselves almost as unintelligible as the Confucian Book of Changes [summarised in later pages of *The World's Great Books*]. The compiler has been too successful in aiding the memory of the Hindu student by a system of *multum in parvo*.

It is usual to accept the interpretation put on the Sutras by the Sanskrit commentator Sankara, commonly called Sankara Karya, who flourished about A.D. 700. There are, however, many other commentaries, notably that of Ramanuga. Thibaut, in the Sacred Books of the East, gives the interpretation of Sankara, and also that of Ramanuga when it differs essentially. On the whole it may be said that Sankara is a thorough-going

Vedantist and pantheist. Ramanuga, on the other hand, has leanings towards the dualism of the Sankhya philosophy, and endeavours to make the Vedanta Sutras support his opinions.

The Vedanta Sutras embrace five hundred and fifty-five aphorisms, or Sutras, arranged in four books (*Adhyaya*), each having four chapters (*Pada*), the chapters being severally divided into sections (*Adhikarana*). These Sutras are of the utmost importance, as nearly all Hindu sects base their belief and practices on them. It should be remembered that these Sutras form a collection, and that they are the work of many hands, and belong to different periods. The present writer wishes to express his great obligations to the introduction and translation by George Thibaut in volumes 34, 38 and 48 of the Sacred Books of the East (Vedanta Sutras with Sankara's Comment), and to the courtesy of the Clarendon Press for permission to draw upon his work.

I—Brahman, the Sum and Substance of Everything

THE ego and the non-ego differ in themselves and in their attributes. It will be found, however, that the non-ego depends on the ego, and is its product. Individual souls, on the other hand, representing so many egos, are themselves but manifestations of the supreme universal soul—Brahman; that

is, Brahman and the Atman [the individual soul] are identical, the latter being the product of the self-revealing of the former. [With this one may compare the 'ontological ideas' of Plato, the 'absolute substance' of Spinoza, and the 'absolute idea' of Hegel; all of them standing for the One only existing Being

which manifests itself to thought and to sense in various forms.]

'What, then,' asks the Vedantist, 'is Brahman?'

The word comes from *brih*, 'to be great.' Hence Brahman is something, or someone, transcendently great. The word may be defined as connoting that whence all things proceed. This implies absolute, unoriginated origin, absolute subsistence, and also reabsorption, for as all things go forth from Brahman, so shall all things return to that whence they started forth.

THE Scriptures [Vedas] lay most stress on Brahman as the source and origin of all things. What qualities there are in the world inhere in Brahman, or they could not be in the world which has sprung from him. There could be no intelligent souls without a previously existing intelligent Brahman. That Brahman, the Supreme Being, is all-knowing is conclusively proved from the fact that the Veda itself, the source and centre of what is knowable, proceeds from Him as its one, only author.

This Brahman, as set forth in the Vedanta texts as the cause of the world, is therefore intelligent, and by no means to be identified with the non-intelligent Pradhâna (*Prakriti*) which the Sankhya [atheistic] philosophy makes to be the world's cause. What looks like a separate, conscious, individual soul or mind is really but the outworking of Brahman, the highest and first of beings.

The difference is apparent, but not real. So teaches Sankara; but his rival commentator, Ramanuga, endeavours to show that Brahman, the supreme self of the universe, is absolutely free from the effects of conduct. But the individual selves, which we call souls, are not, for it is the effect of conduct in a previous state of existence [Karma] that decides the character and form of the new life to be lived, or whether there is to be a new life lived at all, since conduct sufficiently good entitles to absorption in the one all—Brahman.

It may be objected that Brahman cannot be the creator of this actual world, for there is in it suffering, injustice and cruelty. He could not be the author of these. To which the commentator Sankara answers: 'Brahman is himself,

with all his greatness, subject to the operation of the great moral laws according to which virtue is rewarded and vice punished. All men are free, and it is their self-chosen conduct that determines their destiny. This is a law that pervades all existence, conditions existence, and without which there could be no existence.'

It may be again asked: 'How can a being with perfect life produce a world that is lifeless?' In other words, 'How can the effect differ from its cause?' The same commentator replies: 'Just as lifeless hair can grow out of a living man.'

Again, it is said, 'In the universe Brahman is at once he who enjoys and he who is enjoyed. How can he be both one and the other—agent and object?' To which Sankara replies: 'It is as possible for these two to go together as for the ocean to be itself and to be at the same time foam, waves, billows and bubbles. The same earth produces diamonds, rock crystal and vermilion. Do they differ from the earth?'

'The same sun causes plants of various kinds to grow, and the very same nourishment taken into the body is changed to flesh, hair, nails, etc. The spider spins its web from its own substance, and spirits assume many forms when they appear on the earth. All these are but images of the eternal world-process by which Brahman reveals Himself in souls and in material objects.'

The Highest Knowledge Inaccessible to Low-Caste Man

NO Sudra [or lowest caste man] is capable of such knowledge as leads to Brahmanhood [the state of being absorbed in Brahman]. Only the twice-born¹ are allowed to study the Vedic Scriptures, a knowledge of which is essential to salvation. The twice-born are likewise alone permitted to offer sacrifice, for how can a man sacrifice aright who is ignorant of the sacred scriptures, which are alone adequate

¹ That is, those who have been invested with the sacred thread, which is a sign of having been initiated into the paternal caste. This ceremony takes place at the age of seven or nine years, but is only observed by the three higher castes. It is to be compared with the Christian rites of baptism and confirmation. Hindu boys, when they have been invested with the sacred thread or cord, are said to be born again.

for a man's guidance? If the Sudras, or fourth-caste men, are excluded from the *summum bonum* of humanity—absorption in the one great all—how much more are Pariahs, or non-caste men, deprived of

this great boon! Brahman is the material, as well as the efficient, cause of the world, which springs from him by way of modification, but is his manifested self and nothing more.

II—Objections to Vedantic Doctrines Stated and Refuted

THE Vedanta texts, the Vedas and the Upanishads, teach that Brahman is the one only source of whatever exists outside himself. That his nature is not only mighty, but also intelligent. The evidence for this supplied in Book I is, for the most part, the authority of the above texts; that which they say must be accepted as 'gospel,' whatever human reason may be disposed to see or say to the contrary.

Book II begins by stating and answering speculative objections on the part of Sankhyaists. Though himself intelligence (not merely intelligent) Brahman may give birth to a non-intelligent world, seeing that like does not always spring from like [see above].

Atomists hold that there is apparent difference and separateness in things. 'Where, then,' they ask, 'is the oneness, the monism, for which the Vedantists argue?' It is replied that it is only superficial thought that fixes itself upon the manifoldness of things, losing sight of their oneness. Deeper thought sees underneath the many a oneness which binds them, and of which they are only the outward expressions. The great ocean is one, but the waves and ripples on its surface are many. All at bottom is but one: the Universal Being.

A non-intelligent first cause (*Prakriti*), such as the Sankhyaists postulate, could never call into being an orderly world, for how could unreason produce reason? Nor could atoms set in motion produce a planned or intelligent universe, as the Atomists falsely say. There must be an intelligent power controlling the atoms and contemplating the result to be attained.

The view put forth by the Sankhya philosophers, that an external and internal world exists in mutual independence, is contrary to thought and experience—is, in fact, unthinkable. We know no external world; we have never had any experience outside the region of our own conscious-

ness; yet what is regarded as external to the individual consciousness is not Maya, as is taught in some of the Upanishads, and maintained by later philosophers. This external world as a fact of consciousness is as real as that consciousness and as the individual mind which makes mental experience possible, and is the great All, of which the individual mind is the working and manifestation.

The Relation of Brahman to Elements and the Soul

ARE the elementary substances (ether, air, etc.) co-eternal with Brahman, or do they issue from him? It can be shown, and is shown, that one elementary substance proceeds from another (*e.g.* air from ether), and that in the last resort all such substances have come forth from Brahman, who has not only produced them, but also guided and effected their evolution.

The individual soul is, according to the scriptures [Vedas and Upanishads], eternal and permanent, and has not been produced by Brahman; who is, however, as noted, the producer of the elementary substances. Like Brahman himself the individual soul is uncreated and eternal. What is in time and belongs to time is the connexion of the soul with the conditions of space and time. This is the interpretation given by Sankara. Ramanuga, however, holds that the soul is a creature of Brahman, though an eternal one, it having existed ever as a mode of the great All [compare the doctrine of the eternal procession of the Son].

What is Soul?

WHAT is soul? It is *gna*, or knowledge. [The etymology of both these latter words is identical—compare Greek *gnosco*, etc.] This means, according to Sankara, that knowledge is of the very essence of soul, and not a mere attribute of it. The soul is not merely a knower (*gnatri*), but it is knowledge. Ramanuga, on the other hand, explains that the knowledge spoken

of in this Sutra means 'the knower'; that the soul is not knowledge, but that which can and does know.

Is the soul limited in size, and capable, therefore, of occupying but a restricted space? Or is it, on the contrary, omnipresent?

Sankara maintains that the Sutra in question teaches the latter: the soul is everywhere. Ramanuga makes the same Sutra teach the very contrary. As a matter of fact, the Sutra in question seems to teach both these contradictory doctrines, perhaps because it registers different traditions. Sankara, however, explains further on that as long as the soul is passing through the changes involved in Samsara [transmigration] it is limited and local, but on reaching Brahmanhood it becomes omnipresent. In this way the great commentator seeks

to reconcile teaching apparently contradictory in this Sutra.

Is the soul an agent? Some of the Sutras say it is, others say it is not. How are the conflicting statements to be reconciled? Sankara does this in the following way. As long as the soul is tied down to material conditions—that is, is passing through the processes of Samsara—it is an agent. But as soon as it has escaped from its bondage of transmigration it dwells in a state of perfect repose, inactive and restful. In all its activities the soul is prompted by Brahman, without whose inspiration and guidance the soul could perform nothing, and could never, therefore, reach the true goal of all souls, absorption in the one All, which can be obtained in no other way than by the performance of good deeds, which means action.

III—Of the Soul and its Summum Bonum

WHEN at death the soul passes from the body its subtle material elements still cling to it. Good souls pass on to the moon, whence they afterwards descend in a form and state determined by their former actions [Karma]. If the previous life has been a moral failure, the new life now entered upon will belong to a lower level of being, *i.e.* the man may become an animal, the higher animal may become a lower one. On the other hand, there may be an ascent in the scale of being.

When the soul is a-dreaming, what it thinks it sees and hears, etc. is all illusion, for it does not see or hear, etc. what it thinks it does. In a state of profound dreaminess the soul leaves the body and lives in close fellowship with Brahman.

How is the soul to obtain final release from the thralldom of material conditions? By meditating on Brahman as he is set forth in the sacred scriptures. Brahman must be thought about and meditated on in all his attributes, and this produces identity with the one great self of existence.

Though Sankara makes this to be the teaching of the Sutras, in another place he insists that Brahman is without attributes. He is not, therefore, consistent. The meditation on Brahman which leads to soul-freedom must have regard also to

Brahman's negative qualities, *i.e.* his not being gross, nor subtle, wise nor foolish, etc.

The Relation of Knowledge and Conduct

THE knowledge of Brahman is independent of action, and not subordinate to it. It is *vidya* [compare *vision*, which has the same etymology], or knowledge, that is alone prescribed in the holy writings, not conduct. Where, however, there is right knowledge, there will be rightness of life. But mere rightness of life is nothing; it is that which leads to it and is its cause that is alone commanded and commended [compare the controversy among Christian theologians about faith and works]. The knowledge which saves and enfranchises may be reached by a man in this present life, and will be, if the appropriate means are employed.

Of Brahmanhood

MEDITATION is a duty to be observed to the very close of life, and the amount and intensity of it are the measure of a man's virtue and piety. When he has reached the full knowledge of Brahman, a man is freed from the consequences [karma] of all his evil deeds, past, present and future. [One would think

that the state of Brahmanhood excluded the possibility of sin, but this Sutra seems to imply the contrary. The Sutras, however, make a distinction between a lower state of Brahmanhood and a higher. [See below.]

What happens to the knowing one (*vidvan*) at death? The soul of him who has at death the lower Brahman knowledge merges into the subtler elements. But when the highest knowledge is attained there is complete absorption in Brahman. Whoever dies in possession of this highest knowledge is at once merged in Brahman, and rests eternally and perfectly in him.

The Upanishads describe the stations on the way which leads up to Brahman. These stations are to be understood not merely as termini of the various stages of the journey, but they denote, also, the divine beings who direct the soul in its progress and enable it to move forward and upward. According to some Sutras in this book the guardians of the

path conducting to the gods lead the departed soul, not to the highest Brahman, but to the effected (*karya*), or qualified (*saguna*) Brahman. But in other Sutras in this book the opposite view is stated and defended, according to which the *vidvan*, or knower, goes direct to the highest Brahman without halting anywhere short of that god.

THE Sutras teach, on the whole, the doctrine that the enfranchised soul, being identical with Brahman, is inseparable from him just as a mode of substance is incapable of existing apart from the substance of which it is a mode. Ramanuga points out, however, that some of the Sutras in this book give it clearly to be understood that the freed soul can exist in isolation and in separation from the great All.

The released soul can enter several bodies at the same time, since it is not subject to space relations and limitations as other souls are.

II—Puranas

THE second great division of Hindu sacred literature with which we deal is the Puranas, the last and most modern of the Books of Hinduism. The word 'Purana' means 'old,' and in ancient Sanskrit writings it has the same meaning as our 'cosmology.' The Puranas, however, are ill-arranged collections of theological and philosophical reflections, myths and legends, ritual and ascetic rules; and they are very much read by the common people. They depend very largely on the two great epics, The Ramayana and The Mahabharata—especially the latter. (Both of these epics are epitomised for *The World's Great Books* and appear in the section dealing with the Books of Brahmanism.)

Note on the Puranas

THE Puranas are later than the Epics, as they are built on these last. The oldest Purana, Markandeya, belongs to the century between A.D. 600 and A.D. 700. The latest are not more than 200 or 300 years old, though the name is as old as the Vedas, and some of the contents as well. The Hindus lay great stress on the doctrine that all the teaching of their later writings (Puranas and even Tantras) are implicitly contained in the Vedas. This is, of course, nonsense, especially when applied to the Tantras and to Sivaism in general.

The Puranas, in the form which we have them, are sectarian adaptations of the older legends of Vedism and Brahmanism, but adapted to the several local gods of India which had been received into the pantheon.

All the gods in the pantheon, however, are viewed as forms of the Brahma, the One Great All. The philosophy that underlies the Puranas is, almost wholly, that of the Upanishads.

The eighteen extant Puranas have been arranged in three classes of six each: (1) Those which extol Brahman in the form of Brahma, *e.g.* Brahma, Brahmanda, Markandeya, etc. Puranas. These exalt Brahma above all other names or manifestations of Brahman. The Brahma cult never had very much vogue in India, and is now almost extinct. These Puranas are therefore less read and esteemed than the others. The oldest of them, and of all the Puranas, is the Markandeya. There are seven hells as is taught in the Laws of Manu and in the Padma Purana.

(2) The Vishnu Puranas, in which the virtues of Vishnu are celebrated, especially as they are manifested in Krishna, the principal one of the ten Avatars, or incarnations, of Vishnu. The principal Puranas in this class are the Vishnu, Bhagavata, Naradiya, and Padma Puranas.

(3) The six Siva (or Tamasa) Puranas are devoted to the worship of Siva, not originally a Vedic or even Brahmanic deity, but a god worshipped by some Indian mountain tribes, identified, however, in Hinduism with the Vedic Rudra. The most important Puranas in this class are those called Siva, Linga, and Kurma. The symbol of Siva is the *linga*, representing the productive powers of nature, and the Siva Puranas, the precursors of the Tantras or Tantrams, describe and defend the practices of a worship which always borders on the obscene. Nowhere in the world has this kind of worship been so rampant as in India, and it does not show the slightest signs of decay. From the nature of the case, the details of such worship, as they are set forth in the sacred books of Sivaism, have never been and cannot well be expressed in European speech.

Vishnu Puranas

ALL these are devoted to the praise of Vishnu, and to an exposition and defence of the beliefs and practices of the Vishnuites, especially of the Krishnaites, much the most important section of the Vishnuites. In the Naradiya Purana is detailed the burning in hell of the wicked, among whom are to be reckoned the Sivaistes.

Padma Purana

THIS Purana celebrates Vishnu in the form of Rama, brother and companion of Krishna. It is, therefore, a Purana belonging especially to the Ramaite section of the Vishnuites.

A Good Life is Better Than Ceremonies

KING VENA was a stalwart supporter of the ancient religion of the Vedas, and obeyed its precepts with regard to sacrifice and worship of the gods. Once on a while there came to this great Indian king, son of Anga, an unexpected visitor, who intro-

duced himself as a teacher of morals and of religion. "In vain," said he to the great monarch, "dost thou rule thy kingdom according to thy religion, for that religion inculcates external rites, and does not command virtuous conduct."

"What, then," said the king, "is the religion and the virtue which thou wouldst have me adopt instead of the religion which has come to me and my people from our fathers?"

"That which is most acceptable to the gods, and which is worshipped by them as thou worshippest them, is virtue, and that which is supremest in virtue is kindness. A man is saved by his acts of mercy and of compassion, and not by worshipping gods or adoring sacred books, or by magical charms, or by killing innocent animals, and even men and women, to appease gods who can only be more angered than pleased by such barbarities. I perform no ceremonies, O king; I never study the Vedas, nor do I practise austerities or incantations, but I try to be kind to all."

"What meanest thou," asked the king, "by this kindness of thine?"

WHAT I do," was the answer, "is not for gods, who need no help of mine, nor for dead persons, who are beyond any aid that I can render. Those act foolishly who, after the death of their friends, offer sacrifices for their benefit. All those who die cease to have any separate existence. When sacrifices are offered to them, it is the priests who devour the things offered, and who take delight in deceiving the people for their own selfish ends. Besides," continued the visitor, "when sacrifices are made, innocent animals are put to death, and, in some cases, even human beings. But what right has one living being to take away the life of another? Know thou, O great king, that the precepts in the Vedas bring unnecessary and unjust pain, and even death, and there can be no good result following from acts which are morally evil. The Vedas, because they encourage, and even command cruelty, cannot be true scripture. A god could not be virtuous who was not kind and just."

"Thinkest thou not," interrupted the king, "that the Ganges and other sacred rivers are holy, having the power to cleanse

from guilt and sin those who bathe in their waters ? ”

“Nay,” replied the stranger, “neither lifeless water nor rocky mountain can take away man’s sin. There is but one supreme God, and what He asks from us is justice and generosity. These, and these alone, can make a man truly happy and acceptable to Heaven.”

The king listened, and accepted the new doctrine, with the result that he ceased to care for the Vedas, and abandoned sacrifices as well as pilgrimages. His parents grieved deeply that their royal son had ceased to show himself at the temple, and the priests and other leaders of the nation became greatly alarmed, because the example of the king was being more and more followed by the people. A deputation of seven rishis, or holy persons, waited upon the king, and begged him to return to the religion of their fathers and to the sacred traditions of their faith. But the king dismissed the deputation, replying that he had found a religion more satisfying to reason and conscience than any of their traditions. Very soon the king was murdered by seven powerful priests, who were appointed to perform the deed.

Bhagavata Purana

THIS is the most popular of all the eighteen Puranas. It has twelve books devoted to the exaltation of Vishnu or Krishna, one of whose names is Bhagavata.

The tenth book gives a detailed history of Krishna, as does also the tenth book of the Vishnu Purana, though they differ in detail. The later Hindu counterpart of this Purana, the Premasaga (‘Ocean of Love’) is very much read by modern Hindus.

From the Bhagavata

THERE were two wives to Vasudeva, Rohini and Devaki. The latter was the mother of Krishna, as also of seven other sons. It had been foretold that one of these eight sons would kill King Kansa, the cousin of Krishna’s mother. This king, therefore, imprisoned both Krishna’s parents, and slew the eldest six children ; Krishna, however, not having yet been born, when Krishna was born, his father,

fearing that the king might put his newborn child to death, escaped from the country and found in another land a herdsman named Nanda, originally of his own race, whose wife Yasoda had just borne a son. Vasudeva left his son with his new friends, and returned to his own home with Yasoda’s child. Krishna and Balarama grew up together in this family, wandering in the woods and joining in the sports of the boys around. Even in those young days the boy Krishna performed feats prophetic of his future greatness. He destroyed the serpent Kalya, and raised the mountain Govardhana on his finger to shelter the gopis, or cowherdesses, from the anger of Indra, who tried to destroy them by a deluge on account of their love for Krishna. He is constantly described as sporting with these gopis, of whom a thousand became his wives, though eight only are specified, Rama being the favourite one.

The Vishnu Purana

THIS is a good sample of the best kind of Puranas, and to Western thinkers the most interesting and important. It represents Vishnuism at its height. Here we have described at length the birth of the man-god Krishna, who, in the Bhagavad-gita (Mahabharata) appears first of all as a hero, and then as a god.

Here are described, in even more detail than in the Bhagavata Purana, the pranks of Krishna : how he upsets waggons, overthrows trees and washermen, killing such people as he dislikes, playing with the gopis, a thousand of whom he marries. When he is absent, these cowherdesses are full of grief and long for his return. The love of Krishna for the gopis is really, it is said, a picture of the love between God and man, and all the uncitable, sensuous language in which this love is set forth is made to have a spiritual significance.

From the Vishnu Purana

I HAVE adored Vishnu, Lord of all, and revered Brahma and the other gods : I will now relate a Purana which is equal to the Vedas. Hail, Thou mighty One, all powerful Vishnu, holy, eternal, unchangeable, whether revealed as Brahma, Hari (Vishnu) or Siva ; creator, preserver,

destroyer ; one in nature, but manifold in form, whose essence is one, and yet diverse ; intelligible, yet unintelligible ; the cause and support of the world ; O Thou imperishable One, Thou infinitely wise.

Whatever the mind desires, the hands reach unto and the understanding comprehends. These, all these, O Lord, are but forms of Thee. Thou art in me and all about me. Thou art scriptures, laws, planets and suns, the formed and the formless. Holy acts of sacrifice are performed by all whose conduct is right and blameless. Men attain to the joy of Heaven even in this present life. When the intellect is pure, as well as the heart, Thou, O Lord, revealest Thyself to man. It is only the ignorant man that takes God to be what He is not. O Lord, creator of all, destroy the haughtiness.

Hymn to Vishnu

THOU, O Lord, art one with supreme wisdom and with the lower wisdom, too. All knowledge is but a form of Thee : Thou art hidden, inconceivable, nameless and indescribable. Thou art pure, eternal and infinitely great. Smaller than the smallest, Thou art also greater than the greatest. Though Thou revealest Thyself in many forms, yet art Thou but one. All things are in Thee, and without Thee nothing could be. Thou givest life to all and suppliest the needs of all. O Thou great unknown, Thou knowest all.

He who adores Vishnu becomes humble. He whose heart is pure and good, who is humble, simple, kind and just ; in his heart Thou dwellest, O Thou Lord of life.

Humility

SUNITI said, " O Son, be not disconsolate at this offence, for no one can take away what thou hast done, nor can anyone supply what thou hast left undone. The wise and good man is content to be dealt with according to his merit. He does not wish to be praised for what he is not and what he has not done. If he is not thus praised he is content to have deserved to be thus praised."

Krishna and the Gopis

ONE clear day Krishna joined with the gopis in sport, he and Rama singing in low, sweet tones such ditties as the

women loved. Hearing such entrancing music the wives and daughters of the cowherds ran to their beloved Krishna and gathered around him, all their sins being expiated by the longing which they had shown for his presence. It was a lovely moonlight night and, being surrounded with the gopis, Krishna arranged a *rasa*¹ dance. Many of the gopis imitated the various actions of Krishna. One said, " I am Krishna, behold the elegance of my movements." Another said, " Listen to my song." A third said, " Do not fear anything ; the danger of the deluge, brought on by India through jealousy, is over ; for I, Krishna, lift up Mount Govardhana as a protection to you, my sweet ones." In the course of the dance Krishna multiplied himself to such a degree that between every two of the women there was a Krishna. Yet this did not literally take place, for the Holy One, having taken hold of each damsel's hand, quits her. But the effect of the contact is such that she loses her power of perception, so that she holds the hand of her female neighbour, thinking it to be Krishna's.

Death and Deification of Krishna

AT length Krishna came by his death through accident. A hunter named Jaras [old age], having a bow and arrow, saw from a distance the foot of Krishna, but mistook it for part of a deer and shot his arrow, which lodged in Krishna's sole. Approaching the Great One, he fell at his feet and humbly sought his forgiveness, saying, " Pity me, for I have done this deed unwittingly. Thou art able to consume me, but O forgive."

Bhagavat (Krishna) replied, " Fear thou not ; go, hunter, by my favour to heaven, the abode of the gods."

As soon as this word was spoken a celestial car appeared, into which the hunter entered and was at once taken to heaven. Then the Illustrious One, Krishna, united himself with his own pure spiritual, imperishable, universal spirit, abandoning his mortal body, and living only that life which is free from all material limitations.

¹This was taken part in by men and women, who held one another's hands and went round in a circle, singing together the airs to which they danced.

Sivaite Puranas

THE Sivaite Puranas, that is, Puranas in honour of the supreme being Vishnu in the form of Siva the Destroyer, form six groups. They are almost entirely taken up, as has already been explained, with the degraded form of worship with which Sivaism is associated.

Agni Purana

THAT worship is the best which is performed without any regard to reward. He who adores the Supreme Being (Vishnu-Siva) ought to behold Him in

every creature and ought to behold every creature in Him. The Lord of life (Vishnu-Siva) should not be worshipped with flowers that are faded. Those that grow in thine own garden are best. But of all altar flowers the best and the most acceptable is reverence.

Do your duty to-day and do not delay it, for death makes no distinction between men who have done their duty and those who have not. A man's life makes action possible, and it is action that leads to destiny, and the nature of that destiny is determined by the nature of the actions we perform.

III—Tantras

THE Tantras ('threads' or 'fundamental doctrines') are dependent on the Puranas, as the latter are upon the two great epics. The Tantras are manuals of religion, of magic, of counter-charms, with the addition of hymns in praise of Sakti, the female counterpart of Siva. They are of late date, and some of them had their origin at as late an epoch as the 18th century. It should be remembered that the Tantras are the product of Sivaism in what Europeans would regard as its most debased form, though Hindus say that Europeans misunderstand their point of view because they do not see the mystic meaning and teaching of these 'threads.'

The Appearance of Kali

IT is our duty to adore with drinks and sacrifices the goddess Kali, with her gaping mouth and her unkempt hair. She has four hands and a resplendent garland formed of the heads of the giants whom she has slain and whose blood she has drunk. In her lotus-like hand she holds her sword. She is as black as the storm-cloud and wears the whole sky for her garments. She has a necklace of human skulls and her throat is besmeared with blood. Her earrings consist of two dead bodies, and in her hands she carries two other dead bodies. Her teeth are terrible, though her face wears a smile. Her form is terrific, and the ground on which she stands is burning (to consume corpses). She stands on the breast of her husband, Maha-deva.¹

The Golden Age

SAID Parvati (Durga or Kali), to her lord Siva, "In the Golden Age, Krita,² before man fell away from his original sinless state, all men knew and

recited the Vedas, practised meditation, performed austerities and showed kindness. They visited the temples regularly, treated the wives of others as they would their mothers, and the sons of others as their own. There was, in consequence, in those days, no disease or famine or premature death. Women were strong and healthy, graceful and virtuous. The four castes followed their respective occupations, each man content with his own lot. Then there came on the Treta Age. Men ceased to read the Vedas and forgot the traditions. The Puranas fell into neglect, the temples were unvisited, and moral corruption as well as physical suffering increased. It was when men had reached this pass that Thou, Lord of all [Siva], didst create the Tantras with their various yogic [*i.e.* ascetic] requirements, that so the fallen race might lift itself up to Thee and become one with Thee. Thou hast ordained the sacred circle (*Chakra*) with its five tatuas. To the low-born these religious exercises are but sensuous and demoralising indulgences, but to those who are spiritually minded they are but yogic, or ascetic, exercises by which man's lowest passions are subdued and transformed into agencies of fellowship and of union with Thee, O Great One."

¹The legend goes that Kali, after a brilliant victory, danced with joy to such a degree that the universe threatened to collapse. Siva mercifully interposed his body to save the universe.

²The first of the four ages into which the world's history is divided by the Hindus.

ADAM SMITH

THE WEALTH OF NATIONS

GRATEST of discoverers in the science of political economy, Adam Smith was born at Kirkcaldy, Fifeshire, June 5, 1723, and educated there, at Glasgow University and at Balliol College, Oxford. In 1751 he was appointed professor of logic in Glasgow University, and from 1752 to 1763 was professor of moral philosophy. In 1766 he retired to Kirkcaldy to devote himself to the composition of a work, embodying the principles he had arrived at during this period, and in 1776 it appeared under the title *An Inquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations*. It at once achieved what has proved to be a permanent reputation and went far to destroy the system of artificial regulations that then fettered commerce. Adam Smith died July 17, 1790. His reasonings have had vast influence not only on commerce, but also on practical politics: his powerful defence of Free Trade and his indictment of the East India Company having especially modified the history of this country. A popular edition of *The Wealth of Nations* in two volumes is included in Everyman's Library.

I—Labour and its Produce



THE division of labour has been the chief cause of improvement in the productiveness of labour. For instance, the making of a single pin involves eighteen separate operations, which are entrusted to eighteen separate workmen; and the result is, that whereas one man working alone could make perhaps only twenty pins in a day, several men working together, on the principle of division of labour, can make several thousands of pins per man in one day. Division of labour, in a highly developed state of society, is carried into almost every practical art; and its great benefits depend upon the increase of dexterity in each workman, upon the saving of time otherwise lost in passing from one kind of work to another and, finally, upon the use of many labour-saving machines.

This division of labour, from which so many advantages are derived, is not originally the effect of any human wisdom which foresees and intends the opulence to which it gives rise; it is rather the gradual result of the propensity in human nature to barter and exchange one thing for another. The power of exchanging their respective produce makes it possible for one man to produce only bread, and for another to produce only clothing.

The extent to which the division of labour can be carried is, therefore, limited

by the extent of the market. There are some sorts of industry, even of the lowest kind, which can be carried on nowhere but in a great town—a porter, for example, cannot find employment and subsistence in a village. In the highlands of Scotland every farmer must be butcher, baker and brewer for his own family.

As water-carriage opens a more extensive market to every kind of industry than is afforded by land-carriage, it is on the sea-coast, and on the banks of navigable rivers, that industry begins to subdivide and improve itself, and it is not till long afterwards that these improvements extend to the inland parts. It was thus that the earliest civilized nations were grouped round the coasts of the Mediterranean Sea, and the extent and easiness of its inland navigation was probably the chief cause of the early improvement of Egypt.

As soon as the division of labour is well established, every man becomes in some measure a merchant and the society becomes a commercial society, and the continual process of exchange leads inevitably to the origin of money. In the absence of money, or a general medium of exchange, society would be restricted to the cumbersome method of barter. Every man, therefore, would early endeavour to keep by him, besides the produce of his own industry, a certain quantity of some commodity such as other

people will be likely to take in exchange for the produce of their particular industries. Cattle, for example, have been widely used for this purpose in primitive societies, and Homer speaks of a suit of armour costing a hundred oxen.

But the durability of metals, as well as the facility with which they can be subdivided, has led to their employment, in all countries, as the means of exchange; and in order to obviate the necessity of weighing portions of the metals at every purchase, as well as to prevent fraud, it has been found necessary to affix a public stamp upon certain quantities of the metals commonly used to purchase goods. The value of commodities thus comes to be expressed in terms of coinage.

But labour is the real measure of the exchangeable value of all commodities; the value of any commodity to the person who possesses it is equal to the quantity of labour which it enables him to purchase or to command. What is bought with money or with goods is purchased by labour as much as what we require by the toil of our own body. Labour alone, never varying in its own value, is alone the ultimate and real standard by which the value of all commodities can at all times, and in all places, be estimated and compared. It is their real price; money is their nominal price only. Equal quantities of labour will at distant times be purchased more nearly with equal quantities of corn—the subsistence of the labourer—than with equal quantities of gold, or of any other commodity.

Several elements enter into the price of commodities. In a nation of hunters, if it costs twice the labour to kill a beaver which it costs to kill a deer, one beaver will be worth two deer. But if the one kind of labour be more severe than the other, some

allowance will naturally be made for this superior hardship; and thirdly, if one kind of labour requires an uncommon degree of dexterity and ingenuity, it will command a higher value than that which would be due to the time employed in it.

So far the whole produce of labour belongs to the labourer. But as soon as stock has accumulated in the hands of particular persons, some of them will employ it in setting to work industrious workmen, whom they will supply with materials and subsistence, in order to make a profit by the sale of their work. The profits of stock are not to be regarded as the wages of a particular sort of labour, the labour of inspection and direction; for they are regulated altogether by the value of the stock employed, and are greater or smaller in proportion to the extent of this stock.

There is in every society or neighbourhood an ordinary or average rate both of wages and profit in every different employment of labour and stock; and this rate is regulated partly by the general circumstances of the society, its riches or poverty, and partly by the peculiar nature of each employment.

There is also in every society or neighbourhood an ordinary or average rate of rent, which is regulated, too, by the general circumstances of the society or neighbourhood in which the land is situated, and partly by the natural or improved fertility of the land. What we may call the natural price of any commodity depends upon these natural rates of wages, profit and rent at the place where it is produced. But its market price may vary from its natural price, and depends upon the proportion between the supply and the demand.

II—*Nature, Accumulation and Employment of Stock*

WHEN the stock which a man possesses is no more than sufficient to maintain him for a few days or weeks, he seldom thinks of deriving any revenue from it, but when he possesses enough to maintain him for months or years, he endeavours to derive a revenue from the greater part of it. The stock from which he derives revenue is called his capital.

There are two ways in which capital may be employed so as to yield a profit to its employer. First, it may be employed in raising manufacturing, or purchasing goods, and selling them again with a profit; this is circulating capital. Secondly, it may be employed in the improvement of land, or in the purchase of machines and instruments; and this

capital, which yields a profit from objects which do not change masters, is called fixed capital.

The general stock of any country or society is the same as that of all its inhabitants or members and is, therefore, divided into three portions, each of which has a different function. The first is the portion which is reserved for immediate consumption, and so affords no revenue or profit. The second is the fixed capital, which consists of :

(a) All useful machines and instruments of trade which facilitate labour.

(b) All profitable buildings, which procure a revenue, not only to their owner, but also to the person who rents them, such as shops, warehouses, farmhouses, factories, etc.

(c) The improvements of land, and all that has been laid out in clearing, draining, enclosing, manuring and reducing it into the condition most proper for culture.

(d) The acquired and useful abilities of all the inhabitants or members of the society ; for the acquisition of such talents, by the maintenance of the learner during his training costs a real expense, which is a capital fixed in his person.

III—The Progress of Opulence in Different Nations

THE greatest commerce of every civilized society is that carried on between the inhabitants of the town and those of the country. It consists in the exchange of rude for manufactured produce, either immediately, or by the intervention of money, or of some sort of paper which represents money. The country supplies the town with the means of subsistence and the materials for manufactures. The town repays this supply by sending back a part of the manufactured produce to the inhabitants of the country. The town, in which there neither is nor can be any reproduction of substances, may very properly be said to gain its whole subsistence from the country. And in how great a degree the country is benefited by the commerce of the town may be seen from a comparison of the cultivation of the lands in the neighbourhood of any considerable town with that of those which lie at some distance from it.

As subsistence is, in the nature of things,

The third and last of the three portions into which the general stock of the society divides itself is the circulating capital, which affords a revenue only by changing masters. It includes .

(a) All the money by means of which all the other three are circulated and distributed to their proper consumers.

(b) All the stock of provisions which are in the possession of the butcher, farmer, corn merchant, etc. and from the sale of which they expect to derive a profit.

(c) All the materials, whether altogether rude, or more or less manufactured, for clothes, furniture and building, which are not yet made up into any of these shapes, but remain in the hands of the growers, manufacturers and merchants.

(d) All the work which is made up and completed, but is not yet disposed of to the proper consumers.

The substitution of paper in the place of gold and silver money replaces a very expensive instrument of commerce by one much less costly, and sometimes equally convenient. Circulation comes to be carried on by a new wheel, which costs less both to erect and to maintain than the old one.

prior to convenience and luxury, so the rural industries, which procure the former, must be prior to the urban industries, which minister to the latter. The greater part of the capital of every growing society is therefore directed first to agriculture, afterwards to manufactures, and last of all to foreign commerce.

But this natural order of things has, in all the modern states of Europe, been in many respects entirely inverted. The foreign commerce of some of their cities has given rise to their finer manufactures, and manufactures and foreign commerce together have given birth to the principal improvements of agriculture. The customs which their original government introduced, and which remained after that government was greatly altered, necessarily forced them into this unnatural and retrograde order.

In the ancient state of Europe, after the fall of the Roman Empire, agriculture was greatly discouraged by several causes.

The rapine and violence which the barbarians exercised against the ancient inhabitants interrupted the commerce between the towns and the country; the towns were deserted and the country was left uncultivated. The western provinces of Europe sank into the lowest state of poverty, and the land, which was mostly uncultivated, was engrossed by a few great proprietors.

These lands might, in the natural course of events, have been soon divided again, and broken into small parcels by succession or by alienation; but the law of primogeniture hindered their division by succession, and the introduction of entails prevented their being divided by alienation. These hindrances to the division, and consequently to the cultivation, of the land were due to the fact that land was considered as the means not of subsistence merely, but of power and protection.

In the ancient state of Europe the occupiers of land were all tenants at will, and practically slaves. To these succeeded a kind of farmers known at present in France by the name of 'metayers,' whose produce was divided equally between the proprietor and the farmer, after setting aside what was judged necessary for keeping up the stock, which still belonged to the landlord. To these, in turn, succeeded farmers properly so called, who cultivated the land with their own stock, paying a fixed rent to the landlord and enjoying a certain degree of security of tenure. And every improvement in the position of the actual cultivation of the soil is attended by a corresponding improvement of the land and of its cultivation.

IV—The Mercantile System

FROM the mistaken theory that wealth consists in money, or in gold and silver, there has arisen an erroneous and harmful system of political economy and of legislation in the supposed interests of manufacture, of commerce and of the wealth of nations. A rich country is supposed to be a country abounding in money; and all the nations of Europe have consequently studied, though to little purpose, every possible means of accumulating gold and silver in their respective countries. For example, they

After the fall of the Roman Empire, the inhabitants of cities and towns were not more favoured than those of the country. The towns were inhabited chiefly by tradesmen and mechanics, who in those days were of servile, or nearly servile, condition. Yet the townsmen arrived at liberty and independence much earlier than the country population; their towns became 'free burghs,' and were erected into commonalties or corporations, with the privilege of having magistrates and a town council of their own, of making by-laws for their own government, and of building walls for their own defence. Order and good government, and the liberty and security of individuals, were thus established in cities at a time when the occupiers of land in the country were exposed to every sort of violence.

THE increase and riches of commercial and manufacturing towns thenceforward contributed to the improvement and cultivation of the countries to which they belonged in three different ways. First, by affording a great and ready market for the rude produce of the country. Secondly, the wealth acquired by the inhabitants of cities was employed in purchasing uncultivated lands and in bringing them under cultivation; for merchants are ambitious of becoming country gentlemen, and, when they do so, are generally the best of all improvers. And, lastly, commerce and manufactures gradually introduced order and good government, and with them as a logical consequence the liberty and security of individuals, among the inhabitants of the country.

have at times forbidden, or hindered by heavy duties, the export of these metals. But all these attempts are vain, for, on the one hand, when the quantity of gold and silver imported into any country exceeds the effectual demand, no vigilance can prevent their exportation. The real inconvenience, which is commonly called 'scarcity of money,' is not a shortness in the medium of exchange, but is a weakening and diminution of credit, due to over-trading.

The principle of the 'commercial

system' or 'mercantile system' is that wealth consists in money, or in gold and silver. It is an utterly untrue principle. But once it had been established in general belief that wealth consists in gold and silver, and that these metals can be brought into a country which has no mines only by the 'balance of trade'—that is to say, by exporting to a greater value than it imports—it necessarily became the great object of political economy to diminish as much as possible the importation of foreign goods for home consumption, and to increase as much as possible the exportation of the produce of domestic industry. Its great engines for enriching the country, therefore, were restraints upon importation and encouragements to exportation.

The restraints upon importation were of two kinds. First, restraints upon the importation of such foreign goods for home consumption as could be produced at home, from whatever country they were imported; and, secondly, restraints upon the importation of goods of almost all kinds from those particular countries with which the balance of trade was supposed to be disadvantageous. These restraints consisted sometimes in high duties, and sometimes in prohibitions.

V—The Revenue of the Sovereign or Commonwealth

THE first duty of the sovereign—that of protecting the society from the violence and invasion of other independent societies—can be performed only by means of a military force. This may be effected either by obliging all the citizens of the military age, or a certain number of them, to join in some measure the trade of a soldier to whatever other trade or profession they may happen to carry on; or by maintaining a certain number of citizens in the constant practice of military exercises, thus rendering the soldier's occupation a special profession, distinct from all others. A militia is the less expensive, but a standing army is by far the more efficient defence; and its cost falls to be borne by the sovereign or the commonwealth.

The second duty of government is to protect every member of the society from the violence or injustice of other members;

Exportation was encouraged sometimes by drawbacks, sometimes by bounties, sometimes by advantageous treaties of commerce with sovereign states, and sometimes by the establishment of colonies in distant countries. The above two restraints, and these four encouragements to exportation, constitute the six principal means by which the commercial or mercantile system proposes to increase the quantity of gold and silver in any country by turning the balance of trade in its favour.

THE entire system, in all its developments, is fallacious in theory and evil in its practical effect. It is not difficult to determine who have been the contrivers of this whole mercantile system—not the consumers, whose interest has been entirely neglected, but the producers, and especially the merchants and manufacturers, whose interest has been so carefully attended to.

It remains to be said, also, that the 'agricultural system,' which represents the produce of land as the sole source of the revenue and wealth of every country, and as therefore justifying a special protection of it, is as fallacious and as harmful as the other.

and for this purpose courts and magistrates of justice have to be maintained, and officers must be appointed to preserve the internal peace of the community. Another duty is to maintain the means of education, among which we may include not only the universities, but also the Church. The building and maintenance of roads, bridges, canals and other communications, which cannot be undertaken by private enterprise, must also be reckoned among the duties of the sovereign.

The cost of all these functions of sovereignty is defrayed by taxation; and the great principles of taxation are that the taxes should be proportioned to the means of those who have to pay them, and that the collection of every tax should be as inexpensive and as little irksome or vexatious to the public as possible.

A Note on William de Morgan

WILLIAM FRED DE MORGAN, who was born November 16, 1839—son of Augustus de Morgan, the brilliant mathematician who from 1828 until 1866 enjoyed the distinction of being the first professor of mathematics at the University of London—is a unique figure in English literature inasmuch as he did not make his first appearance as a novelist until 1906, when he was in

his sixty-seventh year, yet before his death, which occurred December 29, 1917, he produced another half dozen novels, all of extraordinary length and all extraordinarily good.

After leaving University College, William de Morgan, then in his twentieth year, entered the academy schools intending to make art his profession. His

artistic genius, however, was in design and in investigation into the application of chemical and mechanical processes in the manufacture of glass and pottery, and from 1870 to 1900 the story of his work in life is told in the history of ceramics.

DE MORGAN'S work as a potter ended in 1905 and, bereft of familiar occupation, he wondered how to fill his days. Some years before, in 1901, he had written two chapters of a novel. "I always loved grubby little boys," he said later, "and thought I should like to write a story of a grubby little boy." So he began; but dissatisfied with his attempt he put the fragment aside and forgot all about it. A little later, he being ill in bed, his wife took the manuscript to him, gave him a pencil and said, "I think something might be made of this." Half an hour later she found him writing—in a washing-book that happened to be handy—the continuation of Joseph Vance. The novel was completed in 1904; but not until July 1905 did it get into Mr. Heinemann's hands. In 1906 it was published in both England and America and welcomed with a storm of applause.

Alice For Short followed in 1907, *Somehow Good* in 1908, *It Never Can Happen Again* in 1909, *An Affair of Dishonour* in 1910, *A Likely Story* in 1912, and *When Ghost Meets Ghost* in 1913. *The Old Madhouse* and *The Old Man's Youth*, both left unfinished, were completed by his widow and

published in 1919 and 1921 respectively. All William de Morgan's books are published by William Heinemann, Ltd.

Joseph Vance has been chosen for study in the following pages because it fully represents all the qualities for which this most notable novelist is remarkable. Sincerity is the dominant quality of everything he wrote and the strength, tenderness and daring of his writing, which defies the conventions maintained by the academic critic, constitute a style of unmistakable individuality. Trained throughout a long life to study the beauty of minute detail, his mind garnered an inexhaustible store of beautiful ideas about life in general and applying to literature the pre-Raphaelite method in painting, he put into his finished work an infinity of minutiae which perfectly fitted together have the effect of rare mosaic.

IT is a commonplace of literary journalism to compare William de Morgan with Charles Dickens, and the points of resemblance are sufficiently obvious, but as some critic has pointed out, Dickens caricatured and de Morgan characterised. Both men had the same all-embracing love of humanity and an equal tenderness of heart; both had the same genius for the observation of detail and an ingenuity in obtaining a cumulative effect by the use of trifles which less intelligent observers frequently ignore. But the differences between the two men are very wide, and one reason why de Morgan, if not a greater, is yet a more lovable writer than Dickens, is that he began to write when he was sixty-seven, while the Master—the Headmaster de Morgan called him—began to write when he was twenty-one. In the works of both the spontaneity, freshness and gaiety of youth are ever present; but to these William de Morgan added a mellow wisdom and an understanding sympathy which cannot be acquired except by process of time. He had the knowledge of old age and the power of youth.

WILLIAM DE MORGAN is not an author for the reader who is in a hurry. Read as they ought to be at leisure and with attention, his novels appear quite astonishing masterpieces of construction of plot—intricate and involved to all seeming as one goes through them, but nevertheless unravelling themselves to simple and fine threads as one nears the end. And the apparently desultory dissertations which accompany the narrative, are the most engaging expression of kindly philosophy that modern fiction has to show. Joseph Vance in particular is the wisest and finest novel of manners in the Victorian period and the finest portrait gallery of that age that we possess.



Ethel Glazebrook

Wm de Morgan

WILLIAM DE MORGAN

JOSEPH VANCE

A Study by Lewis Melville

I—How Joseph's Father Became a Business Man



JOSEPH VANCE, a novel with five hundred odd closely printed pages, appeared in 1904. It was written by William de Morgan, as yet unknown as an author, though distinguished in other fields of art, who was then in his sixtieth year. In spite of its inordinate length, it was at once successful, and de Morgan was accepted as one of the best novelists of the day. This book alone secures for him his niche in English literature. It is so splendidly individual. Just as only Dickens could have written *The Pickwick Papers*, Henry Kingsley, *Ravenshoe*, George Meredith, *The Egoist*, so no one but William de Morgan could be the author of *Joseph Vance*.

De Morgan possesses a subtle humour in characterisation and dialogue rather than in situation, and a deep and touching tenderness and pathos, and a love of all things human inspires his books. He writes as does a man who has successfully searched life for joy, and then has lost what he has found. The book, the reader cannot but feel, is written by one who had a sad story to tell, and tells it, not because he would but because he must; it is as sincere as Newman's *Apologia*. *Joseph Vance* is epic in its conception, magnificent in its presentment. This autobiography of a great-hearted man could only be told as it is told by a great-hearted man.

Joseph, who tells the story, is the son of Christopher Vance who, when first introduced, is a lazy, good-tempered loafer, with a nice sense of humour, devotion to his son and affection enough for his wife. A tremendous fight, arising out of an absurd squabble at a public-house, results in the incarceration of Christopher in a hospital for a long time. Compulsory

abstinence and unutterable boredom set the man's brain to work.

Fortune favoured Christopher. A passing hawker has among his wares a board on which was painted, 'C. Dance, Builder. Repairs, Drains promptly attended to.' This C. Vance purchases for fifteen-pence, and has the D altered to V for a further shilling. The board is put up outside his house—and C. Vance is a man of business. Even Mrs. Vance is impressed by the sight, "I'm sure one would never have thought it! It do look as if it had been there since Doomsday." The amusing thing is that after a while everybody thinks it has been there, anyhow for years. Dr. Randall Thorpe, of Poplar Villa, gives Vance his first job. Vance had in his time done odd jobs, but he had no knowledge of any trade. He was, however, shrewd enough to keep this from those who knew even less. Having set his foot in Poplar Villa, he determined to make the most of the opportunity.

I found my Father and Dr. Thorpe at the front gate apparently on good terms (for which I was thankful, knowing my Father's combative disposition), but registering slight differences of opinion about a certain culvert, or barrel-drain; concerning which the Doctor spoke with as decisive a certainty as if he had crawled up it. "I still think," said he, "that the fault is in the old barrel-drain." And my Father replied, "Deferrin' always respectfully to you, Sir, and always subject to your correction, I still hold as a Practical Man to my opinion—defective trap-pin'. But we will have a thorough examination as arranged on Monday."

Christopher Vance's genius—it is little less—rode triumphant over all obstacles. With only the price of a few pints of beer in his pocket, he is successful in his expedition in search of Plant and Materials. It is not necessary to trace in detail the rise of the firm of C. Vance.

I think I have given sufficient detail of my Father's first exploit in the Building line to indicate the reasons of his subsequent success. He was really very shrewd, and had a keen perception of the sort of wisdom shown by the Brave Little Tailor in the German child's story, who sits in the branches while the Giant carries the tree, and the moment he stops jumps down and pretends he has been working equally hard. In all cases, the actual work was done by William, or by Henderson's in the Orpington Road, or by Mrs. Packleses niece-by-marriage's husband, or some similar ally. He always contrived to beg

off paying the Giants till his employers settled the accounts, and for a long time was most discreet about overcharges—actually taking Dr. Thorpe into his confidence and showing him quite truthfully that seven and a half per cent. was the outside commission that he received on the total, and then deducting two and a half per cent. for a cash settlement.

Dr. Thorpe, however, refused to make this reduction, saying that he did not see why he should filch Mr. Vance's just earnings as a bribe to pay his debts honourably. But Dr. Thorpe was not a Man of Business.

II—Joseph's Ordeal at Lossie's Wedding

DR. THORPE's household consisted of his elderly sister, two daughters, Violet and Lucilla, and a son, commonly called Joey.

Lucilla, otherwise Lossie, is an incomparable creation. She is the sweetest, daintiest girl that novelist ever conceived. She has humour, charm, an infectious laugh that the reader can hear ringing out like a silver bell, and beauty, and such a letter writer there never was save the author who created her.

I took the Boy in the garden and made him pick pears. And he's been here to-day and made us all laugh so with his funny accent. Only Vicky went into a Rage about me and him. And then afterwards when we were all at dinner she wanted Papa to tell me not to go on like that. And Papa said, 'You're not to go on like that, Lossie dear. Give me a baked potato with your fingers, dear, but on no account go on like that, and then Vi will tell us what you are not to go on like.' And then Vicky said, 'Why, in that irreligious way with dreadful Boys out of the street—talking about Eternity and the Lord!' And Pa said it was very sad, and how came I to talk of such irreligious things as Eternity and the Lord to dreadful Boys out of the street? And Vicky said well I knew he said plunged-into-Eternity and the Minister-of-the-Lord—some horrid Dissenting parson he'd got—and for her part she didn't think it was a thing to joke about. And another time, she said, she wouldn't sit there. And then Auntie murmured submissively from her end of the table, 'I am not quite sure that perhaps Violet may not be right, dear Randall.' And Pa said Oh there was no doubt about it, and quite took Auntie in, and she said she was glad he thought so. And then he said, 'Now mind, Lossie, never you say plunged-into-Eternity or the Minister-of-the-Lord to dreadful Boys out of the street, or your sister won't sit there.' And then Vicky got up in tears and said she didn't want any more dinner and would go. And I had to run and fetch her back and tell her it was Roly-poly Pudding.

Dr. Thorpe and Lossie 'take up' Joe

Vance, send him to school, and have him in his holidays as a constant visitor at Poplar Villa. His feelings for Lossie, who was five years his senior, were those both of a brother and a lover.

It comes as an absolute knock-out blow to him when he is studying at Oxford (where he takes an honours degree) to hear from her father that Lossie is engaged to General Desprez, and is going after her marriage to live in India.

Joe could not trust himself to face her without betraying himself, so he wrote instead:

My dear Lossie: I am afraid I cannot get up to London for a few days yet. I will do so as soon as I can, but I am so desperately behindhand with the programme I had sketched out for myself this long that I would rather (if I may) wait a few days before coming up. I wanted to have got through the Epinicia of Pindar before now, and really I am scarcely half-way. I am extremely well, and not over-working at all, and get lots of sculling on the river. I will really come very soon. It doesn't matter, does it, my putting off a little? I feel as if I ought to apologise to General Desprez for not coming at once to be introduced to him, but you will know how to excuse me and say something nice for me, won't you?

Always affectionately yours,

JOE.

WHEN Lossie had read this letter, Joseph's feelings were as clear to her as if he had bared his heart to her. "If you will believe me," she wrote to her most intimate girl friend, "when I came to 'I will really come very soon,' I knew the whole truth without another word." At first she thought of going to Oxford, but then came to the conclusion it would be better that her future husband should. Hugh Desprez, brave soldier as he was, was terrified when he was told 'to man

the life-boat, and row out to the wreck.' "It is the worst affair I've been in yet," he said to Lossie. However, he went, exercised all his tact and brought Joseph back to town with him.

Joseph compelled himself to be present at the wedding. As the bride and bridegroom were about to set forth on the honeymoon came the worst ordeal for him.

And then Dr. Thorpe had said, "Come along, Joe! You *must* come and see them go, you know," and I had answered, "I'm coming." And he, putting faith in that statement, went on in front.

I was not so sure I would go, though. Could I not sneak off and lie *perdu* until the carriages rolled

away and the darkness descended? But Lossie herself came running back and found me there.

"Oh, Joe—dear Joe—*dear* old boy! Don't look so pale and heartbroken! I *shall* come back to you. Indeed I shall."

I could not say a word. And her father began calling from below, "Come, Loss, here's the General going away without you. Look alive!"

"All right, Papa, tell him to take Auntie instead."

I had begun to try to say something, Heaven knows what, when Lossie, who had distinguished herself by not crying, and had thereby, as I afterwards heard, rather scandalised her sister, suddenly burst into a flood of tears, and throwing her arms round me kissed me on both cheeks.

"Dear, dear little Boy—dear other little Brother—good-bye."

I cannot recall how she left the room.

III—Mr. Vance's Matchmaking and What Came of It

THE years pass, and Christopher builds up a large business. His first wife dies, and he marries again—this time Seraphina Dowdeswell, who was his maid-servant. Christopher drinks more and more heavily; his factory is burnt down, and it is discovered that though he had written out a cheque for the insurance premium, in one of his bouts he had put it away and never posted it. But there was no lack of money, for Joseph had by now become an engineer of distinction. His first invention, a spherical engine, had, however, been stolen, and he could not, or rather would not, take proceedings as the thief was the father of his friend's wife. Fate certainly had been unkind to Joe, but when he met 'Janey' Spencer, who in the old days had been intimate with Lossie, it looked as if amends were to be made to him. But Janey knew too well Joe's interest in Lossie.

So when (as may be imagined) it came to the foolish declaration, that should not then have been made, of a passion that I was not absolutely certain I felt, Janey threw out her hands with a sort of gesture of despair, and cried, "Oh, Mr. Vance, Mr. Vance, we were so jolly, and now you've spoiled it all!" And so I had, and had done it very stupidly too. For a revelation of what I was pleased to call my feelings, which would have been plausible to myself, or maybe more than merely plausible, a year after my confession about Lossie, was a mistake at the end of a couple of months.

My Father, who had been watching my proceedings with deep interest, was rather disgusted when I told him the widow lady said she wouldn't have me. For he persisted in considering Janey as essentially a relict; although by miscarriage

of circumstances she had never been married. "It's only 'er 'umbug, Joe," was his conclusion. "The land warn't ripe for building! You turned on the water before it biled, and just spoiled all the tea. I should 'ark back to the startin'-post if I was in your stockin's, and light a new cigar, as the sayin' is." I did not identify the saying, but I saw that my Father's mixture of allegories contained the truth.

Following his father's advice, Joe perseveres; but Janey, though deeply in love with him, will have no half-loaf of affection and devotion. He proposes again, after a decent interval, but Janey refuses concession. "Oh, Mr. Vance, Mr. Vance," she cried, "you have no right to press me—you have no right." And then, her father entering, she calls out to him: "Papa! Papa! Help me to tell him that I *cannot* marry him, and *make* him believe it." Joseph leaves her: "And I walked home all the way from Hampstead to Clapham—I went a long way round quite needlessly. And all through that long walk my mind went on concocting and reciting the account of all these things that I meant to write out by the next mail—to Lossie."

In the end Janey yielded, when she was sure that she had secured the whole loaf—save only a few crumbs.

I caught her in my arms and burst into a passionate entreaty to her to forgive me and take me back. Whatever else was true, I said, it was true that I loved her better than any other woman I could possibly marry. "Recollect," I said, "that if you turn me away again, it is to no happiness elsewhere—only a black, dry, fruitless

world—and we may meet again in the desert, as we have met to-day, each wandering about alone.” She did not shrink from me, but was as white as a sheet. I caught her up closer; I could feel how her heart beat, and still she did not shrink. But passionately as I spoke and felt, one of my inner selves was still speculating on how the other would finish that letter to Lossie; while the other was dimly conscious of an outside satisfaction to come hereafter, at the happiness Lossie would have in reading it. I doubt this being the least intelligible to anyone else—but then I am not writing anyone else’s life.

The marriage is successful, and husband and wife are happy indeed. Then they went on a voyage, and there was a great storm off the Portuguese coast.

The first mate came to them and tried to persuade the lady to leave her husband and go in the first boat, but she refused. “We go together,” said she, and they remained and saw boat after boat get clear, all but two that were swamped almost as soon as they touched the water. They stayed on some while, he could not say how long, after the last boat had gone, and then the ship gave a lurch and seemed to go head down—at least, said he, it was the end towards the land.

Then the first mate came again to them, and said, “Now is your time to go. The land is not a mile away. Good luck to both!” And then he and she were in the cold, dark water. The life-belts floated them, and he swam with her left hand in his. The wind had fallen, and the sea was less, and he was not without hope. He even spoke to cheer her, and she replied—and then once more. The third time he spoke she did not answer. Still, if he could only reach

the land! He himself had been drowned and revived, and that made him hope.

But the great black promontory came no nearer, to all seeming. And the hand he held was lifeless. And his own senses were failing fast—and then his power died in his own hands, and he could hold hers no longer. And it slipped away from him and the darkness closed in upon him, and he knew no more.

Janey is drowned, but Joseph is thrown up on the shore half-dead, and, after a long illness, and an agony of grief, is restored to health.

FOLLOWING soon upon this blow comes yet another, and a troublesome one, too. Joe goes abroad with Lossie’s brother, Joey (usually called Beppino) Thorpe. At Milan Vance is detained, and Beppino goes on to Florence, having borrowed a trunk of Joseph’s, labelled, of course, Vance.

Then Lossie and her husband return.

The whole party arrived early in May at Charing Cross Station, where I met them, and Lossie cried over me in the station without disguise. I can feel her arms round my neck still, and Hugh’s great strong hand that took mine and trembled as he pressed it; and the same face grayer now, that I had seen in the mirror at Oxford, with the same look on it. “Oh, my poor boy! My poor boy!” cried Lossie. “All alone!”

But no! Now I come to think of it, she did not say the last two words. Yet she and I thought them in such unison that it came to the same thing.

IV—Joseph Bears the Blame of Beppino’s Disgrace

A LETTER from Florence, addressed to Signor Giuseppe Vance, is given to Joseph.

When I opened it, I was amazed to find a passionate love-letter, written in the very finest Tuscan Italian, and signed *fino al tuo Bramatissimo ritorno la tua addoloratissima Annunciatina*.

It began ‘Adoratissimo mio Beppino,’ and I had only to glance at the first and last words to see that it was not meant for me. A moment’s further thought connected it with Beppino’s involuntary adoption of my name. He had been at some folly or wickedness, and some Italian girl had been duped or victimised by him. That was clear. But a natural reluctance to read another person’s letter prevented my making myself master of its contents, as I might have done. I enclosed the letter back to him at once, and was free from further temptation to look at it. I determined to speak to him of it.

Joey Thorpe gives his explanation. He is writing a novel, in which he has to supply love letters in Italian, written by a girl of the country whose husband or lover has deserted her.

He had written them in English, and Annunciatina had translated them, and had, for a joke, signed her name to this one. “But I say, Juvence,” he added, “I know you’ll be a good fellow and not say a word to anyone, not even to Lossie, about the novel. I do so want to keep it a secret until it’s finished.” The explanation seems plausible, and is accepted.

Some time later Joseph Vance receives from Italy another letter, this time enclosed in an envelope with a huge black border, informing him that his wife has died in giving birth to a child, and that the

child is alive and well, and has been christened Cristoforo Vance, as he had wished. Then he realizes that there has very definitely been some foul play.

Slowly, slowly it dawned upon me. Beppino was actually married to this Italian girl—or, at least, she believed him her husband—at the very time when he was arranging his marriage with Sibyl Fuller Perceval in England. And this ill-starred little *maschio* was near his entry on the scene when his father was uttering his new lies to a fresh victim. For if the first was his victim by reason of his desertion, the second was even more so in view of his deliberate mendacity.

Had I known then what I have since learnt about Italian marriage law, I should have understood that no bigamy was necessarily involved in Beppino's action. I should have known what admirable facilities it gives to enterprise of this sort, and how the Church service of espousal is a mere farce unless there is also a secular one; and that possibly Beppino was only half as bad as he seemed, having played the part of incarnate devil to one girl instead of two.

Joseph Vance determines at all cost to keep from Lossie the shame of her brother, but he does tell the story to her husband. In the end he sends money for the support of the child, and presently goes to Florence to see him, and appoints himself little Cristoforo's guardian.

After the death of her husband, Lossie, now Lady Desprez, goes to Florence, and hears the gossip, which is certainly backed by circumstantial evidence. It is even against Joseph Vance that he has adopted the lad, who bears his father's name.

I must write what I have to write, although my heart breaks to write it [Lossie says to him]. Oh, why could you not trust me, after all the long years we have been brother and sister? It was not a crime that you committed! Had you married another wife in Portugal, on your road back after Janey's death, it would have been no *crime*. Had you done so and then come to me and said, it might be hard for me to understand, but that you should be happier so—I should only have said let it be so—and taken your new wife to my heart as I took your old. It would have been *strange*, but such things have been, and will be again. And you would have been to me still my other little brother—my darling little Joey's namesake—the little

boy that picked the pears, and went up the chimney. Oh, do you remember?

But that you should do this thing and conceal it—conceal it from *me*! For I have been your sister, have I not? Oh, how my heart went out to you that dreadful day when I found your name in the list of passengers, and knew that Janey must be gone. And not only then, but so often. And in all this long absence in America, how I have thought of you and your boy—that I did not know was your own—thought of you and prayed for you and longed for your face again, that we might talk of Janey and Hugh together—for now, I thought, we should be alike in trouble a brother and a sister, as in our happiness in the old days. But you could conceal this that you did from me, and almost deny it; and all my trust in you that was so strong—it is all gone, and the young folk wonder why mamma sits and cries—for I have told them nothing and shall tell them nothing, and I hope Violet will be silent.

But it is useless for me to write on in this way—useless for me, useless for you. If ever we meet again in this world, I will be friends, dear Joe, for the sake of my father and yours, and all the long past, and above all for Janey's sake. And I will never dream for one moment that this marriage of yours meant that you forgot or could forget Janey—that I *cannot* believe!

LOSSIE writes in an agony of disappointment, and Joseph is heart-broken.

There was no way out now except the truth. Oh, for the right to speak the truth, and get Lossie back! A coward's thought, in all conscience! To get Lossie back, at the cost of shifting the weight off my heart on to hers!

"No," I said to myself, "if I die with the pain of it, I will be silent. Lossie must think ill of her other little brother for a while—just for the rest of the time—but she shall never know from him what that brother of her own was. Every pang I have to face in the days to come will be fraught with its own word of solace—'This is for Lossie'—and the thought will be mine that she is spared a greater sorrow than the one that is borne by me, that I do not shrink from for her sake."

So the letter ended all.

And Joseph Vance goes to Patagonia to pursue his profession, and finally comes home to live in lodgings, spending his days writing a history of musical instruments, and his evenings playing chess with Herr Dr. Ludwig Pfeleiderer.

V—The Curtain Falls on a Happier Note

YEARS later the truth is by chance revealed to Lossie.

My dear, dear old Joe, is it too late? [she wrote] I mean is it still possible I may do something—some little thing—to make amends for all the

cruel wrong I have been doing to you in these past years? Oh, my dear, if this should reach you, write, telegraph at once, to tell me where you are. I would give all I have, would give all my days that are left, only to see you for one hour and speak with you and have the air clear

between us as it used to be, and for you to know how miserably I could allow myself to be deceived. For my dear, my dear, I know it all now—it has all come to me in this last twelve hours, and Hugh is not here to keep me calm and tell me what to do. I must act for myself as best I may. God grant me only to see your dear face again—the face I had the cowardice and stupidity to think deceived me. I *ought* to have known it was *impossible*, and I was a fool and knew nothing.

WRITING like this is of no use! I had better stop it and try to tell you everything that has happened, as nearly as I can. But I am ill, and my head swims. If it were not so I should start at once for London, for I know you *are* in London somewhere. But I can only write to your old house and hope some chance may take the letter on.

For fifteen—no, sixteen—years—God forgive me for my folly—I have believed one whom I now know to be as true a man as ever lived to have been false in word and deed—*how* I could have thought it, it bewilders me now to think. But I *was* deceived, my dear, so cruelly deceived. And now I have to purchase the chance of making some amends for my wrong to you at the cost of knowing that another brother whose memory I was cherishing as a treasure, was one for whom I can find no name I can bear to call him by—but I must try again to begin and tell you what happened—I mean what had happened in this last day here. As for my excuses for the past, I cannot write them now. Oh, how I hope we shall meet that I may tell you.

YOU must remember my little Cicely (the little Turk, you called her). She and a young soldier, quite a boy, whom she met in the summer in London, are in love, and want me to allow them to be engaged. He has come here on a visit, and Cicely told him that I still keep Hugh's regimentals that he had at the time of his death. He came to me yesterday, asking as a great privilege that he might be allowed a sight of them—there is not a young man in the Army, said he, but would think it a privilege to see and touch the garment Hugh . . . died in. So I got it out for him . . . and I thank God I did so.

For as I was telling him of the little satchel that you will, I'm sure, recollect, he stood turning it over in his hands, and put his finger through the hole the bullet made. I had never examined it closely—it was too much pain—and had wrapped it up and put it away sixteen years ago. Young Lieutenant — said there was a piece of paper inside the lining, and it felt like an envelope. I thought it impossible, but told him to pull it out. I saw at once that it was a letter to the mother of your boy Cristoforo—but *not* in your handwriting!

I opened it and saw the signature, Giuseppe Vancè. But the moment I saw 'Giuseppe' I saw it was Beppino's. And the whole thing burst suddenly on me, and I was wise too late.

I fell down insensible, and am now only slowly recovering from the shock.

Oh, my dear, I see it all plainly now—at least, I see you took Beppino's guilt upon yourself, and made his boy your own. I remember I wrote out to Sarita that I believed it must have been some Quixotism of yours. So it was, dear Joe, but it was the Quixotism of the angels. . . .

Dear, dear other little brother, if this letter reaches you and we never meet, as may be, try and think of our past as though it had ended in those last days at —. Never think of all these dreary years of darkness and misunderstanding. If only we might all have died then—while the world was still sweet to us and life seemed good! As it now is, the best to hope for is that I may get my strength again and come to find you. But I know that *if* you receive this you will come at once to me.

They tell me I must write no more, and I want this to go to-day. I shall be happier when it is posted. It is a chance—a hope to live on. My hand shakes, but I can still write that I am your loving sister.

THIS letter, sent to an old address, does not reach Joseph Vance, who consequently is unaware that the truth is out. And then, at long last, Lossie contrives to trace him, and comes in all haste to his lodgings. The account of the meeting is given by the servant there.

"She was a-crying! Oh, cryin' she was! And it was, 'Oh, my dear Joe—my poor Joe! Oh, to think of it! All these years—these years!' And there was Mr. Vance—crying?—oh, no, he wasn't crying—you could hear he wasn't—only when he spoke it was just as good! Only not giving way. He wasn't that sort. He held to, and kep' it in. But cried she *did*, no mistake."

"What did Mr. Vance say?"

"'It was for you, dear love, it was for you!' That's what he kept on saying. 'How could I bear for you to know about poor little Becky.' I *think* it was Becky he said. Then she cried more. Then they went down quieter, and he says, 'How came you to find out?' And she says, 'In Hugh's old satchel—we opened the lining.' And Mr. Vance he says, 'My God!'

"I showed the lady out later, and the hansom had stood there all the while, and it must have mounted up. Oh yes, Mr. Vance he came down too and said he ought to go with her, and she said nonsense."

And so the curtain comes down on a happier note.

Joseph Vance is a simple tale, told with a simplicity that borders on genius. There are smiles and tears and much humanity and love in this book, which is among the greatest works of fiction that the twentieth century has as yet produced.

AESOP

THE FABLES OF AESOP

IT is in the fitness of things that the early biographies of Aesop, the world's most celebrated fabulist, should themselves be fabulous and mere collections of odds and ends of old legends. Macrobius, the famous grammarian of the Theodosian epoch, has distinguished between *fabula* and *fabulosa narratio*: 'he would have a fable to be absolutely false, and a fabulous narration to be a number of fictions built upon a foundation of truth.' The various lives of Aesop would appear to belong chiefly to the latter category, for it would be difficult to disprove the contentions common to all of them, namely, that Aesop actually did live, that he was a slave and that he was a man of singularly ugly physical appearance. In the following pages what is known of the life of Aesop is set forth by way of an introduction to the subsequent series of some of the most characteristic of the fables, and this departure from precedent must be accounted for by the nature of the subject. These terse, gem-like moral lessons in narrative have long since passed into the wisdom of all nations.

I—The Life and Genius of Aesop



PIERRE BAYLE, in his judicious fashion, sums up what is said of Aesop in antiquity, resting chiefly upon Plutarch.

'Plutarch has affirmed:

(1) That Croesus sent Aesop to Periander, the Tyrant of Corinth, and to the Oracle of Delphi; (2) that Socrates found no other expedient to obey the God of Dreams, without injuring his profession, than to turn the Fables of Aesop into verse; (3) that Aesop and Solon were together at the court of Croesus, King of Lydia; (4) that those of Delphi, having put Aesop to death cruelly and unjustly, and finding themselves exposed to several calamities on account of this injustice, made a public declaration that they were ready to make satisfaction to the memory of Aesop; (5) that having treated thereupon with a native of Samos, they were delivered from the evil that afflicted them.'

To this summary Bayle added a footnote concerning The Life of Aesop, Composed by Meziriac: 'It is a little book printed at Bourg-en-Bresse, in 1632. It contains only forty pages in 16. It is becoming exceedingly scarce. . . . This is what I extract from it. It is more probable that Aesop was born at Cotioeum, a town of Phrygia, than that he was born at Sardis, or in the island of Samos, or at Mesembria in Thrace. The first master that he served was one Zemarchus, or Demarchus, surnamed Carasius, a native

and inhabitant of Athens. Thus it is probable that it was there he learnt the purity of the Greek tongue, as in its spring, and acquired the knowledge of moral philosophy which was then in esteem. . . .

'In process of time he was sold to Xanthus, a native of the Isle of Samos, and afterwards to Idmon, or Iadmon, the philosopher, who was a Samian also, and who enfranchised him. After he had recovered his liberty, he soon acquired a great reputation among the Greeks; so that the report of his singular wisdom having reached the ears of Croesus, he sent to inquire after him; and having conceived an affection for him, he obliged him by his favours to engage himself in his service to the end of his life.

'He travelled through Greece—whether for his own pleasure or for the private affairs of Croesus is uncertain—and passing by Athens, soon after Pisistratus had usurped the sovereign power there and had abolished the popular state, and seeing that the Athenians bore the yoke very impatiently, he told them the Fable of the Frogs that asked a King of Jupiter. Afterwards he met the Seven Wise Men in the



city of Corinth at the Tyrant Periander's. Some relate that, in order to show that the life of man is full of miseries, and that one pleasure is attended with a thousand pains, Æsop used to say that when Prometheus took the clay to form man, he did not temper it with water, but with tears.'

CONCERNING the death of this extraordinary man we read that Æsop went to Delphi with a quantity of gold, being ordered by Croesus to offer a great sacrifice to Apollo and to give a considerable sum to each inhabitant. The quarrel which arose between the Delphians and him was the occasion, after his sending away the sacrifice, of his sending back the money to Croesus; for he thought that those for whom this prince designed it had rendered themselves unworthy of it. The inhabitants of Delphi contrived an accusation of sacrilege against him and, pretending that they had convicted him, cast him down from the top of a rock.

This tale of his death may only be legend. However this may be, it is said that a gruesome pestilence afterwards fell upon the city and many of the Delphians perished in its ravages. This plague was then considered to be a visitation of punishment by the gods for the wrongful condemnation of the great fable-writer; and the inhabitants of Delphi gathered together and agreed that some compensation should be made for their crime, to avoid further penalties. Herodotus states in his history that Idmon, the grandson of Æsop's former master, being then the only person who could demonstrate any association with the illustrious slave, advanced a claim for, and actually received this acknowledgment at the hands of the Delphians.

BAYLE has a long line of centuries at his back when he says: 'Æsop's lectures against the faults of men were the fullest of good sense and wit that can be imagined.' He substantiates this affirmation in the following manner: 'Can any inventions be more happy than the images Æsop made use of to instruct mankind? They are exceedingly fit for children, and no less proper for grown persons; they are all that is necessary to perfect a precept—

I mean the mixture of the useful with the agreeable.'

He then quotes Aulus Gellius as saying: 'Æsop the Phrygian fabulist was not without reason esteemed to be wise, since he did not, after the manner of the philosophers, severely and imperiously command such things as were fit to be advised and persuaded, but by feigning, diverting and entertaining apologues he insinuates good and wholesome advice into the minds of men with a kind of willing attention.'

Bayle continues: 'At all times these have been made to succeed the homespun stories of nurses. Let them learn to tell the Fables of Æsop, which succeed the stories of the nursery, in pure and easy style, and afterwards endeavour to write in the same familiar manner. They have never fallen into contempt. Our age, notwithstanding its pride and delicacy, esteems and admires them, and shows them in a hundred different shapes. The inimitable La Fontaine has procured them in our time a great deal of honour and glory; and great commendations are given to the reflections of an English wit, Sir Roger L'Estrange, on these very fables.'

SINCE the period when Pierre Bayle composed his great biographical dictionary, the Fables of Æsop have perhaps suffered something of a relapse in the favour of grown persons; but if one may judge from the number of new editions illustrated for children, they are still the delight of modern nurseries. There is this, however, to be said of contemporary times—that the multitude of books in a nursery prevents children from acquiring the profound and affectionate acquaintance with Æsop which every child naturally got when his fables were almost the only book provided for juvenile readers.

It is questionable whether the fables will any longer produce the really deep effect which they certainly have had in the past. But we may be certain that some of them will always play a great part in the wisdom of the common people, and that these particularly true and striking apologues are secure of an eternal place in literature. As an example of what we mean, we will tell as simply as possible some of the most characteristic fables.

*II—The Fables of Aesop***The Dog and the Shadow**

A DOG, with a piece of stolen meat between his teeth, was one day crossing a river by means of a plank, when he caught sight of another dog in the water carrying a far larger piece of meat. He opened his jaws to snap at the greater morsel, when the meat dropped in the stream and was lost, even in the reflection.

The Dying Lion

A LION, brought to the extremity of weakness by old age and disease, lay dying in the sunlight. Those whom he had oppressed in his strength now came round about him to revenge themselves for past injuries. The Boar ripped the flank of the King of Beasts with his tusks. The Bull came and gored the Lion's sides with his horns. Finally, the Ass drew near and, after carefully seeing that there was no danger, let fly with his heels in the Lion's face. Then, with a dying groan, the mighty creature exclaimed: "How much worse it is than a thousand deaths to be spurned by so base a creature!"

The Mountain in Labour

A MOUNTAIN was heard to produce dreadful sounds, as though it were labouring to bring forth something enormous. The people came and stood about waiting to see what wonderful thing would be produced from this labour. After they had waited till they were tired, out crept a Mouse.

**Hercules and the Waggoner**

A WAGGONER was driving his team through a muddy lane when the wheels stuck fast in the clay, and the Horses could get no farther. The Man immediately dropped on his knees, and, crying bitterly, besought Hercules to come and help him. "Get up and stir thyself, thou lazy fellow!" replied Hercules. "Whip thy Horses, and put thy shoulder

to the wheel. If thou art in need of my help, when thou thyself hast laboured, then shalt thou have it."

The Frogs that Asked for a King

THE Frogs, who lived an easy, happy life in the ponds, once prayed to Jupiter that he should give them a King. Jupiter was amused by this prayer, and cast a log into the water, saying: "There, then, is a King for you." The Frogs, frightened by the great splash, regarded their King with alarm, until at last, seeing that he did not stir, some of them jumped upon his back and began to be merry there, amused at such a foolish King. However, King Log did not satisfy their ideas for very long, and so once again they petitioned Jupiter to send them a King, a real King who would rule over them, and not lie helpless in the water. Then Jupiter sent the Frogs a Stork, who caught them by their legs, tossed them in the air, and gobbled them up whenever he was hungry. All in a



hurry the Frogs besought Jupiter to take away King Stork and restore them to their former happy condition. "No, no," answered Jupiter; "a King that did you no hurt did not please you; make the best of him you now have, lest a worse come in his place!"

The Gnat and the Lion

A LIVELY and insolent Gnat was bold enough to attack a Lion, whom he so maddened by stinging the most sensitive parts of his nose, eyes and ears that the beast roared with anguish and tore himself with his claws. In vain were the Lion's efforts to rid himself of his insignificant tormentor; again and again the insect returned and stung the furious King of Beasts, till at last the Lion fell exhausted on the ground. The triumphant Gnat, sounding his tiny trumpet, hovered over

the spot exulting in his victory. But it happened that in his circling flight he got himself caught in the web of a Spider, which, fine and delicate as it was, yet had power enough to hold the tiny insect a prisoner. All the Gnat's efforts to escape



only held him the more tightly and firmly a prisoner, and he who had conquered the Lion became in his turn the prey of the Spider.

The Wolf and the Stork

A WOLF ate his food so greedily that a bone stuck in his throat. This caused him such great pain that he ran hither and thither, promising to reward handsomely anyone who would remove the cause of his torture. A Stork, moved with pity by the Wolf's cry of pain, and tempted also by the reward, undertook the dangerous operation. When he had removed the bone, the Wolf moved away, but the Stork called out and reminded him of the promised reward. "Reward!" exclaimed the Wolf. "Pray, you greedy fellow, what reward can you expect? You dared to put your head in my mouth, and instead of biting it off, I let you take it out again unharmed. Get away with you! And do not again place yourself in my power."

The Frog who Wanted to be as Big as an Ox

A VAIN Frog, surrounded by her children, looked up and saw an Ox grazing near by. "I can be as big as the Ox," she said, and began to blow herself out. "Am I as big now?" she inquired. "Oh, no; not nearly so big!" said the little frogs. "Now?" she asked, blowing herself out still more. "No, not nearly so big!" answered her children. "But now?" she inquired eagerly, and blew herself out still more. "No, not even now," they said; "and if you try till you burst yourself you will never be so big." But the Frog would not listen, and attempting

to make herself bigger still, burst her skin and died.

The Dog in the Manger

A DOG lay in a manger which was full of hay. An Ox, being hungry, came near, and was about to eat when the Dog started up and, with angry snarls, would not let the Ox approach. "Surly brute," said the Ox; "you cannot eat the hay yourself, and you will let no one else have any."

The Bundle of Faggots

AN honest Man had the unhappiness to have a quarrelsome family of children. One day he called them before him and bade them try and break a bundle of faggots. All tried, and all failed. "Now," said he, "unbind the bundle and take every stick by itself, and see if you cannot break them." They did his bidding, and snapped all the sticks one by one with the greatest possible ease. "This, my children," said the Father at last, "is a true emblem of your condition. Keep together and you are safe, divide and you are undone."

The Fox without a Tail

A FOX was once caught in a trap by his tail, and in order to get free was obliged to leave it behind. He knew that his fellows would make fun of his tailless condition, so he made up his mind to induce them all to part with their tails. At the next assemblage of Foxes he made a speech on the uselessness of tails in general, and the inconvenience of a Fox's tail in particular, declaring that never in his whole life had he felt so comfortable as now in his tailless freedom. When he sat down, a sly old Fox rose and, waving his brush, said, with a sneer, that if he had lost his tail, he would be convinced by the last speaker's arguments, but until such an accident should occur to him he fully intended to vote in favour of tails.



The Blind Man and the Paralytic

A BLIND Man finding himself stopped in a rough and difficult road, met with a Paralytic and begged his assistance. "How can I help you," replied the Paralytic, "when I can scarcely move myself along?" But, regarding the Blind Man, he added: "However, you appear to have good legs and a broad back, and, if you will lift me and carry me, I will guide you safely through this difficulty, which is more than each one can surmount for himself. You shall walk for me, and I will see for you." "With all my heart," rejoined the Blind Man; and, taking the Paralytic on his shoulders, the two went cheerfully forward along the rough road in a wise partnership which triumphed over all difficulties.

The Miller, his Son and their Ass

A MILLER and his Son were driving their Ass to a neighbouring fair to sell him. They had not gone far when they met with a troop of girls returning from the town, talking and laughing. "Look there!" cried one of them, "did you ever see such fools, to be trudging along the road on foot, when they might be riding!" The old Man, hearing this, quietly got on the Ass, his Son walking by the side of him.

In this manner they had not proceeded far when they met a company of women proceeding in the opposite direction. "Why, you lazy old fellow!" cried several at once, "how can you ride upon the beast, while that poor little lad there can hardly keep pace by the side of you?" The good-natured Miller immediately took up his Son behind him. They had now almost reached the town which was their destination. "Pray, honest friend," said a townsman, "is that Ass your own?" "Yes," says the old Man. "Oh! One would not have thought so," said the other, "by the way you load him. Why, you two fellows are better able to carry the poor beast than he you!" "We can but try," said the old Man. So they tied the Ass's legs together, and endeavoured to carry him over a bridge that led to the town.

This was so entertaining a sight that



AESOP, the slave of Idmon or Iadmon the Samian, is one of the most dominating figures in the world's literature; but little that is not conjecture is on record of his life. It is clear that the Greeks, even of the time of Herodotus, knew little of his real history, but it is regarded as incontestable that he was a real personage, and that he lived about 570 B.C. Maximus Planudes, a monk of the 14th century, collected many fables purporting to be Aesop's, and in the life which precedes them refers to the common tradition that he was a man of ugly appearance. Yet what a wealth of interest seems to cling round the face and figure of the great fabulist in this superb impression of the man done by Velasquez! It hangs in the Prado at Madrid.

people ran out in crowds to laugh at it; till the Ass, not liking the noise nor his situation, kicked asunder the cords that bound him and, tumbling off the pole, fell into the river. Upon this the old Man, vexed and ashamed, made the best of his way home again—convinced that by endeavouring to please everybody he had succeeding in pleasing nobody, and had lost his Ass into the bargain.



Joseph Addison (1672-1719), England's most finished essayist, was born at Milston, near Amesbury, Wiltshire, and was educated at the Charterhouse and at Queen's and Magdalen, Oxford. Through Dryden he was introduced to Congreve, and through Congreve to the Whig statesman, Charles Montague, afterwards Lord Halifax, who persuaded him to abandon the idea of taking orders, and secured for him a state pension that he might travel and qualify for political service by his observations abroad. When he returned, in 1703, he became a member of the Kit-Kat Club, met Steele, the originator of *The Tatler*, and with him laid the plan of *The Spectator* at a meeting of the club. It is generally conceded that while Addison's style is the more finished, Steele's is the more marked by liveliness of invention; and it is incontestable that the wholesome effect of *The Spectator* on eighteenth century literature as well as manners and morals cannot be exaggerated. Not the least of Addison's services to posterity was the attention he gave in these papers to Milton, and the character of Sir Roger de Coverley invented by him will ever remain one of the most engaging personalities in the pageant of our literature. This portrait, by Kneller, is in Magdalen College, Oxford.

JOSEPH ADDISON

CATO

THE exact date at which Cato was written is uncertain. Gibber, the Poet Laureate and dramatist, affirmed that he saw the first four acts of the play on Addison's return from his continental tour in 1703; but Swift merely says (April 1713): 'I saw it unfinished some years ago.' The tragedy, the fifth act of which was added just prior to the production and finished in a week, was brought out at Drury Lane, April 14, 1713, with Booth in the title rôle, and Nance Oldfield in the part of Marcia, and proved so successful that it ran for twenty nights, while eight editions of the text were sold within the year. Cato, which observes the unities of time and place, and was praised by Voltaire as the first reasonable English tragedy, is famous for its passages of declamation and has been translated into French, German and Italian. Pope wrote the prologue; Swift attended the rehearsals; Steele offered to pack a house for his friend; and Bolingbroke made a famous present of fifty guineas to the leading actor.

PERSONS IN THE PLAY

Cato, Lucius and Sempronius, senators	Decius, ambassador from Caesar
Juba, prince of Numidia	Marcia, daughter to Cato
Syphax, general of the Numidians	Lucia, daughter to Lucius
Portius and Marcus, sons of Cato	Mutineers, Guards, etc.

First Act

SCENE.—*A large hall in the Governor's palace at Utica.*

Enter Sempronius and Portius



SEMPRONIUS: Conspiracies no .. sooner should be formed Than executed. What means Portius here? [*Aside.* Good morrow, Portius: let us once embrace,

Once more embrace, while yet we both are free.

Portius: My father has this morning call'd together,

To this poor hall, his little Roman senate (The leavings of Pharsalia), to consult If he can yet oppose the mighty torrent That bears down Rome, and all her gods before it.

Semp.: Not all the pomp and majesty of Rome

Can raise her senate more than Cato's presence. Could I but call that wondrous man my father, Would but thy sister Marcia be propitious To thy friend's vows, I might be bless'd indeed!

Por.: Alas, Sempronius! would'st thou talk of love

To Marcia whilst her father's life's in danger?

Semp.: The more I see the wonders of thy race,

The more I'm charmed. Thou must take heed, my Portius;

The world has all its eyes on Cato's son.

Por.: Well do'st thou seem to check my ling'ring here

On this important hour—I'll straight away, I'll animate the soldiers' drooping courage With love of freedom and contempt of life;

'Tis not in mortals to command success, But we'll do more, Sempronius, we'll deserve it. [*Exit.*]

Semp.: Curse on the stripling! how he apes his sire!

Ambitiously sententious—But I wonder Old Syphax comes not.

[*Enter Syphax.*]

Syphax: Sempronius, all is ready; I've sounded my Numidians, man by man, And find them ripe for a revolt: they all Complain aloud of Cato's discipline, And wait but the command to change their master.

Semp.: Believe me, Syphax, there's no time to waste;

Ev'n while we speak our conqueror comes on, And gathers ground upon us every moment. Alas! thou know'st not Caesar's active soul, With what a dreadful course he rushes on! The Alps and Pyreneans sink before him; Through winds and waves and storms he works his way,

Impatient for the battle; one day more Will set the victor thund'ring at our gates. But, tell me, hast thou yet drawn o'er young Juba?

That still would recommend thee more to Caesar,

And challenge better terms.

Syp.: He's lost, Sempronius; all his thoughts are full

Of Cato's virtues—but I'll try once more.

Semp.: Once more be sure to try thy skill on Juba.

Meanwhile, I'll hasten to my Roman soldiers. Inflamm the mutiny, and underhand Blow up their discontents, 'till they break out Unlook'd for, and discharge themselves on Cato. [*Exeunt.*]

[*Enter Marcia, Lucia and Juba.*]

Juba: Hail, charming maid! How does thy beauty smooth

The face of war, and make ev'n hori'or smile !

Marcia : I shou'd be griev'd, young prince, to think my presence

Unbent your thoughts, and slacken'd 'em to arms.

Juba : Oh, Marcia, let me hope thy kind concerns

And gentle wishes follow me to battle !

The thought will give new vigour to my arm.

Mar. : My pray'rs and wishes always shall attend

The friends of Rome, the glorious cause of virtue, And men approv'd of by the gods and Cato.

Juba : Thy reproofs are just,

Thou virtuous maid ; I'll hasten to my troops, And fire their languid souls with Cato's virtue.

[Exit Juba.

Lucia : How could you chide the young, good-natur'd prince

And drive him from you with so stern an air, A prince that loves and dotes on you to death ?

Mar. : 'Tis therefore, Lucia, that I chide him from me.

His air, his voice, his looks, and honest soul Speak all so movingly in his behalf.

Luc. : Why have not I this constancy of mind Who have so many griefs to try its force ?

Mar. : Lucia, disburthen all thy cares on me ; Tell me who raises up this conflict in thee ?

Luc. : I need not blush to name them, when I tell thee

They're Marcia's brothers, and the sons of Cato.

Mar. : Oh, Lucia, I'm perplexed. Oh, tell me which

I must hereafter call my happy brother ?

Luc. : Suppose 'twere Portius, could you blame my choice ?

Oh, Portius, thou hast stol'n away my soul !

With what a graceful tenderness he loves !

Marcus is over-warm, his fond complaints

Have so much earnestness and passion in them I tremble at thy vehemence of temper.

Mar. : Alas, poor youth ! How will thy coldness raise

Tempests and storms in his afflicted bosom !

Luc. : Was ever virgin love distress like mine !

Portius himself oft falls in tears before me,

As if he mourn'd his rival's ill-success.

Mar. : Let us not, Lucia, aggravate our sorrows,

But to the gods submit th' event of things ;

Our lives, discolour'd with our present woes, May still grow bright, and smile with happier hours.

Second Act

SCENE.—*The Senate*

Enter Decius

DECIVS : Cato, I've orders to expostulate And reason with you, as from friend to friend :

Do but comply and make your peace with Caesar, Rome will rejoice, and cast its eyes on Cato, As on the second of mankind.

Caesar is well acquainted with your virtues : Let him but know the price of Cato's friendship, And name your terms.

Cato : Bid him disband his legions, Restore the commonwealth to liberty,

Submit his actions to the public censure, And stand the judgement of a Roman senate. Bid him do this, and Cato is his friend.

Myself will mount the rostrum in his favour, And strive to gain his pardon from the people.

Dec. : Consider, Cato, you're in Utica,

And at the head of your own little senate ;

You don't now thunder in the Capitol,

With all the mouths of Rome to second you.

Does Cato send this answer back to Caesar,

For all his gen'rous cares and proferr'd friendship ?

Cato : His cares for me are insolent and vain : Presumptuous man ! the gods take care of Cato.

Dec. : Your high unconquer'd heart makes you forget

You are a man. You rush on your destruction. But I have done. [Exit Decius.

Cato : Fathers, 'tis time you come to a resolve.

Lucius : Cato, we all go into your opinion.

Caesar's behaviour has convinc'd the senate

We ought to hold it out till terms arrive.

Sempronius : We ought to hold it out till death ; but, Cato,

My private voice is drown'd amidst the senate's.

Cato : Then let us rise, my friends.

[Exit Senators. Enter Juba.

Juba, the Roman senate has resolv'd,

Till time gives better prospects, still to keep

The sword unsheath'd, and turn its edge on Caesar.

Juba : The resolution fits a Roman senate ;

But, Cato, lend me for a while thy patience,

And condescend to hear a young man speak.

Had we not better leave this Utica,

To arm Numidia in our cause, and court

Th' assistance of my father's powerful friends ?

Cato : And can'st thou think

Cato would fly before the sword of Caesar ?

Reduc'd like Hannibal, to seek relief

From court to court !

Juba : Cato, perhaps

I'm too officious ; but my forward cares

Would fain preserve a life of so much value.

Cato : Thy nobleness of soul obliges me.

But know, young prince, that valour soars above

What the world calls misfortune and affliction

These are not ills ; else would they never fall

On Heav'n's first fav'rites and the best of men.

Juba : The best good fortune that can fall on Juba,

The whole success at which my heart aspires, Depends on Cato.

Cato : What would'st thou say ?

Juba : Cato, thou hast a daughter.

Cato : Adieu, young prince : I would not hear a word

Should lessen thee in my esteem. Remember

It is not now a time to talk of aught

But chains, or conquest ; liberty, or death. [Exit.

[Enter Syphax

Syphax : How's this, my prince ! What, cover'd with confusion ?

You look as if yon stern philosopher

Had just now chid you.

Juba : I've open'd to him

The weakness of my soul, my love for Marcia.

Oh! I could pierce my heart,
My foolish heart. Was ever wretch like Juba!

Syp.: Young prince, I yet could give you good advice.

Marcia might still be yours.

Juba commands Numidia's hardy troops:

Give but the word, we'll snatch this damsel up,
And bear her off.

The boasted ancestors of these great men,
Whose virtues you admire, were all such ruffians.
This dread of nations, this almighty Rome,
That comprehends in her wide empire's bounds
All under Heav'n, was founded on a rape.

Juba: Syphax, I fear that hoary head of thine
Abounds too much in our Numidian wiles.

Syp.: Indeed, my prince, you want to know
the world.

You have not read mankind. [perfidious,

Juba: If knowledge of the world makes man
May Juba ever live in ignorance.

Syp.: Go, go; you're young.

Juba: Gods, must I tamely bear

This arrogance unanswer'd! Thou'rt a traitor.
Cato shall know the baseness of thy soul.

Syp.: Must one rash word, th' infirmity of age,
Throw down the merit of my better years?
This the reward of a whole life of service?

Juba: Thou know'st the way too well into my
heart:

I do believe thee loyal to thy prince.

Syp.: What better instance can I give? I've
offer'd

To do an action which my soul abhors,
And gain you whom you love, at any price.

Juba: Syphax, I know thou lov'st me; but
indeed

Thy zeal for Juba carried thee too far.
Give me thy hand; we'll mutually forget
The warmth of youth, and frowardness of age.

[Exit.

Syp.: Young men soon give, and soon forget
affronts;

Old age is slow in both—A false old traitor!—
These words, rash boy, may chance to cost thee
dear. [Enter Sempronius.

Semp.: I've practis'd with the messenger
from Caesar,

And found a means to let the victor know
That Syphax and Sempronius are his friends.
Is Juba fix'd?

Syp.: Yes—but it is to Cato.

Semp.: Come, 'tis no matter; we shall do
without him.

He'll make a pretty figure in a triumph.
Syphax, I now may hope thou hast forsook
Thy Juba's cause, and wishest Marcia mine.

Syp.: May she be thine as fast as thou
would'st have her.

Make Cato sure, and give up Utica,
Caesar will ne'er refuse thee such a trifle.
But are thy troops prepar'd for a revolt?

Semp.: All, all is ready.

The factious leaders are our friends, that spread
Murmurs and discontent among the soldiers;
Within an hour they'll storm the Senate House.

Syp.: Meanwhile, I'll draw up my Numidian
troops

Within the square, to exercise their arms,
And as I see occasion, favour thee.

[Encouraged by Sempronius, Cato's Roman
soldiers break out into mutiny. But awed by
an eloquent and scathing speech by their com-
mander, they plead for mercy, which is granted
them on condition that they surrender their
leaders, who are handed over to Sempronius
for immediate execution. Meantime, the con-
spirators' first design having proved abortive,
Sempronius resolves first to carry off Marcia,
and then to join Syphax in his flight, with the
Numidian cavalry, to Caesar's camp. But in an
attempt to penetrate to Marcia's apartments,
disguised as Juba, he is confronted by Juba
himself and slain, while the grief expressed by
Marcia, on discovering what she at first takes to
be the dead body of the man she loves, suffices
to reveal to the prince the happy news that his
passion is returned.]

Third Act

Enter Cato and Lucius

LUCIUS: I stand astonish'd! What! the
bold Sempronius,
That still broke foremost thro' the crowd
of patriots,

As with a hurricane of zeal transported!

Cato: Our civil discords have produc'd such
crimes,

Such monstrous crimes, I am surpris'd at nothing.
—Oh, Lucius, I am sick of this bad world!

The daylight and the sun grow painful to me.

[Enter Portius.

But see where Portius comes; what means this
haste?

Portius: The traitor Syphax, as within the
square

He exercis'd his troops, the signal given,
Flew off at once with his Numidian horse
To the fourth gate, where Marcus holds the watch.
I saw, and call'd to stop him, but in vain.

Cato: Perfidious man! But haste, my son,
and see

Thy brother Marcus act a Roman's part.

[Exit Portius.

Lucius, the torrent bears too hard upon me:
Justice gives way to force: the conquer'd world
Is Caesar's! Cato has no business in it.

But see young Juba; the good youth appears,
Full of the guilt of his perfidious subjects!

[Enter Juba.

Juba: I blush and am confounded to appear
Before thy presence, Cato.

Cato: What's thy crime?

Juba: I'm a Numidian.

Cato: And a brave one, too. Thou hast a
Roman soul.

Juba: Hast thou not heard of my false
countrymen?

Cato: Alas, young prince!

Falsehood and fraud shoot up in every soil,
The product of all climes—Rome has its Caesars.

[Enter Portius.

Por.: Misfortune on misfortune! Grief on
grief!

My brother Marcus——

Cato : Did he look tamely on, and let 'em pass?

Por. : Scarce had I left my father, but I met him

Borne on the shields of his surviving soldiers,
Breathless and pale, and cover'd o'er with wounds.

Long, at the head of his few faithful friends,
He stood the shock of a whole host of foes.

Cato : I'm satisfy'd.

Por. : Nor did he fall before

His sword had pierc'd through the false heart of Syphax.

Luc. : Oh, Cato, arm thy soul with all its patience ;

See where the corpse of thy dead son approaches !
[Cato meets the corpse.

CATO : Welcome, my son ! Here lay him down,
my friends,
Full in my sight, that I may view at leisure
The bloody corse, and count those glorious wounds.

—How beautiful is death, when earn'd by virtue !
Who would not be that youth ? What pity is it
That we can die but once to serve our country !

Juba : Was ever man like this ?

Cato : Alas, my friends,

Why mourn you thus ! let not a private loss
Afflict your hearts. 'Tis Rome requires our tears,
The mistress of the world, the seat of empire,
The nurse of heroes, the delight of gods,
That humbled the proud tyrants of the earth,
And set the nations free. Rome is no more.
How is the toil of fate, the work of ages,
The Roman Empire, fall'n ! Oh, curst ambition !
Fall'n into Caesar's hands ! Our great forefathers
Had left him nothing to conquer but his country.

Luc. : Cato, 'tis time thou save thyself and us.

Cato : Lose not a thought on me ; I'm out of danger ;

Heav'n will not leave me in the victor's hand.
Caesar shall never say he conquer'd Cato.
But, oh, my friends, your safety fills my heart
With anxious thoughts.

Luc. : Caesar has mercy if we ask it of him.

Cato : Then ask it, I conjure you ! let him know

Whate'er was done against him, Cato did it.
Add, if you please, that I request it of him,
The virtue of my friends may pass unpunish'd.
Farewell, my friends ! If there be any of you
Who dare not trust the victor's clemency,
Know there are ships prepar'd by my command,
That shall convey you to the wished-for port.
The conqueror draws near. Once more farewell !
If e'er we meet hereafter, we shall meet
In happier climes, and on a safer shore,
Where Caesar never shall approach us more.
There the brave youth, with love of virtue fir'd,

[Pointing to his dead son.

Who greatly in his country's cause expir'd,
Shall know he conquer'd. The firm patriot there,
Who made the welfare of mankind his care,
Tho' still by faction vice and fortune crost,
Shall find the gen'rous labour was not lost.

[Exeunt.

Fourth Act

CATO is alone, sitting in a thoughtful posture ;
in his hand is Plato's book on the Im-
mortality of the Soul, and there is a drawn
sword on the table by him.]

Cato : Thus am I doubly arm'd : my death and
life,

My bane and antidote, are both before me

This in a moment brings me to an end ;

But this informs me I shall never die.

The soul, secur'd in her existence, smiles

At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.

The stars shall fade away, the sun himself

Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years,

But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,

Unhurt amidst the war of elements,

The wreck of matter, and the crash of worlds.

[Enter Portius.

But, hah ! how's this, my son ? Why this
intrusion ?

PORTIUS : Oh, sir ! forgive your son,
Whose grief lies heavy on him. Oh, my
How am I sure it is not the last time [father,
I e'er shall call you so !

Cato : Weep not, my son, all will be well again ;
The righteous gods, whom I have sought to
please,

Will succour Cato, and preserve his children.

Portius, thou may'st rely upon my conduct :

Thy father will not act what misbecomes him.

My soul is quite weigh'd down with care, and asks
The soft refreshment of a moment's sleep.

[Exit Cato. Enter Marcia.

Por. : Oh, Marcia, oh, my sister, still there's
hope !

Our father will not cast away a life

So needful to us all, and to his country.

He is retir'd to rest, and seems to cherish

Thoughts full of peace.

[Exit Portius.

Marcia : Oh, ye immortal powers, that guard
the just,

Watch round his couch, and soften his repose.

[Enter Lucia.

Lucia : Where is your father, Marcia, where is
Cato ?

Mar. : Lucia, speak low, he is retir'd to rest.

Lucia, I feel a gentle dawning hope

Rise in my soul. We shall be happy still.

Lucia : Alas ! I tremble when I think on Cato !

In every view, in every thought, I tremble !

Cato is stern and awful as a god.

Mar. : Though stern and awful to the foes of
Rome,

He is all goodness, Lucia, always mild ;

The kindest father I have ever found him.

Luc. : 'Tis his consent alone can make us
bless'd.

The cruel hand of fate that has destroyed

Thy brother Marcus, whom we both lament,

Has set my soul at large, and now I stand

Free of my choice But who knows Cato's
thoughts !

Mar. : Let him but live, commit the rest to
Heav'n.

[Enter Lucius.

Lucius : Sweet are the slumbers of the virtuous man !

Oh, Marcia, I have seen thy god-like father ;
Some power invisible supports his soul,
And bears it up in all its wonted greatness.

[Enter Juba.

Juba : Lucius, the horsemen are return'd from viewing

The number, strength and posture of our foes,
Who now encamp within a short hour's march.

Luc. : Marcia, 'tis time we should awake thy father.

Caesar is still disposed to give us terms,
And waits at distance 'till he hears from Cato.

[Enter Portius.

Por. : Oh, sight of woe !

Oh, Marcia, what we fear'd is come to pass !

Cato is fall'n upon his sword.

I've rais'd him up,

And plac'd him in his chair, where, pale and faint,
He gasps for breath, and, as his life flows from him,

Demands to see his friends.

[Cato brought in on a chair.

Cato : Portius, come near me. Are my friends embark'd ?

Can any thing be thought of for their service ?

—Oh, Lucius, art thou there ? Thou art too good—

Make Portius happy in thy daughter Lucia.

Oh, bend me forward ! Juba loves thee, Marcia.

A senator of Rome, while Rome surviv'd,

Would not have match'd his daughter with a king,

But Caesar's arms have thrown down all distinction ;

Whoe'er is brave and virtuous is a Roman—

—I'm sick to death. Oh, when shall I get loose

From this vain world, th' abode of guilt and sorrow ?

[Dies.

Luc. : There fled the greatest soul that ever warm'd

A Roman breast ; Oh, Cato ! Oh, my friend,

Thy will shall be religiously observ'd !

But let us bear this awful corpse to Caesar,

And lay it in his sight, that it may stand

A fence betwixt us and the victor's wrath ;

Cato, tho' dead, shall still protect his friends.

A Great Explorer's Most Daring Exploit

SIR RICHARD BURTON

A PILGRIMAGE TO AL-MADINAH

IT was in April 1853 that Sir Richard Burton set forth from England on his cherished and daring project of visiting in disguise the sacred cities of Islam. There had been a 'huge white blot' on the map of central Arabia indicating an area never before visited by a European, and it was Burton's aim (which carried the approval of the Royal Geographical Society) to make his way into the heart of this unexplored region. The remarkable pilgrimage—a particularly dangerous one, for Burton had frequently to defend his life, though he never took the life of another during the entire expedition—was hardly less notable than the book of the voyage, *A Pilgrimage to Al-Madinah and Meccah*, which appeared in 1855. Its colourful descriptions, grim humour and its strange, but masculine style make it one of the most eminent works in our literature. It is now to be had in two volumes of Bohn's Library.

I—The Pilgrim Ship



EARLY in the morning of April 4, 1853, a 'Persian prince' embarked at Southampton for Alexandria. The 'prince' was myself, about to under-

take a journey for the purpose of removing that opprobrium to modern adventure, the huge white blot which on our maps still notes the eastern regions of Arabia. I had hoped to make a more extended tour, but the East India Company had only granted me a year's furlough, refusing the three years that I had asked on the ground that my project was too dangerous.

The attempt was one that could not be made save in Mahomedan disguise and, in order to conceal my identity effectively, I had thought it prudent to assume this disguise ere leaving England. I was amply supplied with funds by the Royal Geographical Society.

Several months were spent by me at Alexandria and Cairo in thoroughly familiarising myself once again with Moslem tongues and usages, partly forgotten during a four years' stay in the West. I diligently studied the Koran, and became an adept at Mahomedan religious practices ; and my knowledge of medicine,

by enabling me to set up as a doctor, brought me into the close contact with all classes of Moslems that I required for my purpose. I soon dropped the character of a Persian for that of a wandering dervish; but afterwards a still more convenient disguise occurred to me, and I visited Al-Madinah and Meccah as an Afghan Pathan educated at Rangoon.

PILGRIMS to the holy shrines arriving at Alexandria are divided into bodies and distributed to the three great roads, namely, Suez, Cosseir and the Haj route by land round the Gulf of Akabah. My route was by Suez, and at Suez I and my fellow-pilgrims had a long wait for a vessel to convey us to Yambu, the port of disembarkation for Al-Madinah. During this wait I had vexatious difficulties over my passport, which were only solved by an appeal to the British consul.

I must now briefly describe the party into which fate threw me. First of all comes Omar Effendi, a plump and beardless Circassian, of yellow complexion and bilious temperament; he dresses respectably, pays regularly, hates the fair sex, has a mild demeanour, but when roused becomes furious as a tiger. His confidential negro servant, Saad, known as the Devil, was born and bred a slave, obtained manumission and has wandered as far afield as Russia and Gibraltar. He is the pure African, merry at one moment and sulky at another, affectionate and abusive, reckless and crafty, quarrelsome and unscrupulous to the last degree.

Shaykh Hamid el Lamman, of Al-Madinah, is a perfect specimen of the town Arab—his face a dirty brown, his beard untrimmed, his only garment, an ochre-coloured blouse, exceedingly unclean. He can sing, slaughter a sheep, deliver a grand call to prayer, shave, cook, fight and vituperate. Salih Shakkar is a Turk on his father's side, an Arab on his mother's; he is as avaricious as an Arab and as supercilious as a Turk. All these people borrowed money from me. To their number must be added Mohammed, a hot-headed Meccan youth, whom I had met in Cairo, and who appointed himself my companion; and Shaykh Nur, my Indian servant.

Through the activity of Saad the Devil—not disinterested activity, for he wanted to pay nothing himself and to make us pay too much—we were at last able to book passages on the vessel *Golden Thread*. Amid infinite clamour and excitement on a hot July morning we boarded her, only to be threatened with loss of our places on the poop by a rush of Maghrabi pilgrims, men from Western Africa, desperately poor and desperately violent. Saad the Devil disposed of the intruders by the simple process of throwing them into the hold. There the Maghrabis fell out with a few Turks, and in a few minutes nothing was to be seen but a confused mass of humanity, each item indiscriminately scratching, biting, punching and butting.

A deputation of us waited upon Ali Murah, the owner, to inform him of the crowded state of the vessel. He told us to be good, and not fight; to trust in Allah, and that Allah would make all things easy for us. His departure was the signal for a second fray. This time the Maghrabis swarmed towards the poop like angry hornets; Saad provided us with a bundle of long ashén staves and we laid on with might and main. At length it occurred to me to roll an earthen jar full of water—weighing about a hundred pounds—upon the assailants. After this they shrank back and offered peace.

IT was twelve days before we reached Yambu. The vessel had no compass, no log, no sounding-line, nor even the suspicion of a chart. Each night we anchored, usually in one of the many inlets of the Arabian coast, and when possible we went ashore. The heat during the day was insufferable, the wind like the blast of a lime-kiln; we lay helpless and half senseless, without appetite and without energy, feeling as if a few more degrees of heat would be death.

Nothing, on the other hand, could have been more delicious than the hour of sunrise. The air was mild and balmy as that of an Italian spring; the mountains, grim and bare during full daylight, mingled their summits with the jasper tints of the sky. Not less lovely was the sunset, but after a quarter of an hour its beauty faded, and the wilderness of white

crag and pinnacles was naked and ghastly under the moon.

On arriving at Yambu we had to treat for camels and make provision for the seven days' journey to Al-Madinah. As I had injured my foot on the voyage, I bought a shugduf, or litter, a vehicle

appropriated to women and infirm persons; it had the advantage that notes were more easily taken in it than on a dromedary's back. At 7 p.m. on July 18 we passed through the gate of Yambu and took a course due east. My companions, as Arabs will do on such occasions, began to sing.

II—In the Footsteps of Mahomet

OUR little party consisted of twelve camels, and we travelled in Indian file, head tied to tail, with but one outrider, Omar Effendi, whose rank required him to mount a dromedary with showy trappings. In two hours we began to pass over undulating ground with a perceptible rise. At three in the morning we reached the halting-place and lay down to sleep; at nine we breakfasted off a biscuit, a little rice and milkless tea, and slept again. Dinner, consisting chiefly of boiled rice with clarified butter, was at two; and at three we were ready to start. Towards sunset there was a cry of thieves, which created vast confusion; but the thieves were only half a dozen in number and fled when a few bullets were sent in their direction.

Next day we travelled through a country fantastic in its desolation—a mass of huge hills, barren plains and desert vales. The third day was spent uncomfortably at El Hamra, a miserable collection of hovels made of unbaked brick and mud. It was reported that Saad, the great robber-chief, was in the field, and there was consequently danger that our march would be delayed. The power of this ruffian is a standing proof of the imbecility of the Turkish Government.

The Holy Land of El Hejaz drains off Turkish gold and blood in abundance, and the lords of the country hold in it a contemptible position. If they catch a thief they dare not hang him. They must pay blackmail and yet be shot at in every pass. They affect superiority over the Arabs, hate them and are despised by them. Happily, we were overtaken at El Hamra by a Meccan caravan which had influence to procure a military escort; so we were able to proceed, with no serious hindrance, to Bir Abbas.

In the evening of our first melancholy day at this hot, sandy, barren spot, fire-

arms were heard in the distance, betokening an engagement between the troops and the Bedouins. It was not until the following night that we were allowed to start. At dawn we entered an ill-famed gorge called the Pilgrims' Pass. Presently, thin blue curls of smoke rose from the cliffs on the left, and there rang out the sharp cracks of the hillmen's matchlocks. From their perches on the rocks they fired upon us with perfect comfort and no danger to themselves, aiming chiefly at our Albanian escort. We had nothing to do but blaze away as much powder, and veil ourselves in as much smoke as possible; we lost twelve men, besides several of the animals.

WE journeyed on through desolate mountain country, all of my companions in the worst of tempers. I spent a whole day trying to recover from Saad the Devil the money I had lent him at Suez. Ultimately, he flung the money down before me without a word. But I had been right in my persistence; had I not forced him to repay me he would have asked for more. At last, after an abominably bad night's travelling, we climbed up a flight of huge steps cut in black basalt. My companions pressed on eagerly, speaking not a word. We passed through a lane of black scoria, with steep banks on both sides.

'O, Allah! This is the sanctuary of the Prophet! O open the gates of Thy mercy!' 'O, Allah! Bless the last of Prophets with blessing in number as the stars of heaven!' 'Live for ever, O most excellent of Prophets!' Such were the exclamations that burst from our party as the Holy City, the burial place of Mahomet, lay before us in its fertile girdle of gardens and orchards.

At our feet was a spacious plain, bounded in front by undulating ground; on the left by the grim rocks of Mount Ohod; on the right by the gardens of Kuba. On the north-

west of the town wall was a tall white-washed fort, partly built upon rock. In the suburb El Munakhah, near at hand, rose the brand-new domes and minarets of the five mosques. Farther away to the east could be seen the gem of Al-Madinah, the flashing green dome under which rest the Prophet's remains.

We proceeded towards the gate, from which an eager multitude poured forth to greet friends in the caravan. I took my abode with Shaykh Hamid, who abandoned his former dirt and shabbiness and appeared clean, well-dressed and with neatly trimmed moustache and beard. He was to pilot me through the intricate ceremonies of the visits to the Prophet's tomb and the other holy places, and in the evening I set out with him for the Haram, or sanctuary of the Prophet.

The Prophet's mosque at Al-Madinah is the second of the three most venerable places in the world, according to Islamic belief; it is peculiarly connected with Mahomet, as Meccah is with Abraham, and Jerusalem with Solomon. On entering it, I was astonished at the mean and tawdry appearance of a place so venerated in the Moslem world. There is no simple grandeur about it, as there is about the Ka'aba at Meccah; rather does it suggest a museum of second-rate art, decorated with but pauper splendour. The mosque is a parallelogram about 420 feet in length by 340 broad, and the main colonnade in the south of the building, called El Rawzah (the garden), contains all that is venerable.

Shaykh Hamid and I fought our way in through a crowd of beggars, and with our hands behind us, and beginning with the right feet, we advanced towards the holy places. After preliminary prayers at the Prophet's pulpit, we reached the mausoleum, an irregular square in the south-east corner, surrounded by walls and a fence. Three small windows enable one to peer

at the three tombs within—Mahomet's, Abubekr's and Omar's. After long praying I was permitted to look through the window opposite the Prophet's tomb. I could see nothing but a curtain with inscriptions, and a large pearl rosary denoting the exact position of the tomb. Many other sacred spots had to be visited, and many other prayers uttered, ere we left the building.

THE principal places of pious visitation in the vicinity of Al-Madinah are the mosques of Kuba, the cemetery El Bakia, and the martyr Hamzah's tomb at the foot of Mount Ohod, the scene of one of Mahomet's most famous battles. The mosques of Kuba are the pleasantest to visit, lying as they do among the date-palm plantations, amid surroundings most grateful to the eye weary with hot red glare. There were green, waving crops and cool shade; a perfumed breeze, strange luxury in El Hejaz; small birds warbled, tiny cascades splashed from the wells. The Prophet delighted to visit one of the wells at Kuba, the Bir el Aris. He would sit upon its brink with bare legs hanging over the side; he honoured it, moreover, with expectoration, which had the effect, say the historians, of sweetening the water, which before was salt.

On August 28 arrived the great caravan from Damascus, and in the plain outside the city there sprang up a town of tents of every size, colour and shape. A tribal war prevented me from carrying out my intention of journeying overland to Muscat, so I determined to proceed to Meccah with the Damascus caravan. Accordingly, on August 31 I bade farewell to my friends at Al-Madinah, and hastened after the caravan, which was proceeding to Meccah along the Darb el Sharki, or eastern road. I had escaped all danger of detection at Al-Madinah, and was now to travel to Meccah along a route wholly unknown to Europeans.

III—At the Shrine of the Prophet

OWING to the caravan's annoying practice of night marching, in accordance with the advice of Mahomet, I could see nothing of much of the country through which we travelled. What I did see was mostly a stony and

sandy wilderness; occasionally we passed through a valley containing acacia trees—mere vegetable mummies—and surrounded with low hills of gravel and clay.

At a large village called El Sufayna we encountered the Bagdad caravan, and

quarrelled hotly with it for precedence on the route. At the halt before reaching this place a Turkish pilgrim had been mortally wounded by an Arab with whom he had quarrelled. The injured man was wrapped in a shroud, placed in a half-dug grave, and left to die. This horrible fate, I learnt, often befalls poor pilgrims whom illness incapacitates from proceeding.

AT El Zaribah, an undulating plain amongst high granite hills, we were ordered to assume the Ihram, or garb that must be worn by pilgrims at Meccah. It consists simply of two strips of white cotton cloth, with narrow red stripes and fringes. The women donned white robes and hideous masks of palm leaves, for during the ceremonies their veils must not touch their faces. We were warned that we must not quarrel or use bad language; that we must not kill game or cause animals to fly from us; that we were not to shave, or cut or oil our hair, or scratch, save with the open palm; and that we must not cover our heads. Any breach of these and numerous other rules would have to be atoned for by the sacrifice of a sheep.

A short distance beyond this point we had a lively skirmish with robbers, during which I earned a reputation for courage by calling for my supper in the midst of the excitement. Meccah lies in a winding valley and is not to be seen until the pilgrim is close at hand.

At length, at one o'clock in the morning, in the course of our eleventh march since leaving Al-Madinah, I was aroused by general excitement. 'Meccah! Meccah!' cried some voices; 'the Sanctuary! O the Sanctuary!' exclaimed others. I looked out from my litter, and saw by the light of the southern stars the dim outlines of a large city. We were passing over the last ridge by an artificial cut, and presently descended to the northern suburb. I took up my lodgings at the home of a boy who had accompanied me throughout the pilgrimage.

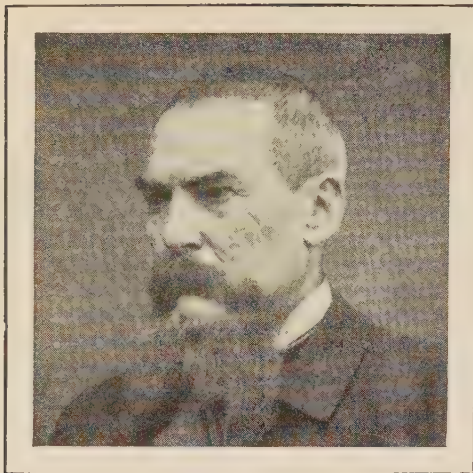
The Ka'aba, or House of Allah, at Meccah which has already been accurately described by the traveller Burckhardt, stands in an oblong square, enclosed by a great wall, 257 paces long, and 210 broad. The open space is surrounded by colon-

nades united by pointed arches and surmounted by domes. The Ka'aba itself is an oblong, flat-roofed structure, 22 paces long and 18 broad; the height appears greater than the length. It is roughly built of large irregular blocks of the grey Meccah stone. It is supposed to have been built and rebuilt ten times—first by the angels of Allah before the creation; secondly by Adam; thirdly by his son Seth; fourthly by Abraham and his son; the eighth rebuilding was during the lifetime of the Prophet.

On the morning of our arrival we bathed and proceeded in our pilgrim garb to the sanctuary. There it lay, the bourne of my long and weary pilgrimage. Here was no Egyptian antiquity, no Greek beauty, no barbaric gorgeousness; yet the view was strange, unique; and how few have looked upon the celebrated shrine! I may truly say that of all the worshippers there, not one felt for the moment a deeper emotion than did the Haji from the far north. But, to confess humbling truth, theirs was the high feeling of religious enthusiasm; mine was the ecstasy of gratified pride.

After drinking holy water, we approached as near as we could to the sacred Black Stone, the subject of so much sacred Oriental tradition, and prayed before it. The stone was surrounded by a crowd of pilgrims, kissing it and pressing their hearts against it. Then followed the ceremony of circumambulation. Seven times we passed round the Ka'aba, which was draped in a huge dark curtain, to which pilgrims clung weeping. The boy Mohammed, by physical violence, made a way to the Black Stone. While kissing it, I narrowly observed it, and came away persuaded that it is a big aerolite. After several other ceremonies, I left the holy place thoroughly exhausted.

I DID not enter the interior of the Ka'aba until later. Nothing could be more simple; a marble floor, red damask hangings, three columns supporting the cross-beams of the ceiling, many lamps said to be of gold, and a safe of aloë-wood, sometimes containing the key of the building, were all that was to be seen. Many pilgrims refuse to enter the Ka'aba for religious reasons. Those who tread the hallowed



SIR RICHARD F. BURTON, K.C.M.G., was born at Barham House, Hertfordshire, March 19, 1821. He spent a year at Oxford but left the university on obtaining a cadetship in the Indian army, in 1842. During the next few years he acquired an extraordinary knowledge of Mahomedan usages and languages that was afterwards to serve him nobly. In 1849 he returned to England, from which he made expeditions to Central Arabia, Somaliland and Africa, serving meantime at the Crimea. He was later British consul at Fernando Po, Santos, Damascus and Trieste. Burton's great claim to fame lies in his collection of Arabian tales in *The Thousand Nights and a Night*, a great monument of encyclopedic knowledge of Arabian folklore and custom.

floor are bound never again to walk barefooted, to take up fire with the fingers, or to tell lies. These stipulations, especially the last-named, are too exacting for Orientals.

Meccah is an expensive place during a pilgrimage. The fees levied by the guardians of the Ka'aba are numerous and heavy. The citizens make large sums out of the entertainment of pilgrims; they are, for the most part, covetous spendthrifts, who anticipate the pilgrims by falling into the hands of the usurer, and then endeavour to 'skin' the richer Hajis.

On September 12 we set forth for the ceremonies at Mount Arafat, where Adam rejoined Eve after the Fall, and where he was instructed by the archangel Gabriel to erect a house of prayer. At least 50,000 pilgrims were encamped at the foot of the holy mountain. On the day after our arrival we climbed to the sacred spots, and in the afternoon a sermon was preached on the mountain, which I did not hear—being engaged, let me confess, in a flirtation with a fair Meccan. At length the preacher gave the signal to depart, and everyone hurried

away with might and main. The plain bristled with tent-pegs, litters were crushed, pedestrians trampled and camels overthrown; single combats with sticks and other weapons took place; briefly, it was a state of chaotic confusion.

Next day was performed, at Muna, on the way back to Meccah, the ceremony of stoning the Shaytan el Kabir, or Great Devil, who is represented by a dwarf buttress placed against a rough wall of stones. The buttress was surrounded by a swarm of pilgrims, mounted and on foot, eager to get as near to the Great Devil as possible. I found myself under the stomach of a fallen dromedary, and had great difficulty in extricating myself; the boy Mohammed emerged from the tumult with a bleeding nose. Schooled by adversity, we bided our time ere approaching to cast the seven stones required by the ceremonial.

At Muna sheep were sacrificed by those pilgrims who, like myself, had committed breaches of the rules. Literally, the land stank. Five or six thousand animals were slain in this Devil's punch-bowl. I leave the reader to imagine the rest.

When I had completed El Umrah, or the little pilgrimage—a comparatively simple addition to the other ceremonies—I deemed it expedient to leave Meccah. The danger of detection was constantly before me; for had my disguise been penetrated, even although the authorities had been willing to protect me, I should certainly have been slain by indignant devotees.

Issuing from Meccah into the open plain, I felt a thrill of pleasure—such pleasure as only the captive delivered from his dungeon can experience. At dawn the next morning (September 23) we sighted the maritime plain of Jeddah, situated 44 miles distant from Meccah. Worn out with fatigue, I embarked on a vessel of the Bombay Steam Navigation Company, received the greatest kindness from the officers (I had revealed my identity to the British consul at Jeddah), and in due time arrived at Suez.

Let me conclude in the words of a long-dead brother traveller, Fa-hian: 'I have been exposed to perils, and I have escaped from them; and my heart is moved with emotion of gratitude that I have effected the objects I had in view.'

TOBIAS SMOLLETT

THE ADVENTURES OF RODERICK RANDOM

IT was in vain that Smollett submitted his play *The Regicide* to many theatrical managers in London, and, reduced to starvation almost, he was compelled to accept the post of surgeon's mate on board a King's ship in 1739. In 1746 he returned to England bent upon making another attempt to earn a living by his pen. A period of adverse fortune followed, broken, however, in 1748, by the publication of *The Adventures of Roderick Random*. In it the author draws plentifully on his recollections of adventures on the broad highway and in the cockpit of a man-of-war, and it is the first work of fiction to reveal in all its aspects the entrancing character of the English seaman. The story, with its wealth of humorous incident and its amusing gallery of vivid characters was successful from the beginning; for the public sated with the sentimental works of Richardson was clamouring for more realistic and more invigorating fiction.

I—My Birth, Parentage and Childhood



I WAS born in the northern part of this United Kingdom, in the house of my grandfather, a gentleman of considerable fortune and influence, who was remarkable for his abilities in the law, which he exercised with great success in the station of a judge.

My father, his youngest son, falling in love with a poor relation who lived with the old gentleman in quality of house-keeper, espoused her privately; and I was the first fruit of that marriage. On my grandfather telling my father one day that he had provided a match for him, the latter frankly owned what he had done. He added that no exceptions could be taken to his wife's virtue, birth, beauty and good sense; and as for fortune, it was beneath his care; he could be in no danger of wanting while his father's tenderness remained, which he and his wife should always cultivate with the utmost veneration.

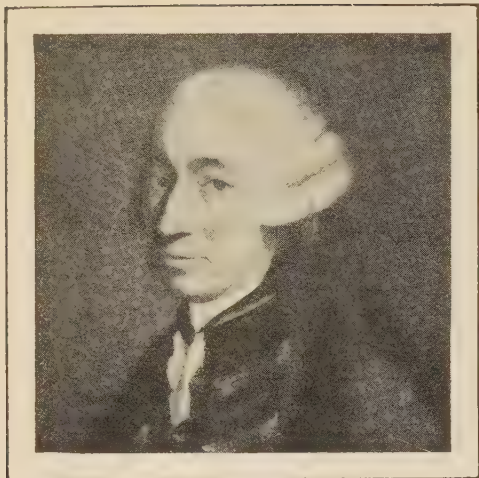
"Your brothers and sisters," said my grandfather, "did not think it beneath them to consult me in an affair of such importance as matrimony; neither, I suppose, would you have omitted that piece of duty had not you some secret fund in reserve, to the comforts of which I leave you, with a desire that you will this night seek out another habitation for yourself and wife. Sir, you are a polite gentleman. I will send you an account of the expense

I have been at in your education. I wish you a great deal of joy, and am your very humble servant."

So saying, he left my father in a situation easily imagined. However, he did not long hesitate for, being perfectly well acquainted with my grandfather's disposition, he knew it would be to no purpose to attempt him by prayers and entreaties; so, without any further application, he betook himself with his disconsolate wife to a farmhouse, where an old servant of his mother dwelt. In this ill-adapted situation, they remained for some time, until my mother, hoping that her tears and condition would move my grandfather to compassion, went in disguise to the house and implored his forgiveness. My grandfather told her that he had already made a vow which put it out of his power to assist her and, this said, he retired.

My mother was so afflicted by this that she was at once thrown into violent pains. By the friendship of an old maid-servant she was carried up to a garret, where I was born. Three days later my grandfather sent a peremptory order to her to be gone, and weakness, grief and anxiety soon put an end to her life. My father was so affected with her death that he remained six weeks deprived of his senses, during which time the people where he lodged carried the infant to the old man, who relented so far as to send the child to nurse.

My father's delirium was succeeded by a profound melancholy. At length he



TOBIAS GEORGE SMOLLETT was born at Dalquhurn in the Vale of Leven, Dumbartonshire, and was christened March 19, 1721. After qualifying for a learned profession at Glasgow University, he was for three years apprenticed to a Glasgow apothecary. At the age of eighteen he crossed the border with his play *The Regicide*, determined to conquer London. His failure in this enterprise sent him to the navy for a time, but he returned to gain immortality with his famous novels *Roderick Random*, *Peregrine Pickle*, *Humphrey Clinker*, and *Count Fathom*. A break-down in health sent him, in later life, to Italy, and he died at Leghorn, September 17, 1771. This portrait is in the National Portrait Gallery.

disappeared and could not be heard of, and there were not wanting some who suspected my uncles of being concerned in my father's fate, on the supposition that they would all share in the patrimony destined for him.

I grew apace, and the jealous enmity of my cousins quickly showed itself. Before I was six years of age their hatred made them blockade my grandfather, so that I never saw him but by stealth.

I was soon after sent to school at a village hard by, of which my grandfather had been dictator time out of mind; but as he neither paid for my board nor supplied me with clothes, books, or other necessities, my condition was very ragged, and the schoolmaster gave himself no concern about the progress I made.

In spite of all this I became a good proficient in the Latin tongue; but the contempt which my appearance produced, the continual wants to which I was exposed and my own haughty disposition involved me in a thousand troublesome adventures. Far from being subdued by bad usage, my indignation triumphed, and the more my years and knowledge increased, the more I perceived the injustice and barbarity of

the treatment I received. By the help of our usher I made a surprising progress in the classics and arithmetic, so that before I was twelve years old I was allowed to be the best scholar in the school.

Meanwhile, I took the advantage of every play-day to present myself before my grandfather, to whom I seldom found access by reason of his being closely besieged by a numerous family of his grandchildren, who, though they perpetually quarrelled among themselves, never failed to join against me as the common enemy of all. His heir, who was about the age of eighteen, minded nothing but fox-hunting, and never set eyes on me without uncoupling his beagles and hunting me into some cottage or other, whither I generally fled for shelter.

About this time my mother's only brother, who had been long abroad, lieutenant of a man-of-war, arrived in his own country, where, being informed of my condition, he came to see me and, out of his slender finances, not only supplied me with what necessities I wanted for the present, but resolved not to leave the country until he had prevailed on my grandfather to settle something handsome on me for the future.

To this end he set out with me for my grandfather's house, and after a few minutes' pause we were admitted. When we came into the judge's presence my uncle, after two or three sea-bows, expressed himself in this manner.

"Your servant—your servant! What cheer? I suppose you don't know me—mayhap you don't. My name is Tom Bowling, and this here boy—you look as if you did not know him, neither; 'tis like you mayn't. 'Tis my nephew, d'ye see, Roderick Random—your own flesh and blood, old gentleman; and if you have any conscience at all, do something for this poor boy, who has been used at a very unChristian rate. Come, consider, old gentleman, you are going in a short time to give an account of your evil actions. Remember the wrongs you did his father, and make all the satisfaction in your power before it is too late. The least you can do is to settle his father's portion on him."

The judge, in reply, told my uncle he had been very kind to the boy, whom he

had kept to school seven or eight years, although he was informed he made no progress in his learning, but was addicted to all manner of vice. However, he would see what the lad was fit for, and bind him apprentice to some honest tradesman or other, provided he would behave for the future as became him.

The honest tar answered my grandfather that it was true he had sent me to school, but it had cost him nothing; as to my making small progress, he was well informed as how Rory was the best scholar for his age in all the country.

II—My Arrival in London

A FEW weeks after our first visit we were informed that the old judge, conscious of his approaching end, had made his will and desired to see all his descendants. So my uncle set out with me a second time, and when we entered his chamber we found my grandfather in his last agonies.

Soon we were convinced of my grandfather's decease by a dismal yell uttered by the young ladies in his apartment.

It was not till after the funeral that the will was read, and the reader can scarce conceive the astonishment and mortification that appeared when the attorney pronounced aloud the young squire sole heir of all his grandfather's estate, personal and real, and that there were no legacies.

My uncle at once decided, though he could ill afford it, to give me a university education, and accordingly settled my board and other expenses at a town not many miles distant famous for its colleges, whither we repaired in a short time.

A few days after my uncle set out for his ship, and I began to consider my precarious situation—that my sole dependence was on the generosity of one man.

I at once applied myself with great care to my studies, and in the space of three years I understood Greek very well and was pretty far advanced in mathematics.

Then one day my landlady's husband put two letters in my hand from my uncle. The first was to my landlord, explaining that he had fought a duel with his captain and in consequence had been obliged to sheer off from his ship. The second was to me, assuring me that all would be well.

"Thanks for your courageous offer of binding the lad apprentice to a tradesman. I suppose you would make a tailor of him would you?—I had rather see him hanged, d'ye see!—Come along, Rory; I perceive how the land lies, my boy. Let's tack about—I' faith, while I have a shilling thou shan't want a sixpence. Bye, old gentleman; you're bound for the other world, but damnably ill-provided for the voyage."

Thus ended our visit and we returned, my uncle muttering curses against the old shark and the young fry round.

My landlord only shook his head and desired me to provide myself with another lodging, which I promptly did, and for a time I took service under a drunken surgeon named Crab. When I deemed myself sufficiently master of my business, I decided to go to London.

"You may easily get on board of a king's ship in quality of a surgeon's mate," said Crab, "where you will certainly see a great deal of practice, and stand a good chance of getting prize money."

In a few weeks I set out for London, my whole fortune consisting of one suit of clothes, half a dozen ruffled shirts, as many plain, four pairs of stockings, a case of pocket instruments, Wiseman's Surgery, and ten guineas in cash, for which Crab took my bond. At Newcastle-upon-Tyne I found an old schoolfellow, named Hugh Strap, employed in a barber's shop, and we at once embraced cordially. Strap, having saved sufficient money for the occasion, decided to go to London with me, and we departed next morning by daybreak.

As we travelled mostly in wagons, it was a tedious journey, but at length we entered the great city. Nothing but disappointment awaited us. In vain I applied at the Navy Office. I had satisfied the board at Surgeon's Hall; it seemed nothing but money could help me at the Navy Office, and by that time I had not wherewithal to purchase a dinner.

Strap obtained employment and generously shared his purse with me, otherwise I should have starved.

Instead of getting an appointment as surgeon's mate I was seized, when I was

crossing Tower Wharf, by a press-gang, and on my resistance was disarmed, taken prisoner and carried on board, where, after being pinioned like a malefactor, I was thrust down into the hold among a parcel of miserable wretches, the sight of whom well-nigh distracted me. After we had sailed, I was released from irons by the good offices of a surgeon's mate whom I had met on land, and subsequently I was appointed to assist the surgeon.

Our destination was the West Indies, and here I saw active service in the war with Spain. When the time came to return to England, the ship was wrecked off the coast of Sussex. I got ashore, and in my distress was glad to be hired by an elderly lady as her footman. I speedily acquired the good opinion of my mistress, and fell in love with her niece Narcissa, cursing the servile station that placed me so far beneath the regard of this amiable and adorable being. I soon learnt that the brother of my idol was a savage,

fox-hunting squire, who had designed the lovely Narcissa for Sir Timothy Thicket, a neighbouring fox-hunter. I cursed in my heart this man for his presumption, looking upon him as my rival.

EIGHT months I remained in the station of footman, and then an accident put an end to my servitude.

I was passing through a wood when I heard the cries of Narcissa and, rushing to her assistance, rescued her from the brutal familiarities of Sir Timothy. I struck his weapon out of his hand and cudgelled him so that he fell and lay senseless.

Narcissa thanked me with tender acknowledgments, but I was soon warned that I should be apprehended and transported for assaulting a magistrate. I escaped to France by the aid of smugglers, but before I left I avowed my passion, and explained that I was an unfortunate gentleman, and the story of my mis-handling provoked a sympathetic response.

III—I Recover My Father

FROM the Marshalsea Prison, where I had been lodged for debt some time after my return from France, I was rescued by my generous uncle, Mr. Bowling. He told me that he was now in command of a large merchant ship, and proposed that I should sail with him in the quality of his surgeon, with a share in the profits. I accepted his offer without hesitation, and Strap, who had stood by me in so many troubles, at my desire was made ship's steward.

Before we sailed, I managed to achieve an interview with Narcissa and, sure, lovers never parted with such sorrow and reluctance as we.

Our voyage was entirely successful, and while we were at anchor in that part of South America which is called Buenos Ayres we were very much caressed by the Spanish gentlemen of the country, and made the acquaintance of a certain English signior, who had been settled in those parts many years and had acquired the love and esteem of the whole province.

I had been struck with a profound veneration for this gentleman on first seeing him. When he spoke I listened with reverence and attention, and I sym-

pathised involuntarily with the melancholy which saddened the face of Don Rodrigo—for so he was named.

Don Rodrigo, understanding we were his countrymen, desired our company at his house, and seemed to show a particular regard for me. He made me a present of a beautiful ring, saying at the same time that he was once blessed with a son, who, had he lived, would have been nearly of my age. This observation made my heart throb with violence and a crowd of confused ideas filled my imagination. My uncle tapped me on the shoulder.

Before I had time to reply, Don Rodrigo said eagerly, "Pray, captain, what is the young gentleman's name?"

"His name," said my uncle, "is Roderick Random."

"Gracious powers!" cried Don Rodrigo, starting up. "And his mother's?"

"His mother," answered the captain, amazed, "was called Charlotte Bowling."

"O bounteous heaven!" exclaimed Don Rodrigo, clasping me in his arms. "My son! My son! Have I found thee again?"

So saying, he fell upon my neck and wept aloud for joy.

The captain, wringing my father's hand, cried : " Brother Random, I'm rejoiced to see you ! God be praised for this happy meeting ! "

My father decided to return with us to England and, having learnt from me of my love for Narcissa, approved of my passion and promised to contribute all in his power towards its success. I stayed in his house and, at his request, I recounted to him the passages of my life, and he gratified me with the particulars of his story.

" Careless of life," he said, " and unable to live in a place where every object recalled the memory of my dear Charlotte, I little suspected that my father's unkindness would have descended to my innocent orphan when I set out for France. From Paris I accompanied a young nobleman as tutor to the court of Spain, and from Spain I came to South America, where for sixteen years heaven has prospered my undertakings. Your fate I could never learn, notwithstanding all my inquiries."

IV—I am Married

NO sooner was I in London than I sought my charmer in her lodgings.

How was my soul transported when Narcissa broke in upon my view in all the bloom of ripened beauty !

We flew into each other's arms.

" O adorable Narcissa ! " cried I. " Never shall we part again ! "

In the evening I accompanied my father to her lodgings. He embraced her tenderly and told her he was proud of having a son who had engaged the affections of such a fine lady. Don Rodrigo was quickly as much charmed with her good sense as with her appearance, and she was no less pleased with his understanding and polite address.

The following was the squire's answer to a letter from my father promising handsome settlements on my marriage to Narcissa :

" Sir,—Concerning a letter which I received, subscribed R. Random, this is the answer. As for you, I know nothing of you. Your son, or pretended son, I have seen ; if he marries my sister, at his peril be it. I do declare that he shall not have one farthing of her fortune, which becomes my property if she takes a husband without my consent. Your settlement, I do

Presently Strap arrived, whom my father at once took by the hand, saying, " Is this the honest man who befriended you so much in your distress ? I will soon put it in the power of my son to reward you for your good offices in his behalf."

Shortly afterwards Don Rodrigo, who had already remitted twenty thousand pounds to Holland, settled his affairs, converted his effects into silver and gold, visited and took leave of all his friends and, coming on board of my uncle's ship, we sailed from the Rio de la Plata and in three months made the Lizard.

IT is impossible to express the joy I felt at the sight of English ground ! My father and I went ashore at Portsmouth, leaving Strap with the captain to go round with the ship. I rode into Sussex, where I learnt that Narcissa was in London, and that her brother was married, and vowed his sister should lose her fortune if she married without his consent.

believe, is all a sham, and yourself no better than you should be ; but if you had all the wealth of the Indies your son shall never match in our family with the consent of

' ORSON TOPEHALL.'

My father was not much surprised at this polite letter, after having heard the character of the author ; and as for me I was even pleased at his refusal, because I now had an opportunity of showing my disinterested love. I waited on my charmer and, having imparted the contents of her brother's letter, the time of our marriage was fixed at the distance of two days.

My uncle being by this time come to town, I introduced him to my bride and he was struck dumb at her beauty.

Narcissa told him that she looked upon him as her uncle, by which name she begged leave to call him for the future, and the honest captain was transported at her courteous behaviour.

Everything being prepared for the solemnisation of our nuptials, which were to be performed privately at my father's house, the auspicious hour arrived. In a little time the clergyman did his office, my uncle, at his own request, acting the part of a father to my dear Narcissa.



Marie Jeanne Roland de la Platière,

known in history as Madame Roland, was born in Paris March 18, 1754, daughter of Gervais Philpon, an engraver of some repute. In 1781 she married Jean Marie Roland de la Platière, then an inspector of manufactures at Amiens, a man twenty years her senior. The marriage, if unromantic, was happy, and Madame Roland, a highly cultured woman, devoted herself to the education of her daughter and helping her husband in his public duties. Ardent supporters of the Revolution, the Rolands attached themselves to the moderate Girondist party, and for two brief periods in 1792 and 1793 M. Roland was Minister of the Interior. His opposition to the party of the Mountain increased, and after the execution of the king he resigned office. Marked down for destruction by Danton, Marat and Robespierre, M. Roland escaped to Rouen, but his wife was arrested June 1, 1793, and guillotined November 8 of the same year. Her last words on the scaffold will never be forgotten. Looking at the statue of Liberty, she exclaimed :

" O Liberty, what crimes are committed in thy name ! "

MADAME ROLAND
MEMOIRS: AN APPEAL TO
IMPARTIAL POSTERITY

OF the not small number of permanently valuable contributions to literature that have been produced within the stone walls of prisons, perhaps the most remarkable are the Memoirs of Madame Roland, her proud and confident Appeal to Impartial Posterity. A woman of exceptional intellectual ability, she was under no misapprehension as to the destined end of the persecution to which she was subjected by the political enemies of her husband and herself. Yet with the menace of the guillotine hanging over her, she employed her time in the Conciergerie in writing her Memoirs with an unruffled calmness of mind equal to any advocated in abstract philosophy. They exhibit little of the horrors of the surroundings in which they were composed, but are a candid record of a most interesting life, breathe an ardent patriotism, and reveal a most attractive personality. The Memoirs were first printed in 1820 and, with her subsequently published Letters, are important items in the vast literature of the French Revolution. The following epitome has been prepared from the French text.

I—To-day the Throne, To-morrow in Fetters

The Prison of Abbaye.

June 1793.



THAT is the lot of virtue in times of revolution. After the first upheavals of a people wearied of abuses, the wise men who have shown the way to freedom are called to power, but they cannot long retain it. Ambitious persons excite the populace against its true defenders, in order to win power and consideration for themselves. Such has been the march of events, notably since August 10. One day, perhaps, I shall trace them from a farther perspective; at the moment I intend only to set down the circumstances of my arrest. It amuses, as it were, the lonely prisoner to depict what touches him nearly and to express what he feels.

The retirement of Roland had not appeased his enemies. In vain he pleaded for an audit of his accounts. He was succeeded in the Ministry of the Interior by Garat, an amiable society man, but timid and a bad administrator. He, with his ignorance and laziness, replaced the most active and best-informed man of the Republic. Dislocation of parties was inevitable. The departments rose; civil war broke out in La Vendée; the Jacobins seized the reins of government. Seven times in four months Roland appealed to the Convention to inquire into his conduct of affairs; the Jacobins only continued to call him traitor.

I made preparations to retire to the country, lest Roland's enemies should resort to the last excess. This would make his retreat easier. My passports were delayed by the trickery of the Maratists, in whose eyes I was already suspect. The papers were ready to be delivered to me, but on the very day I was suddenly seized with illness. For six days I was confined to bed; on the Friday I was setting out for the municipality, when the sound of the tocsin warned me that the moment was unfavourable. Everything bespoke the crisis, long inevitable.

It was half-past five o'clock in the evening (May 31) when six armed men presented themselves at my house. One read to Roland the order of the Revolutionary Committee for his arrest. "I know nothing of your legal authority," said he. "I disregard it. If you offer violence I can only make an aged man's resistance; but I protest to the last."

"I have no orders to employ violence," said the man. "I go to report your answer to the council. I leave my colleagues here."

Immediately it occurred to me that it would be well to denounce this proceeding to the Convention and either prevent the arrest of Roland or have it annulled, should it already have taken place. It was the work of only a few minutes to tell my husband my plan, to write to the president and to depart.

Alone, I jumped into a cab and, bidding the man drive his quickest, I reached the Carrousel. The court of the Tuileries was full of men under arms.

Alighting like a bird, in my white morning gown and black shawl, I passed among them and reached the doors. The sentinel barred the way. I insisted in vain. At last I tried an appeal that some devotee of Robespierre might have made.

"Citizens! On this day of salvation for our country, in the midst of traitors, do you not reflect how important the communication I have to deliver to the president may be? Bring me an usher!"

THE door was opened. I entered the Hall of Petitioners. In a quarter of an hour M. Rôze appeared. He took charge of my letter. He understood its urgency. He undertook to press it upon the official attention.

An hour passed. I walked up and down with long strides. I kept watching the door of the assembly hall. Now and then it opened, only to be closed immediately by the guard. Rôze appeared.

"Well?"

"Nothing yet. The assembly is in an indescribable uproar. Some petitioners, actually at the bar, are demanding the arrest of the Twenty-Two."

"Who is in the chair at the moment?"

"Héruit-Sechelles."

"Ah, then, my letter won't be read. Tell Vergniaux I want to see him." Rôze went to seek him. After a very long time he appeared. We talked. He went, and returned, but could effect nothing, the state of the house being what it was. In any case, he said, my letter could not be read for an hour and a half. They were discussing a decree in six articles.

I left Vergniaux and flew to Louvet's. For him I left a letter of explanation. I took another conveyance and turned homewards. The horses were too slow. A passing regiment obstructed our path. I jumped out, paid the man and ran to the Rue de la Harpe. Roland was in the landlord's rooms.

The bearer of the warrant had returned without being able to present Roland's protest to the council. He demanded it in writing. The good man retired, and Roland

got out by the back. I was bathed in perspiration. They brought me a glass of wine, and at ten o'clock I went out again, ill though I was. I reached the Palais National. The house had risen.

The wearied horses had to be dragged by the reins back to my door. As I alighted a man glided out from the shadow of the porch, and begged to see Roland.

"They are determined to arrest him to-night," said he.

"If they can, they will be very clever!"

"That is good news to me," the stranger answered, "for it is a good citizen who speaks to you."

I went upstairs, not knowing what to think of it.

But why, you may ask, return home in such circumstances?

So long as Roland was minister, his duty lay at his post. Shortly before his resignation, our friends begged us to sleep away from home; but we did so only once or twice. We occupied the same room, so as to run an equal risk, and I kept a pistol under my pillow, not to kill would-be assassins, but to defend myself from indignities. After Roland's resignation, the obligation was no longer the same. I was glad that he should evade the popular fury; if it were vented on me it would burn out the sooner against him. When it had died away he might return to render France his great services. Therefore, I chose to risk imprisonment and condemnation.

SINCE Roland's retirement I have lived quite out of the world, seeing almost nobody; various considerations made it difficult for us to change our abode; the house where my husband was concealed could not accommodate me without great inconvenience, and it would have been impolitic, and would have excited remark, for me to go there. Besides, I could not abandon my terrified servants. Home, then, I came. I calmed their fears, I kissed my child, and I took up my pen to write to my husband.

I had scarcely seated myself at my bureau when there came a knock at the door. A numerous deputation entered and asked for Roland.

"He left the house," I told them, "while I was at the Convention. He had

no opportunity of taking me into his confidence. I have nothing more to say." They went away very ill content.

Worn out with fatigue, I supped, finished my letter and went to bed.

I slept deeply for an hour. Then my maid awoke me to say that certain persons of the Section wished to see me. They presented an order for my conveyance to the Abbaye.

At seven o'clock in the morning I took leave of my daughter and my servants, bidding them be calm and patient. I was taken to the Abbaye in a carriage guarded by two files. Upon us pressed a curious crowd and some women cried, "To the guillotine!"

We arrived at the Abbaye. The commissaries went through the formalities. The wife of the concierge, a stout person with a good face, had not been warned. No room was ready for me. In a sort of little salon I had *déjeuner*. "Madame may stay here for the day," said the good woman. She was always sorry to see those of her own sex arrive. "For," said she, "they have not all the serene air of madame." I thanked her with a smile. She locked me in.

"Here I am, then, in prison!" I said to myself. The moments of profound reflection that followed I would not exchange for those which others might think the sweetest of my life. In my past I found nothing to blush for. I consecrated myself willingly to my destiny.

I WROTE to the Convention. At ten at night I was given a dirty room with a curtainless truckle bed. They gave me a pillow. Comparatively, I was not so ill off. Next morning, at ten o'clock, I was still in bed when Grandpré arrived. He looked round my vile apartment with wet eyes. He begged me to modify some phrases in my letter to the Convention. "If it would be read as it is," I said, "I would leave it; the truths it contains would be good for the hearers."

I rose at mid-day and began to arrange my lodging. I set a wretched little table by the window and covered it with a clean linen cloth. There I would write. Two big hair-pins stuck in the wainscot served me for clothes-pegs. I had in my pocket Thomson's Seasons. I made a note

of the books I should want—Plutarch, David Hume's History, and Sheridan's Dictionary. I smiled at my preparations, for the *rappel* was beating; I knew not what might happen any moment.

The concierge's wife bade me come to dine in her room, where the air was better. As I entered, my maid fell sobbing into my arms. Poor girl; in ordinary life she had sometimes irritated me. Now that I suffer, it is she who laments, I who console.

NEXT morning I rose early and set my room in order. I awaited impatiently the drawing of the heavy bolts of my door so that I might send for the newspaper. There I read the decree for the arrest of the Twenty-Two. The paper fell from my hands, and I cried in a transport of grief, 'My country is lost.'

As I set down these notes I go back to the events of Roland's first ministry, to which he was called from his inspectorship of commerce at Lyons in 1791. There he amassed an extraordinary amount of documentary material, and continued his Dictionary of Manufactures for the new Encyclopedia. Exact and austere, he had a passion for work, and was not insensible to fame.

At that time the inaction of Louis XVI in the matter of the decrees concerning the religious troubles and the dispositions of our enemies led Roland to propose that all his colleagues should address a letter to the king, warning his majesty of the public danger. There was much aimless discussion, and at length Roland's courage bade him advance alone. Together we composed the famous Letter to the King. It was sent. Next day the whole ministry was dismissed.

Roland's scheme of patriotic correspondence for the enlightenment of France was a work of pure patriotism. But, because of it, he was regarded as a dangerous person, a corrupter of public opinion, a conspirator. One has but to read his writings to be assured of the purity of his principles, but the brigands of Paris, slandering where they could not prove, relied on a defiance of popular sentiment, which the Jacobins upheld with all their power, for they were now ruled only by Danton, Robespierre and Marat.

II—The Second Arrest

Prison of Sainte Pélagie, August 20, 1793.

THE twenty-fourth day of my detention at the Abbaye had come. I had spent the interval in study and work. My chief employment had been the composition of my notes, the tone of which proves my good spirits. The events of May 31 and of June 2 had disturbed me, but I felt persuaded that in the end the good cause would triumph.

But I was sure that Hébert was aiming some horror at me. His foul print, 'Père Duchêne,' published a lying interview with me, in which I was said to have confessed the intrigues of Roland.

On June 24 the wife of the concierge invited me to come into her room, where I found two men.

"Do you want me, messieurs?"

"You are the citoyenne Roland?"

"Yes."

"I come to set you at liberty. Do you know where M. Roland is?"

I smiled. The question was too indiscreet to call for an answer. The conversation became boring. I retired to my room to make my arrangements.

I thought at first I would dine quietly in prison and go home in the evening; but the concierge was in a hurry to have my dirty little room. Lavacquerie, who admired my good humour in prison and my arrangements of books and flowers, used to call the room the Pavilion of Flora. I did not know that it would soon hold a heroine, worthy of a better age, the celebrated Corday herself!

My poor maid, who had come to see me, wept with joy as she made up my bundle. They gave me the order for my release, I paid my accounts, gave a few little gratuities and drove home.

I entered my own door like a bird, saying gaily to the porter, "Good day, Lamarre." But I had not gone up four steps when two men from I know not where accosted me. "In the name of the law we arrest you." They showed their warrant. Telling them to follow me, I went to my landlady. "Let me sit down and take my breath," I said, "but don't rejoice. They have set me free, but it is a cruel trick. I have only left the Abbaye to be taken to Sainte Pélagie."

I appealed to my section, but after a tiresome discussion at the Mairie I was told that my former arrest was illegal and I had to be released in order that I might be detained in accordance with the law. Rage had usurped reason. I was brought to Sainte Pélagie.

While they registered my entry, a man with an ugly, sinister face opened my bundle and poked about in it curiously, taking away some newspapers it contained. I protested vigorously against the indecency of his action. They bade him leave my things alone. But he was now my turnkey. I was destined to see his frightful face twice each day.

Both lodging and provision were wretched, but Madame Bouchaud, the matron, offered to cook for me. I found comparative health and economy in this arrangement. I ordered a cutlet and some vegetables for dinner; for lunch only bread and water; that had been my fare at the Abbaye. I record it here because I was soon afterwards denounced for having corrupted the concierge and for having lived riotously with his family! This accords well with other mean slanders.

O DANTON! Thus do you sharpen the knife against your victims! Strike! One more will scarcely augment your crimes; but their multiplicity will not cover your villainy nor save you from infamy. As cruel as Marius, more terrible than Catiline, you surpass their atrocities without possessing their great qualities, and history will spue out your name with horror as she recounts the butcheries of September and the dissolution of the social order that followed the events of June 2.

After a while Madame Bouchaud delivered me from my sad little cell and lodged me in a pretty room on the ground floor. For the turnkey's ugly visage I exchanged the sweet face of Madame Bouchaud, who removed from my apartment all appearance of a prison. I had my flowers, my piano. One of the women prisoners did little things for me. But one morning the administrator saw her. He asked for explanations.

"Madame Roland," said Madame Bouchaud, "was inconvenienced (it was true). I have put her nearer the entry, to care for her better; sometimes she amuses herself with her piano, which she could not have in her cell."

"She will leave this," said the official; "send her up to the corridor again. Equality must be maintained."

Wretch! Is it for that that you send me to herd with fallen women? Madame Bouchaud, sadder than I can say, came to tell me of the order. I calmed her by my resignation. We agreed that in the course of the day I should come down for a change of air and to recover my books and papers.

Here I am, then, condemned once more to hear the bolts, to breathe the fetid air

of the corridor, sadly lighted at night by one smoky and suffocating lamp. These are the acts of human beings, the symbols of Liberty!

For the rest, the consequences of oppression had furnished the corridor where I lodged with women whom one could meet without shame and even with pleasure. There I found the wife of a *juge de paix*, who had been accused of treason; there I met the wife of the president of the revolutionary tribunal; there I saw Madame Pétion.

"I little thought," I said to her, "when I shared your alarms at the Mairie on August 10, in '92, that we should keep the anniversary at Sainte Pélagie, and that the downfall of the throne was preparing our disgrace."

III—Outline of Defence Before the Tribunal

Written the night after her examination

THE accusation brought against me rests entirely on my alleged complicity with certain men styled traitors. My friendship with a small number of these was very much anterior to the political circumstances which to-day have brought them into disfavour. Our correspondence has nothing to do with public affairs; in fact, I have never had any private political correspondence, and on this count I give an absolute denial. I am not called upon to give an account of my private friendships, but they and my conduct alike do me honour and I have nothing to conceal.

I have received expressions of regret at my detention. Duperret, I was told, had two letters for me, but they never reached me. I have had offers of assistance to escape, but I preferred the risks of an unjust trial to an ignominious flight.

These, then, are the limits of my relations with my fugitive friends. Without doubt; if I had not been a prisoner, if communication had not been interrupted, I would have sought news of them; for I know of no law that forbids. They were enthusiasts for the welfare of the people, whom they would not flatter or deceive. These seem to me scarcely the principles of tyrants. I have the deepest respect for these generous men, and this error, if error it be, will go with me to the

tomb, and I shall be honoured to follow those whom I could not accompany.

I have no need to prove my good faith. I have the calm assurance of having done my duty. My serious tastes, my studious habits, are far removed from the follies of dissipation or the stir of intrigue. I have followed the progress of the revolution with the deepest interest, I have at all times been the warm friend of the republic, but I have never passed the limits imposed by my sex.

Roland sometimes employed me as his secretary. The famous letter to the king was copied entirely by my hand. That would be a fine thing to bring into this case if the Austrians were trying me, and if they saw fit to extend a minister's responsibility to his wife. But Roland's probity is well known; his works declare it; I am his virtuous and persecuted wife. I was the friend of men sacrificed by jealous mediocrity. I, too, must perish in my turn; but for the innocent the path to the scaffold is the path of glory.

Just Heaven, enlighten this unhappy people, for whom I desire liberty! Oh, my fellow citizens, vainly do you speak of liberty. You seek only licence, of which you will one day be the victims.

It is for you now to judge whether it is to your interest to condemn me, in default of proofs, merely upon opinions and without the sanction of any single law.

EDMUND SPENSER

THE FAERIE QUEENE

IN the year 1579, the same in which his *Shepheard's Calendar* appeared, Edmund Spenser began to work on his famous *Faerie Queene*, of which at the date of his death on January 16, 1599, little more than a half was written. The poem blends the Arthurian legend of knights errant with classical lore, Christian teaching and allegory general (in so far as it refers to the virtues and vices) and particular (concerning people of the poet's epoch). It has no clear plot, being formed of a tangle of tales, none of which has a beginning and few have an end. Nevertheless, so noble are the style and imagination of the poet that the poem is one of our finest literary monuments; and undoubtedly its influence in enriching the language was very great. Some passages from the prose introduction to the epic are appended by way of an introduction, as they contain the only indication of the plan of the unfinished work. Spenser's works may be obtained at a moderate cost.

I—Una and the Red Cross Knight



KNOWING how doubtfully all allegories may be construed, and this book of mine being a continued allegory, I have thought good to reveal the general intention thereof.

The beginning of the story will be found in the twelfth book, which is the last. There I devise that the *Faerie Queene* kept her annual feast twelve days, when the twelve adventures happened to the twelve knights which I shall relate in the twelve books of my work. The first adventure was this. At the beginning of the feast a tall, clownish young man presented himself and, falling before the *Faerie Queene*, desired a boon; which was that he might have the achievement of any adventure happening at the feast.

Soon afterwards there entered Una, a fair young lady in mourning weeds, riding on a white ass, with a dwarf behind her, leading a war horse that bore the arms of a knight. The lady complained that her father and mother had been imprisoned by a huge dragon; and she besought the *Faerie Queene* to send one of her knights to kill the dragon and release the prisoners. The clownish young man sprang up and desired that he might be assigned this adventure. The lady was much displeased at his forwardness, yet he would not be gainsaid. In the end she told him that unless the armour which she had brought would fit him (that is the armour of a Christian man set forth by St. Paul) he would not succeed in the enterprise. The young man put on the armour easily, and the young lady then liked him well, and gladly went forth with him. Here begins the first book.]

A gentle knight was pricking on the plain,
Yclad in mighty arms and silver shield,
Wherein old dints of deep wounds did remain,
The cruel marks of many a bloody field;
Yet arms till that time did he never wield;

His angry steed did chide his foaming bit,
As much disdainful to the curb to yield:
Full jolly knight he seem'd, and fair did sit,
As one for knightly jousts and fierce encounters fit.

But on his breast a bloody Cross he bore,
The dear remembrance of his dying Lord,
For whose sweet sake that glorious badge he wore,
And dead, as living, ever Him adored:
Upon his shield the like was also scored,
For sovereign hope, which in his help he had:
Right, faithful, true he was in deed and word;
But of his cheer did seem too solemn sad;
Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was ydrad.

A lovely Lady rode him fair beside,
Upon a lowly Ass more white than snow;
Yet she much whiter; but the same did hide
Under a veil, that wimpled was full low;
And over all a black stole she did throw,
As one that inly mourn'd; so was she sad,
And heavy sat upon her palfrey slow;
Seem'd in heart some hidden care she had;
And by her in a line a milk-white lamb she lad.

So pure and innocent, as that same lamb,
She was in life and every virtuous lore,
And by descent from Royal lynage came
Of ancient Kings and Queens, that had of yore
Their sceptres stretch'd from East to Western shore,
And all the world in their subjection held;
Till an infernal fiend with foul uproar
Forwasted all their land and them expelled:
Whom to avenge, she had this Knight from far compelled.

Behind her, far away, a Dwarf did lag,
That lazy seem'd in being ever last,
Or weary with bearing of her bag
Of needments at his back. Thus as they passed,

The day with clouds was sudden overcast,
And angry Jove an hideous storm of rain
Did pour into his Leman's lap so fast
That every wight to shroud it did constrain,
And this fair couple eke to shroud themselves
were fain.

Enforced to seek some covert nigh at hand,
A shady grove not far away they spied,
That promised aid the tempest to withstand :
Whose lofty trees, yclad with summer's pride,
Did spread so broad that heaven's light did hide,
Not pierceable with power of any star :
And all within were paths and alleys wide,
With footing worn, and leading inward far ;
Fair harbour that them seems ; so in they
entered are.

And forth they pass, with pleasure forward led,
Joying to hear the birds' sweet harmony,
Which therein shrouded from the tempest dread,
Seemed in their song to scorn the cruel sky.
Much can they praise the trees so straight and
high,

The sailing Pine ; the Cedar proud and tall ;
The vine-prop Elm ; the Poplar never dry ;
The buidler Oak, sole king of forests all ;
The Aspen, good for staves : the Cypress funeral ;

The Laurel, meed of mighty Conquerors
And Poets sage ; the Fir that weepeth still ;
The Willow, worn of forlorn Paramours ;
The Yew, obedient to the bender's will ;
The Birch for shafts ; the Sallow for the mill ;
The Myrrh sweet-bleeding in the bitter wound ;
The warlike Beech ; the Ash for nothing ill ;
The fruitful Olive ; and the Platane round ;
The carver Holme ; the Maple, seldom inward
sound.

Led with delight, they thus beguile the way,
Until the blust'ring storm is overblown ;
When weening to return whence they did stray,
They cannot find that path which first was
shown,

But wandered to and fro in ways unknown,
Furthest from end then, when they nearest ween,
That makes them doubt their wits be not their
own :

So many paths, so many turnings seen,
That which to take in diverse doubt they been.

But full of fire and greedy hardiment,
The youthful knight could not for aught be
stayed,

But forth unto a darksome hole he went,
And looked in : his glist'ring armour made
A little glooming light, much like a shade,
By which he saw an ugly monster plain,
Half like a serpent, horribly displayed,
But the other half did woman's shape retain,
Most loathsome, filthy, foul, and full of vile
disdain.

Much daunted by his dint her sense was dazed ;
Yet kindling rage, herself she gathered round,
And all at once her beastly body raised
With doubled forces high above the ground ;

Then, wrapping up her wreathèd stern around,
Leapt fierce upon his shield, and her huge train
All suddenly about his body wound,
That hand or foot to stir he strove in vain.
God help the man so wrapt in *Error's* endless
train !

Thus ill bested, and fearful more of shame
Than of the certain peril he stood in,
Half furious, unto his foe he came,
Resolved in mind all suddenly to win,
Or soon to lose, before he once would lin :
And struck at her with more than manly force
That from her body, full of filthy sin,
He reft her hateful head without remorse :
A stream of coal-black blood forth gushed from
her corse.

UNA and the Red Cross Knight then ride out of
the wandering wood, but a wicked magician,
Archimago, comes to them in the disguise of a
saintly hermit, and parts them. Una was left
to wander in the wild forest helpless and alone.]

One day, nigh weary of the irksome way,
From her unhasty beast she did alight,
And on the grass her dainty limbs did lay
In secret shadow, far from all men's sight :
From her fair head her fillet she undight,
And laid her stole aside. Her angel's face
As the great eye of heaven shined bright,
And made a sunshine in the shady place ;
Did never mortal eye behold such heavenly grace.

It fortunèd, out of the thickest wood
A ramping Lion rushed suddenly,
Hunting full greedy after savage blood.
Soon as the royal virgin he did spy,
With gaping mouth at her ran greedily,
To have at once devour'd her tender corse ;
But to the prey when as he drew more nigh,
His bloody rage assuaged with remorse, [force.
And, with the sight amazed, forgot his furious

Instead thereof, he kissed her weary feet,
And lick'd her lily hands with fawning tongue :
As he her wrongèd innocence did weat.
O how can beauty master the most strong,
And simple truth subdue avenging wrong ?
Whose yielded pride and proud submission,
Still dreading death when she had markèd long.
Her heart gan melt in great compassion :
And drizzling tears did shed for pure affection.

The Lion would not leave her desolate,
But with her went along, as a strong guard
Of her chaste person, and a faithful mate
Of her sad troubles and misfortunes hard ;
Still, when she slept, he kept both watch and
ward :

And, when she waked, he waited diligent,
With humble service to her will prepared :
From her fair eyes he took commandment,
And ever by her looks conceivèd her intent.

[The Lion, however, was slain by a savage,
unknown knight, on whose shield was written
in large red letters the word 'Lawless.' He

carried Una away upon his horse. In the meantime the Red Cross Knight met a false lady, Dinessa, who led him to the House of Pride, and he was taken prisoner by a terrible giant, Orgoglio.

By this time Una had been rescued from the Lawless Knight by a troop of wood-gods. Then, hearing news of the imprisonment of the Red Cross Knight, she went forth to search for him. King Arthur came to her aid and delivered the Red Cross Knight from prison, and then Una and her champion refreshed themselves in the House of Holiness. There the Red Cross Knight learnt that he was an English prince stolen from his cradle by elves. A hermit told him that his name was George, and prophesied :]

'Then seek this path that I to thee presàge
Which after all to heaven shall thee send :
Then peaceably thy painful pilgrimage
To yonder same Hierusalem do bend,
Where is for thee ordain'd a blessed end :
For thou among those Saints whom thou dost see
Shalt be a Saint, and thine own nation's friend
And Patron : thou Saint *George* shalt callèd be,
Saint *George* of Merry England, the sign of
victory.'

II—*Britomart's Adventures*

ON the next day, when the Faerie Queene was keeping her feast, there came in a groom, who complained that a vile enchanter called Busirane kept in grievous torment a fair lady called Amoretta, because she would not love him. Whereupon Sir Scudamour, the true lover of Amoretta, at once undertook the adventure. In the end he was unable to perform it by reason of enchantments, but Britomart succoured him, and rescued his love. Amoretta had been brought up in the Garden of Adonis :]

It sited was in fruitful soil of old,
And girt in with two walls on either side ;
The one of iron, the other of bright gold,
That none might thorough break, nor over-
stride ;
And double gates it had which open'd wide,
By which both in and out men moten pass ;
Th' one fair and fresh, the other old and dried :
Old Genius the porter of them was,
Old Genius, the which a double nature has.

He letteth in, he letteth out to wend
All that to come into the world desire ;
A thousand thousand naked babes attend
About him day and night, which do require
That he with fleshy weeds would them attire ;
Such as him list, such as eternal fate
Ordained hath, he clothes with sinful mire,
And sendeth forth to live in mortal state,
Till they again return back by the hinder gate.

After that they again returnèd been,
They in that Garden planted be again,
And grow afresh, as they had never seen
Fleshy corruption nor mortal pain :
Some thousand years so do they there remain

[From the House of Holiness Una and her knight went on to the brazen tower where the dragon was. The dragon flew at St. George :]

And in his first encounter, gaping wide,
He thought at once him to have swallow'd quite,
And rush'd upon him with outrageous pride ;
Who him r'encount'ring fierce as hawk in flight,
Perforce rebutted back : the weapon bright.
Taking advantage of his open jaw,
Ran through his mouth with so importune might
That deep empierced his darksome hollow maw,
And, back retired, his life-blood forth withal did
draw.

So down he fell, and forth his life did breathe,
That vanished into smoke and cloudèd swift ;
So down he fell that th' earth him underneath
Did groan, as feeble so great load to lift ;
So down he fell, as an huge rocky clift,
Whose false foundation waves have wash'd away,
With dreadful poise as from the mainland rift,
And rolling down, great *Neptune* doth dismay :
So down he fell, and like an heaped mountain lay.

[The Red Cross Knight then released Una's father and mother, and the lady and her champion were happily married.]

And then of him are clad with other hue,
Or sent into the changeful world again,
Till thither they return where first they grew :
So, like a wheel, around they run from old to new.

But were it not that *Time* their troubler is,
All that in this delightful Garden grows
Should happy be, and have immortal bliss :
For here all plenty and all pleasure flows ;
And sweet love gentle fits among them throws
Without fell rancour or fond jealousy :
Frankly each paramour his leman knows ;
Each bird his mate ; ne any does envy
Their goodly merriment and gay felicity.

There is continual spring, and harvest there
Continual, both meeting at one time :
For both the boughs do laughing blossoms bear
And with fresh colours deck the wanton Prime,
And eke at once the heavy trees they climb,
Which seem to labour under their fruits' load :
The whiles the joyous birds make their pastime
Amongst the shady leaves their sweet abode,
And their true loves without suspicion tell
abroad.

[On leaving this paradise, Amoretta had been won in love by Sir Scudamour and married to him ; but during the wedding feast a vile enchanter, Busirane, had carried her off to his castle. In vain did Sir Scudamour attempt to rescue his wife, for the only way to the castle was through a fiery gate through which he could not pass. Then Sir Scudamour met Britomart, who seemed to be a handsome young knight, but was really a warlike British princess.]

'Fair sir, I let you weet, that from the hour
I taken was from nurse's tender pap



THE FAIR UNA AND THE LION OF THE FOREST

From the painting by William Hilton, R.A.

I have been trained up in warlike stowre,
To tossen spear and shield, and to affrap
The warlike rider to his most mishap ;
Sithence I loathèd have my life to lead,
As ladies wont, in pleasure's wanton lap,
To finger the fine needle and nice thread, [dead.
Me liefer were with point of foeman's spear be

' All my delight on deeds of arms is set,
To hunt out perils and adventures hard,
By sea, by land, whereso they may be met,
Only for honour and for high regard,
Without respect of riches or reward :
For such intent into these parts I came,
Withouten compass or withouten card,
Far fro my native soil, that is by name [fame.
The Greater Britain, here to seek for praise and

' Fame blazèd hath, that there in Faery Lond
Do many famous knights and ladies wonne,
And many strange adventures to be fond,
Of which great worth and worship may be won ;
Which to prove, I this voyage have begun.
But mote I weet of you, right courteous knight,
Tidings of one that hath unto me done
Late foul dishonour and reproachful spite,
The which I seek to wreck, and Arthegall he
light.'

[But this was a ruse. She had seen Sir Arthegall
in a magic mirror which Merlin had given to her
father, and the comeliness of the young knight
had filled her with that]

Most sacred Fire, that burnest mightily
In living breasts, ykindled first above

Amongst the eternal spheres and lamping sky,
And thence pour'd into men, which men call
Love ;

Not that same which doth base affections move
In brutish minds, and filthy lust inflame ;
But that sweet fit which doth true beauty love,
And chooseth Virtue for his dearest dame,
Whence spring all noble deeds and never-dying
fame.

[Britomart was able to pass unharmed through
the flaming portals of the Castle of Lust. Having
rescued Amoretta and brought her safely to Sir
Scudamour, Britomart resumed her search for
Sir Arthegall. She disguised herself as the Black
Knight, and, entering a tournament, defeated
every warrior that rode against her. Among
those whom she conquered were Sir Scuda-
mour and a man covered with moss and oak-
leaves, who was known as the Savage Knight.
This Savage Knight was Sir Arthegall. He
departed from the tourney with Sir Scuda-
mour, and Britomart rode towards them :]

Whiles thus they communèd, lo ! far away
A knight soft riding towards them they spied,
Attired in foreign arms and strange array :
Whom, when they nigh approach'd, they plain
descried

To be the same for whom they did abide.
Said then Sir *Scudamour* : ' Sir Savage Knight,
Let me thus crave, sith first I was defied,
That first I may that wrong to him requite ;
And, if I hap to fail, you shall recure my right.'



EDMUND SPENSER, the leader of the great Elizabethan school of poets, was born in London about 1552. After graduating M.A. at Cambridge in 1576, he went to London and became acquainted with the Earl of Leicester, and his nephew Philip Sydney. The *Shepheard's Calendar*, published 1579, brought him immediate fame. He went to Ireland as secretary to the Lord Deputy in 1580, and became owner of a small estate in County Cork. Here he worked on the first books of *The Faerie Queene*, his greatest work. He died in London, January 16, 1599. Spenser's poetry is the finest expression of a critical period in English letters, the transition from the medieval to the modern methods of thought and language.

Which being yielded, he his threatful spear
Gan feuter, and against her fiercely ran.
Who soon as she him saw approaching near
With so fell rage, herself she slightly gan
To dight, to welcome him well as she can :
But entertained him so rude a wise
That to the ground she smote him both horse
and man ;
Whence neither greatly hasted to arise,
But on their common harms together did devise.

But *Arthegall*, beholding his mischance,
New matter added to his former fire ;
And, eft adventring his steel-headed lance,
Against her rode, full of despitous ire,
That nought but spoil and vengeance did require :
But to himself his felonous intent
Returning, disappointed his desire,
Whiles unawares his saddle he forewent, [ment.
And found himself on ground in great amaze-

Lightly he started up out of that stound,
And snatching forth his direful deadly blade,
Did leap to her, as doth an eager hound
Thrust to an Hind within some covert glade,
Whom without peril he cannot invade ;
With such fell greediness he her assailed
That, though she mounted were, yet he her made
To give him ground (so much his force prevailed)
And shun his mighty stroke, 'gainst which no
arms availed.

The wicked stroke upon her helmet chanced,
And with the force which in itself it bore

Her ventail shear'd away, and thence forth
glanced
Adown in vain, ne harm'd her any more.
With that, her angel's face, unseen afore,
Like to the ruddy morn appear'd in sight,
Dew'd with silver drops, through sweating sore ;
But somewhat redder than beseem'd aright,
Through toilsome heat and labour of her weary
fight.

And round about the same, her yellow hair,
Having through stirring loosed their wonted
band,
Like to a golden border did appear,
Fram'd in goldsmith's forge with cunning hand :
Yet goldsmith's cunning could not understand
To frame such subtle wire, so shiny clear :
For it did glister like the golden sand,
The which *Pactolus* with his waters sheer,
Throws forth upon the rivage round about him
near.

And as his hand he up again did rear,
Thinking to work on her his utmost wrack,
His powerless arm, benumb'd with secret fear,
From his revengeful purpose shrank aback,
And cruel sword out of his fingers slack
Fell down to ground, as if the steel had sense
And felt some ruth, or sense his head did lack,
Or both of them did think obedience
To do to so divine a beauty's excellence.

When *Britomart* with sharp aviseful eye
Beheld the lovely face of *Arthegall*
Tempered with sternness and stout majesty,
She gan eftsoones it to her mind to call
To be the same which, in her father's hall,
Long since in that enchanted glass she saw :
Therewith her wrathful courage gan appal,
And haughty spirits meekly to adaw,
That her enhanced hand she down can soft
withdraw.

Soon as she heard the name of *Arthegall*,
Her heart did leap, and all her heart-strings
tremble
For sudden joy, and secret fear withal ;
And all her vital pow'rs, with motion nimble,
To succour it, themselves gan there assemble ;
That by the swift recourse of flushing blood
Right plain appear'd, though she it would
dissemble,
And feign'd still her former angry mood,
Thinking to hide the depth by troubling of the
flood.

So well he woo'd her, and so well he wrought
her,
With fair entreaty and sweet blandishment,
That at the length unto a bay he brought her,
So as she to his speeches was content
To lend an ear, and softly to relent.
At last, through many vows which forth he pour'd
And many oaths, she yielded her consent
To be his love and take him for her Lord,
Till they with marriage meet might finish that
accord.

CHARLES DICKENS

DOMBEY AND SON

THE publication of *Dombey and Son* began in October 1846, and the story was completed in twenty monthly parts, the last number being issued in April 1848. Its success was striking and immediate, the sale of the first number exceeding that of *Martin Chuzzlewit* by more than 12,000 copies—which is remarkable when one considers the finer qualities of *Chuzzlewit*. The publication of *Dombey* entirely rehabilitated its author's depleted finances and enabled him to return to London from Lausanne, where he had been living for some time. The book contains many of Dickens's best characters, such as Cuttle, Bunsby and Mrs. MacStinger, yet *Dombey* is not one of Dickens's best books; though the story of Paul's short life must ever be moving with its pathos. The popularity of the work provoked a satirical publication called *Dombey and Daughter*, which was started in 1847, and was issued monthly at a penny. Two stage versions of *Dombey and Son* appeared, but in neither case was the adaptation particularly successful.

I—Dombey and Son



DOMBEY sat in the corner of the darkened room in the great armchair by the bedside, and Son lay tucked up warm in a little basket-bedstead.

Dombey was about eight-and-forty years of age; Son about eight-and-forty minutes. Dombey was rather bald, rather red and, though a handsome, well-made man, too stern and pompous in appearance to be prepossessing. Son was very bald, and very red, and somewhat crushed and spotty in his general effect, as yet.

"The house will once again, Mrs. Dombey," said Mr. Dombey, "be not only in name, but in fact, *Dombey and Son*; *Dombey and Son*! He will be christened Paul, Mrs. Dombey, of course!"

The sick lady feebly echoed, "Of course," and closed her eyes again.

"His father's name, Mrs. Dombey, and his grandfather's! I wish his grandfather were alive this day." And again he said "*Dombey and Son*" in exactly the same tone as before, and then went downstairs to learn what that fashionable physician, Dr. Parker Peps, had to say, for Mrs. Dombey lay very weak and still.

'*Dombey and Son*'—those three words conveyed the idea of Mr. Dombey's life. The earth was made for *Dombey and Son* to trade in, and the sun and moon were made to give them light.

He had risen, as his father had before him, in the course of life and death, from

Son to Dombey, and for nearly twenty years had been the sole representative of the firm. Of those years he had been married ten—married, as some said, to a lady with no heart to give him. But such idle talk never reached the ears of Mr. Dombey. *Dombey and Son* often dealt in hides, never in hearts. Mr. Dombey would have reasoned that a matrimonial alliance with himself *must*, in the nature of things, be gratifying and honourable to any woman of common sense.

One drawback only could be admitted. Until this present day there had been no issue—to speak of. There had been a girl some six years before, a child who now crouched by her mother's bed, unobserved. But what was a girl to *Dombey and Son*?

"Nature must be called upon to make a vigorous effort!" said Doctor Parker Peps, referring to Mrs. Dombey.

Mrs. Chick, Mr. Dombey's married sister, emphasised this opinion.

"Now, my dear Paul," said Mrs. Chick, "you may rest assured that there is nothing wanting but an effort on Fanny's part."

They returned to the sick-room, and its stillness. In vain Mrs. Chick exhorted her sister-in-law to make an effort; no sound came in answer but the loud ticking of Mr. Dombey's watch and Dr. Parker Peps's watch, which seemed to be running a race.

"Fanny!" said Mrs. Chick. "Only look at me. Only open your eyes to show me that you hear and understand me."

Still no answer. Mrs. Dombey lay motionless, clasping her little daughter to her breast.

"Mamma!" cried the child, sobbing aloud. "Oh, dear mamma!"

Thus, clinging fast to that slight spar within her arms, the mother drifted out upon the dark and unknown sea that rolls round all the world.

Mr. Dombey, in the days to come, could not forget that closing scene—that he had had no part in it; that he had stood a mere spectator while those two figures lay clasped in each other's arms. His previous

feelings of indifference towards his little daughter Florence changed into an uneasiness of an extraordinary kind. He had never conceived an aversion to her; it had not been worth his while or in his humour. But now he was ill at ease about her. He read nothing in her glance, when he saw her later in the solemn house, of the passionate desire to run clinging to him, crying "Oh, father, try to love me! There's no one else!" and the dread of a repulse; the pitiable need in which she stood of some assurance and encouragement. He saw nothing of this.

II—Mrs. Pipchin's

IN spite of his early promise, all the vigilance and care bestowed upon him could not make little Paul a thriving boy. There was something wan and wistful in his look, and he had a strange, old-fashioned way of sitting brooding in his miniature armchair.

The medical practitioner recommended sea-air, and Mrs. Pipchin, who conducted an infantile boarding-house of a very select description at Brighton, and whose scale of charges was high, was entrusted with the care of Paul's health when he was little more than five years old.

Mrs. Pipchin was a marvellous ill-favoured, ill-conditioned old lady, with a mottled face like bad marble, a hook nose and a hard grey eye. It was generally said that Mrs. Pipchin was a woman of system with children, and no doubt she was. Certainly the wild ones went home tame enough, after sojourning for a few months beneath her hospitable roof.

At this exemplary old lady Paul would sit staring in his little armchair by the fire for any length of time. He was not fond of her, he was not afraid of her.

Once she asked him, when they were alone, what he was thinking about.

"You," said Paul. "I'm thinking how old you must be."

"You mustn't say such things as that, young gentleman," returned the dame.

"Why not?" asked Paul.

"Because it's not polite!"

"Not polite?" said Paul.

"No! And remember the story of the little boy that was gored to death by a mad bull for asking questions!"

"If the bull was mad," said Paul, "how did *he* know that the boy had asked questions? Nobody can go and whisper secrets to a mad bull. I don't believe that story."

"You don't believe it, sir?"

"No," said Paul.

"Not if it should happen to have been a tame bull, you little infidel?"

As Paul had not considered the subject in that light, he allowed himself to be put down for the present.

Mr. Dombey came down to Brighton every Sunday, and Florence was her brother's constant companion.

At first, Paul got no stronger, and a little carriage was procured for him, in which he could lie at his ease and be wheeled down to the sea side; there he would sit or lie for hours together; never so distressed as by the company of children—Florence alone excepted, always.

"Go away, if you please," he would say to any child who came up to him. "Thank you, but I don't want you. I think you had better go and play, if you please."

His favourite spot was quite a lonely one, far away from most loungers; and, with Florence sitting by his side, and the wind blowing on his face, and the water near the wheels of his bed, he wanted nothing more.

"I want to know what it says," he said once, looking steadily in her face. "The sea, Floy, what is it that it keeps on saying?"

She told him that it was only the noise of the rolling waves.

"Yes, yes," he said. "But I know that they are always saying something. Always the same thing. What place is over there?" He rose up, looking eagerly at the horizon.

She told him that there was another country opposite, but he said he didn't mean that; he meant farther away—farther away!

Very often afterwards, in the midst of their talk, he would break off, to try to understand what it was that the waves were always saying, and would rise up on his couch to look at that region far away.

At the end of twelve months at Mrs. Pipchin's, Paul had grown strong enough to dispense with his little carriage, though he still looked thin and delicate.

Mr. Dombey therefore decided to remove him, not from Brighton, but to Doctor Blimber's educational establishment. "I fear," said Mr. Dombey, addressing Mrs.

Pipchin, "that my son in his studies is behind many children of his age. Now instead of being behind his peers, my son ought to be before them—far before them. There is an eminence ready for him to mount upon. The education of my son must not be delayed. It must not be left imperfect."

Doctor Blimber only undertook the charge of ten young gentlemen, and his establishment was a great hot-house, in which there was a forcing apparatus incessantly at work.

Florence would remain at Mrs. Pipchin's, and for the first six months Paul would return there for the Sunday.

"Now, Paul," said Mr. Dombey exultingly, when they stood on the doctor's doorstep. "This is the way, indeed, to be Dombey and Son, and have money. You are almost a man already."

"Almost," returned the child.

III—Doctor Blimber's Academy

THE Doctor was a portly gentleman in a suit of black, with strings at his knees and stockings below them. He had a bald head, highly polished, a deep voice, and a chin so very double that it was a wonder how he ever managed to shave into the creases.

Mrs. Blimber was not learned herself, but she pretended to be, and that did quite as well.

As to Miss Blimber, there was no light nonsense about her. She was dry and sandy with working in the graves of dead languages.

Mr. Feeder, B.A., Dr. Blimber's assistant, was a kind of human barrel-organ, with a list of tunes at which he was continually working, over and over again, without any variation.

Under the forcing system at Dr. Blimber's, a young gentleman usually took leave of his spirits in three weeks; he had all the cares of the world on his head in three months, and he conceived bitter sentiments against his parents or guardians in four.

The doctor was sitting in his study when Mr. Dombey and Paul arrived. "And how do you do, sir?" he said to Mr. Dombey. "And how is my little friend?" It seemed to Paul as if the great clock in

the hall took this up, and went on saying, "how, is, my, lit-tle, friend? how, is, my, lit-tle, friend?" over and over again.

Paul was handed over to Miss Blimber at once to be 'brought on.'

"Cornelia," said the doctor. "Dombey will be your charge at first. Bring him on, Cornelia, bring him on."

It was hard work, for no sooner had Paul mastered subject A than he was immediately provided with subject B, from which he passed to C, and even D. Often he felt giddy and confused, and drowsy and dull.

But there were always the Saturdays when Florence came at noon to fetch him, and never would she, in any weather, stay away. Florence brought the school-books he was studying, and every Saturday night would patiently assist him through so much as they could anticipate together of his next week's work. And this saved him, possibly, from sinking underneath the burden which the fair Cornelia Blimber piled upon his back.

It was not that Miss Blimber meant to be too hard upon him, or that Dr. Blimber meant to bear too heavily on the young gentlemen in general. But when Dr. Blimber said that Paul made great progress, and was naturally clever, Mr. Dombey was



FLORENCE DOMBEY

From the painting by W. Maw Egley

more bent than ever on his being forced and crammed.

Such spirits as he had at the outset Paul soon lost, of course. But he retained all that was strange, and odd, and thoughtful in his character; and Mrs. Blimber thought him 'odd,' and whispered that he was 'old-fashioned,' and that was all.

Between little Paul Dombey, the youngest, and Mr. Toots, the oldest of Dr. Blimber's young gentlemen, a strong attachment existed. Toots had 'gone through' so much, that he had left off growing, and was free to pursue his own course of study, which was chiefly to write long letters to himself from persons of distinction, addressed 'P. Toots, Esquire, Brighton,' and to preserve them in his desk with great care.

"How are you?" Toots would say to

Paul, fifty times a day.

"Quite well, sir, thank you," Paul would answer.

"Shake hands," would be Toots's next advance. Which Paul, of course, would immediately do.

"I say!" cried Toots one evening, finding Paul looking out of the window. "I say, what do you think about?"

"Oh, I think about a great many things," replied Paul.

"Do you, though?" said Toots, appearing to consider that fact in itself surprising.

"If you had to die," said Paul, "don't you think you would rather die on a moonlight night, when the sky is quite clear, and the wind blowing, as it did last night?"

Mr. Toots, looking doubtfully at Paul, said he didn't know about that.

"It was a beautiful night," said Paul. "There was a boat over there, in the full light of the moon, a boat with a sail."

Mr. Toots, feeling called upon to say something, suggested 'Smugglers,' and then added, 'or Preventive.'

"A boat with a sail," repeated Paul. "It went away into the distance, and what do you think it seemed to do as it moved with the waves?"

"Pitch!" said Mr. Toots.

"It seemed to beckon," said the child; "to beckon me to come."

Certainly people found him an 'old-fashioned' child. At the end of the term Dr. and Mrs. Blimber gave an early party to their pupils and their parents and guardians, and it was a day or two before this event when Paul was taken ill. This illness released him from his books, and made him think the more of Florence.

They all loved 'Dombey's sister' at that party, and Paul, sitting in a cushioned corner, heard her praises constantly. There

was a half-intelligible sentiment, too, diffused around, referring to Florence and himself, and breathing sympathy for both, that soothed and touched him. He did not know why, but it seemed to have something to do with his 'old-fashioned' reputation.

The time arrived for taking leave.

"Good-bye, Doctor Blimber," said Paul, stretching out his hand.

"Good-bye, my little friend," returned the doctor. "Dombey, Dombey, you have always been my favourite pupil."

"God bless you!" said Cornelia, taking both Paul's hands in hers. And it showed, Paul thought, how easily one might do injustice to a person; for Miss Blimber meant it—though she *was* a Forcer.

IV—Paul Goes Out With the Stream

FROM the night they brought him home from Dr. Blimber's Paul had never risen from his little bed. He lay there, listening to the noises in the street, quite tranquilly; not caring much how the time went, but watching it, and watching everything about him with observing eyes.

When the sunbeams struck into his room through the rustling blinds, and quivered on the opposite wall like golden water, he knew that evening was coming on.

By little and little he got tired of the bustle of the day, the noise of carriages and carts, and people passing and repassing; and would fall asleep or be troubled with a restless and uneasy sense of a rushing river. "Why will it never stop, Floy?" he would sometimes ask her. "It is bearing me away, I think!"

But Floy could always soothe him.

He was visited by as many as three grave doctors, and the room was so quiet, and Paul was so observant of them, that he even knew the difference in the sound of their watches. But his interest centred in Sir Parker Peps; for Paul had heard them say long ago that that gentleman had been with his mamma when she clasped Florence in her arms and died. And he could not forget it now. He liked him for it. He was not afraid.

The people in the room were always changing, and in the night-time Paul began to wonder languidly who the figure was,

There was a general move after Paul and Florence down the staircase, in which the whole Blimber family were included: such a circumstance, Mr. Feeder said aloud, as had never happened within his experience. The servants, with the butler—a stern man—at their head, had all an interest in seeing little Dombey go; while the young gentlemen pressed to shake hands with him, crying individually "Dombey, don't forget me!"

Once for a last look, Paul turned and gazed upon the faces addressed to him, and from that time whenever he thought of Dr. Blimber's it came back as he had seen it in this last view; and it never seemed to be a real place, but always a place known only in a dream, full of faces.

with its head upon its hand, that returned so often and remained so long.

"Floy," he said, "what is that—there at the bottom of the bed?"

"There's nothing there except papa."

The figure lifted up its head and rose, and said, "My own boy! Don't you know me?"

Paul looked it in the face, and thought, was that his father? The next time he observed the figure at the bottom of the bed, he called to it.

"Don't be sorry for me, dear papa. Indeed, I am quite happy."

That was the beginning of his always saying in the morning that he was a great deal better, and that they were to tell his father so.

How many times the golden water danced upon the wall, how many nights the dark, dark river rolled towards the sea, Paul never counted, never sought to know.

One night he had been thinking of his mother, and her picture in the drawing-room downstairs.

"Floy, did I ever see mamma?"

"No, darling."

The river was running very fast now, and confusing his mind. Paul fell asleep, and when he awoke the sun was high.

"Floy, come close to me, and let me see you."

Sister and brother wound their arms around each other, and the golden light

came streaming in, and fell upon them locked together.

"How fast the river runs between its green banks and the rushes, Floy! But it's very near the sea. I hear the waves."

Presently he told her that the motion of the boat upon the stream was lulling him to rest. Now the boat was out at sea but gliding smoothly on. And now there was a shore before him. Who stood on the bank?

He put his hands together, as he had been used to do at his prayers. He did

not remove his arms to do it, but they saw him fold them so behind her neck.

"Mamma is like you, Floy. I know her by the face! The light about her head is shining on me as I go."

The golden ripple on the wall came back again, and nothing else stirred in the room. The old, old fashion! The fashion that came in with our first parents, and will last unchanged until our race has run its course, and the wide firmament is rolled up like a scroll. The old, old fashion—Death!

V—The End of Dombey and Son

THE stonemason to whom Mr. Dombey gave his order for a tablet in the church, in memory of little Paul, called his attention to the inscription 'Beloved and only child,' and said, "It should be 'son,' I think, sir?"

"You are right, of course. Make the correction."

And there came a time when it was to Florence, and Florence only, that Mr. Dombey turned. For the great house of Dombey and Son fell, and in the crash its proud head became a ruined man.

Bankrupt in purse, his personal pride was yet further humbled. For Mr. Dombey had married again, a loveless match, and his wife deserted him. In the hour when he discovered that desertion he had driven his daughter Florence from the house.

He was fallen now, never to be raised up any more. For the night of his worldly ruin there was no to-morrow's sun, for the stain of his domestic shame there was no purification.

In his pride—for he was proud yet—he let the world go from him freely. As it fell away, he shook it off. He knew, now, what it was to be rejected and deserted. Dombey and Son was no more—his children no more.

His daughter Florence had married—married a young sailor once a boy in the office of Dombey and Son—and thinking of her, Dombey, in the solitude of his dismantled home, remembered that she had never changed to him through all those years; and the mist through which he had seen her cleared, and showed him her true self.

He wandered through the rooms, and

thought of suicide; a guilty hand was grasping what was in his breast.

It was arrested by a cry—a wild, loud, loving, rapturous cry, and he saw his daughter.

"Papa! Dearest papa!"

Unchanged still. Of all the world unchanged. He tottered to his chair. He felt her draw his arms about her neck, he felt her kisses on his face, he felt—oh, how deeply!—all that he had done.

SHE laid his face, now covered with his hands, against the heart that he had almost broken, and said, sobbing, "Papa, love, I am a mother. Papa, dear, oh, say God bless me and my little child!"

His head, now grey, was encircled by her arm, and he groaned to think that never, never had it rested so before.

"My little child was born at sea, papa. A boy. His name is Paul. I think—I hope—he's like——" Hot tears stopped her. "I prayed to God to spare me that I might come. The moment I could land I came to you. Never let us be parted any more, papa. Kiss me as a promise that you will be reconciled to my dearest husband—to the father of the little child who taught me to come back!"

As she clung closer to him in another burst of tears, he kissed her on the lips and, lifting up his eyes, said, "Oh, my God, forgive me, for I need it very much!"

With that he dropped his head again, lamenting over and caressing her, and there was not a sound in all the house for a long, long time; they remaining clasped in one another's arms, in the glorious sunshine that had crept in with Florence.

SIR JOHN HERSCHEL

OUTLINES OF ASTRONOMY

Abridgement by Dr. C. W. Saleeby

THOUGH he had entered his name at Lincoln's Inn, Herschel reported, in 1816, that, under his father's direction, he was going to 'take up star-gazing'—and indeed there could be no more eminent mentor for the youth than the famous Sir Frederick William Herschel, the author of the memorable paper on The Motion of the Solar System in Space. In 1825 the son wrote that he was going to take nebulae under his especial charge. He embarked in 1833 for the Cape of Good Hope, and his work at Fieldhausen, six miles from Cape Town, marked the beginning of southern sidereal astronomy. His *Outlines of Astronomy*, a volume replete with charm and of the highest instructional value, was founded on an earlier Treatise on Astronomy of 1833. It was first published in 1849, and had an immediate success. Since then its popularity has been considerable.

I—The Wonders of the Milky Way



THERE is no science which draws more largely than does astronomy on that intellectual liberality which is ready to adopt whatever is demonstrated or concede whatever is rendered highly probable, however new and uncommon the points of view may be in which objects the most familiar may thereby become placed. Almost all its conclusions stand in open and striking contradiction with those of superficial and vulgar observation, and with what appears to everyone the most positive evidence of his senses.

There is hardly anything which sets in a stronger light the inherent power of truth over the mind of man, when opposed by no motives of interest or passion, than the perfect readiness with which all its conclusions are assented to as soon as their evidence is clearly apprehended, and the tenacious hold they acquire over our belief when once admitted.

If the comparison of the apparent magnitude of the stars with their number leads to no immediately obvious conclusion, it is otherwise when we view them in connexion with their local distribution over the heavens. If indeed we confine ourselves to the three or four brightest classes, we shall find them distributed with a considerable approach to impartiality over the sphere; a marked preference, however, being observable,

especially in the southern hemisphere, to a zone or belt passing through *epsilon* Orionis and *alpha* Crucis.

But if we take in the whole amount visible to the naked eye we shall perceive a great increase of numbers as we approach the borders of the Milky Way. And when we come to telescopic magnitudes we find them crowded beyond imagination along the extent of that circle and of the branches which it sends off from it; so that, in fact, its whole light is composed of nothing but stars of every magnitude from such as are visible to the naked eye down to the smallest points of light perceptible with the best telescopes.

These phenomena agree with the supposition that the stars of our firmament, instead of being scattered indifferently in all directions through space, form a stratum of which the thickness is small in comparison with its length and breadth; and in which the earth occupies a place somewhere about the middle of its thickness and near the point where it subdivides into two principal laminae inclined at a small angle to each other.

For it is certain that to an eye so situated the apparent density of the stars, supposing them pretty equally scattered through the space they occupy, would be least in the direction of the visual ray perpendicular to the lamina, and greatest in that of its breadth; increasing rapidly in passing from one to the other direction,

just as we see a slight haze in the atmosphere thickening into a decided fog-bank near the horizon by the rapid increase of the mere length of the visual ray.

SUCH is the view of the construction of the starry firmament taken by Sir William Herschel, whose powerful telescopes first effected a complete analysis of this wonderful zone, and demonstrated the fact of its entirely consisting of stars.

So crowded are they in some parts of it that by counting the stars in a single field of his telescope he was led to conclude that 50,000 had passed under his review in a zone two degrees in breadth during a single hour's observation. The immense distances at which the remoter regions must be situated will sufficiently account for the vast predominance of small magnitudes which are observed in it.

The process of gauging the heavens was devised by Sir William Herschel for this purpose. It consisted simply in counting the stars of all magnitudes which occur in single fields of view, of fifteen minutes in diameter, visible through a reflecting telescope of 18 inches aperture and 20 feet focal length, with a magnifying power of 180 degrees, the points of observation being very numerous and taken indiscriminately in every part of the surface of the sphere visible in our latitudes.

On a comparison of many hundred such 'gauges,' or local enumerations, it appears that the density of star-light (or the number

of stars existing on an average of several such enumerations in any one immediate neighbourhood) is least in the pole of the galactic circle [*i.e.* the great circle to which the course of the Milky Way most nearly conforms: *gala* = milk], and increases on all sides down to the Milky Way itself, where it attains its maximum.

The progressive rate of increase in proceeding from the pole is at first slow, but becomes more and more rapid as we approach the plane of that circle, according to a law from which it appears that the mean density of the stars in the galactic circle exceeds, in a ratio of very nearly 30 to 1, that in its pole, and in a proportion of more than 4 to 1 that in a direction 15 degrees inclined to its plane.

As we ascend from the galactic plane we perceive that the density decreases with great rapidity. So far we can perceive no flaw in this reasoning if only it be granted (1) that the level planes are continuous and of equal density throughout; and (2) that an absolute and definite limit is set to telescopic vision, beyond which, if stars exist, they elude our sight, and are to us as if they existed not.

It would appear that, with an almost exactly similar law of apparent density in the two hemispheres, the southern were somewhat richer in stars than the northern, which may arise from our situation not being in the middle of its thickness, but nearer to its northern surface.

II—Penetrating Infinite Space

WHEN examined with powerful telescopes, the constitution of this wonderful zone is found to be no less various than its aspect to the naked eye is irregular. In some regions the stars of which it is composed are scattered with remarkable uniformity over immense tracts, while in others the irregularity of their distribution is quite as striking, exhibiting a rapid succession of closely clustering rich patches separated by comparatively poor intervals, and indeed in some instances absolutely dark and completely void of any star even of the smallest telescopic magnitude. In some places not more than 40 or 50 stars on an average occur in a 'gauge' field of 15

minutes, while in others a similar average gives a result of 400 or 500.

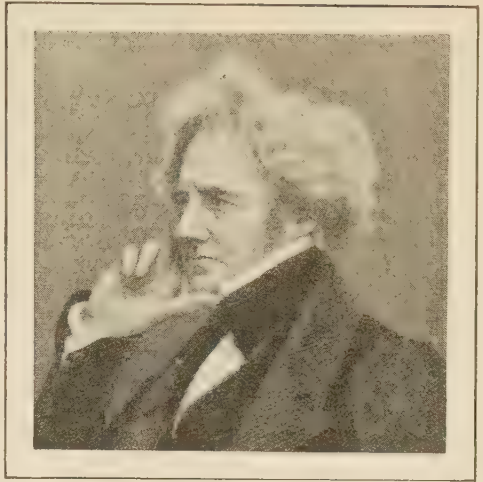
Nor is less variety observable in the character of its different regions in respect of the magnitude of the stars they exhibit, and the proportional numbers of the larger and smaller magnitudes associated together, than in respect of their aggregate numbers. In some, for instance, extremely minute stars, though never altogether wanting, occur in numbers so moderate as to lead us irresistibly to the conclusion that in these regions we are fairly through the starry stratum, since it is impossible otherwise that the numbers of the smaller magnitudes should not go on increasing *ad infinitum*.

In such cases, moreover, the ground of the heavens, as seen between the stars, is for the most part perfectly dark, which again would not be the case if innumerable multitudes of stars, too minute to be individually discernible, existed beyond. In other regions we are presented with the phenomenon of an almost uniform degree of brightness of the individual stars, accompanied with a very even distribution of them over the ground of the heavens, both the larger and smaller magnitudes being strikingly deficient. In such cases it is equally impossible not to perceive that we are looking through a sheet of stars nearly of a size and of no great thickness compared with the distance which separates them from us. Were it otherwise we should be driven to suppose the more distant stars were uniformly the larger, so as to compensate by their brightness for their greater distance, a supposition contrary to probability.

In others again, and that not infrequently, we are presented with a double phenomenon of the same kind—a tissue of large stars spread over another of very small ones, the intermediate magnitudes being wanting, and the conclusion here seems equally evident that in such cases we look through two sidereal sheets separated by a starless interval.

THROUGHOUT by far the larger portion of the extent of the Milky Way in both hemispheres the general blackness of the ground of the heavens on which its stars are projected, and the absence of that innumerable multitude and excessive crowding of the smallest visible magnitudes, and of glare produced by the aggregate light of multitudes too small to affect the eye singly, which the contrary supposition would appear to necessitate, must, we think, be considered unequivocal indications that its dimensions, *in directions where those conditions obtain*, are not only not infinite, but that the space-penetrating power of our telescopes suffices fairly to pierce through and beyond it.

It is but right, however, to warn our readers that this conclusion has been controverted, and that by an authority not lightly to be put aside, on the ground of certain views taken by Olbers as to a



SIR JOHN FREDERICK WILLIAM HERSCHEL, only child—and, as an astronomer, almost the only rival—of Sir Frederick William Herschel, astronomer to King George III, was born at Slough, March 7, 1792. He was educated privately until he entered St. John's College, Cambridge, whence in 1813 he graduated as senior wrangler and first Smith's prizeman. His subsequent decision to take up law was altered at his father's suggestion. His work at Cape Town, where he established an observatory to survey the southern hemisphere, occupied four years and he returned to England in 1838 to become president of the Royal Society and of the Royal Astronomical Society. He died May 11, 1871, at Collingwood, Kent.

defect of perfect transparency in the celestial spaces, in virtue of which the light of the more distant stars is enfeebled more than in proportion to their distance. The extinction of light thus originating proceeding in geometrical ratio, while the distance increases in arithmetical, a limit, it is argued, is placed to the space-penetrating power of telescopes far within that which distance alone, apart from such obscurity, would assign.

It must suffice here to observe that the objection alluded to, if applicable to any, is equally so to every part of the galaxy. We are not at liberty to argue that at one part of its circumference our view is limited by this sort of cosmical veil, which extinguishes the smaller magnitudes, cuts off the nebulous light of distant masses and closes our view in impenetrable darkness; while at another we are compelled, by the clearest evidence telescopes can afford, to believe that star-strewn vistas *lie open*, exhausting their powers and stretching out beyond their utmost reach, as is proved by that very phenomenon which the existence of such

a veil would render impossible—viz. infinite increase of number and diminution of magnitude, terminating in complete irresolvable nebulosity.

Such is, in effect, the spectacle afforded by a very large portion of the Milky Way in that interesting region near its point of bifurcation in Scorpio, where, through the hollows and deep recesses of its complicated structure, we behold what has all the appearance of a wide and indefinitely prolonged area strewn over with discontinuous masses and clouds of stars, which the telescope at last refuses to

analyse. Whatever other conclusions we may draw, this must anyhow be regarded as the direction of the greatest linear extension of the ground-plan of the galaxy.

AND it would appear to follow also that in those regions where that zone is clearly resolved into stars well separated and *seen projected on a black ground*, and where, by consequence, it is certain, if the foregoing views be correct, that we look out beyond them into space, the smallest visible stars appear as such not by reason of excessive distance, but of inferiority of size.

III—Variable, Temporary and Binary Stars

WHEREVER we can trace the law of periodicity we are strongly impressed with the idea of rotatory or orbital motion. Among the stars are several which, though in no way distinguishable from others by any apparent change of place, nor by any difference of appearance in telescopes, yet undergo a more or less regular periodical increase and diminution of lustre, involving in one or two cases a complete extinction and revival. These are called periodic stars.

The longest known, and one of the most remarkable, is the star *Omicron* in the constellation Cetus (sometimes called *Mira Ceti*), which was first noticed as variable by Fabricius in 1596. It appears about twelve times in eleven years, remains at its greatest brightness about a fortnight, being then on some occasions equal to a large star of the second magnitude, decreases during about three months, till it becomes completely invisible to the naked eye, in which state it remains about five months, and continues increasing during the remainder of its period. Such is the general course of its phases. But the mean period above assigned would appear to be subject to a cyclical fluctuation embracing eighty-eight such periods, and having the effect of gradually lengthening and shortening alternately those intervals to the extent of twenty-five days one way and the other. The irregularities in the degree of brightness attained at the maximum are also periodical.

Such irregularities prepare us for other phenomena of stellar variation which have hitherto been reduced to no law of period-

icity—the phenomena of temporary stars which have appeared from time to time in different parts of the heavens blazing forth with extraordinary lustre, and after remaining awhile, apparently immovable, have died away and left no trace.

In the years 945, 1264 and 1572 brilliant stars appeared in the region of the heavens between Cepheus and Cassiopeia; and we may suspect them, with Goodricke, to be one and the same star with a period of 312, or perhaps 156 years. The appearance of the star of 1572 was so sudden that Tycho Brahe, a celebrated Dutch astronomer, returning one evening from his laboratory to his dwelling-house, was surprised to find a group of country people gazing at a star which he was sure did not exist half an hour before. This was the star in question. It was then as bright as Sirius, and continued to increase till it surpassed Jupiter when brightest, and was visible at midday. It began to diminish in December of the same year, and in March 1574 had entirely disappeared.

In 1803 it was announced by Sir William Herschel that there exist sidereal systems composed of two stars revolving about each other in regular orbits and constituting what may be called, to distinguish them from double stars, which are only optically double, binary stars. That which since then has been most assiduously watched, and has offered phenomena of the greatest interest, is *gamma* Virginis.

It is a star of the vulgar third magnitude, and its component individuals are very nearly equal and, as it would seem, in some slight degree variable. It has been known

to consist of two stars since the beginning of the eighteenth century, the distance being then between six and seven seconds, so that any tolerably good telescope would resolve it. When observed by Herschel in 1780 it was 5.66 seconds, and continued to decrease gradually and regularly, till at length, in 1836, the two stars had approached so closely as to appear perfectly round and single under the highest magnifying power which could be applied to the most excellent instruments—the great refractor of Pulkowa alone, with a magnifying power of a thousand, continuing to indicate, by the form of the disk of the star, its composite nature.

By estimating the ratio of its length to its breadth, and measuring the former, M. Struve concludes that at this epoch the distance of the two stars, centre from centre, might be stated at .22 seconds. From that time the star again opened, and is now again a perfectly easily separable star. This very remarkable diminution and subsequent increase of distance has been accompanied by a corresponding and equally remarkable increase and subsequent diminution of relative angular motion. Thus in 1783 the apparent angular motion hardly amounted to half a degree per annum; while in 1830 it had increased to 5 degrees, in 1834 to 20 degrees, in 1835 to 40 degrees, and about the middle of 1836 to over 70 degrees per annum, or at the rate of a degree in five days.

This is in entire conformity with the principles of dynamics, which establish a

necessary connexion between the angular velocity and the distance, as well in the apparent as in the real orbit of one body revolving about another under the influence of mutual attraction; the former varying inversely as the square of the latter, in both orbits, whatever be the curve described and whatever the law of the attractive force.

It is not with the revolutions of bodies of a planetary or cometary nature round a solar centre that we are concerned; it is with that of sun round sun—each perhaps, at least in some binary systems, where the individuals are very remote and their period of revolution very long, accompanied by its train of planets and their satellites, closely shrouded from our view by the splendour of their respective suns, and crowded into a space bearing hardly a greater proportion to the enormous interval which separates them than the distances of the satellites of our planets from their primaries bear to their distances from the sun itself.

A less distinctly characterised subordination would be incompatible with the stability of their systems and with the planetary nature of their orbits. Unless close under the protecting wing of their immediate superior, the sweep of their other sun, in its perihelion passage round their own, might carry them off or whirl them into orbits utterly incompatible with conditions necessary for the existence of their inhabitants.

IV—The Nebulae

It is to Sir William Herschel that we owe the most complete analysis of the great variety of those objects which are generally classed as nebulae. The great power of his telescopes disclosed the existence of an immense number of these objects before unknown, and showed them to be distributed over the heavens not uniformly, but with a preference to a district extending over the northern pole of the galactic circle. In this region one-third of the nebulous contents of the heavens is situated.

The resolvable nebulae can, of course, only be considered as clusters either too remote, or consisting of stars intrinsically

too faint, to affect us by their individual light, unless where two or three happen to be close enough to make a joint impression and give the idea of a point brighter than the rest. They are almost universally round or oval, their loose appendages and irregularities of form being, as it were, extinguished by the distance, and only the general figure of the condensed parts being discernible. It is under the appearance of objects of this character that all the greater globular clusters exhibit themselves in telescopes of insufficient optical power to show them well.

The first impression which Halley and other early discoverers of nebulous ob-

jects received from their peculiar aspect was that of a phosphorescent vapour (like the matter of a comet's tail), or a gaseous and, so to speak, elementary form of luminous sidereal matter. Admitting the existence of such a medium, Sir W. Herschel was led to speculate on its gradual subsidence and condensation, by the effect of its own gravity, into more or less regular spherical or spheroidal forms, denser (as they must in that case be) towards the centre.

Assuming that in the progress of this subsidence local centres of condensation subordinate to the general tendency would not be wanting, he conceived that in this way solid nuclei might arise whose

local gravitation further condensing, and so absorbing the nebulous matter each in its neighbourhood, might ultimately become stars, and the whole nebula finally take on the state of a cluster of stars.

Among the multitude of nebulae revealed by his telescope every stage of this process might be considered as displayed to our eyes, and in every modification of form to which the general principle might be conceived to apply. The more or less advanced state of a nebula towards its segregation into discrete stars, and of these stars themselves towards a denser state of aggregation round a central nucleus, would thus be in some sort an indication of age.

Witty Satire by a Master of Pure Comedy

MOLIERE

THE SCHOOL FOR WIVES

FEW plays have excited a more violent literary war than did Molière's famous comedy, *L'Ecole des Femmes*, which was first produced on December 26, 1662, and of which we reproduce an epitomised translation below. Nevertheless it is quite one of the finest plays that came from his pen: it is witty and epigrammatic, and its satire on the whims and foibles of its period is merciless. 'In pure comedy,' Frederic Harrison has remarked, 'Molière has no superior, or none but Aristophanes. He is marked out by the wonderfully systematic and profound study that he devoted to every type of folly, affectation, hypocrisy, quackery, foppery and grossness which beset his age.' The *précieuses*, 'blue-stockings,' the hyper-aesthetical literary ladies who followed the fashion of Montpellier and the Hôtel Rambouillet, were favourite objects of his mordant and witty ridicule. Molière had to suffer much from the jealousy of contemporaries, and in the quarrel after the production of *L'Ecole des Femmes* the influence of Corneille was opposed to him.

PERSONS IN THE PLAY

Arnolphe, otherwise M. de la Souche
Agnes, a young girl brought up by
Arnolphe
Horace, the lover of Agnes

Chrysalde, Arnolphe's friend
Enrique, Chrysalde's brother-in-law
Oronte, Horace's father, Arnolphe's
great friend

The scene is laid in a town square

First Act

SCENE I—Enter Chrysalde and Arnolphe



CHRYSLALDE: Your plan makes me feel uneasy for you; however you look at the business, taking a wife is a distinctly risky affair in your case.

ARNOLPHE: True. Perhaps it is what you have in your own home that makes you fear for me.

CHR.: Chances of that sort one must take. I fear for you because of your habit of ridiculing poor husbands, from which so many hundreds have suffered. It is your greatest pleasure.

ARN.: Quite true! Is there another town in the world which contains husbands as patient as they are here? As a spectator may I not laugh at them?

CHR.: Yes, but he who laughs at another

ought to fear lest he be laughed at in his turn. No one has ever heard me delighting in the stories which are told in the houses I visit. I might condemn undue toleration on the part of husbands. I would not under any circumstances suffer what many of them suffer quite calmly; yet I have never dreamed of saying so. So if, as fate will have it, this sort of disgrace ever falls upon me, I am certain, after the way I have acted, that people would content themselves with laughing up their sleeves at me. But in your case, my dear friend, it is different. I tell you again, you are running a very awkward risk.

ARN.: Don't distress yourself, my friend. I know all the sharp tricks and subtle devices which women make use of to deceive us. Against this accident I have taken my precautions. The girl I am marrying has all the innocence required to preserve my honour from evil influences. I am marrying a fool to escape being fooled. It's

a bad look-out to have a clever wife. I want mine to be completely ignorant. I shall be satisfied if she can say her prayers, love me, sew and spin. Virtue is all I want.

Chr.: But, after all, how can you expect a stupid woman ever to know what it is to be virtuous? Besides, it must be very tedious, I should think, to have such a woman by one's side all one's life.

Arn.: Preach and prate till Whitsuntide, you won't convince me in the least.

Chr.: I won't say another word.

Arn.: Everyone must follow his own way. I'm rich enough, I think, to choose a partner who will owe all to me. A sweet and steadfast air caused me to love her above all other children when she was only four years old. The mother, a poor peasant woman, finding herself weighed down by poverty, the idea came to me to adopt the child, and the good creature, when she learnt my wish, was quite ready to rid herself of her charge. In a little convent, far from the world, I had the little girl brought up on a plan of my own; that is to say, I told them what care they should take to make her as simple as possible. Thank God, success has crowned my endeavours. I found her so completely innocent that I blessed heaven for having granted my wish and given me a wife who is exactly to my taste. I then took her away, and as my house is always open to hundreds of persons, and as one must always be on the look-out, I have kept her under lock and key in another house where no one comes to see me; so her naturally good disposition stands no chance of being spoiled. I ask you to sup with us to-night. I should like you just to examine her, and to see whether my choice is to be condemned or not.

Chr.: I shall be very glad to do so, Seigneur Arnolphe.

Arn.: Why do you always call me by that name?

Chr.: It will come to my lips. I never remember Monsieur de la Souche. What on earth made you re-christen yourself at the age of forty-two?

Arn.: Well, my house is known by that name; moreover, La Souche pleases me better than Arnolphe.*

Chr.: Be it so. I will take care to accustom my lips to call you nothing but Monsieur de la Souche.

Arn.: Adieu. I shall call here just to say I have come back.

Chr. (*going away*): Upon my word, I believe he is an absolute fool.

Arn.: He is a little crazy on some matters.

SCENE II—*Enter Horace and Arnolphe*

HORACE: Arnolphe!

Arnolphe: Eh! How glad I am to see you! How long have you been here?

Hor.: Nine days. I went straight to your house, but it was a fruitless visit.

Arn.: I have been in the country. But

tell me, how is your father Oronte? We have not seen one another for nearly four years.

Hor.: Nor, I believe, written, which is worse. He is much more hearty than you or I, Seigneur Arnolphe. I have a letter for you from him, but he has since told me in another letter that he is coming here. Do you know who that fellow-citizen of yours can be who is coming back to these parts with a fortune he has made in America in fourteen years?

Arn.: No. Have you heard his name?

Hor.: Enriquer.

Arn.: No.

Hor.: My father speaks of him and of his return as though I ought to know all about him. He writes me that they are meeting one another on some important business.

Arn.: I shall certainly be very pleased to see him, and I will do my best to entertain him. (*After having read the letter.*) Even if he had not taken the trouble to write to me, you were quite welcome to avail yourself of any means I possess.

Hor.: I am a man who takes persons at their word, and just now I am in need of a hundred pistoles.

Arn.: Well, you oblige me by making use of me in this way. I am glad I have the money on me. Keep the purse also. How do you like this town?

Hor.: It seems to be well populated and to have splendid buildings; I should think its amusements are wonderful too.

Arn.: Everyone can find pleasures to suit his taste; but those whom one christens gallants have every reason to be content with the country, for the women are born coquettes. Both the blondes and the brunettes have the same charming disposition, and the husbands, too, are the most easy-going in the world. Have you had any success as yet?

Hor.: I will confess to you quite frankly that my heart has been captured by a beauty here. My little attentions met with so much success from the first that she very kindly welcomed me to the house, and without boasting too much or doing her any injury, I may claim that the affair is going very well with me.

Arn.: (*laughing*): And who is she?

Hor. (*pointing to the house*): A young girl who lives in that red house over there. She is simple in all conscience, thanks to the unexampled folly of a man who thus hides her from all intercourse with the world. But, despite the ignorance in which she is being enslaved, she has many shining and enthralling charms, and a manner indescribably gentle and engaging, against which the heart is quite defenceless. But perhaps you know her; this young star of love, this casket of charms is called Agnès.

Arn. (*aside*): Ah! I shall betray myself!

Hor.: As for the man, I think he is called Zousse or Source. From what I hear, he is rich but he certainly lacks sense. Do you know him?

Arn. (*aside*): What a bitter pill!

Hor.: Why don't you speak?

Arn.: Oh! yes, I know him.

*St. Arnolphe was the patron saint of deceived husbands.

Hor. : He is a fool, is he not ?

Arn. : Eh——

Hor. : You mean yes. A fool and ridiculously jealous ! I see it is exactly as I was told. Agnes is a charming jewel, it would be a sin to leave so pure a beauty in the power of that strange fellow. All my efforts, all my dearest wishes are to gain her. The money I have just borrowed so freely from you is to enable me to accomplish this noble undertaking. You seem distressed ; can it really be that you disapprove of the design I have planned ?

Arn. : No, I was only thinking.

Hor. : The conversation wearies you. Good-bye. I will call on you very soon to thank you. You will keep my secret. *[Exit.]*

Arn. : I feel——

Hor. *(returning)* : Above all, from my father—he perhaps might be angry about it. *[Exit.]*

Arn. : Oh ! what have I suffered during this conversation. Never was a man so troubled. With that imprudence and with what extreme haste did he come to tell me this affair ! Did any blunderer ever show himself madder ? Yet, after suffering so much, I ought to have controlled myself until I had found out whether I had reason for my fears. I tremble to think of the misery which may come to me, for one often seeks more than one wishes to find. *[Exit.]*

Second Act

Enter Agnes and Arnolphe

AGNES has told Arnolphe that during his absence a handsome young man, *i.e.*

Horace, gained access to the house, swore he loved her better than anyone else had ever been loved, and said the prettiest things imaginable to her, things which thrilled her with pleasure. Arnolphe warns her that to receive such attentions is a mortal sin, and orders her the next time the young man calls to slam the door in his face, and if he knocks to throw stones at him.]

Arnolphe *(seated)* : I am going to marry you, Agnes, and a hundred times a day you ought to bless your lucky fate to contemplate the low estate from which you sprang, and at the same time to admire my goodness, which, from the mean condition of a poor village girl, has raised you to the rank of a worthy citizen's wife. Marriage, Agnes, is no laughing matter, and you must understand that you are not raised to this position in order that you may be giddy, and have a good time. Your sex's business in this union is to be dependent ; all authority is on the side of the beard. Beware of imitating those wicked coquettes about whose goings-on the whole city chatters, and don't let yourself yield to the attacks of the evil one. I mean, be deaf to the overtures of any young coxcomb. It is my honour, Agnes, that I leave with you, and this honour is delicate and easily wounded. Remember that in hell there are boiling cauldrons into which they throw wives who have led wicked lives, from which may Heaven preserve you. I have here in my pocket an important work which will teach you the duties of a wife. *(He gets up.)* Come, let us now see if you can read it.

Agnes *(reading)* :

THE MAXIMS OF MARRIAGE,

OR

THE DUTIES OF THE MARRIED WOMAN

WITH HER DAILY LESSONS.

First Maxim : She who enters into the honourable state of matrimony ought always to bear in mind, in spite of the way the world was nowadays, that the husband who takes her takes her only for himself. *[Agnes goes on.]*

Second Maxim : She must dress herself only in the way the husband who possesses her approves ; the care of her beauty concerns him alone. It is of no account whatever that other persons find her ugly.

Third Maxim : The study of tender glances, washes, paint, pomades and the thousand ingredients that give colour to the cheeks—all these she must put far from her. These are drugs which bring death to honour, and it is but seldom that pains to appear beautiful are taken for the sake of the husband.

Fourth Maxim : When she goes out, she must, if she would be a virtuous woman, hide under her hood the killing glances of her eyes ; for if she would best please her husband, she ought not to please anybody else.

Fifth Maxim : Good form forbids her to receive any other soul than those who come to visit her husband ; those who are of a gallant disposition, and have business only with madame, are not welcomed by monsieur.

Sixth Maxim : She must on no account allow herself to take presents from men, for in the age in which we live nothing is given for nothing.

Seventh Maxim : She ought not to have among her belongings desk, ink, paper or pens ; it is the proper thing for the husband to write all that is written in his house.

Eighth Maxim : Those unseemly meetings called fashionable assemblies always corrupt the minds of women. As a matter of policy they ought to be forbidden.

Ninth Maxim : Every woman who wishes to dedicate herself to virtue ought to avoid high playing as she would the plague ; for play is very deceiving, and often induces a woman to stake her last possession.

Tenth Maxim : She should not be seen in public promenades or at picnics, for wise heads say that in reckonings of this sort the husband is always the one who pays.

Eleventh Maxim : She——

Arn. : You shall finish by yourself, and very soon I will explain these things to you properly, step by step. *(Exit Agnes.)* I cannot do better than make her my wife. I shall mould her character just as I wish. She is like a piece of wax in my hands, and I shall be able to give her the form that pleases me. That young idiot Horace shall have no occasion for laughing at me. Thanks to his trick of chattering he has met with his deserts. But here he comes. I must pretend a little, and try to find out whether he is much annoyed or not. *(Enter Horace.)* Tell me how your love affairs are going on, Seigneur Horace. I admire the rapidity of

your first attempts, and I am interested in the issue.

Horace : Cruel fortune has brought back from the country my fair one's guardian, and further, to my great regret, he has learnt of the secret intercourse between us. So, when I was going to pay my usual visit the maid and valet stopped my entry, and slammed the door in my face; while Agnes, from the window, sent me off in a very angry voice, and threw a stone at me.

Arn. : I am afraid you are in a bad way, but you will find means to set matters right.

Hor. : I must try by some scheme to defeat that jealous fellow's unsleeping vigilance.

Arn. : You ought to find that easy; and, after all, the girl loves you.

Hor. : Certainly.

Arn. : The stone put you to flight; but it ought not to have surprised you.

Hor. : Of course. I understood at once that my rival was there, conducting the whole affair without being seen. But what surprised me, and what will surprise you, is another incident of which you shall hear, a bold stroke which that young beauty made, and which one would not have expected from a girl of her simplicity. It must be confessed that love is a great teacher: it teaches us to be what we never were before; and by its lessons a complete change in our manners is often the work of a moment. It conquers obstacles in our very nature, and its sudden effects have the appearance of miracles. A miracle is very evident in Agnes for dismissing me in these definite terms, "Go away; I know all you have got to say, and there is my reply," this stone, which astonished you so much, fell at my feet with a letter attached. Does not love know the art of sharpening wits? Don't you find it amusing to watch the part my jealous rival is playing throughout this game? You don't laugh enough at it, to my thinking.

Arn. (*with a forced laugh*) : Pardon me, I am laughing as heartily as I can.

Hor. : As to her letter, her hand has put on paper all that her heart dictated, and in terms so moving and full of good feeling, so innocently tender and ingenuous as to represent in short all that an unspoilt nature would feel on receiving love's first wound.

Arn. : Good-bye.

Hor. : But don't you know anyone who could gain access to that house? Cannot you devise some means of helping me?

Arn. : No, really; you will find a way.

Hor. : Good-bye, then. You see how I trust.

[*Exit.*]

Arn. : I have to hide my feelings before him. And what pain it is to conceal my bitter grief! That wretched letter will be the death of me. I see that the traitor has stolen away her affections. The despair of it all!

Third Act

SCENE I.—Arnolphe, having been told by Horace that he means to climb at night to Agnes's chamber has bidden his servants be in wait to club the intruder. Judging, how-

ever, from their subsequent accounts of the incident that Horace has been beaten to death, he is considerably worried until he meets his young rival, who, after informing him that the servants' blows had merely caused him to miss his footing on the ladder and to fall to the ground, and that as he lay there Agnes ran up and offered to elope with him, confides that young lady, all unsuspectingly, to Arnolphe's temporary protection.]

[*Enter Arnolphe and Agnes.*]

ARNOLPHE (*his face hidden in his cloak*) : Come, I am not thinking of lodging you here. I mean to put you in a safe place. Do you know me?

Agnes (*recognizing him*) : Ah!

Arn. : You minx, my face frightens you now. (*Agnes looks to see if she can any longer see Horace.*) Don't look to your lover for aid, he is too far away to assist you now. Ah, you wretch, to think of such perfidy! After all my kindness to you, to form such a design!

Ag. : Why do you scold me?

Arn. : Is it not an infamous action to go off with a lover?

Ag. : But he told me he wanted to make me his wife.

Arn. : But I intended to take you for my wife.

Ag. : But, to tell you frankly, he is more to my taste as a husband than you are.

Arn. : That is because you love him, you traitress!

Ag. : Yes, I love him.

Arn. : You should have dismissed such an amorous desire.

Ag. : How can one dismiss what gives pleasure?

Arn. : Did you not know that it would displease me?

Ag. : I? Not at all. What harm can it do you?

Arn. : Why don't you love me, Madame Impudence?

Ag. : Good heavens! You ought not to blame me. Why did you not make love as he did?

Arn. : I have done everything in my power; but the pains I have taken are all lost.

Ag. : Really, then he knows more about it than you do; for it did not bother him to make love.

Arn. : Look how the hussy reasons and answers! Is it nothing to have had the care of you from your infancy?

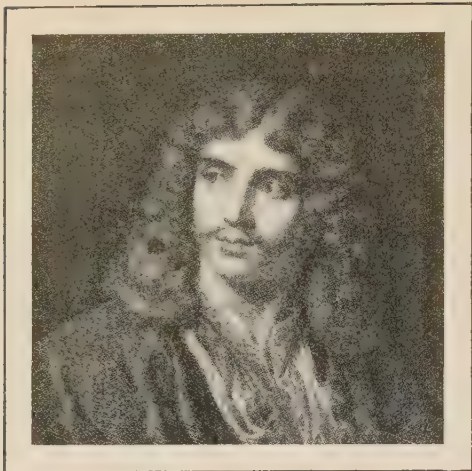
Ag. : Do you think I am proud of that; or, indeed, that I am not quite aware that I am stupid? I am ashamed of it and, if I can help it, I will not pass for a fool any longer at my age.

Arn. : You want to learn something from your young coxcomb, cost what it may?

Ag. : Certainly. It is from him that I have learnt what I know. And I think I owe much more to him than to you.

Arn. : I don't know what prevents me from repaying you for this talk with a good slap.

Ag. : Ah! You can give me one, if it will please you.



JEAN BAPTISTE POQUELIN, who, when he began to appear on the stage, assumed the name of Molière, was born, probably at Paris, about January 1622, and his father was an upholsterer. When he came of age he inherited a small fortune, left him by his mother, who had died when he was ten; and then he joined a band of strolling players. The next twelve years he devoted to this troupe—with such effect that it became the foremost theatrical group in France and ousted the hitherto popular Italian theatre playing in the manner of the *Commedia dell'Arte*. The comedies which he himself wrote were enormously successful and brought to his name a well-deserved immortality. He died February 17, 1673.

Arn.: Her words and her looks disarm my anger, and produce a tenderness of heart that blots out the blackness of her deed. What a strange thing love is, that men should be subject to such weakness for the sake of such traitresses! Come, my little traitress, I pardon you and hand you back my love. Seeing me so good, love me in return.

Ag.: I would please you to the best of my power. What would it cost me to do so?

Arn.: Only listen to this loving sigh, witness this dying look, study my appearance, and leave that fop and the love he gives you. I will caress you ceaselessly night and day. I will fondle you, kiss you, eat you. You shall behave just as you like. I will give you any proof you wish of my love. I will weep, beat myself, tear my hair, kill myself.

Ag.: Stay, nothing you say touches my heart. Horace could do more in two words than you.

Arn.: You brave me too much. I will follow my own plan, you stupid, stubborn creature. A far-off convent shall avenge everything. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.—Horace, having learnt that his father, Oronte, has arrived in the town to marry him to a daughter of Enrique, beseeches Arnolphe to say nothing of his engagement, and to try to prevent the new project of marriage from being carried out. Arnolphe readily agrees, but when he meets Oronte, Enrique and Chrysalde, instead of keeping his promise, he tells of Horace's engagement, and urges Oronte to use all the

authority of a father in marrying his son to Enrique's daughter. Chrysalde expresses his surprise at the line Arnolphe takes up, and having by chance alluded to him as *Monsieur de la Souche*, thereby enables Horace, who has overheard the name, to see matters in their true light.]

Enter Agnes, Arnolphe, Enrique, Horace, Oronte and Chrysalde

Arnolphe: Come, my fair one, come. Here is your lover. Make him a lowly and sweet reverence as some recompense for his defeat.

Agnes: Will you let me be taken away in this manner, Horace?

Horace: I don't know where I am, my grief is so great.

Oronte: Tell us what all this mystery is about.

Arn.: When I have more leisure I will tell you. For the present, good-bye. I have advised you to bring about the marriage, despite all his murmuring.

Or.: Yes; but if you have been told everything, have you not been told that you have in your house the girl in question, the daughter of the charming Angelica and of Seigneur Enrique by their secret union?

Chrysalde: By a secret marriage my sister had a daughter whose fate was hidden from all the family.

Or.: And who was put out to nurse in the country by the father, under an assumed name, so that nothing might be discovered.

Chr.: About that time fate declared war against him, and forced him to leave his native land and to undergo a thousand different perils in distant lands beyond the seas, where his assiduity gained for him that which imposture and envy had robbed him of in his own country.

Or.: Upon his return to France he immediately sought out the woman to whom he had confided the fate of his daughter. This country-woman frankly confessed that she had placed the child in your hands when she was four years old, and that she had done so because she was oppressed by extreme poverty.

Chr.: Full of joy and light of heart, he has brought the woman to this place; and you will soon see her here to clear up this mystery before the eyes of all. I can nearly imagine what you suffer. But fate in this matter is really kind to you. If you think it so great a happiness not to be a deceived husband, the best thing is not to marry.

Arn. *(going off, overcome with rage)*: Oh!

Or.: Why does he rush off without saying anything?

Hor.: Ah! my father, chance has here brought about what your wisdom had premeditated. By the sweet ties of mutual love I had already engaged myself to this charming girl.

Enrique: As soon as I saw her I made no doubt who she was.

Chr.: Let us go into the house to unravel these mysteries; let us pay our friend his due for the care he has taken of Agnes, and return thanks to Heaven, which does everything for the best. *[Exeunt.]*

JEAN CALVIN

THE INSTITUTION OF THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION

THE precocity of Jean Calvin was remarkable. At twenty-three he wrote his first book, a commentary on Seneca's *Treatise on Clemency*. At twenty-five he revised a translation of the French Bible. At twenty-seven he published the first edition of his mighty work, *The Institution of the Christian Religion*, a treatise that must undoubtedly be considered as one of the landmarks of the history of Christian doctrine. In this work, Calvin's debt to Luther is, of course, obvious; but it should not be forgotten that the spiritual affinity of the reformer of Geneva with Martin Bucer of Strassburg was very close, while he owed much also to Duns Scotus and other medieval schoolmen. The book appeared first in Latin ('that it might find access to the learned in all lands'), and was published anonymously; but soon after it appeared Calvin was busy at work on a French translation. It offers a full outline of its author's theological system, entirely and maturely conceived—a remarkable achievement considering the age of Calvin at the time.

I—The Knowledge of God the Creator



OUR wisdom consists almost exclusively of two parts: the knowledge of God, and of ourselves. But, as these are connected together by many ties, it

is not easy to determine which of the two precedes, and gives birth to the others. Our weakness, ignorance and depravity remind us that in the Lord, and in none but Him only, dwell the bright lights of wisdom, of virtue and of piety. It is evident that man never attains to a true self-knowledge until after he has contemplated the face of God, and come down after such contemplation to look into himself.

It is beyond dispute that there exists in the human mind, and indeed by natural instinct, some sense of deity. As Cicero, though a pagan, tells us, there is no nation so brutish as not to be imbued with the conviction that there is a God. Even idolatry is an evidence of this fact.

But, though experience teaches that a seed of religion is divinely sown in all, few cherish it in the heart. Some lose themselves in superstitious observances; others, of set purpose, wickedly revolt from God; and many think of God against their will, never approaching Him without being dragged into His presence.

But since the perfection of blessedness consists in the knowledge of God, He has been pleased not only to deposit in our minds the seed of religion, of which we

have already spoken, but so to manifest His perfections in the whole structure of the universe, and daily place Himself in our view, that we cannot open our eyes without being compelled to behold Him. His essence is, indeed, transcendent, but on each of His works His glory is engraven in characters so bright that none, however dull and illiterate, can plead ignorance as an excuse.

Herein appears the shameful ingratitude of men, that, though they have in their own persons a factory where countless operations of God are carried on, instead of praising Him, they are the more inflated with pride. How few are there among us who, in lifting our eyes to the heavens, or looking abroad on the earth, ever think of the Creator! In vain, because of our dullness, does creation exhibit so many bright lamps lit up to show forth the glory of its Author.

Therefore, another and better help must be given to guide us properly to God as our Creator, and He has added the light of His Word in order to make known His salvation.

Here it seems proper to make some observations on the authority of Scripture. Nothing can be more absurd than the fiction that the power of judging Scripture is in the Church. When the Church gives it the stamp of her authority, she does not thus make it authentic, but shows her reverence for it as the truth of God by her unhesitating assent.

Scripture bears, on the face of it, as clear evidence of its truth as sweet and bitter of their taste. It is preposterous to attempt, by discussion, to rear up a full faith in Scripture. Those who are inwardly taught by the Holy Spirit acquiesce in it implicitly.

It is foolish to attempt to prove to infidels that the Scripture is the Word of God. For it cannot be known to be, except by faith. Justly does Augustine remind us that every man who would have any understanding in such high matters must previously possess piety and mental peace.

In order to direct us to the true God, the Scripture excludes all the gods of the

heathen. This exclusiveness annihilates every deity which men frame for themselves, of their own accord. Whence had the idols of the heathen their origin, but from the will of man?

There was thus ground for the sarcasm of the heathen poet, Horace, 'I was once the trunk of a fig tree, a useless log, when the tradesman, uncertain whether he should make me a stool, etc., chose rather that I should be a god.' In regard to the origin of idols, the statement of the Book of Wisdom has been received with almost universal consent, that they originated with those who bestowed this honour on the dead, from a superstitious regard to their memory.

II—The Grace of Christ the Redeemer

THROUGH the fall of Adam arose the need of a Redeemer, the whole human race having by that event been made accursed and degenerate. Man thereby became deprived of freedom of will and miserably enslaved. The dominion of sin, ever since the first man was brought under it, not only extends to the whole race, but has complete possession of every soul. Free will does not enable any man to perform good works unless by grace.

Yet, since man is by nature a social being, he is disposed, from natural instinct, to cherish and preserve society; and, accordingly, we see that the minds of all men have impressions of order and civil honesty. So that, in regard to the constitution of the present life, no man is devoid of the light of reason. And this gift ought justly to be ascribed to the divine indulgence. Had God not so spared us, our revolt would have carried with it the entire destruction of nature.

But to the great truth, what God is in Himself, and what He is in relation to us, human reason makes not the least approach. The natural man has no capacity for such sublime wisdom as to apprehend God, unless illumined by His Spirit, and none can enter the kingdom of God save those whose minds have been renewed by the power of the Spirit.

It is certain that after the fall of our first parent, no knowledge of God without a Mediator was effectual to salvation. Hence it is that God never showed Himself

propitious to His ancient people, nor gave them any hope of grace without a Mediator. The prosperous and happy state of the Church was always founded in the person of Christ. The primary adoption of the chosen people depended on the grace of the Mediator, and Christ was always held forth to the holy fathers under the law as the object of their faith.

It deeply concerns us that He who was to become our Mediator should be very God and very man. The work to be by Him performed was of no common description, being to restore us to the divine favour so as to make us sons of God and heirs of the heavenly kingdom. In Him the divinity was so conjoined with the humanity that the entire properties of each nature remained entire, and yet the two natures constitute only one Christ. Everything needful for us exists in Christ.

When we see that the whole sum of our salvation and every single part of it are comprehended in Christ, we must beware of deriving even the minutest part of it from any other quarter.

IF we seek salvation, we are taught by the very name of Jesus that He possesses it; if we seek any other gifts of the Spirit, we shall find them in His unction; strength in His permanent government; purity in His conception; indulgence in His nativity, in which He was made like us in all respects, in order that He might learn to sympathise with us; if we seek

redemption we shall find it in His passion ; acquittal in His condemnation ; remission of the curse in His cross ; satisfaction in His sacrifice ; purification in His blood ; mortification of the flesh in His sepulchre ; newness of life in His resurrection ; immortality also in His resurrection ; the inheritance of a celestial kingdom in His

entrance into heaven ; protection, security and the abundant supply of all blessings in His kingdom ; secure anticipation of judgement in the power of judging committed to Him.

In fine, since in Him blessings are treasured up, let us draw a full supply from Him, and none from another quarter.

III—The Merit of Christ as Our Saviour

IT may be proved both from reason and from Scripture that the grace of God and the merit of Christ (the Prince and Author of our salvation) are perfectly compatible. Christ is not only the minister, but also the cause of our salvation, and divine grace is not obscured by this expression. Christ, by His obedience, truly merited this divine grace for us, which was obtained by the shedding of His blood and His obedience even unto death, whereby He paid our ransom.

It is by the secret operation of the Holy Spirit that we enjoy Christ and all His benefits. In Christ the Mediator the gifts of the Holy Spirit are to be seen in all their fullness.

As salvation is perfected in the person of Christ, so, in order to make us partakers of it, He 'baptises us with the Holy Spirit and with fire,' enlightening us into the faith of His Gospel, and so regenerating us to be new creatures. Thus cleansed from all pollution, He dedicates us as holy temples to the Lord.

But here it is proper to consider the nature of faith. The true knowledge of Christ consists in receiving Him as He is offered by the Father, namely, as invested with His Gospel. There is an inseparable relation between faith and the Word, and these can no more be disconnected from each other than rays of light from the sun.

John points to this fountain of faith thus : 'To-day, if ye will hear His voice,' to 'hear' being uniformly taken for to 'believe.' Take away the Word and no faith will remain. Hence Paul designates faith as the obedience which is given to the Gospel.

The mere assent of the intellect to the Word is, according to some, the faith insisted on in Scripture, but this is a mere fiction. Such as thus define faith do not duly ponder the saying of Paul, 'With the heart man believeth unto righteousness.' Assent itself is more a matter of the heart than the head, of the affection than the intellect.

IV—Of Repentance

REPENTANCE follows faith and is produced by it. In the conversion of the life to God we require a transformation not only in external works, but in the soul itself, which is able only after it has put off its old habits to bring forth fruits conformable to its renovation.

Repentance proceeds from a sincere fear of God, and it consists of two parts, the mortification of the flesh and the quickening of the spirit. Both of these we obtain by union with Christ. If we are partakers in His resurrection we are raised up by it to newness of life, which conforms us to the righteousness of God.

In one word, then, by repentance I understand regeneration, the only aim of which is to form us anew in the image of

God, which was sullied and all but effaced by the transgression of Adam.

The apostle, in his description of repentance (2 Corinthians vii. 2), enumerates seven causes, effects, or parts belonging to it. These are carefulness, excuse, indignation, fear, desire, zeal, revenge. I stop not to consider whether these are causes or effects ; both views may be maintained. The penitent will be careful not in future to offend God ; in his excuses he will trust, not to his own apologies, but to Christ's intercession ; his indignation will be directed against his own iniquities ; his desire is equivalent to alacrity in duty ; zeal will follow ; and revenge will be practised in the censure passed on his own sins.

V—Of Justification by Faith

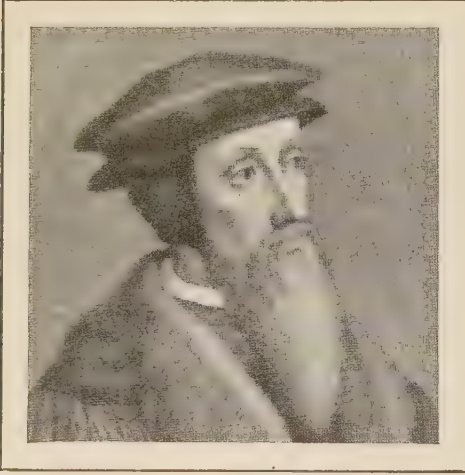
A MAN is said to be justified in the sight of God when, in the judgement of God, he is deemed righteous, and is accepted on account of his righteousness. So we interpret justification as the acceptance with which God receives us into His favour as if we were righteous ;

and we say that this justification consists in the forgiveness of sins and the imputation of the righteousness to Christ.

Since many imagine a righteousness compounded of faith and works, let it be noted that there is so wide a difference between justification by faith and by works that one necessarily overthrows the other. If we destroy the righteousness by faith by establishing our own righteousness, then, to obtain His righteousness, our own must be abandoned.

The Gospel differs in that it entirely places justification in the mercy of God and does not confine it to works. It is by the intervention of Christ's righteousness that we obtain justification before God.

The doctrine of Christian liberty is founded on this justification by faith. This liberty consists of three parts. First, believers renouncing the righteousness of the law look only to Christ. Secondly, the conscience, freed from the yoke of the law, voluntarily obeys the will of God. This cannot be done under the dominion of the law. Thirdly, under the Gospel we are free to use things indifferent. The consciences of believers, while seeking the assurance of their justification before God, must rise above the law, and think no more of obtaining justification by it. Our consciences being free from the yoke of the law itself voluntarily obey the will of God.



JEAN CALVIN was born at Noyon, in Picardy, July 10, 1509. Although his ancestors had been bargemen of the Oise, Calvin's father was procurator-fiscal of the county, clerk of the church court and diocesan secretary. Jean Calvin was eight when Luther nailed his theses to the door of the Schloss-kirche in Wittenberg. The new religion quickly gaining a footing in France, the youth became influenced by it while studying at the Collège de la Marche in Paris. Leaving France because of persecution, he became the head of the reformed religion in Geneva, and gave Protestantism an organized system of doctrine and polity which has for ever enshrined his name in the annals of ecclesiastical history. He died in Geneva, May 27, 1564.

VI—On the Doctrine of Election

IGNORANCE of the doctrine of election and predestination impairs the glory of God and fosters pride. The covenant of life is not preached equally to all, and among those to whom it is preached does not always meet with the same reception. The reason of this discrimination belongs to the secret thing of God.

This doctrine is cavilled at ; yet when we see one nation preferred to another, shall we plead against God for having chosen to give such a manifestation of His mercy ? God has displayed His grace in special forms. Thus of the family of Abraham He rejected some and kept others within His Church, showing that He retained them among His sons.

Although the election of God is secret, it is made manifest by effectual calling. Both election and effectual calling are founded on the free mercy of God. Calling is proved to be according to the free grace of God by the declaration of Scripture, by the mode in which it is dispensed, by the testimony of John, and by the example of all those who have been called.

There are two species of calling. There is a universal call by which God, through the preaching of His Word, invites all men alike. Besides this, there is a special call, which, for the most part, God bestows on believers only, when by the internal illumination of His Spirit He causes the Gospel to take deep root in their hearts.

ELIZABETH ROBINS

THE MAGNETIC NORTH

Retold by the Author

MRS. GEORGE RICHMOND PARKES, whose maiden name was Elizabeth Robins, first came into prominence as a brilliant interpreter on the stage of the characters of Ibsen's plays, at a time when the great Norwegian dramatist was almost unknown to British playgoers; but later she decided to enter the ranks of the writers of fiction. Her first book, *George Mandeville's Husband*, published under the pen-name of C. E. Raimond in 1894, attracted unusual attention, and gave great promise. *The Magnetic North*, which first appeared in 1904, is perhaps the most notable, both from the point of view of construction and of characterisation, of all the novels that have come from her pen. It is an intensely human story, enriched with many passages of real humour and deep pathos, and is told with considerable dramatic power. This version of the novel has been made for *The World's Great Books* by the author, and is included by permission of Wm. Heinemann, Ltd., the publishers, who issue an edition at 2s.

I—Months of Silence



THIS is the story of five men, as different in character as in previous occupation who, after many adventures, arrive at last at the Klondike goldfields.

Only two of them knew anything about roughing it.' These were Jimmie O'Flynn, 'of 'Frisco,' an Irish-American lawyer, and MacCann, a Nova Scotian school-master, who was also an amateur naturalist. The others were a Kentucky 'colonel' who had never smelt powder; Potts, a bank clerk from Denver, Colorado; and the Boy.

Four hundred miles from the mouth of the Yukon River, in Alaska, one of their boats had gone to the bottom; the other wasn't much of a boat by the time she was moored in quiet water away from the cannonading of the ice.

After eight weeks of travel they were still 1,300 miles away from the Klondike. They were 2,500 miles from railroad or telegraph, and now that winter was at their heels they were eight months from anywhere in the civilized world.

The three 'pardners,' 'Mac,' Potts and O'Flynn, were so discouraged by the outlook that they built a ramshackle little cabin that proved to be too cold to sit in. So they messed and spent all their waking time in the quarters made by the Colonel and the Boy. The cabin of these two ultimately became famous up and down the river for hundreds of miles, not only because it was bigger and better built than

other cabins, not only because the chinks between the logs were so well caulked with moss and mud-mortar that no draughts came whistling in, but chiefly because of the great outside chimney built of rough stone, and because of the generous atmosphere that reigned over the mud hearth inside.

Provisions and equipment were pooled, and stored in the Big Chimney cabin. Mac set traps and went shooting now and then, and though he didn't get much game, he got specimens of sub-arctic fauna to add to the 'collection.'

One bitter grey day, after the great river had frozen, the Boy went off with his gun, and came back in wild excitement to announce the approach of a party of natives. These turn out to be four Esquimaux, headed by Nicholas of Pymeut, which place is a native village ten miles up the river. The Big Chimney men are immensely pleased to find they have neighbours. Nicholas tells of the Esquimaux practice of cutting a hole in the river-ice and spearing fish, or of putting down a long wicker trap to catch them. Nicholas is a steamboat pilot in summer, and a hunter. He says moose is to be found and caribou, and speaks of snaring ermine, otter, fox and wolverine. A valuable ally! He and the Boy become great friends.

The next visitor is a Jesuit priest, with a native servant and a dog team. Father Wills belongs to the Catholic mission

forty miles above on the river. He is returning from an expedition to a provision steamer, frozen in some miles away. The suffering among the stranded Klondikers all along the lower river is very

great. Even greater is the misery in the native villages. The few men who have supplies mean to make a fortune out of others' necessities, and credit is dead. It will be a bitter and a memorable year.

II—A Tragedy in Syrup

FOR five dissimilar men to eat and live in a single room on short and dwindling rations through the gloom of the long Arctic night is to make heavy drafts on human nature.

Under these conditions a much-needed diversion came to the Big Chimney Camp in the guise of a little Esquimau. The priest discovered the child in one of the underground huts, bound, with dried grass stuffed in his mouth to drown his cries.

Mac, who has a little boy of his own at home, takes a tremendous fancy to Kaviak, as the child is called, after his tribe name. The little Esquimau becomes an amusing addition to the circle round the Big Chimney. Kaviak has an awful moment when his new friends strip off his single garment (a filthy fur parki), and also when they take away the precious amulet he wears in a birdskin pouch.

But these reverses pale before the awful disaster (as it seems to the Esquimau) of being put in a pail of water and washed with soap. In this last adventure Kaviak plainly sees the awful fate that overtakes a young gentleman deprived of his amulet. Kaviak adores golden syrup, and the instant he has finished one helping he holds out his dish, and says 'maw.' When he is told he's had enough and there is no more, he says firmly, "Yeh. Maw in the plenty pot," and stands waiting.

There is a tragic sequel to Potts's secret abstraction of some of the syrup. Suspicion falls on Kaviak. He denies all knowledge of the empty tin, and Mac, who is a disciplinarian and, above all, a worshipper of truth, takes Kaviak away from his dinner down to the Little Cabin, and thrashes him. After this painful business is over, Kaviak escapes, runs down to the river and falls into the fish hole.

Potts, who has been wretched about Kaviak's punishment, but isn't man enough to own up, risks his life to save the child. He and Kaviak are both pulled out of the hole, and the other men realize

presently that Potts was the real culprit.

The Boy goes to Pymont to visit Nicholas, and has some curious adventures. His eyes are opened as to Esquimau marriage customs, and he is present at an incantation made by the Shaman—a powerful medicine man. The purpose of this ceremony is to cure Nicholas's aged father, who seems to be at the last gasp.

During the performance of the heathen rite one of the mission priests appears unexpectedly on the scene. He is unspeakably horrified by the idolatry and blasphemy of these natives, whom he and his brethren have devoted their lives to convert. The outraged priest leaves the village in great wrath. The Pymonts are dreadfully agitated. These Jesuits are their best friends, and the most powerful people in the country. Everybody agrees that a penitential journey must be made to the mission for the purpose of obtaining absolution for this back-sliding.

At the special request of Nicholas's sister, Muckluck, the Boy says he will go and help to explain the somewhat delicate situation to the priests. For the fact seems to be that whereas Ol' Chief under Christian ministration was dying he is so mightily invigorated by the Shaman's howling and incantation that he is not only saved from death, but ready to go in the sled the thirty miles to the mission, and add an Ol' Chief's prayers and gifts to those of less distinguished persons.

WHEN the powers are appeased the father superior pronounces a few simple sentences about the gentleness of Christ with the ignorant, but how offended the Heavenly Father is when those who know the true God descend to idolatrous practices, and how entirely he can be depended upon to punish wicked people.

Ol' Chief nodded vigorously and with sudden excitement. "Me jus' like God," he said.

"Hein?" exclaimed the horrified priest.

"Oh, yes. Me no stan' wicked people. When me young me kill two ol' squaws—witches."

A sudden change passed over the tired face of the father. "Go, go!" he said. "Go to the schoolhouse and get fed, for it's all you seem able to get there." In spite of his companion's tactlessness the Boy lays the foundation of a friendship with these mission people, a friendship which affects all his life. He also comes to know a little nun in the native school and she gives the Boy a silver cross.

He goes home to the Big Chimney and finds things in a bad way. Bad, ill-cooked food, and not nearly enough of that. The food supply is so low by Christmas that there is very little hope of much cheer.

But unexpected gifts come pouring in; the best—a haunch of moose—is marked, 'To Kaviak's friends by the Big Chimney, from Kaviak's friends at Holy Cross.' This meat is, of course, frozen solid, and cannot be cut. The men try chopping it, and bits fly about as though the moose were an uncommonly tough and brittle kind of wood. The proper way, they find, is to

saw steaks off the haunch. They have a Christmas-tree for Kaviak, and the general jollity is added to by the arrival of two travellers with a dog team. They are from Minook, a mining camp more than half as near again as the Klondike, and at Minook they've struck it rich.

THESE new arrivals have made their fortunes. 'Seein's believin',' said they, and out of long buckskin pouches they poured a stream of nuggets and coarse, bright gold.

The crowd about the table drew audible breath. Nobody actually spoke at first, except O'Flynn, who said reverently, "Be—the seven howly pipers—that danced at me—gran'mother's weddin'!" Low exclamations, hands thrust out to feel, and drawn back in a sort of superstitious awe.

Here it was, this wonderful stuff they'd come for. Each one knew how in secret he had been brought to doubt its being there. But here it was, on the cabin table.

If only the Big Chimney men could get to Minook before the river opened and the new camp should be overrun!

III—The Lone Trail

A FEW weeks after this there is a scene in the cabin about the shortness of rations and the certainty of there not being enough to support life 'till the ice goes out.'

That night the Colonel hears a noise, gets up, and finds the Boy gone. He rushes out, and in the dimness sees a shadow moving towards the river. The Colonel calls out "Stop, or I'll shoot." The grey shape halts—it is the Boy, who was going off alone to Minook, partly to be early in the field, but still more to relieve the strain at the camp. The Boy must wait till the next day, says the Colonel, and he will go too.

Hurrying by Pymeut they very nearly leave the Boy there, at the bottom of the river. For he had put up a sail, using his sled for an ice boat, when he fell into one of the river blowholes.

At Holy Cross everyone tried to make the travellers abandon their enterprise.

"My son," said Father Richmond to the Boy, "you must not go on this mad journey."

"I must, you know."

"You must *not*. Sit there." He pushed him to a chair. "Let me tell you. I do not speak as the ignorant. I have in my day travelled many hundreds of miles on the ice; but I've done it in the season when the trail's at its best, *with dogs*, my son, and with tried native servants."

"I know it is pleasanter that way, but——"

"I assure you, my son, it is madness, this thing you are trying to do. The chances of either of you coming out alive are one in fifty. In fifty, did I say? In five hundred."

"I don't think so, father. We don't mean to travel when——"

"But you'll have to travel. To stay in such places as you'll find yourself in will be to starve. Or if by any miracle you escape the worst effects of cold and hunger, you'll get caught in the ice in the spring break-up, and go down to destruction on a floe. You've no conception what it's like. If you were six weeks earlier, or six weeks later, I would hold my peace."

The Boy looked at the priest and then

away. *Was* it going to be so bad? Would they leave their bones on the ice? Would they go washing by the mission in the great spring flood, that all men spoke of with the same grave look? He had a sudden vision of the torrent as it would be in June.

Dimly the Boy knew he was even now borne along upon a current equally irresistible, this one setting northward, as that other back to the south. He found himself shaking his head under the Jesuit's remonstrant eyes.

Yet not all that was said at the mission had fallen on deaf ears. Ever since the two men had left their homes in the south, they had looked on at the spectacle of people 'hustling' for a fortune. In a gold rush you see the accepted commonplace of human selfishness magnified and multiplied a thousandfold. You get the quintessential poison of competition. Alaska was a place no one had come to in order to live there; only to get something, and with all possible speed to take it away. No one had brought anything to give—except these priests. In spite of prejudice, they made an impression that endured. Still, although the Boy was told "with all your journeying, my son, you will come to no continuing city"—the two go on their way. They have many adventures, and grow familiar with the face of death—and with an even grimmer visage.

They think the worst is over when they are able at an Indian village to buy dogs. Nig, 'the leader,' becomes a much-loved friend, and there is a horrible moment when, in spite of all the Boy can do or say, it seems as if Nig is going to be shot to keep his masters from starving. The Boy runs away so that he may be out of hearing.

"That's the kind of world it is," he

says bitterly. "Do your level best, drag other fellas' packs hundreds o' miles over the ice with a hungry belly and bloody feet, and then— Poor old Nig!—'cause you're lame—poor old Nig!" With a tightened throat and hot water in his eyes, he kept on repeating the dog's name as he stumbled forward in the snow. "Nev' mind, old boy; it's a lonely kind of world, and the right trail's hard to find."

Suddenly he stood still. His stumbling feet were on a track. He had reached the dip in the saddle-back of the hill, and— Yes, this was the *right* trail; for down on the other side below him were faint lights—huts—an Indian village!—with fish and food for everybody!

They exchange tea and tobacco for food, and Nig goes on to Minook with his friends. Here at the gold camp they find the good claims already staked, and everybody absorbed in drinking, gambling and 'waiting for the ice to go out.'

THE Colonel is swindled about the purchase of a mine, and would have come out worse than he did but for the friendly warning of 'Maudie,' a girl of the camp and a very rough diamond. Later there is a great stampede to jump some claims, and the Boy wins a prize in the race. He comes in for a promising claim, and the Colonel for one less desirable, and then they, like all the rest of the camp, sit down and wait for the first steamer.

While they wait, Maudie's store of gold dust and nuggets is stolen. Suspicion falls on the wrong man, and while the mob is getting ready to hang him, the Boy discovers the real thief. He and the Colonel make him disgorge, and then help him to escape.

IV—Down to Klondike

SPRING comes at last. The vast ice sheet over the river cracks, is shattered and hurled away on the mighty floods. Any hour now a steamer may appear. All Minook is agog, and more than half of Minook is packed and ready to depart.

The Colonel, having no more money this side of Kentucky, wanted to sell his dogs soon after his arrival. With the last thirty dollars he had in the world, the Boy bought Nig from the Colonel, and

then, in order to live he hired the dog out. When he went to recover Nig, the man, who was using him as a draft-dog, refused to give him up, and carried him down the river.

The Boy took a boat and a gun, and went in pursuit. He got Nig back, and while trying to restrain the dog's dripping caresses, he looked up and saw something queer off there above the tops of the cottonwoods—a narrow cloud wavering along

the sky. The grey pennon was going round the other side of the island, and the Boy was losing the boat to the Klondike!

He caught up his gun and fired. Nig howled, and the Boy waved his arms like a madman, and, as luck would have it, the steamer had just then to 'hunt easier water'—the flood had altered the channel—and an order had been given to reverse engines. When Nig and his friend came alongside in the canoe, the Boy looked so wild with his long hair and ragged buckskin trousers, that even if the steamer had not been full, he would hardly have been allowed to board her. But he begged to be taken 'as far as Minook, anyway,' and was over the ship's side with Nig and the canoe while the captain was giving orders. Among the motley horde of passengers were O'Flynn, Potts and Mac. The ship was loaded to the guards. All along the river the captain had been refusing large sums from men praying to be taken on board.

As soon as the new channel was found the Boy went and harangued the captain, told him about Minook and, in particular, about his claim. When he had got the captain interested, the Boy offered to make over one-third of his Minook property if the captain would take him and the Colonel to the Klondike. The captain absolutely refused, but ultimately he was brought round. As the steamer neared Minook, all the inhabitants lined the shore, packed and ready to depart. The only one of all that eager company allowed on board is the Boy's partner.

So the five men of Big Chimney Camp share together the memorable moment of arriving at the journey's end, and the unprecedented spectacle of Dawson during the gold craze. The Colonel and the Boy leave the hurly-burly, and go out to see the mines. It was June now, and the short, fierce summer heat made travelling through mud and morass nearly as difficult as 'hitting the winter trail.' At last they came to Bonanza Creek.

"Well, here we are."

"Yes, this is what we came for."

On from claim to claim the newcomers went, till they were at the heart of the richest placer mining district the world

has seen. But they knew well enough now that every inch was owned, and that the best they could look for was work as unskilled labourers, day shift or night, on the claims of luckier men; for the 'property in Minook' is far away, and no one wants to buy.

The Colonel, who is ill, but won't give in, gets work on the claim belonging to Scoville Austin, a hard and insolent man. They have high words one day, and the Boy takes the Colonel's part. The next day Austin is found lying face down among the cottonwoods above the gold-shotted gravel, a bullet wound in his back. He is carried back to Bonanza, and revived sufficiently to say he had not seen the man who shot him, but he guessed he knew him all the same. Then he swore feebly at the lawlessness of the south, and gave up the ghost. Not a man on the creek but understood who Scoville Austin meant.

The Grand Forks constable had a watch put on the Colonel's tent, but the Colonel was not likely to escape. He was down with typhoid. They came to arrest his pardner, the Boy. The constable touched him on the shoulder. "We have a warrant for you."

"Look here," the Boy whispered, "I—I don't know what you mean, but I'll go along with you, of course; only don't talk before this man. And just give me a second, will you?" he said to the North-West Mounted Police. "Just till I hear what the doctor fella says about my pardner."

THEY agree, and the Boy goes back into the tent. Maudie, who has followed the Colonel from Minook on one of the later steamers, has installed herself as nurse. The Boy gives her money to use for the sick man. "Look here, pull the Colonel through, Maudie. Pull him through."

"I'll do my darnedest," she said. For the first time the Boy shook hands with Maudie. Then he went out, and gave himself up.

Nicholas of Pymeut's sister Muckluck, who, like all the rest of the world, had also come up the river, had been hanging about in company with a native man. When she heard what had happened she rushed to Dawson and made an explanation.



ELIZABETH ROBINS PARKES was born at Louisville, Kentucky, in 1865, and is descended from an old Kentucky family of which she gives a delightful account in *The Open Question*, one of her most notable novels, which appeared in 1898. Her theatrical experience undoubtedly was of the highest value to this author and her works abound in situations of great dramatic power. After *George Mandeville's Husband*, her first novel (published under the pseudonym of C. E. Raimond), *The Magnetic North*, *Where Are You Going To?* and *The Mills of the Gods* appeared in succession at intervals of several years, the last-named being published in 1920. Elizabeth Robins has always been a strong supporter of the feminist movement and was author of the play *Votes for Women*.

Her companion had shot Austin. Yes, he admitted it. He was one of the few people on Bonanza Creek who had no cause to hate Austin. But another native had killed a white man, and been taken away in a ship and had 'the time of his life,' being tried and acquitted, since it was found he had acted in self-defence. He had travelled on a railroad, seen a white man's city, and lived like a lord. He came home to find himself the most famous man of his tribe.

His example fired Muckluck's rejected lover. He, too, would kill one of these white men, and get himself taken away from the hard-hearted Pymeut maiden and be shown all the wonders of the earth. So he put a bullet into Austin's back.

Now, Muckluck knew better than to believe things would turn out as her suitor thought, and she made him hold his tongue till she heard the Boy was going to suffer. She couldn't stand that. She had a soft place in her heart for the Boy. So she made the native own up and the Boy was saved.

He got back to Bonanza to find Maudie had nursed the Colonel faithfully, but, all the same, he was dying. O'Flynn and Mac and Potts came out from Dawson to see the Colonel before he went 'over the Great Divide.'

He was buried in the old moose pasture, with people standing by who knew the world had worn a friendlier face because he had been in it.

When the ice began to run in the Yukon, the gold-seekers, lucky and unlucky—Pott, O'Flynn, Mac, Maudie, and hundreds more—made ready to go home by the shorter, better route by sea, along the coast of British Columbia.

ON the last boat to go down the river, amongst a motley crowd, was the Boy's friend, the little sister of St. Ann, who had been sent from the Yukon Mission to nurse the typhoid patients in the Catholic hospital at Dawson. The purser refused to allow her on board the steamer because she had no ticket. The Boy explained that a nun was forbidden to carry money, and finally he paid for her. As the boat moved off down the great river, it was seen that the Boy and Nig were on board. O'Flynn rushed to the wharf's edge, and screamed at the captain to "Stop, be the Siven!" Mac issued orders, and Muckluck wept excitedly. Potts drawled, "Guess he means to go that way."

"Well," said a bystander, "I never seen any feller as calm as that who was bein' took the way he didn't want to go."

"D'ye mean there's a new strike?"

The suggestion flashed electric through the crowd. It was the only possible explanation.

"He knows what he's about!"

"Lord! I wish I'd a' froze to him!"

As O'Flynn, back from his chase, hoarse and puffing, stopped suddenly. "Be the Siven! Father Brachet *said* the little devil'd be coming back to Howly Cross!"

"Where's that?"

"Lower River Camp."

"Gold there?"

"No."

"Then you're talking through your hat!"

"Say, Potts, where in hell *is* he goin'?"

"Damfino!"

JOHN HAY AND J. G. NICOLAY

ABRAHAM LINCOLN: A HISTORY

WHILE studying for the Bar John Hay entered the law office of Abraham Lincoln at Springfield, Illinois, and in 1861 the newly-elected president appointed him assistant to John G. Nicolay, his private secretary at Washington. During that period the two young men formed the plan of writing the biography of Lincoln and received his sanction for their project. After Lincoln's death Nicolay, like Hay, held a number of important offices at home and abroad, but their work in collaboration was begun in 1874, and in the course of the years 1886 to 1889 was published serially under the title *Abraham Lincoln, A History*, appearing in volume form in 1890. It still ranks as the most comprehensive and authoritative biography of the famous president, and is in every respect a worthy account of the career of one of the world's greatest men. The following epitome is included here by permission of T. Fisher Unwin, the publisher in this country of the edition in ten volumes.

I—The Upward Struggle



THOMAS LINCOLN was one of a family of pioneers who pushed westward while the west was still a wilderness; he, by trade a carpenter, and by necessity everything, took his wife and child to a little farm in Kentucky. There he settled down, in a dismal solitude, to a deeper poverty than any of his name had ever known, and there, in the midst of the most unpromising circumstances that ever witnessed the advent of a hero into this world, Abraham Lincoln was born on the twelfth day of February 1809.

His early years were cheerless enough, but the family circumstances improved somewhat after their removal to Indiana, which took place about the eighth year of Abraham's life. Even here life was very hard, and bare necessities all that were obtainable. Anything like regular teaching was out of the question; almost all his learning was obtained by the boy's own industry. And had it not been for that interior spur which kept his clear spirit at his task, his schools could have done little for him; for, counting his attendance in Kentucky and in Indiana, it amounted to less than a year in all. The schools were much alike; they were held in deserted cabins of round logs, with earthen floors and small holes for windows. The teachers were in keeping with their primitive surroundings, and were men of little education or capacity.

After a few months of desultory instruction young Abraham knew all that these vagrant *litterati* could teach him. But it is questionable whether he lost anything by being deprived of the ministrations of these backwoods dominies. When his tasks ended, his studies became the chief pleasure of his life. In all the intervals of his work—in which he never took delight, knowing well enough that he was born for something better than that—he read, wrote and ciphered incessantly.

His reading was naturally limited by his opportunities, but he read everything he could lay his hands upon, and he was certainly fortunate in the few books of which he became the possessor. It would hardly be possible to select a better handful of classics for a youth in his circumstances than the few volumes he turned with a nightly and daily hand—the Bible, Aesop's Fables, Robinson Crusoe, the Pilgrim's Progress, a History of the United States, and Weems's Life of Washington. These were the best, and these he read over and over till he knew them almost by heart. But for anything printed, indeed, his voracity was insatiable.

It was in August 1831 that he finally left his father's roof. After taking service with a tradesman in New Salem, he responded, in 1832, to the call for volunteers to serve against the Indian tribe of Black Hawk and, equally to his surprise and delight, was made captain of a com



Abraham Lincoln (1809-1865) is seen in the true proportions of his greatness with ever increasing clearness as the years go by. As early as 1834 he entered his protest in the legislature of Illinois against slavery and made a reputation as a speaker ; but twenty years later he was still merely a respected lawyer and a disappointed politician. Then in 1854 the Republican Party was formed, pledged to prevent all further extension of slavery, and in 1860 Lincoln became the first Republican President of the United States, elected on the principle that slavery was wrong. The responsibility for the conduct of the ensuing Civil War fell almost exclusively upon his shoulders, and in no single particular was he ever found wanting. History rates him now as a great statesman, great orator and true Christian, while his combination of simplicity and genius, forceful ambition and absolute unselfishness, delightful cunning and transparent honesty, unquenchable humour and prevailing melancholy, iron fortitude and ever deepening tenderness, have made him the best loved public man in the history of the English speaking peoples.

pany. Ten days after his return from the war he stood as a candidate for the legislature of Illinois. Defeated at the election, he learned surveying, and thus occupied himself until, in 1834, he again stood, this time successfully, for the legislature.

In 1837, in company with another representative, he made a protest, memorable in the light of after events, against the institution of slavery, but for several years his name and influence were not known beyond Illinois. Meanwhile, he became a barrister and, in partnership with Judge Logan, obtained an experience which was of great value to him.

It was Judge Logan who brought the name of Lincoln before the convention held at Springfield, Illinois, to nominate a Whig candidate for congress. And in 1846 Lincoln entered congress on behalf of that party. The thirtieth congress met on December 6, 1847. Mr. Lincoln entered on the larger field of work which now lay before him without any special diffidence, but equally without elation.

In a letter to his friend Speed, he says : ' Being elected to congress, though I am very grateful to our friends for having done it, has not pleased me as much as I

expected '—an experience not unknown to most public men, but probably intensified in Lincoln's case by his constitutional melancholy. He went about his work with little gladness, but with a dogged sincerity and an inflexible conscience.

His participation in debate can best be described in his own quaint and simple words : ' As to speech-making, by way of getting the hang of the house, I made a little speech two or three days ago on a post-office question of no general interest. I was about as badly scared, and no worse, as I am when I speak in court.'

His first speech, which related to the Mexican war, was inspired with the purpose of correcting what he considered an error and a wrong and, beyond the satisfaction of his own effort, he gained very little by it. But the disinterestedness which characterised his whole public and private life showed itself here, as well as in the line he pursued whenever the question of slavery was touched.

His attitude towards this subject is summed up in a letter of a later period of his life : ' I am naturally anti-slavery. If slavery is not wrong, nothing is wrong.' And this attitude was fully recognized when he was nominated for the presidency.

II—The Presidency

WHEN, towards the close of 1860, Abraham Lincoln was elected president, it was recognized that the party interested in maintaining the conditions of slave labour as they were had received a severe blow. A congratulatory letter from ex-Governor Chase admirably expressed the prevalent feeling.

' You are president-elect. I congratulate you and thank God. The great object of my wishes and labours for nineteen years is accomplished in the overthrow of the slave-power. The space is now clear for the establishment of the policy of freedom on safe and firm ground. The lead is yours. The responsibility is great. May God strengthen you for your great duties.'

The task before the president was indeed a great and difficult one. The friction between the ' cotton states ' and the states of the North on the question of slavery had become so acute that very shortly after the presidential election a revolutionary circum-

lar was issued, signed by about one half the Southern senators and representatives in congress, declaring that the honour, safety and independence of the Southern people required immediate separate state secession and the organization of a Southern confederacy.

In spite of very various efforts to arrive at a solution of the difficulty, it became more serious every day. It was a providential blessing that in such a crisis the president-elect was a man of unfailing common sense and complete self-control. He watched the rising clouds of insurrection ; he noted the anxious warnings of his friends. He was neither buoyed up by reckless hopes, nor cast down by exaggerated fears. He bided his time, supported by his well-informed convictions and maturing his plans.

At the time of his inauguration, in March 1861, it became apparent that war was practically inevitable ; indeed, the siege of Major Anderson in Fort Sumter was tanta-

mount to a beginning. In April, Sumter capitulated, and at the same time the president called for a force of 75,000 militia, to serve for three months. The work of further organizing and strengthening the army was proceeded with, the different states taking part with different degrees of enthusiasm, according to their degree of sympathy with the cause of Union and the North.

In July the Union army met with a serious reverse at Bull Run, but after the first shock of disappointment, the army, congress and the people took up, a shade less buoyantly but with a deeper energy, the determined prosecution of the war. Throughout the war the president showed a grasp of the military situation as it developed, which was always able, and often masterly. This appeared frequently in his communications to his generals in the field; and an especial instance occurred when, in December 1861, he suggested to General McClellan a plan of campaign which, afterwards much debated and discussed, and finally rejected, is now seen to have been eminently wise and sagacious.

Military events underwent great fluctuations in the first half of the year 1862. During the first three months Union victories followed each other with a rapidity and decisiveness which inspired the most sanguine hopes for the early and complete

suppression of the rebellion. In May, however, this tide of success began to change. Stonewall Jackson's raid initiated a series of discouraging Union reverses.

No one noted this blighting of a longed-for fruition with a keener watchfulness and more sensitive suffering than did President Lincoln. And so closely did he follow the course of events that before the failure of McClellan's campaign as at first projected was an accomplished fact, he took steps to secure such a reinforcement of the army, and provide for such a readjustment of the campaign, as might yet secure the victory which had lain so temptingly within McClellan's grasp.

HE called for 300,000 volunteers, and at about the same time came to the conclusion that it was a military 'necessity' to declare free the slaves of all states which should still be in rebellion on January 1, 1863. After being postponed for two months, the emancipation came into force in September 1862.

All the president's courage and patience were needed during the months that followed, and Hooker's defeat at Chancellorsville in May 1863 marked a dark moment for the Union. It was of a happier omen when Grant decided to take charge of the campaign against Vicksburg, but it was not until the summer that the tide turned.

III—The Turn of the Tide

IN June 1863 General Meade succeeded General Hooker in the command of the army of the Potomac. On July 1 he met Lee's army at Gettysburg and, after three days' fighting, the victory rested with Meade and the Federal army. After a time of frequent defeat and abundant cause for discouragement, the North drew a long breath of relief. And the good news did not come alone, for on Independence Day, General Grant's long siege of Vicksburg came to an end, and Pemberton surrendered, with 32,000 men.

At Gettysburg, by the retreat of Lee and the immediate pursuit by Meade, the burial of the dead and care of the wounded on that great battlefield were left largely to the military and local authorities of the state of Pennsylvania. Governor G. Curtin gave the humane and patriotic duty his

thoughtful attention, and during its execution the appropriate design of changing a portion of the field into a permanent cemetery, where the remains of the fallen heroes might be brought together and their last resting-place suitably protected and embellished, was conceived and begun.

The project was of a national character, and President Lincoln was asked to be present at the dedication ceremony, and 'to perform this last solemn act to the soldier dead on this battlefield.' He willingly agreed, and on November 19, 1863, he rose to fill the part assigned him in the programme.

If there arose in the mind of any discriminating listener on the platform a passing doubt whether Mr. Lincoln would or could properly honour the unique occasion, that doubt vanished with his

opening sentence ; for then and there the president pronounced an address of dedication so pertinent, so brief, yet so comprehensive, linking the deeds of the present to the thoughts of the future, with simple words, in such living, original, yet exquisitely moulded, maxim-like phrases, that the best critics rank it as one of the world's master-pieces in rhetorical art.

He said 'Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether

fitting and proper that we should do this. But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow, this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion, that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain, that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.'

IV—Victory Attained: The End

AT the beginning of April 1865 the armies of the North were within reach of their final victories. On April 3, Lincoln entered Richmond with Grant's army ; on April 9, Lee surrendered to Grant at Appomatox.

April 14 was a day of deep and tranquil happiness throughout the United States. It was Good Friday, but the great tidings of the preceding week changed this period of traditional mourning into an occasion of general and profound thanksgiving. Peace, so strenuously fought for, so long sought and prayed for, with prayers uttered and unutterable, was at last near at hand, its dawn visible on the reddening hills. The country from morning till evening was filled with a solemn joy, but the date was not to lose its awful significance in the calendar ; at night it was claimed once more, and for ever, by a world-wide sorrow.

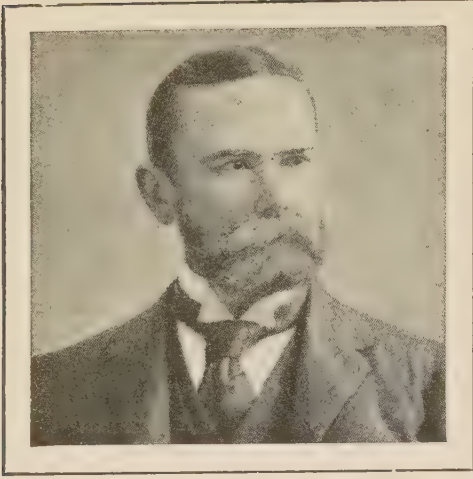
Throughout this day of tragic ending the president's own mood was singularly happy and tender. He was never simpler or gentler than at this time of unprecedented triumph ; his heart overflowed with sentiments of gratitude to Heaven, which took the shape, usual to generous natures, of love and kindness to all men.

He spent the day chiefly with his family, and in the evening went to the play. When the performance was in progress, John Wilkes Booth, an actor, entered the president's box, put a pistol to his head and fired, wounding him mortally. The assassin leaped upon the stage and escaped from the theatre with a broken leg, to be shot after ten days' pursuit.

The president lingered for a few hours and died, throwing the nation into the deepest grief. To the people of the United States the loss was irreparable. But not from them alone did there come abundant and heartfelt testimony to his lofty spirit and distinguished worth.

The quick instinct by which the world recognized him, even at the moment of his death, as one of its greatest men, was not deceived. It has been confirmed by the sober thought of a quarter of a century. His fame has become as universal as the air.

Nothing would more have amazed him while he lived than to be called a man of letters, but this age has produced few greater writers. Emerson ranks him with Aesop and Pilpay in his lighter moods. Montalembert commended his style as a model for the imitation of princes. Many



JOHN HAY was born at Salem, Indiana, October 8, 1838, educated at Brown University and called to the Bar in 1861. He was assistant secretary to President Lincoln 1861-65, edited the *New York Tribune* for several years, and then held a succession of diplomatic posts in Europe, serving as ambassador to Great Britain in 1897 and 1898. As Secretary of State under Presidents McKinley and Roosevelt his tenure of office was highly successful. He was instrumental in securing the 'open door' in China in 1899, negotiated the Hay-Pauncefote treaty concerning the Panama Canal in 1901, and in 1903 settled the Alaska boundary dispute between the United States and Canada. Hay died at Newburg, New York, July 1, 1905.

of his phrases form part of the common speech of mankind.

But it is principally as a man of action that the world at large will judge him. In this aspect of life he displayed a strength and virtue truly incomparable. His qualities would have rendered his administration illustrious even in time of peace; but when we consider that, in addition to the ordinary work of the executive office, he was forced to assume the duties of commander-in-chief of the national forces, engaged in the most complex and difficult war of modern times, the greatness of spirit as well as the intellectual strength he evinced in that capacity is nothing short of prodigious.

To these qualifications of high literary excellence and easy practical mastery of affairs of transcendent importance, we must add, as an explanation of his immediate and world-wide fame, his possession of certain moral qualities rarely combined in such high degree in one individual. His heart was so tender that he would dismount from his horse in a forest to replace in their nest young birds

which had fallen by the roadside; he could not sleep at night if he knew that a soldier-boy was under sentence of death; he could not, even at the bidding of duty or policy, refuse the prayer of age or helplessness in distress. Children instinctively loved him; they never found his rugged features ugly; his sympathies were quick and seemingly unlimited.

He was tolerant even of evil; though no man can ever have lived with a loftier scorn of meanness and selfishness, he yet recognized their existence and counted with them. He said one day, with a flash of cynical wisdom worthy of La Rochefoucauld, that honest statesmanship was the employment of individual meannesses for the public good. He never asked perfection of anyone; he did not even insist for others upon the high standards he set up for himself. At a time before the word was invented he was the first of opportunists. With the fire of a reformer and a martyr in his heart, he yet proceeded by the ways of cautious and practical statecraft. He always worked with things as they were, while never relinquishing the desire and effort to make them better.

To a hope which saw the delectable mountains of absolute justice and peace in the future, to a faith that God in his own time would give to all men the things convenient to them, he added a charity which embraced all the good and the bad, all the virtues and the infirmities of men, and a patience like that of nature, which in its vast and fruitful activity knows neither haste nor rest.

A CHARACTER like this is among the precious heirlooms of the republic, and by a special good fortune every part of the country has an equal claim and pride in it. His blood was drawn from very various types of our countrymen; the marvellous symmetry and balance of his intellect and character may have owed something to the varied environment of his race, and they may fitly typify the variety and solidity of the republic. It may not be unreasonable to hope that his name and his renown may be for ever a bond of union to the country which he loved with an affection so impartial and served, in life and in death, with such entire devotion.

MATTHEW ARNOLD

ESSAYS IN CRITICISM

IT was to poetry that Matthew Arnold devoted the earlier years of his productive literary career, The *Strayed Reveller* appearing in 1849, *Empedocles on Etna* in 1852—both published under the single initial A—and in 1853 *Poems* by Matthew Arnold. The prefatory essay in this last book introduced Arnold as a sound critic of original views and his eminence in this capacity was established when in 1861, being then professor of poetry at Oxford, he published his lecture *On Translating Homer*—a classic of criticism. *Essays in Criticism* was first published in 1865 and marks Arnold's assumption of the rôle of intellectual liberator warring against the Philistinism and imperviousness to ideas which he regarded as British failings. His campaign was continued in *Culture and Anarchy* (1869), *Literature and Dogma* (1873)—epitomised in later pages of *The World's Great Books*—and *God and the Bible* (1875). *Essays in Criticism*, Second Series, was published in 1888. Inexpensive editions of both books are published by Macmillan.

I—Creative Power and Critical Power



MANY objections have been made to a proposition of mine about criticism: 'Of the literature of France and Germany, as of the intellect of Europe in general, the main effort, for now many years, has been a critical effort—the endeavour, in all branches of knowledge, to see the object as in itself it really is.' I added that 'almost the last thing for which one would come to English literature was just that very thing which now Europe most desires—criticism,' and that the power and value of English literature were thereby impaired.

More than one rejoinder declared that the importance here assigned to criticism was excessive, and asserted the inherent superiority of the creative effort of the human spirit over its critical effort. A reporter of Wordsworth's conversation quotes a judgement to the same effect: Wordsworth holds the critical power very low; infinitely lower than the inventive.

The critical power is of lower rank than the inventive—true; but, in assenting to this proposition, we must keep in mind that men may have the sense of exercising a free creative activity in other ways than in producing great works of literature or art; and that the exercise of the creative power in the production of great works of literature or art is not at all epochs and under all conditions possible. This creative

power works with elements, with materials—what if it has not those materials ready for its use?

Now, in literature, the elements with which creative power works are ideas—the best ideas on every matter which literature touches, current at the time. The grand work of literary genius is a work of synthesis and exposition; its gift lies in the faculty of being happily inspired by a certain intellectual and spiritual atmosphere, by a certain order of ideas, when it finds itself in them; of dealing divinely with these ideas, presenting them in most effective and attractive combinations, making beautiful works with them, in short.

But it must have the atmosphere, it must find itself amidst the order of the ideas, in order to work freely; and these it is not so easy to command. This is really why great creative epochs in literature are so rare—because, for the creation of a master-work of literature two powers must concur, the power of the man and the power of the moment; and the man is not enough without the moment.

The creative power has for its happy exercise appointed elements, and those elements are not in its control. Nay, they are more within the control of the critical power. It is the business of the critical power in all branches of knowledge to see the object as in itself it really is. Thus it tends at last to make an intellectual situa-

tion of which the creative power can avail itself. It tends to establish an order of ideas, if not absolutely true, yet true by comparison with that which it displaces—to make the best ideas prevail. Presently

these new ideas reach society ; the touch of truth is the touch of life ; and there is a stir and growth everywhere. Out of this stir and growth come the creative epochs of literature.

II—The Literary 'Atmosphere'

It has long seemed to me that the burst of creative activity in our literature through the first quarter of the nineteenth century had about it something premature, and for this cause its productions are doomed to prove hardly more lasting than the productions of far less splendid epochs. And this prematurity comes from its having proceeded without having its proper data, without sufficient materials to work with.

In other words the English poetry of the first quarter of the nineteenth century, with plenty of energy, plenty of creative force, did not know enough. This makes Byron so empty of matter, Shelley so incoherent, Wordsworth, profound as he is, so wanting in completeness and variety.

It was not really books and reading that lacked to our poetry at this epoch. Shelley had plenty of reading, Coleridge had immense reading ; Pindar and Sophocles had not many books ; Shakespeare was no deep reader. True ; but in the Greece of Pindar and Sophocles and the England of Shakespeare the poet lived in a current of ideas in the highest degree animating and nourishing to creative power.

Such an atmosphere the many-sided learning and the long and widely combined critical effort of Germany formed for Goethe when he lived and worked. In the England of the first quarter of the nineteenth century there was neither a national glow of life and thought, such as we had in the age of Elizabeth, nor yet a force of learning and criticism, such as was to be found in Germany. The creative power of poetry wanted, for success in the highest sense, materials and a basis—a thorough interpretation of the world was necessarily denied to it.

At first it seems strange that out of the immense stir of the French Revolution and its age should not have come a crop of works of genius equal to that which came out of the stir of the great productive time of Greece, or out of that of the Renais-

sance, with its powerful episode the Reformation. But the truth is that the stir of the French Revolution took a character which essentially distinguished it from such movements as these.

The French Revolution found undoubtedly its motive power in the intelligence of men, and not in their practical sense. It appeals to an order of ideas which are universal, certain, permanent. The year 1789 asked of a thing : Is it rational ? That a whole nation should have been penetrated with an enthusiasm for pure reason is a very remarkable thing when we consider how little of mind, or anything so worthy or quickening as mind, comes into the motives which in general impel great masses of men.

In spite of the crimes and follies in which it lost itself, the French Revolution derives from the force, truth and universality of the ideas which it took for its law, a unique and still living power ; and it is, and will probably long remain, the greatest, the most animating event in history.

BUT the mania for giving an immediate political and practical application to all these fine ideas of the reason was fatal. Here an Englishman is in his element : on this theme we can all go on for hours. Ideas cannot be too much prized in and for themselves, cannot be too much lived with ; but to transport them abruptly into the world of politics and practice, violently to revolutionise this world to their bidding, is quite another thing.

'Force and right are the governors of the world ; force till right is ready,' Joubert has said. The grand error of the French Revolution was that it set at naught the second great half of that maxim—force till right is ready—and, rushing furiously into the political sphere, created in opposition to itself what I may call an epoch of concentration.

The great force of that epoch of concentration was England, and the great voice of that epoch of concentration was Burke. His writings are often disfigured by the violence and passion of the moment, and in some directions Burke's view was bounded and his observations therefore at fault; but subject to the needful corrections, what distinguishes these writings is their profound, permanent, fruitful truth—they contain the true philosophy of an epoch of concentration.

Now, an epoch of expansion seems to be opening in this country. In spite of the absorbing and brutalising influence of our passionate material progress, this progress is likely to lead in the end to an apparition of intellectual life.

It is of the last importance that English criticism should discern what rule it ought to take, to avail itself of the field now opening to it.

That rule may be summed up in one word—disinterestedness.

III—*The Virtue of Detachment*

How is criticism to show disinterestedness? By keeping aloof from practice; by resolutely following the law of its own nature, which is to be a free play of the mind on all subjects which it touches. Its business is simply to know the best that is known and thought in the world, and by making this known to create a current of fresh and true ideas.

What is at present the bane of criticism in this country? It is that our organs of criticism are organs of men and parties having practical ends to serve, and with them those practical ends are the first thing, and the play of the mind the second—so much play of mind as is compatible with the prosecution of these practical ends is all that is wanted.

An organ like the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, existing as just an organ for a free play of mind, we have not; but we have *The Edinburgh Review*, existing as an organ of the old Whigs, and for as much play of mind as may suit its being that; we have *The Quarterly Review*, existing as an organ of the Tories, and for as much play of mind as may suit its being that; we have *The British Quarterly Review*, existing as an organ of the political Dissenters, and for as much play of mind as may suit its being that; we have *The Times* existing as an organ of the common, satisfied, well-to-do Englishman, and for as much play of mind as may suit its being that.

And so on through all the various fractions, political and religious, of our society—every fraction has, as such, its organ of criticism, but the notion of combining all fractions in the common pleasure of a free, disinterested play of

mind meets with no favour. Yet no other criticism will ever attain any real authority or make any real way towards its end—the creating of a current of true and fresh ideas.

It will be said that, by embracing in this manner the Indian virtue of detachment, criticism condemns itself to a slow and obscure work; but it is the only proper work of criticism. Whoever sets himself to see things as they are will find himself one of a very small circle; but it is only by this small circle resolutely doing its work that adequate ideas will ever get current at all. For the practical man is not apt for fine distinctions, and yet in these distinctions truth and the highest culture greatly find their account.

CRITICISM must maintain its independence of the practical spirit and its aims. Even with well meant efforts of the practical spirit it must express dissatisfaction if, in the sphere of the ideal, they seem impoverishing and limiting. It must be apt to study and praise elements that for the fullness of spiritual perfection are wanted, even though they belong to a power which, in the practical sphere, may be maleficent. It must be apt to discern the spiritual shortcomings of powers that in the practical sphere may be beneficent.

By the very nature of things much of the best that is known and thought in the world cannot be of English growth—must be foreign; by the nature of things, again, it is just this that we are least likely to know, while English thought is streaming in upon us from all sides and takes excellent care that we shall not be ignorant of its existence. The English critic must

dwell much on foreign thought, and with particular heed on any part of it which, while significant in itself, is for any reason specially likely to escape him.

Again, judging is often spoken of as the critic's business ; and so in some sense it is. But the judgement which almost insensibly forms itself in a fair and clear mind, along with fresh knowledge, is the valuable one ; and, therefore, knowledge, and ever fresh knowledge, must be the critic's great concern for himself. And it is by communicating fresh knowledge, and letting his own judgement pass along with it—as a companion and clue—that he will generally do most good to his readers.

To get near the standard of the best that is known and thought in the world, every critic should possess one great literature at least besides his own ; and the more unlike his own the better. For the criticism I am concerned with regards Europe as being for intellectual and spiritual purposes one great confederation, bound to a joint action and working to a common result.

IV—Should We Have an Academy?

I T is impossible to put down a book like the history of the French Academy by Pellisson and D'Olivet without being led to reflect upon the absence in our own country of any institution like the French Academy, upon the probable causes of this absence, and upon its results.

Improvement of the language was the declared grand aim of the operations of that academy. Its statutes of foundation say expressly that ' the Academy's principal function shall be to work with all the care and all the diligence possible at giving sure rules to our language, and rendering it pure, eloquent and capable of treating the arts and sciences.'

It is said that Richelieu had it in his mind that French should succeed Latin in its general ascendancy, as Latin had succeeded Greek. If it were so, even this wish has to some extent been fulfilled. This was not all Richelieu had in his mind, however. The new academy was meant to be a literary tribunal, a high court of letters, and this is what it has really been.

Such an effort, to set up a recognized authority, imposing on us a high standard

I conclude with what I said at the beginning. To have the sense of creative activity is not denied to criticism ; but then criticism must be sincere, simple, flexible, ardent, ever widening its knowledge. Then it may have, in no contemptible measure, a joyful sense of creative activity, a sense which a man of insight and conscience will prefer to that he might derive from a poor, starved, fragmentary, inadequate creation. And at some epochs no other creation is possible.

Still, in full measure, the sense of creative activity belongs only to genuine creation ; in literature we must never forget that. But what true man of letters ever can forget it ? It is no such common matter for a gifted nature to come into possession of a current of true and living ideas, and to produce amidst the inspiration of them, that we are likely to under-rate it. The glorious epochs of Aeschylus and Shakespeare make us feel their pre-eminence. In an epoch like those is the true life of literature ; the promised land towards which criticism can only beckon.

in matters of intellect and taste, has many enemies in human nature. We all of us like to go our own way, and not to be forced out of the atmosphere of commonplace habitual to most of us. We like to be suffered to lie comfortably on the old straw of our habits, especially of our intellectual habits, even though this straw may not be very fine and clean.

But if this effort to limit the freedom of our lower nature finds enemies in human nature, it also finds auxiliaries in it. Man alone of living creatures, says Cicero, goes feeling after the discovery of an order, a law of good taste ; other creatures submissively fulfil the law of their nature.

Now, in France, says M. Sainte-Beuve, ' the first consideration for us is not whether we are amused and pleased by a work of art or of mind, nor is it whether we are touched by it. What we seek above all to learn is whether we were right in being amused with it, and in applauding it, and in being moved by it.' A Frenchman has, to a considerable degree, what one may call a conscience in intellectual

matters. Seeing this, we are on the road to see why the French have their Academy and we have nothing of the kind.

What are the essential characteristics of the spirit of our nation? Our greatest admirers would not claim for us an open and clear mind, a quick and flexible intelligence. Rather would they allege as our chief spiritual characteristics energy and honesty—most important and fruitful qualities in the intellectual and spiritual, as in the moral sphere, for, of what we call genius, energy is the most essential part.

Now, what that energy, which is the life of genius, above everything demands and insists upon, is freedom—entire independence of authority, prescription and routine, the fullest power to extend as it will. Therefore, a nation whose chief spiritual characteristic is energy will not

be very apt to set up in intellectual matters a fixed standard, an authority like an academy. By this it certainly escapes real inconveniences and dangers and it can, at the same time, reach undeniably splendid heights in poetry and science. We have Shakespeare, and we have Newton. In the intellectual sphere there can be no higher names.

On the other hand, some of the requisites of intellectual work are specially the affair of quickness of mind and flexibility of intelligence. In prose literature they are of first-rate importance. These are elements that can, to a certain degree, be appropriated, while the free activity of genius cannot. Academies consecrate and maintain them, and therefore a nation with an eminent turn for them naturally establishes academies.

V—Our Loss Through Provinciality

How much greater is our nation in poetry than prose! How much better do the productions of its spirit show in the qualities of genius than in the qualities of intelligence! But the question as to the utility of academies to the intellectual life of a nation is not settled when we say that we have never had an academy, yet we have confessedly a very great literature.

It is by no means sure that either our literature or the general intellectual life of our nation has got already without academies all that academies can give. Our literature, in spite of the genius manifested in it, may fall short in form, method, precision, proportions, arrangement—all things where intelligence proper comes in. It may be weak in prose, full of haphazard crudeness, provincialism, eccentricity, violence, blundering; and instead of always fixing our thoughts upon the points in which our literature is strong, we should, from time to time, fix them upon those in which it is weak.

In France, the Academy serves as a sort of centre and rallying-point to educated opinion, and gives it a force which it has not got here. In the bulk of the intellectual work of a nation which has no centre, no intellectual metropolis like an academy, there is observable a note of provinciality. Great powers of mind will make a man

think profoundly, but not even great powers of mind will keep his taste and style perfectly sound and sure if he is left too much to himself with no sovereign organ of opinion near him.

Even men like Jeremy Taylor and Burke suffer here. Theirs is too often extravagant prose; prose too much suffered to indulge its caprices; prose at too great a distance from the centre of good taste; prose with the note of provinciality; Asiatic prose, somewhat barbarously rich and overloaded. The note of provinciality in Addison is to be found in the commonplace of his ideas, though his style is classical.

Where there is no centre like an academy, if you have genius and powerful ideas, you are apt not to have the best style going; if you have precision of style and not genius, you are apt not to have the best ideas going.

The provincial spirit exaggerates the value of its ideas for want of a high standard at hand by which to try them; it is hurried away by fancies; it likes and dislikes too passionately, too exclusively; its admiration weeps hysterical tears and its disapprobation foams at the mouth. So we get the eruptive and aggressive manner in literature.

Not having the lucidity of a large and centrally-placed intelligence, the provincial spirit has not its graciousness; it does



MATTHEW ARNOLD was born at Laleham, near Staines, December 24, 1822, eldest son of Dr. Arnold of Rugby, and was educated at Rugby and Balliol College, Oxford. From 1847 to 1851 he was private secretary to Lord Lansdowne, who appointed him inspector of schools, a post he held from 1851 until 1883. From 1857 to 1867 he was professor of poetry at Oxford. His fine scholarship found expression in much prose of rare distinction and in not a little beautiful poetry of classic form and spirit. Arnold died April 15, 1888.

not persuade, it makes war; it has not urbanity, the tone of the city, of the centre, the tone that always aims at a spiritual and intellectual effect. It loves hard hitting rather than persuading. The

VI—*Some Illustrative Criticisms*

To try and approach Truth on one side after another, not to strive or cry, not to persist in pressing forward on any one side with violence and self-will—only thus may mortals hope to gain any vision of the mysterious goddess whom we shall never see except in outline.

The grand power of poetry is the power of dealing with things so as to awaken in us a wonderfully full, new and intimate sense of them and of our relation with them, so that we feel ourselves to be in contact with the essential nature of those objects, to have their secret, and be in harmony with them, and this feeling calms and satisfies us as no other can.

Maurice de Guérin manifested this magical power of poetry in singular eminence. His passion for perfection disdained all poetical work not perfectly adequate and felicitous.

His sister Eugénie de Guérin has the same characteristic quality—distinction.

newspaper, with its party spirit, its resolute avoidance of shades and distinctions, is its true literature. In England there needs a miracle of genius like Shakespeare to produce balance of mind, and a miracle of intellectual delicacy like Dr. Newman to produce urbanity of style.

Nations have their own modes of acting, and these modes are not easily changed; they are even consecrated when great things have been done in them. When a literature has produced a Shakespeare and a Milton, when it has even produced a Barrow and a Burke, it cannot well abandon its traditions; England can hardly begin at this late time of day with an institution like the French Academy.

Such a sovereign organ of the highest literary opinion, a recognized authority in matters of intellectual tone and taste, we shall hardly have, and perhaps ought not to wish to have. But every one of us will do well to remember to what shortcomings and excesses, which such an academy tends to correct, we are liable, and the more liable, of course, for not having it. He will do well constantly to try himself in respect of these, steadily to widen his culture, and severely to check in himself the provincial spirit.

Of this quality the world is impatient; it chafes against it, rails at it, insults it, hates it, but ends by receiving its influence and by undergoing its law. This quality at last inexorably corrects the world's blunders, and fixes the world's ideals.

Heine claimed that he was 'a brave soldier in the war of the liberation of humanity.' That was his significance. He was, if not pre-eminently a brave, yet a brilliant soldier in the war of liberation of humanity. He was not an adequate interpreter of the modern world, but only a brilliant soldier.

Born in 1754, and dying in 1824, Joseph Joubert chose to hide his life; but he was a man of extraordinary ardour in the search for truth and of extraordinary fineness in the perception of it. He was one of those wonderful lovers of light who, when they have an idea to put forth, brood long over it first, and wait patiently till it shines.

W. H. PRESCOTT
THE HISTORY OF THE
CONQUEST OF MEXICO

THE book of which an epitome is given here is itself no less a monument of courageous perseverance in the face of well-nigh overwhelming difficulty than is the pageant-like story of adventure in an unknown land that it recounts. Its author was obliged to abandon his legal career, because of the loss of his sight. Nevertheless he bravely took up the study of Spanish history and pursued it to such signal purpose that, with the help of several secretaries, he succeeded in producing several documented and vividly interesting works that are now recognized as standard histories. The History of the Conquest of Mexico was first published in 1843. It is a spirited and graphic narrative of a stirring episode in history. To use the words of the author's own description of his motive, Prescott has 'endeavoured to surround the reader with the spirit of the times, and, in a word, to make him a contemporary of the sixteenth century.' Epitomes of his *Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella* and of *The Conquest of Peru* are included in *The World's Great Books*.

I—The Mexican Empire



OF all that extensive empire which once acknowledged the authority of Spain in the New World, no portion, for interest and importance, can be compared with Mexico, and this equally, whether we consider the variety of its soil and climate, the inexhaustible stores of its mineral wealth, its scenery, grand and picturesque beyond example, the character of its ancient inhabitants, not only far surpassing in intelligence that of the other North American races, but reminding us, by their monuments, of the primitive civilization of Egypt and Hindustan; and lastly, the peculiar circumstances of its conquest, adventurous and romantic as any legend devised by any Norman or Italian bard of chivalry. It is the purpose of the present narrative to exhibit the history of this conquest, and that of the remarkable man by whom it was achieved.

The country of the ancient Mexicans, or Aztecs, as they were called, formed but a very small part of the extensive territories comprehended in the modern republic of Mexico. The Aztecs first entered it from the north towards the beginning of the thirteenth century, but it was not until the year 1325 that, led by an auspicious omen, they laid the foundations of their future city by sinking piles into the shallows of the principal lake in the Mexican valley. Thus grew the capital

known afterwards to Europeans as Mexico. The omen which led to the choice of this site—an eagle perched upon a cactus—is commemorated in the arms of the modern Mexican republic.

In the fifteenth century there was formed a remarkable league, unparalleled in history, according to which it was agreed between the states of Mexico, Tezcuco and the neighbouring little kingdom of Tlaxcoapan that they should mutually support each other in their wars, and divide the spoil on a fixed scale. During a century of warfare this alliance was faithfully adhered to, and the confederates met with great success. At the beginning of the sixteenth century, just before the arrival of the Spaniards, the Aztec dominion reached across the continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific. There was thus included in its territory thickly populated by various races, themselves warlike and little inferior to the Aztecs in social organization. What this organization was may be briefly indicated.

The government of the Aztecs, or Mexicans, was an elective monarchy, the sovereign being, however, always chosen from the same family. His power was almost absolute, the legislative power residing wholly with him, though justice was administered through an administrative system which differentiated the government from the despotisms of the East. Human life was protected, except in the sense that human sacrifices were common, the victims

being often prisoners of war. Slavery was practised, but strictly regulated.

The Aztec code was, on the whole, stamped with the severity of a rude people relying on physical instead of moral means for the correction of evil. Still, it evinces a profound respect for the great principles of morality, and as clear a perception of those principles as is to be found in the most cultivated nations.

One instance of their advanced position is striking; hospitals were established in the principal cities for the cure of the sick and the permanent refuge of the disabled soldier, and surgeons were placed over them 'who were so far better than those in Europe,' says an old chronicler, 'that they did not protract the cure in order to increase the pay.'

In their religion the Aztecs recognized a supreme Creator and Lord of the universe, 'without whom man is as nothing, invisible, incorporeal, one God, of perfect perfection and purity, under whose wings we find repose and a sure defence.' But beside Him they recognized numerous gods, who presided over the changes of the seasons and the various occupations of

man, and in whose honour they practised bloody rites.

Such were the people dwelling in the lovely Mexican valley, and wielding a power that stretched far beyond it, when the Spanish expedition led by Hernando Cortés landed on the coast. The expedition was the fruit of an age and a people eager for adventure, for gain, for glory, and for the conversion of barbaric peoples to the Christian faith. The Spaniards were established in the West Indian Islands and sought further extension of their dominion in the West, whence rumours of great treasure had reached them.

THUS it happened that Velasquez, the Spanish governor of Cuba, designed to send a fleet to explore the mainland, to gain what treasure he could by peaceful barter with the natives, and by any means he could to secure their conversion. It was commanded by Cortés, a man of extraordinary courage and ability and extraordinary gifts for leadership, to whose power both of control and of inspiration must be ascribed, in very great degree, the success of his amazing enterprise.

II—The Invasion of the Empire

IT was on February 18, 1519, that the little squadron finally set sail from Cuba for the coast of Yucatan. Before starting, Cortés addressed his soldiers in a manner both very characteristic of the man and typical of the tone which he took towards them on several occasions of great difficulty and danger, when, but for his highly courageous spirit and his unquestionably great power of personal influence, the expedition could only have found a most disastrous end.

Part of his speech was to this effect: 'I hold out to you a glorious prize, but it is to be won by incessant toil. Great things are achieved only by great exertions, and glory was never the reward of sloth. If I have laboured hard and staked my all on this undertaking, it is for the love of that renown which is the noblest recompense of man. But if any among you covet riches more, be but true to me, as I will be true to you and to the occasion, and I will make you masters of such as our countrymen have never dreamed of.

'You are few in number, but strong in resolution; and, if this does not falter, doubt not but that the Almighty, who has never deserted the Spaniard in his contest with the infidel, will shield you, though encompassed by a cloud of enemies, for your cause is a just cause, and you are to fight under the banner of the Cross. Go forward, then, with alacrity and confidence, and carry to a glorious issue the work so auspiciously begun.'

The first landing was made on the island of Cozumel, where the natives were forcibly converted to Christianity. Then, reaching the mainland, they were attacked by the natives of Tabasco, whom they soon reduced to submission. These made presents to the Spanish commander, including some female slaves. One of these, named by the Spaniards Marina, became of great use to the conquerors in the capacity of interpreter, and by her loyalty and intelligence became a powerful influence in the fortunes of the Spaniards.

The next event of consequence in the



CORTES VANQUISHES THE AZTECS AT OTUMBA

From the painting by Manuel Ramirez

career of the conquerors was the foundation of the first colony of New Spain, the town of Villa Rica de Vera Cruz, on the seashore. Following this came the reduction of the warlike republic of Tlascala and the conclusion of an alliance with its inhabitants which proved of priceless value to the Spaniards in their long warfare with the Mexicans.

MORE than one embassy had reached the Spanish camp from Montezuma, the emperor of Mexico, bearing presents and conciliatory messages, but declining to receive the strangers in his capital. The basis of his conduct and of that of the bulk of his subjects towards the Spaniards was an ancient tradition concerning a beneficent deity named Quetzalcoatl, who had sailed away to the East, promising to return and reign once more over his people.

This traditional personage had a white skin and long dark hair, and the likeness of the Spaniards to him in this respect gave rise to the idea that they were his representatives, and won them honour accordingly, while even to those tribes who were entirely hostile a supernatural terror clung around their name.

Montezuma, therefore, desired to conciliate them while seeking to prevent their approach to his capital. But this was the goal of their expedition, and Cortés, with his little army, never exceeding a few hundred in all, reinforced by some Tlascalan auxiliaries, marched towards the capital.

Montezuma, on hearing of their approach, was plunged into despondency. 'Of what avail is resistance,' he is said to have exclaimed, 'when the gods have declared themselves against us? Yet I mourn most for the old and infirm, the women and children, too feeble to fight or to fly. For myself and the brave men round me, we must bare our breasts to the storm, and meet it as we may!'

Meanwhile, the Spaniards marched on, enchanted as they came by the beauty and the wealth of the city and its neighbourhood. It was built on piles in a great lake, and as they descended into the valley it seemed to them to be a reality embodying the fairest dreams of all those who had spoken of the New World and its dazzling glories. They passed along one of the causeways which constituted the only method of approach to the city, and as

they entered they were met by Montezuma himself, in all his royal state.

Bowing to what seemed the inevitable, he admitted them to the capital, gave them a royal palace for their quarters and entertained them well. After a week, however, the Spaniards began to be doubtful of the security of their position and, to strengthen it, Cortés conceived and carried out the daring plan of gaining possession of Montezuma's person. With his usual audacity, he went to the palace, accompanied by some of his cavaliers, and compelled Montezuma to consent to transfer himself and his household to Spanish quarters. After this, Cortés demanded that he should recognize formally the supremacy of the Spanish emperor.

Montezuma agreed, and a large treasure, amounting in value to about one and a half million pounds sterling, was dispatched to

Spain in token of his fealty. The ship conveying it to Spain touched at the coast of Cuba, and the news of Cortés's success inflamed afresh the jealousy of Velasquez, its governor, who had long repented of his choice of a commander. Therefore, in March 1520, he sent Narvaez, at the head of a rival expedition to overcome Cortés and appropriate the spoils.

But he had reckoned without the character of Cortés. Leaving a garrison in Mexico, the latter advanced by forced marches to meet Narvaez and took him unawares, entirely defeating his much superior force. More than this, he induced most of these troops to join him, and thus, reinforced also from Tlascala, marched back to Mexico. There his presence was greatly needed, for news had reached him that the Mexicans had risen and that the garrison was already in straits.

III—The Retreat from Mexico

IT was indeed in a serious position that Cortés found his troops, threatened by famine and surrounded by a hostile population. But he was so confident of his ability to overawe the insurgents that he wrote to that effect to the garrison of Vera Cruz by the same dispatches in which he informed them of his safe arrival in the capital. But scarcely had his messenger been gone half an hour when he returned breathless with terror and covered with wounds. 'The city,' he said, 'was all in arms! The drawbridges were raised and the enemy would soon be upon them!'

He spoke truth. It was not long before a hoarse, sullen sound became audible, like that of the roaring of distant waters. It grew louder and louder, till, from the parapet surrounding the enclosure, the great avenues which led to it might be seen dark with the masses of warriors, who came rolling on in a confused tide towards the fortress. At the same time the terraces and flat roofs in the neighbourhood were thronged with combatants brandishing their missiles, who seemed to have risen up as if by magic. It was a spectacle to appal the stoutest.

But this was only the prelude to the disasters that were to befall the Spaniards. The Mexicans made desperate assaults upon the Spanish quarters, in which both

sides suffered severely. At last, Montezuma, at the request of Cortés, tried to interpose. But his subjects, in fury at what they considered his desertion of them, gave him a wound of which he died. The position became untenable, and Cortés decided on retreat. This was carried out at night and, owing to the failure of a plan for laying a portable bridge across those gaps in the causeway left by the drawbridges, the Spaniards were exposed to a fierce attack from the natives, which proved most disastrous.

CAUGHT on the narrow space of the causeway, and forced to make their way as best they could across the gaps, they were almost overwhelmed by the throngs of their enemies. Cortés, who, with some of the vanguard, had reached comparative safety, dashed back into the thickest of the fight, where some of his comrades were making a last stand, and brought them out with him, so that at last all the survivors, a sadly stricken company, reached the mainland.

The story of the reconstruction by Cortés of his shattered and discouraged army is one of the most astonishing chapters in the whole history of the conquest. Wounded, impoverished, greatly reduced in numbers and broken in

spirit by the terrible series of experiences through which they had passed, they demanded summarily that the expedition should be abandoned and themselves conveyed back to Cuba.

Before long the practical wisdom and personal influence of Cortés had recovered them, reanimated their spirits and inspired them with fresh zeal for conquest, and

now for revenge. He added to their numbers the very men sent against him by Velasquez at this juncture, whom he persuaded to join him; and he had the same success with the members of another rival expedition from Jamaica. Eventually, he set out once more for Mexico, with a force of nearly six hundred Spaniards and a number of allies from Tlascala.

IV—*The Siege and Capture of Mexico*

THE siege of Mexico is one of the most memorable and most disastrous sieges of history. Cortés disposed his troops so as to occupy the three great causeways leading from the shore of the lake to the city, and thus cut off the enemy from their sources of supply. He was strong in the possession of twelve brigantines, built by his orders, which swept the lake with their guns and frequently defeated the manoeuvres of the enemy, to whom a sailing ship was as new and as terrible a phenomenon as were firearms and cavalry. But the Aztecs were strong in numbers and in their deadly hatred of the invader. The young emperor, Guatemozin, opposed to the Spaniards a spirit as dauntless as that of Cortés himself.

Again and again, by fierce attack, by stratagem, and by their indefatigable labours, the Aztecs inflicted checks, and sometimes even disaster, upon the Spaniards. Many of these, and of their Indian allies, fell or were carried off to suffer the worst fate of the sacrificial victim. The priests promised the vengeance of the gods upon the strangers, and at one point Cortés saw his allies melting away from him under the power of this superstitious fear. But the threats were unfulfilled; the allies returned, and doom settled down upon the city. Famine and pestilence raged within it and all the worst horrors of a siege were suffered by the inhabitants.

But still they remained implacable, fighting to their last breath and refusing to listen to the repeated and urgent offers of Cortés to spare them and their property if they would capitulate. It was not until August 15, 1521, that the siege, which began in the latter part of May, was brought to an end. After a final offer of terms, which Guatemozin still refused, Cortés made the final assault, and carried

the city in face of a resistance now sorely enfeebled but still heroic.

Guatemozin, attempting to escape with his wife and some followers to the shore of the lake, was intercepted by one of the brigantines and carried to Cortés. He bore himself with all the dignity that belonged to his courage, and was met by Cortés in a manner worthy of it. He and his train were courteously received and well entertained.

MEANWHILE, at Guatemozin's request, the population of Mexico were allowed to leave the city for the surrounding country; and, after this, the Spaniards set themselves to the much-needed work of cleansing the city. They were greatly disappointed in their hope of treasure, which the Aztecs had so effectually hidden that only a small part of the expected riches was ever discovered. It is a blot upon the history of the war that Cortés, yielding to the importunity of his soldiers, permitted Guatemozin to be tortured in order to gain information regarding the treasure. But no information of value could be wrung from him, and the treasure remained hidden.

At the very time of his distinguished successes in Mexico the fortunes of Cortés hung in the balance in Spain. His enemy Velasquez, governor of Cuba, and the latter's friends at home, made such complaints of his conduct that a commissioner was sent to Vera Cruz to apprehend Cortés and bring him to trial. But, as usual, the hostile effort failed, and the commissioner sailed for Cuba, having accomplished nothing.

The friends of Cortés, on the other hand, made counter-charges, in which they showed that his enemies had done all in their power to hinder him in what was a



WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT was born at Salem, Massachusetts, May 4, 1796. The son of a distinguished judge, he was educated at Harvard, where he graduated with distinction in 1814. While at college he lost the sight of one eye and the other became so badly affected that he was, for long spells, virtually blind. Thus obliged to abandon the legal profession he determined to devote himself to literature, especially history, which had always been a favourite study with him, and by patient memorising, the use of a writing frame and the help of readers and secretaries he wrote the works which are among the classics of the 19th century. At his death, which took place in Boston, January 27, 1859, his last work, *The History of the Reign of Philip II*, was left unfinished.

magnificent effort on behalf of the Spanish dominion, and asked if the council were prepared to dishonour the man who, in the face of such obstacles, and with scarcely other resources than what he found in himself, had won an empire for Castile such as was possessed by no European potentate.

This appeal was irresistible. However irregular had been the manner of proceeding, no one could deny the grandeur of the results. The acts of Cortés were confirmed in their full extent. He was constituted Governor, Captain-General and Chief Justice of New Spain, as the province was called, and his army was complimented by the emperor fully acknowledging its services.

THE news of this was received in New Spain with general acclamation. The mind of Cortés was set at ease as to the past, and he saw opening before him a noble theatre for future enterprise. His career, ever one of adventure and of arms, was still brilliant and still chequered. He

fell once more under suspicion in Spain, and at last determined to present himself in person before his sovereign to assert his innocence and claim redress. Favourably received by Charles V, he subsequently returned to Mexico, pursued difficult and dangerous voyages of discovery, and ultimately returned to Spain, where he died in 1547.

THE history of the conquest of Mexico is the history of Cortés, who was its very soul. He was a typical knight-errant; more than this, he was a great commander. There is probably no instance in history where so vast an enterprise has been achieved by means apparently so inadequate. He may be truly said to have effected the conquest by his own resources. It was the force of his genius that obtained command of the co-operation of the Indian tribes.

He arrested the arm that was lifted to smite him, and made it do battle in his behalf. When his own men deserted him, he did not desert himself. He brought together the most miscellaneous collection of mercenaries who ever fought under one standard—men with hardly a common tie, and burning with the spirit of jealousy and faction; wild tribes of the natives also, who had been sworn enemies from their cradles. Yet this motley congregation was assembled in one camp, to breathe one spirit and to move on a common principle of action.

As regards the whole character of his enterprise, which seems to modern eyes a bloody and at first quite unmerited war waged against the Indian nations, it must be remembered that Cortés and his soldiers fought in the belief that their victories were the victories of the Cross, and that any war resulting in the conversion of the enemy to Christianity, even as by force, was a righteous and meritorious war. This consideration dwelt in their minds, mingling, indeed, with the desire for glory and for gain, but without doubt influencing them powerfully.

This is, at any rate, one of the clues to this extraordinary chapter of history, so full of suffering and bloodshed, and at the same time of unsurpassed courage and heroism on every side.

JULES VERNE

TWENTY THOUSAND LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA

ALTHOUGH, before his time, Cyrano de Bergerac in France and Swift and Defoe in England had made ingenious use of geographical and scientific detail to give verisimilitude to narratives of otherwise extravagant voyages and adventures, Jules Verne may nevertheless be said to have created a new form of fiction in which intelligent anticipation of possible mechanical invention almost amounted to prophecy. His first outstanding success in this genre was won in 1862 with *Five Weeks in a Balloon*, and a long sequence of triumphs included *Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea* (1869), *The English at the North Pole* (1870), *Round the World in Eighty Days* (1872) and *Michael Strogoff* (1880). Of the last two, dramatised versions were produced with immense success. Quite apart from their remarkable scientific interest, Jules Verne's novels owe their world-wide popularity to their vigorous action, the animation and picturesqueness of their style, and not least to the almost complete exclusion of the love element. They have been translated into almost every European language, and English versions of most of the best are published by Sampson Low & Co.

I—How I Came to Join a Strange Expedition



IN the year 1866 the whole seafaring world of Europe and America was greatly disturbed by an ocean mystery which baffled the wits of scientists and sailors alike. Several vessels, in widely different regions of the seas, had met a long and rapidly moving object, much larger than a whale, and capable of almost incredible speed. It had also been seen at night, and was then phosphorescent, moving under the water in a glow of light.

There was no doubt whatever as to the reality of this unknown terror of the deep, for several vessels had been struck by it, and particularly the Cunard steamer *Scotia*, homeward bound for Liverpool. It had pierced a large triangular hole through the steel plates of the *Scotia*'s hull, and would certainly have sunk the vessel had it not been divided into seven water-tight compartments, any one of which could stand injury without danger to the vessel.

It was three hundred miles off Cape Clear that the *Scotia* encountered this mysterious monster. Arriving after some days' delay at Liverpool, the vessel was put into dock, when the result of the blow from the unknown was thoroughly investigated. So many vessels having lately been lost from unknown causes, the narrow escape of the *Scotia* directed fresh attention to this ocean mystery, and in both Europe

and America there was a strong public agitation for an expedition to be sent out, prepared to do battle with, and if possible destroy, this narwhal of monstrous growth, as many scientists believed it to be.

Now I, Pierre Arronax, assistant professor in the Paris Museum of Natural History, was at this time in America, where I had been engaged on a scientific expedition into the disagreeable region of Nebraska. I had arrived in New York in company of my faithful attendant, Conseil, and was devoting my attention to classifying the numerous specimens I had gathered for the Paris Museum. As I had already some reputation in the scientific world from my book on *The Mysteries of the Great Submarine Grounds*, a number of people did me the honour of consulting me concerning the one subject then exercising the minds of all interested in ocean travel.

An expedition was also being fitted out by the United States government, the fastest frigate of the navy, the *Abraham Lincoln*, under command of Captain Farragut, being in active preparation, with the object of hunting out this wandering monster which had last been seen three weeks before by a San Francisco steamer in the North Pacific Ocean.

I was invited to join this expedition as a representative of France, and immediately decided to do so. The faithful Conseil said he would go with me wherever I went, and

thus it came about that my sturdy Flemish companion, who had accompanied me on scientific expeditions for ten years, was with me again on the eventful cruise which began when we sailed from Brooklyn for the Pacific and the unknown.

The crew of the frigate and the various scientists on board were all eagerness to meet the great cetacean, or sea-unicorn. My own opinion was that it would be found to be a narwhal of monstrous growth, for these creatures are armed with a kind of ivory sword, or tusk, as hard as steel, and sometimes nearly seven feet long by fifteen inches in diameter at the base. Supposing one to exist ten times as large as any that had ever been captured, with its tusk proportionately powerful, it was conceivable that such a gigantic creature, moving at a great rate, could do all the damage that had been reported.

There was among our crew one Ned Land, a gigantic Canadian of forty, who was considered to be the prince of harpooners. Many a whale had received its death-blow from him, and he was eager to flesh his harpoon in this redoubtable cetacean which had terrified the marine world.

Week after week passed without any sign that our quest would be successful. Indeed, after nearly four months had gone, and we had explored the whole of the Japanese and Chinese coasts, the captain reached the point of deciding to return, when one night the voice of Ned Land was heard calling :

"Look out there ! The thing we are looking for on our weather-beam !"

II—The Attack and After

EVERYTHING was in readiness to attack with the coming of the dawn, and

Ned Land was calmly sharpening his great harpoon, but by six in the morning the thing had again disappeared and a thick sea-fog made it impossible to observe its further movements. At eight o'clock, however, the mist had begun to clear and then, as suddenly as on the night before, Ned Land's voice was heard calling : "The thing on the port-quarter !"

There it was, sure enough, a mile and a half away, now a large black body showing above the waves, and leaving a track of

At this cry the entire crew rushed towards the harpooner—captain, officers, masters, sailors and cabin-boys ; even the engineers left their engines and the stokers their furnaces. The frigate was now moving only by her own momentum, for the engines had been stopped.

MY heart beat violently. I was sure the harpooner's eyes had not deceived him. Soon we could all see, about two cables' length away, a strange and luminous object, lying some fathoms below the surface, just as described in many of the reports. One of the officers suggested that it was merely an enormous mass of phosphorous particles, but I replied with conviction that the light was electric. And even as I spoke the strange thing began to move towards us !

The captain immediately reversed engines and put on full speed, but the luminous monster gained on us and played round the frigate with frightful rapidity. Its light would go out suddenly and reappear again on the other side of the vessel. It was clearly too great a risk to attack the thing in the dark, and by midnight it disappeared, dying out like a huge glow-worm. It appeared again, about five miles to the windward, at two in the morning, coming up to the surface as if to breathe, and it seemed as though the air rushed into its huge lungs like steam in the vast cylinders of a 2,000 horse-power engine.

"Hum !" said I. "A whale with the strength of a cavalry regiment would be a pretty whale !"

dazzling white as its great tail beat the water into foam.

Moving rapidly, it approached within twenty feet of the frigate. Ned stood ready at the bow to hurl his harpoon, and the monster was now shining again with that strange light which dazzled our eyes. All at once he threw the harpoon. It struck on a hard body.

Instantly the light went out and two enormous water-spouts fell on our deck. A frightful shock followed, and the next moment I found myself struggling in the sea. Though a good swimmer, I kept

afloat with some difficulty, and great was my joy when I heard the voice of the faithful Conseil, who had jumped in after me. Much stronger than myself, he helped me to remove some of my clothes, and thus we kept afloat until I fainted.

When I regained consciousness, I found myself on the top of what seemed to be a floating island, and there was Ned Land as well as Conseil. We were on the back of the mysterious monster, and it was made of metal! Presently it began to move, and we were afraid it might go below the surface.

Indeed, it seemed to be on the point of submerging, when Land hammered loudly on the metal plates, and in a moment an opening was made and the three of us were drawn inside by eight masked men. A door banged on us, and for half an hour we lay in utter darkness. Then a brilliant electric light flooded the cabin, a room of about twenty feet by ten, and two men entered. One was tall, pale and dark-eyed, but magnificently proportioned.

Though we spoke to them in French, German, English and Latin, they did not seem to understand, while their own speech

was unintelligible to us. But they gave us clothes and food. After eating the food, which was strange but delicious, we all lay down and slept in sheer exhaustion.

Next day the tall man, whom I afterwards came to know as Captain Nemo, master of his marvellous submarine boat, came to me and, speaking in French, addressed me as follows:

"I HAVE been considering your case, and did not choose to speak till I had weighed it well. You have pursued me to destroy me. I have done with society for reasons of my own. I have decided. I give you choice of life or death. If you grant me a passive obedience, and submit to my consigning you to your cabin for some hours or days, as occasion calls, you are safe. You, Monsieur Arronax, have least cause to complain, for you have written on the life of the sea—I have your book in my library here—and will benefit most when I show you its marvels. I love it. It does not belong to despots."

Clearly we could do nothing but submit, and afterwards Captain Nemo showed me his wondrous craft.

III—Our Life on the *Nautilus*

IT was indeed a thing of marvels; for, besides the dining-room, it contained a large library of twelve thousand volumes, and a drawing-room measuring thirty feet by eighteen, and fifteen high. The walls of this apartment were adorned with masterpieces of the great painters and beautiful marbles and bronzes. A large piano-organ stood in one corner, and there were glass cases containing the rarest marine curiosities which a naturalist could wish to see. A collection of enormous pearls in a cabinet must have been worth millions, and Captain Nemo told me he had rifled every sea to find them.

The room assigned to me was fitted up with every luxury, yet the captain's own apartment was as simply furnished as a monastic cell, but in it were contained all the ingenious instruments that controlled the movements of the *Nautilus*, as his submarine was named. The electricity was manufactured by a process of extracting chloride of sodium from the sea-water, but the fresh air necessary for the life of

the crew could only be obtained by rising to the surface. The engine-room was sixty-five feet long, and in it was the machinery for producing electricity as well as that for applying the power to the propeller.

The *Nautilus*, Captain Nemo explained, was capable of a speed of fifty miles an hour, and could be made to sink or rise with precision by flooding or emptying a reservoir. In a box, raised above the hull and fitted with glass ten inches thick, the steersman had his place, and a powerful electric reflector behind him illumined the sea for half a mile in front.

The submarine also carried a small torpedo-like boat, fitted in a groove along the top, so that it could be entered from the *Nautilus* by opening a panel, and, after that was closed, the boat could be detached from the submarine, and would then bob upwards to the surface like a cork. The importance of this in my story will appear in due time.

It was on a desert island that Captain Nemo had carried out the building of the

Nautilus, and he had secured the various parts of the hull and machinery from many different places, in order to maintain secrecy.

Deeply interested as I was in every detail of this extraordinary vessel, and excited beyond measure at the wonders which awaited me in exploring the world beneath the waves, I had still the feeling of a prisoner who dared scarcely hope that liberty might some day be obtained. But when the metal plates which covered the windows of the saloon were rolled back as we sailed under the water, and on each hand I could see a thronging army of many-coloured aquatic creatures swimming around us, attracted by our light, I was in an ecstasy of wonder and delight.

Then days would pass without Captain Nemo putting in an appearance, and none of the crew was ever to be seen. But the *Nautilus* kept on its journey, which, I learnt, took us to the Torres Strait, the Papuan coast, through the Red Sea, through a subterranean strait, under the Isthmus of Suez, to the island of Santorin, the Cretan Archipelago, to the South Pole, on whose sterile waste Captain Nemo reared his black flag with a white 'N' upon it, and through the Gulf Stream.

Of the wonders of the deep, those amazing and beautiful specimens of unknown life that passed before my vision on this strange journey, never before seen by the eye of any naturalist, I cannot here enter into particulars. But it must not be supposed, prisoners though we were, that we never emerged from the interior of the *Nautilus*.

One of my first surprises, indeed, was to be invited by Captain Nemo to accompany him on a hunting expedition in the marine forest that grew about the base

of the little island of Crespo, in the North Pacific Ocean. We were told to make a hearty breakfast, as the jaunt would be a long one. This we did, for we had soon become accustomed to the strange food, every item of which was produced by the sea.

FOR our submarine excursion we were furnished with diving dresses of seamless indiarubber, fitted on the shoulders with a reservoir of stored air, its tubes opening into the great copper helmet. We even had powerful air-guns and electric bullets, which proved weapons of deadly precision. When inside our diving dresses, we could not move our feet on account of the enormous leaden soles, so that we had to be pushed into a compartment at the bottom of the vessel, and the iron doors secured behind us. Water was then pumped in, and we could feel it rising around us, until the compartment was full, when an outer door opened and we stepped on to the floor of the sea.

For some considerable distance we walked along sands of the most perfect smoothness, and then had to make our way over slimy rocks and treacherous masses of seaweed, before we reached the fairy-like forest under the sea, where all the branches of the marvellous growths ascended perpendicularly.

It was indeed a rare experience for me, who had written *The Mysteries of the Great Submarine Grounds*, thus to see, at first hand, the life which I had only been able to speculate on before. We captured many rare specimens and shot a fine sea otter, the only known quadruped that inhabits the rocky depths of the Pacific. It was five feet long, and its skin was worth a hundred pounds.

IV—*Captain Nemo and the Avenger*

SO constantly was I enchanted with the wonders of our journey that day succeeded day without my taking note of them; but Captain Nemo, for all his kindness, still remained as mysterious as the Sphinx. One day he became violently agitated after looking through the glass at a point indicated by his lieutenant, and I and my companions were immediately imprisoned in darkness, as

we had been when first taken into the *Nautilus*.

When I awoke next morning the captain took me to see a wounded Englishman whose head had been shattered, and on my stating that the man could not live for two hours, the dark eyes of the captain seemed to fill with tears. I thought that night I heard sounds of a funeral hymn, and next day I was taken to a submarine

forest of coral, where they buried the man. This was really a little cemetery beneath the sea, as I gathered from the coral cross which had been erected there.

Ned Land, unlike me, was soon satisfied with what he had seen of the submarine world, and had now but one thought of escape. We were sailing up the eastern coast of South America, and by May 17 were some five hundred miles from Heart's Content. There I saw, at a depth of more than fifteen hundred fathoms, the great electric cable lying at the bottom of the ocean. The restlessness of poor Ned Land was at its height when he had a glimpse of the American shore; but Captain Nemo bent his course towards Ireland and then southward, passing within sight of Land's End on May 30.

All the next day the vessel seemed to be making a series of circular movements, in some endeavour to locate a particular spot, and the captain was gloomier than I had ever seen him, having no word for me. The following day, which was beautifully clear, we could make out, some eight miles to the eastward, a large steam vessel flying no flag. Suddenly, after using his sextant, the captain exclaimed: "It is here!"

Presently the *Nautilus* sank to the bottom of the sea. When at rest, the lights were put out and the sliding panels opened. We could now see on our starboard the remains of a sunken vessel, so encrusted with shells that it must have lain there a great many years. As I stood there wondering what might be Captain Nemo's reason for his manoeuvres, he came to my side and, speaking slowly, said:

"THAT was the *Marseillais*, launched in 1772. It carried seventy-four guns, and fought gallantly against the *Preston*, was in action again at the siege of Granada, and in Chesapeake Bay. Then in 1794 the French Republic changed the vessel's name, and it joined a squadron at Brest to escort a cargo of corn coming from America. The squadron fell in with an English man-o'-war, and seventy-two years ago to this very day, on this very spot, after fighting heroically, until its masts were shot away, its hold full of water, and a third of its

crew disabled, this vessel preferred sinking, with its 356 sailors, to surrendering. Nailing its colours to the mast, it sank beneath the waves to the cry of 'Long live the Republic!'"

"The *Avenger*!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, the *Avenger*. A good name!" said the captain, with a strange seriousness, as he crossed his arms.

ALREADY we were ascending, fast leaving the grave of the old *Avenger*. When we had reached the surface we could see the other vessel steaming towards us. A low boom greeted the *Nautilus* as its upper part showed above the water. Ned Land, aflame once more with hope of escape, made out the vessel to be a two-decker ram, but she showed no flag at her mizzen. It seemed for a moment there might just be some chance of escape for us three prisoners, and Ned declared he would jump into the sea if the man-o'-war came within a mile of us. Just then another gun boomed out. She was firing at us.

It flashed across my mind at that moment that as those on board the *Abraham Lincoln*, having once seen the effect of Ned Land's harpoon when it struck the *Nautilus*, could not but have concluded their enemy was no natural monster of the deep the warships of all nations would now be on the look-out for the *Nautilus*, and we on board it could scarcely hope for mercy.

The shot rattled about us as we stood on the opened upper deck of the submarine, and Ned Land, in a mad moment, waved his handkerchief to the enemy, only to be instantly felled by the iron hand of Captain Nemo. Then, frightfully pale, the captain turned towards the approaching man-o'-war, and in a voice terrible to hear, cried: "Ah, ship of an accursed nation, you know who I am. I do not need to see your colours to know you. Look, and see mine!"

So saying, he unfurled his black flag, and then sternly bade us go below, just as a shell struck the *Nautilus*, and rebounded into the sea. "You have seen the attack," he said calmly. "I shall sink yonder ship, but not here—no, not here. Her ruins shall not mingle with those of the *Avenger*."

V—The Doom of the Oppressor

HAVING no choice but to obey, we all went below, and the propeller of the *Nautilus* was soon lashing the water into creamy foam, taking us beyond the range of fire. I held my peace for a time, but, after some deliberation, ventured to go up in the hope of dissuading Captain Nemo from more destruction. His vessel was now coursing round the other ship like a wild beast manoeuvring to attack its prey, and I had scarcely spoken when the captain turned on me fiercely, commanding silence.

"Here I am the law and the judge," he said, almost in a shriek. "There is the oppressor. Through him I have lost all that I have loved, cherished and venerated—country, wife, children, father and mother. All that I hate is represented by that ship! Not another word!"

In the face of such fierce hatred it was useless to try persuasion. I and my companions resolved to attempt escape when the *Nautilus* made the attack. At six the next morning, being the second day of June, the two vessels were less than a mile and a half apart. Suddenly, as the three of us were preparing to rush on deck and jump overboard, the upper panel closed sharply. Our chance was gone!

Next moment the noise of the water rushing into the reservoir indicated that we were sinking, and in a moment more the machinery throbbed at its greatest speed as the *Nautilus* shot forward under the sea. Then the whole submarine

trembled; there was a shock, and then a rending jar above. The terror of the seas had cut its way through the other vessel like a needle through sailcloth.

Horror-stricken, I rushed into the saloon and found Captain Nemo, mute and gloomy, standing by the port panel, which had instantly been slid back, watching with a terrible satisfaction the injured vessel sinking with all its crew beneath the waves. The *Nautilus* sank with it, so that its terrible captain might lose nothing of the fascinating horror presented by the spectacle of his victims descending to their ocean grave.

When we had seen all, he went to his room and, following him, I saw on the wall the portraits of a woman, still young, and two little children. He looked at them, and as he stretched his arms toward them the fierce expression of hate died away from his face. He sank down on his knees and burst into deep sobs. I felt a strange horror for this man, who, though he might have suffered terribly, had no right to exact so terrible a vengeance.

The *Nautilus* was now making its top speed, and the instruments indicated a northerly direction. Whither was it flying? That night we covered two hundred leagues of the Atlantic. Onward we kept our course, the speed never lessening, and for fifteen or twenty days, during which we prisoners never saw the captain or his lieutenant, this headlong race continued.

VI—Our Escape from the *Nautilus*

POOR Ned Land was in despair, and Conseil and I had to watch him carefully lest he might kill himself. One morning he said to me:

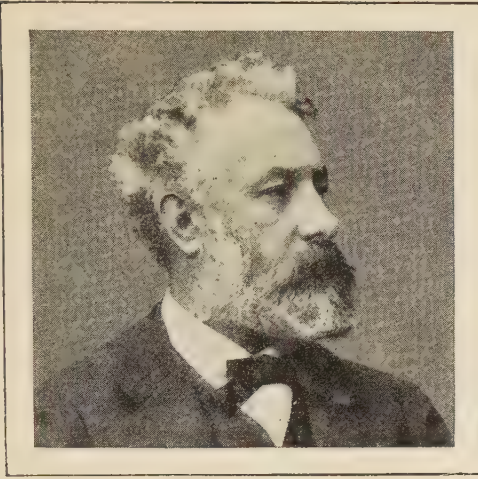
"We are going to fly to-night. I have taken the reckoning, and make out that twenty miles or so to the east is land. I have got a little food and water, and Conseil and I will be near the opening into the small boat at ten. If we do not escape, they shan't take me alive."

"I will go with you," I said. "At least we can die together."

Wishing to verify the direction of the *Nautilus*, I went to the saloon. We were

going N.N.E. with frightful speed at a depth of twenty-five fathoms. I took a last look at all the natural marvels and art treasures collected in this strange museum and then, back in my own room, I donned my sea garments, and placed all my notes carefully about my clothing. My heart was beating so loudly that I feared my agitation might betray me if I met Captain Nemo. I decided to lie down on my bed in the hope of calming my nerves, and thus to pass the time till the hour for our attempt.

Ten o'clock was on the point of striking, when I heard Captain Nemo playing a



JULES VERNE was born at Nantes, February 8, 1828. As a young man, he went to Paris with the idea of becoming a barrister, but dramatic and literary work appealed more strongly to him, and the popularity of some travellers' tales which he contributed to a family journal decided him to devote his talent to the development of the scientific romance, of which he became, and remains, an acknowledged master. Though never elected to the Academy, several of his romances were 'crowned' by that body, and Jules Verne was appointed a member of the Legion of Honour. He died at Amiens, March 24, 1905.

weird and sad melody, and I was struck with the sudden terror of having to pass through the saloon while he was there. I must make the attempt, and softly I crept to the door of the saloon and softly opened it. Captain Nemo was still playing his subdued melody; but the room was in darkness, and slowly I made my way across it to the library door. I had almost opened this when a sigh from him made me pause.

He had risen from the organ and, as some rays of light were now admitted from the library, I could see him coming toward me with folded arms, gliding like a ghost rather than walking. His breast heaved with sobs, and I heard him murmur these words, the last of his I heard: "Enough! O God, enough!" Was it remorse escaping thus from the conscience of this mysterious being?

Had I not seen it begin with the tears in his eyes at the death of the Englishman whom he had buried in the coral cemetery, and who was doubtless a victim of one of his acts of destruction?

Now rendered desperate, I rushed into the library, up the central staircase, and

so gained the opening to the boat where my companions were awaiting me. Quickly the panel through which we went was shut and bolted by means of a wrench which Ned Land had secured. The opening of the boat was also quickly fastened after we had got inside, and the harpooner had begun to undo from the inside the screws that still fastened the boat to the *Nautilus*.

Suddenly a great noise was heard within the submarine. We thought we had been discovered, and were prepared to die defending ourselves. Ned Land stopped his work for the moment, and the noise grew louder. It was a terrible word, twenty times repeated, that we heard. 'The Maelstrom! The Maelstrom!'

Was it to this, then, that the *Nautilus* had been driven, by accident or design, with such headlong speed? We heard a roaring noise, and could feel ourselves whirled in spiral circles. The steel muscles of the submarine were cracking, and at times in the awful churning of the whirlpool it seemed to stand on end. "We must hold on," cried Land, "and we may be saved if we can stick to the *Nautilus*."

His anxiety now was to make fast the screws that bound the boat to the submarine, but he had scarcely finished speaking when, with a great crash, the bolts gave way, and the boat shot up, released from the larger vessel, into the midst of the whirlpool. My head struck on its iron framework and with the violent shock I lost all consciousness.

HOW we escaped from that hideous gulf, where even whales of mighty strength have been tossed and battered to death, none of us will ever know! But I was in a fisherman's hut on the Lofoden Isles when I regained consciousness. My two companions were by my side, safe and sound, and we all shook hands heartily. There we had to wait for the steamer that runs twice a month to Cape North, and in the interval I occupied myself revising this record of our incredible expedition in an element previously considered inaccessible to man, but to which progress will one day open up a way.

I may be believed or not, but I know that I have made a journey of twenty thousand leagues under the sea.

W. H. PRESCOTT
THE HISTORY OF THE
CONQUEST OF PERU

IN 1847, four years after the publication of his *History of the Conquest of Mexico* (see page 1351 of *The World's Great Books*) Prescott issued the companion work *The History of the Conquest of Peru*. He declared his object to have been to exhibit this history in all its romantic details, not merely portraying its most characteristic features but filling up the outline with the colouring of life so as to present a minute and faithful picture of the times. In the result he produced a most exceptionally picturesque narrative, packed with a long series of hairbreadth escapes, victories over tremendous odds, and of eventualities succeeding one another with kaleidoscopic effect. Also it is an authoritative work on one of the most romantic, if also one of the darkest, episodes in all history, and as it confirmed Prescott's high rank as a historian both in America and in Europe, so it established for him a popularity which remains undiminished. Of recent editions that included in Everyman's Library can be recommended.

I—The Realm of the Incas



AMONG the rumours which circulated among the ambitious adventurers of the New World, one of the most dazzling was that of a rich empire far to the south, a very El Dorado, where gold was as abundant as were the common metals in the Old World, and where precious stones were to be had almost for the picking up. These rumours fired the hopes of three men in the Spanish colony at Panamá—namely, Francisco Pizarro and Diego de Almagro, both soldiers of fortune, and Hernando de Luque, a Spanish priest. And it was primarily from the efforts of these three that that astonishing episode, the Spanish conquest of Peru, came to pass.

The character of that empire which the Spaniards discovered and undertook to conquer may be briefly sketched.

According to the traditions of Peru, there had come to that country, then lying in barbarism and darkness, two 'Children of the Sun,' who had taught them wise customs and the arts of civilization, and from whom had sprung by direct descent the incas, who thus ruled over them by a divine right. Beside the ruling inca, whose person and decrees received an honour that was almost worship, there were numerous nobles, also of the royal blood, who formed a ruling caste. These were held in great honour, and were evidently of a race superior to the common

people, a fact to which the very shape of their skulls testifies.

The government was developed to an extraordinary pitch of control over even the private lives of the people. The whole land and produce of the country were divided into three parts, one for the Sun, the supreme national deity, one for the inca, and the third for the people. This last was divided among them according to their needs, especially according to the size of their families, and the distribution of land was made afresh each year. On this principle, no one could suffer from poverty, no one could rise by his efforts to a higher position than that which birth and circumstances allotted to him.

The government prescribed to every man his local habitation, his sphere of action, nay, the very nature and quality of that action. He ceased to be a free agent; it might almost be said that it relieved him of personal responsibility. Even his marriage was determined for him; from time to time all the men and women who had attained marriageable age were summoned to the great squares of their respective towns, and the hands of the couples joined by the presiding magistrate. The consent of the parents was required, and the preference of the parties was supposed to be consulted, but owing to the barriers imposed by the prescribed age of the parties, this must have been within rather narrow limits. A

dwelling was prepared for each couple at the charge of the district, and the prescribed portion of land assigned for their maintenance.

The country, as a whole, was divided into four great provinces, each ruled by a viceroy. Below him there was a minute subdivision of supervision and authority, down to the division into decades, by which every tenth man was responsible for his nine countrymen.

The tribunals of justice were simple and swift in their procedure, and all responsible to the crown, to whom regular reports were forwarded, being thus put in a position to review and rectify any abuses in the administration of the law.

The organization of the country was altogether on a much higher level than that encountered by the Spaniards in any other part of the American continent. There was, for example, a complete census of the people periodically taken. There was a system of posts, carried by runners, more efficient and complete than any system in Europe.

There was, lastly, a method of embodying in the empire any conquered country, which can only be compared to the Roman method. Local customs were interfered

with as little as possible, local gods were carried to Cuzco and honoured in the pantheon there, and the chiefs of the country were brought to the capital, where they were honoured and by every possible means attached to the new *régime*.

The language of the capital was diffused everywhere, and every inducement to learn it offered, so that the difficulty presented by the variety of dialects was overcome.

THUS, the empire of the incas achieved a solidarity very different from the loose and often unwilling cohesion of the various parts of the Mexican empire, which was ready to fall to pieces as soon as opportunity offered. The Peruvian empire arose as one great fabric, composed of numerous and even hostile tribes, yet, under the influence of a common religion, common language and common government, knit together as one nation, animated by a spirit of love for its institutions and devoted loyalty to its sovereign.

They all learnt thus to bow in unquestioning obedience to the decrees of the divine inca. For the government of the incas, while it was the mildest, was the most searching of despotisms.

II—First Step Towards Conquest

IT was early in the sixteenth century that tidings of the golden empire in the south reached the Spaniards, and more than one effort was made to discover it. But these proved abortive, and it was not until after the brilliant conquest of Mexico by Cortés that the enterprise destined for success was set on foot. Then, in 1524, Francisco Pizarro, Almagro and Father Luque united their efforts to pursue the design of discovering and conquering this rich realm of the south. The first expedition, sailing under Pizarro in 1524, was unable to proceed more than a certain distance, owing to their inadequate numbers and scanty outfit, and returned to Panamá to seek reinforcements.

Then, in 1526, the three coadjutors signed a contract which has become famous. The two captains solemnly engaged to devote themselves to the undertaking until it should be accomplished, and to share equally with Father

Luque all gains, both of land and treasure. This last provision was in recognition of the fact that the priest had supplied by far the greater part of the funds required, or apparently did so, for from another document it appears that he was only the representative of the licentiate, Gaspar de Espinosa, then at Panamá, who really furnished the money.

The next expedition met with great vicissitudes, and it was only the invincible spirit of Pizarro which carried them as far as the Gulf of Guayaquil and the rich city of Tumbez. Hence they returned once more to Panamá, carrying this time better tidings, and again seeking reinforcements. But the governor of the colony gave them no encouragement, and at last it was decided that Pizarro should go to Spain and apply for help from the crown. He did so, and in 1529 was executed the memorable 'capitulation' which defined the powers and privileges of Pizarro.

It granted to Pizarro the right of discovery and conquest in the province of Peru—or New Castile, as it was then called—the title of governor, and a salary, with inferior honours for his associates ; all these to be enjoyed on the conquest of the country and the salaries to be derived from its revenues. Pizarro was to provide for the good government and protection of the natives, and to carry with him a specified number of ecclesiastics to care for their spiritual welfare.

On Pizarro's return to America, he had to contend with the discontent of Almagro at the unequal distribution of authority and honours, but after he had been somewhat appeased by the efforts of Pizarro, the third expedition set sail in January 1531. It comprised three ships, carrying 180 men and 27 horses—a slender enough force for the conquest of an empire.

After various adventures the Spaniards landed at Tumbez, and in May 1532 set out from there to march along the coast. After founding a town some thirty leagues south of Tumbez, which he named San Miguel, Pizarro marched into the interior, with the bold design of meeting the inca himself.

He came at a moment when Peru was but just emerging from a civil conflict, in which Atahualpa had routed the rival and more legitimate claimant to the throne of the incas, Huascar. On his march, Pizarro was met by an envoy from the inca, inviting him to visit him in his camp, with, as Pizarro guessed, no friendly intent. This coincided, however, with the purposes of Pizarro, and he pressed forward.

WHEN his soldiers showed signs of discouragement in face of the great dangers before them, Pizarro addressed them thus: 'Let every one of you take heart and go forward like a good soldier, nothing daunted by the smallness of your numbers. For in the greatest extremity God ever fights for His own ; and doubt not He will humble the pride of the heathen, and bring him to the knowledge of the true faith, the great end and object of the conquest.'

The enthusiasm of the troops was at once rekindled.

'Lead on,' they shouted, as he finished his address ; 'lead on wherever you think best !' We will follow with goodwill ; and



PIZARRO SEIZING THE INCA OF PERU

From the painting by Sir John Everett Millais, P.R.A.

you shall see that we can do our duty in the cause of God and the king !'

They had need of all their daring. For when they had penetrated to Caxamalca they found the inca encamped there at the head of a great host of his subjects, and knew that if his uncertain friendliness towards them should evaporate, they would be in a desperate case.

Pizarro then determined to follow the example of Cortés, and gain possession of the sovereign's person. He achieved this by what can only be called an act of treachery ; he invited the inca to visit his quarters and then, taking them unawares, killed a large number of his followers and took him prisoner.

The effect was precisely what Pizarro had hoped for. The ' Child of the Sun ' once captured, the Indians, who had no law but his command, no confidence but in his leadership, fled, and the Spaniards remained masters of the situation.

They treated the inca at first with respect and, while keeping him a prisoner, allowed

him a measure of freedom and free intercourse with his subjects. He soon saw a door of hope in the Spaniards' eagerness for gold, and offered an enormous ransom. The offer was accepted, and messengers were sent throughout the empire to collect it. At last it reached an amount, in gold, of the value of nearly three and a half million pounds sterling, besides a quantity of silver.

But even this ransom did not suffice to free the inca. Owing partly to the malevolence of an Indian interpreter, who bore the inca ill will, and partly to rumours of a general rising of the natives instigated by the inca, the army began to demand his life as necessary to their safety. Pizarro appeared to be opposed to this demand ; but he yielded to his soldiers, and after a form of trial the inca was executed. But Pizarro cannot be acquitted of responsibility for a deed which formed the climax of one of the darkest chapters in Spanish colonial history, and it is probable that the design coincided well with his aims.

III—Triumph of Pizarro and His Assassination

THERE WAS nothing now to hinder the victorious march of the Spaniards to Cuzco, the Peruvian capital. They now numbered nearly five hundred, having been reinforced by the arrival of Almagro from Panamá.

In Cuzco they found great quantities of treasure, with the natural result that the prices of ordinary commodities rose enormously as the value of gold and silver declined, so only those few who returned with their present gains to their native country could be called wealthy.

All power was now in the hands of the Spaniards. Pizarro, indeed, placed upon the throne of the incas the legitimate heir, Manco, but it was only in order that he might be the puppet of his own purposes.

His next step was to found a new capital, which should be near enough to the sea-coast to meet the need of a commercial people. He determined upon the site of Lima on the festival of Epiphany 1535, and named it ' Ciudad de los Reyes,' or City of the Kings, in honour of the day. But this name was before long superseded by that of Lima, which arose from the corruption of a Peruvian name.

Meanwhile, Hernando Pizarro, the brother of Francisco, had sailed to Spain to report their success. He returned with royal letters confirming the previous grants to Francisco and his associates and bestowing upon Almagro a jurisdiction over a given tract of country beginning from the southern limit of Pizarro's government. This grant became a fruitful source of dissension between Almagro and the Pizarros, each claiming as within his jurisdiction the rich city of Cuzco, a question which the uncertain knowledge of distances in the newly explored country made it difficult to decide.

But the Spaniards had now for a time other occupation than the pursuit of their own quarrels. The inca Manco, escaping from the captivity in which he had lain for a time, put himself at the head of a host of Indians, said to number two hundred thousand, and laid siege to Cuzco early in February 1536.

The siege was memorable as calling out the most heroic displays of Indian and European valour and bringing the two races into deadlier conflict with each other than had yet occurred in the con-

quest of Peru. The Spaniards were hard pressed, for by means of burning arrows the Indians set the city on fire, and only their encampment in the midst of an open space enabled the Spaniards to endure the conflagration around. They suffered severely, too, from famine. The relief from Lima for which they looked did not come, as Pizarro was in no position to send help, and from this they feared the worst as to the fate of their companions.

Only the firm resolution of the Pizarro brothers and the other leaders within the city kept the army from attempting to force a way out, which would have meant the abandoning of the city. At last they were rewarded by the sight of the great host around them melting away. Seed-time had come, and the inca knew that it would be fatal for his people to neglect their fields and thus prepare starvation for themselves in the following year. Thus, though bodies of the enemy remained to watch the city, the siege was virtually raised and the most pressing danger passed.

While these events were happening, Almagro was engaged upon a memorable expedition to Chile. His troops suffered great privations, and hearing no good tidings of the country farther south, he was prevailed upon to return to Cuzco. Here, claiming the governorship, he captured Hernando and Gonzalo Pizarro, though refusing the counsel of his lieutenant that they should be put to death.

IV—*Later Fortunes of the Conquerors*

THE death of Pizarro did not prove in any sense a guarantee of peace among the Spaniards in Peru. At the time of his death, indeed, an envoy from the Spanish court was on his way to Peru, who from his integrity and wisdom might indeed have given rise to a hope that a happier day was about to dawn. He was endowed with powers to assume the governorship in the event of Pizarro's death, as well as instructions to bring about a more peaceful settlement of affairs. He arrived to find himself indeed the lawful governor, but had before him the task of enforcing his authority. This brought him into collision with the son of Almagro, at the head of a strong party of his father's

Then, proceeding to the coast, he met Francisco Pizarro, and a treaty was concluded between them, by which Almagro, pending instructions from Spain, was to retain Cuzco and Hernando Pizarro was to be set free, on condition of sailing for Spain. But Francisco broke the treaty as soon as made, and sent Hernando with an army against Almagro, warning the latter that unless he gave up Cuzco the responsibility of the consequences would be on his own head.

The two armies met at Las Salinas, and Almagro was defeated and imprisoned in Cuzco. Before long Hernando brought him to trial and to death. Hernando, on his return to Spain, suffered twenty years' imprisonment for this deed, which outraged both public sentiment and sense of justice.

FRANCISCO PIZARRO, though affecting to be shocked at the death of Almagro, cannot be acquitted of all share in it. So, indeed, the followers of Almagro thought, and they were goaded to still further hatred of the Pizarros by the poverty and contempt in which they now lived, as the survivors of a discredited party. The house of Almagro's son in Lima formed a centre of disaffection, to whose menace Pizarro showed remarkable blindness. He paid dearly for this excessive confidence, for on Sunday, June 26, 1541, he was attacked while sitting in his house among his friends, and killed.

followers. A bloody battle took place on the plains of Chupas, in which Vaca de Castro was victorious. Almagro was arrested at Cuzco and executed.

The history of the Spanish dominion now resolves itself into the history of warring factions, the chief hero of which was Gonzalo Pizarro, one of the brothers of the great Pizarro. The Spaniards in Peru felt themselves deeply injured by the publication of regulations from Spain, by which a sudden check was put upon their spoliation and oppression of the natives, which had reached an extreme pitch of cruelty and destructiveness. They called upon Gonzalo to lead them in vindication of what they regarded as their

privileges by right of conquest and of their service to the Spanish crown. His hands were strengthened by the rash and high-handed behaviour of Blasco Nuñez Vela, yet another official sent out from Spain to deal with this turbulent province.

Pizarro himself was an able and daring leader and, at least in his earlier years, of a chivalrous spirit, which made him beloved of his soldiers. He was soon acclaimed as governor by the Spaniards and was actually supreme in Peru.

But in the following year, 1545, the Spanish government selected an envoy who was to bring the now ascendant star of Pizarro to eclipse. This was an ecclesiastic named Pedro de la Gasca, a man of great resolution, penetration and knowledge of affairs. After varying fortunes, in which Pizarro for some time held his own, he was routed by the troops of Gasca. Pizarro surrendered to an officer, and was carried before Gasca.

Addressing him with severity, Gasca abruptly inquired why he had thrown the country into such confusion, raising the banner of revolt, usurping the government, and obstinately refusing the offer of

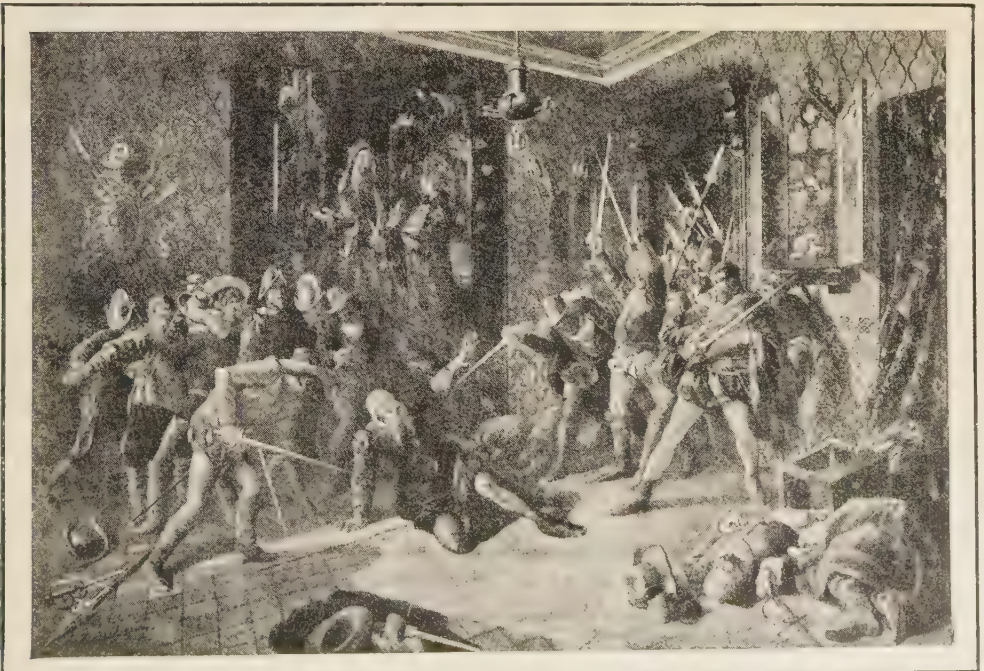
grace that had been repeatedly made to him.

Gonzalo defended himself as having been elected by the people. 'It was my family,' he said, 'who conquered the country and, as their representative here, I felt I had a right to the government.'

To this Gasca replied, in a still severer tone, 'Your brother did, indeed, conquer the land; and for this the emperor was pleased to raise both him and you from the dust. He lived and died a loyal subject, and it only makes your ingratitude to your sovereign the more heinous.'

A sentence of death followed, and thus passed the last of Pizarro's name to rule in Peru.

Under the wise reforms instituted by Gasca, Peru was somewhat relieved of the disastrous effects of the Spanish occupation, and under the mild yet determined policy inaugurated by him, the ancient distractions of the country were permanently healed. With peace, prosperity returned within the borders of Peru, and this much-tried land settled down at last to a considerable measure of tranquillity and content.



ASSASSINATION OF FRANCISCO PIZARRO, CONQUEROR OF PERU

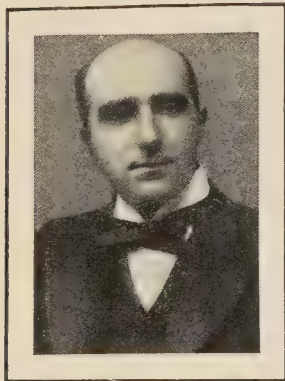
From the painting by Laguna

A Note on A. W. Pinero

ARTHUR WING PINERO, one of the most prolific of our latter-day dramatists and, deservedly, one of the most popular and therefore most prosperous, has written nothing quite so good as *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*. He had been producing plays with remarkable regularity for some fifteen years before that memorable night at the St. James's Theatre, in May 1893 when

Mrs. Patrick Campbell created the part of Paula Tanqueray, bringing fortune to author and theatre and fame to herself.

It was indeed an event, not only to those who followed things theatrical closely, but to the great public generally. Everyone was talking about Mrs. Tanqueray and 'Mrs. Pat.' A good many worthy people found the piece rather 'daring' ('tis thirty years since, remember!); but all were agreed as to its uncommon quality. One or two good judges declared it was the best thing he would ever do—and these last were right. High-water mark had been reached thus early. A tremendous success, *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* was a certain draw in London, in the provinces, and in America, while translations made it known on the Continent. The free quotations in our epitome are made by permission of Sir Arthur Pinero, and of Wm. Heinemann who publish all the Pinero plays.



A. W. Pinero in 1892

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THE son of a solicitor of Portuguese origin, long settled in London, Arthur Pinero began as an actor—a fact to which may be ascribed that rare sense of the stage and its 'business' which makes itself felt in every one of his productions. After a couple of years (1874–1876) at the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, the young actor came to London, and appeared in several plays at the Globe before joining the Lyceum company, first under Mrs. Bateman and then under Henry Irving. His acting, by all accounts, was sound and safe. Had it been otherwise he would not have been with the Bancrofts at the Haymarket! Happily, it was not of such outstanding superiority as to monopolise his life; for play-writing was his true métier, as theatre-goers were soon to discover.

By 1880, when his first serious dramatic effort, *The Money Spinner*, was produced in Manchester, Pinero had definitely abandoned

the actor's career, and there was nothing now to interfere with his work as a writer for the stage. In December 1881 his *The Squire*, at the St. James's, had shown real promise; and something considerably beyond promise was seen in the glorious farce *The Magistrate*—quite fresh to-day, as we saw but recently—which filled the little Court Theatre with uncontrollable laughter in the spring of '85. Arthur Cecil, Mrs. John Wood, Blakeley, Frederick Kerr, Rose Norreys—what a cast!

THE next few years were busy indeed. Following *The Schoolmistress* (1886), came *Dandy Dick* (1887), *Sweet Lavender* (1888), *The Profligate* (1889), *The Cabinet Minister* (1890) and *The Amazons* (1893). *Sweet Lavender*, described as 'a domestic drama,' and frankly Victorian, will live as long as anything that has come from its author's pen. It has a charm, an ingenuous simplicity, a sweet, fresh aroma as of the fragrant herb itself; and all English-speaking people love it accordingly.

After Mrs. Tanqueray we had *The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith* (1895), which was not an unqualified success, though far from being a bad play. But it did not bear comparison with what had just preceded it, for, as always, *le mieux est l'ennemi du bien*. *Trelawny of the Wells* (1898), in an entirely different manner, won well-merited applause; while *The Gay Lord Quex*, in the next year, drew crowds to the Globe. There was little of the fascination of Mrs. Tanqueray here, almost none of its nicer feeling; but, rather, a worldliness, a cynicism that, while attracting, shocked a little, perhaps. However, while this was rather hard comedy, the other was sheer tragedy in all its essentials. Of the exceptional cleverness of *Quex* there was never the least doubt; and in the name-part John Hare made one of his most conspicuous successes.

AMONG the pieces dated this century *His House in Order* (1906) deserves a prominent place. When in 1909 the birthday honours list contained the announcement of a knighthood for Mr. Arthur Wing Pinero, the eminent playwright's innumerable friends rejoiced that he had received fitting acknowledgment of many years' splendid work for the British theatre. For a long period, indeed, the author of *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* was justly regarded as our foremost dramatist; and if, during the past decade or so, that position has been challenged more or less effectively by others of equal brilliance and attainments, it may with safety be declared that none of his rivals has given the theatre-going public more real, wholesome pleasure and diversion.



Swaine

Arthur W. Cress.

ARTHUR WING PINERO

THE SECOND MRS. TANQUERAY

Outlined by Edgar Preston

First Act: Aubrey's Chambers in the Albany



AUBREY TANQUERAY is entertaining a little party of men friends at dinner in his chambers in the Albany. They are Frank Misquith, Q.C., M.P., Dr. Gordon Jayne and Cayley Drummle—all, like their host, agreeable, well-bred people in early middle age. Tanqueray lets his guests into a secret: he is going to be married the very next day, and this is a sort of farewell feast to his best 'pals.' He does not tell them the name of the bride, but sets them wondering when he says his marriage 'isn't the conventional sort of marriage likely to satisfy society,' and hints that their wives 'may not like—the lady.' However, her name doesn't matter; she belongs, he says, to the next chapter, and in that her name will be Mrs. Aubrey Tanqueray. The meal over, Tanqueray asks to be excused while he goes away to write a couple of letters. Over their coffee and cigars the friends discuss the coming event.

Drummle: Deuce take it, the man's second marriage mustn't be another mistake!

Jayne: You knew him in his short married life, Cayley. Terribly unsatisfactory, wasn't it?

Drummle: He married a Miss Herriott; that was in the year eighteen—confound dates!—twenty years ago. She was a lovely creature—by Jove she was; by religion a Roman Catholic. She was one of your cold sort, you know—all marble arms and black velvet. I remember her with painful distinctness as the only woman who ever made me nervous. She was an iceberg! However, he married her, and in time a child came—a daughter.

Jayne: Didn't that—

Drummle: Not a bit of it; it made matters worse. Frightened at her failure to stir up in him some sympathetic religious belief, she determined upon strong measures with regard to the child. He opposed her at first, but she wore him down and the insensible little brat was placed in a

convent. Not long afterwards the mother died, strangely enough, of fever, the only warmth, I believe, that ever came to that woman's body!

Jayne: The child is living, we know.

Drummle: Yes, if you choose to call it living. Miss Tanqueray—a young woman of nineteen now—is in the Lorette convent at Armagh. Within a month or two she will take final vows. When Aubrey went over to Ireland the other day it was to wish his girl good-bye. He had hoped she would relent, but it was too late; he found he was dealing with the spirit of the mother, and I know he felt his loneliness acutely.

Tanqueray comes back to the room, and after a little general conversation Misquith and Jayne bid him good-night. Drummle stays behind a little. Tanqueray tells him—his closest, oldest friend—the lady he is going to marry is Mrs. Jarman. Drummle is plainly shocked. He knows 'Mrs. Jarman'—and her reputation. When he first met her in Homburg three seasons ago she was 'Mrs. Dartry'; while in reality, as Aubrey admits, she has no right to either of those names, being simply Miss Paula Ray.

Aubrey: I know you think me a fool, Cayley, but I know what I'm doing, and I do it deliberately, defiantly. I'm alone; I injure no living soul by the step I'm going to take; and so you can't urge the one argument that might restrain me.

Drummle: My dear Aubrey, I assure you I consider Mrs.—Miss Jarman—Mrs. Ray—Miss Ray—delightful. But I confess there is a form of chivalry which I gravely distrust, especially in a man of—our age.

Aubrey: Thanks. I've heard you say that from forty till fifty a man is at heart either a stoic or a satyr.

Drummle (*protestingly*): Ah, now—

Aubrey: I am neither. I have a temperate, honourable affection for Mrs. Jarman. She has never met a man who has treated her well—I intend to treat her well. That's all. In a few years I'll prove to you that it's possible to rear a life of happiness, of good repute, on a—miserable foundation.

Drummle (*offering his hand*): Do prove it!

Aubrey's man enters to say Mrs. Jarman has arrived. Surprised, Aubrey tells him to show her into another room. Drummle departs immediately, and the next moment Paula comes in and throws her arms round Aubrey's neck.

She is in superb evening dress—a young woman of about twenty-seven, beautiful, fresh, innocent-looking. He reproaches her gently with coming at such an hour—What on earth will his man think? 'Goose!' she exclaims; with a laugh. 'Fancy troubling about what servants think! Why, they're only machines made to wait upon people—and to give evidence in the Divorce Court!' He offers her refreshment, but she will have nothing, unless it be some of that beautiful fruit. 'I love fruit—when it's expensive.' Presently she takes a letter from her pocket

and gives it to him. This is the real reason for her visit. The letter contains a full list of her adventures. 'Most of it you're acquainted with; *I've* told you a good deal, haven't I? What I haven't told you I daresay you've heard from others.' But in case they've omitted anything—the dears—it's all here!' She tells him she will release him from his promise if, after reading the letter, he should desire it. Protesting that all this is unnecessary, and begging her not to think of the past, Aubrey refuses to read the confession, and at last—half serious, half bantering—she allows him to burn it unread. When Aubrey has seen Paula into her carriage he reads a letter which has come during the evening. It is from his daughter Ellean, to say she realizes his loneliness and is ready to come to him, if he will receive her.

Second Act: At Aubrey Tanqueray's House

IT is the spring of the following year.

Aubrey and Paula are seated at breakfast in their beautiful Surrey house, Highercoombe. Until recently, when he brought Paula to the house, Tanqueray had not lived in it since the death of his first wife. Paula is bored and angry, and she tells Aubrey so. Their nearest neighbour, Mrs. Cortelyon, an old friend of the Tanquerays, has not called on her. 'However,' she remarks viciously, 'I have my revenge—she's six-and-forty, and I wish nothing worse to happen to any woman!' Then there is Ellean. Paula is jealous of the girl, who keeps her at a distance, and whose only thought seems to be for her father. Needing a good woman's love and sympathy and finding none, Aubrey's second wife is very much disposed to kick over the traces. In fact, she has written to Lady Orreyed, an old acquaintance with a pre-nuptial past not unlike her own, inviting her and her stupid, bibulous husband to come and stay at Highercoombe. Aubrey is strongly opposed to this, for Mabel Orreyed is a silly little flaxen-haired doll, and no fit companion for his beautiful Paula. Ellean, to please her father, tries to be 'nice' to her stepmother, but it is a rather hollow business. Then Drummle turns up and, in his good-natured, common-sensible way, tries to smooth matters. Among other things he advises Aubrey not

to regard his daughter as a sort of saint, but to 'treat her as an ordinary flesh-and-blood young woman' and give her the advantages of that society to which she properly belongs. While the pair are talking the sound of wheels is heard on the drive. Mrs. Cortelyon is announced. She has come to pay her long-deferred call, influenced, no doubt, by Cayley Drummle, who has been staying at her house. She is a handsome, good-humoured widow.

Aubrey (*listening*): Here is my wife. (*Mrs. Cortelyon rises, and Paula enters; she stops abruptly on seeing Mrs. Cortelyon.*) Paula dear, Mrs. Cortelyon has called to see you.

(*Paula starts, looks at Mrs. Cortelyon irresolutely, then, after a slight pause, barely touches Mrs. Cortelyon's extended hand.*)

Paula: Mrs.—— What name, Aubrey?

Aubrey: Mrs. Cortelyon.

Paula: Cortelyon? Oh, yes, Cortelyon.

Mrs. Cortelyon: Aubrey ought to have told you that Alice Cortelyon and he are very old friends.

Paula: Oh, very likely he has mentioned the circumstance. I have quite a wretched memory.

Mrs. Cortelyon: You know we are neighbours, Mrs. Tanqueray.

Paula: Neighbours? Are we really? Won't you sit down? (*They both sit.*) Neighbours! That's most interesting!

Mrs. Cortelyon: Very near neighbours. You can see my roof from your windows.

Paula: I fancy I have observed a roof. But you have been away from home; you have only just returned.

Mrs. Cortelyon: What makes you think so?



MRS. CORTELYON IS FRIGIDLY RECEIVED BY PAULA

Dennis Eadie, Fay Davis, Gladys Cooper, Molly Kerr and Gilbert Hare in the 1922 revival

Paula : Why, because it is two months since we came to Highercoombe, and I don't remember your having called.

Mrs. Cortelyon : No, I have not been away from home, and it is to explain my neglect that I am here, rather unceremoniously, this morning.

Paula : Oh, to explain—quite so. (*With mock solicitude.*) Ah, you've been very ill ; I ought to have seen that before. You look dreadfully pulled down. We poor women show illness so plainly in our faces, don't we ?

Aubrey (anxiously) : Paula dear, Mrs. Cortelyon is the picture of health.

Mrs. Cortelyon : I never felt better in my life.

Mrs. Cortelyon, exchanging glances with Cayley Drummle, continues to keep her temper. She apologises to Paula very courteously for having neglected to call sooner, and then changes the subject by asking if she and Aubrey will let Ellean go with her to Paris for a week or two and then stay with her in Chester Square with her during the Season. Aubrey is delighted at the suggestion, so is Ellean ; but Paula remains cold and sarcastic, and when at last she gives her consent, it is with a very bad grace.

Paula (turning away) : Mrs. Cortelyon is going.

(*Paula stands looking out of the window, with her back to those in the room.*)

Mrs. Cortelyon (to Drummle) : Cayley——

Drummle (to her) : Eh ?

Mrs. Cortelyon : I've gone through it for the sake of Aubrey and his child, but I—I feel a hundred. Is that a madwoman ?

Drummle : Of course ; all jealous women are mad.

(*He goes away with Aubrey.*)

Mrs. Cortelyon (hesitatingly to Paula) : Good-bye, Mrs. Tanqueray.

(*Paula inclines her head with the slightest possible movement, then resumes her former position. Ellean comes from the hall and takes Mrs. Cortelyon out of the room.*)

When Aubrey returns Paula has taken off her coat and hat and thrown them on a settee. He tries to calm her, but she will not listen, and tells a servant, whom she summons, to let the coachman drive at once to the post office and send off a letter that is lying on the table. It is the invitation to Lady Orreyed which, before Mrs. Cortelyon's visit, she had promised Aubrey to destroy. When he remonstrates she threatens to walk out of the house if he insults her again.

Aubrey : Insult you ?

Paula : Insult me ! What else is it ? My God ! What else is it ? What do you mean by taking Ellean from me ?

Aubrey : Listen——

Paula : Listen to me ! And how do you take her ? You pack her off in the care of a woman who has deliberately held aloof from me, who's thrown mud at me ! Ah ! of course, of course ! I can't be so useful to your daughter as such people as this ; and so I'm to be given the go-by for any town friend of yours who turns up and chooses to patronise us ! Hah ! Very well, at any rate, as you take Ellean from me you justify my

looking for companions where I can most readily find 'em.

Aubrey : And could you, after all, go back to associates of that order ? It's not possible !

Paula (*mockingly*) : What, not after the refining influence of these intensely respectable surroundings ? (*Going to the door.*) We'll see !

Aubrey : Paula !

Paula (*violently*) : We'll see !

(*She goes out. He stands still looking after her.*)

Third Act: The Drawing-Room at Highercoombe

PAULA, looking pale, worn and thoroughly unhappy, is sitting after dinner in the drawing-room at Highercoombe. With her is Lady Orreyed, whose patronising vulgarity has evidently got on her nerves. Paula and her husband have been hardly on speaking terms since the arrival of the Orreyeds about three weeks ago. Drummle, who is also staying with them, attempts to reconcile the Tanquerays, and in the course of conversation with Paula learns that she, out of spite, has intercepted several letters to Aubrey from Mrs. Cortelyon and from Ellean in Paris. She hates herself for her meanness, and doesn't know what to do with the wretched letters. Drummle advises her to give them to her husband, which she does. He takes them very patiently, with no reproaches, and tries to 'make it up.' But as they talk Paula comes to realize that her husband doesn't consider her a decent companion for Ellean. There is a painful scene, at the end of which she pleads passionately, pathetically, for 'another chance.' Meanwhile she begs Aubrey to get rid of the Orreyeds—she has done with them !

Almost immediately after she has gone Mrs. Cortelyon and Ellean come in. Astonished at not having had any acknowledgment of their letters, and fearing something is amiss, they have hurried back from Paris. Aubrey explains that an accident has prevented the letters from reaching him. Ellean, who is full of animation and in splendid health goes out, leaving Mrs. Cortelyon to explain to Aubrey that the girl has fallen in love with a young soldier, Hugh Ardale, whose acquaintance they have made in Paris. He is the son of an old friend of Mrs. Cortelyon's, and has won the V.C. and his company for gallant work at some far-away station in India. Ardale has come

over from Paris with them, eager to meet Ellean's father. Aubrey goes out to escort Mrs. Cortelyon home, and Ellean, who has just returned, is left alone. As the father kisses her he whispers 'Be very gentle with Paula.' Presently Hugh appears at the open French window leading to the garden. Hearing Paula coming, he retreats, telling his sweetheart he will wait in the garden until she is free. Ellean is unusually affectionate with her step-mother, who responds impulsively ; and soon the girl is telling her of her love affair. Greatly interested, the older woman, when she hears Hugh is so near, insists that Ellean shall present him to her at once. He comes in.

ELLEAN : Paula, this is Captain Ardale—Mrs. Tanqueray.

(*Paula rises and turns, and she and Hugh stand staring blankly at each other ; then Paula advances and gives him her hand.*)

Paula (*in a strange voice, but calmly*) : How do you do ? (*To Ellean*) : Mr. Ardale and I have met in London, Ellean. Er—Captain Ardale now ?

Hugh : Yes.

Paula : Ellean dear, I want to have a little talk about you to Mr. Ardale—Captain Ardale—alone. (*Putting her arms round Ellean and leading her to the door.*) Come back in a little while. (*Ellean nods to Paula with a smile, and goes out. Paula closes the door and takes a seat facing Hugh.*) Be quick ! Mr. Tanqueray has only gone down to The Warren with Mrs. Cortelyon. What is to be done ?

Hugh (*blankly*) : Done ?

Paula : Done—done—something must be done.

Hugh : I understood that Mr. Tanqueray had married a Mrs.—Mrs. Jarman ?

Paula : Yes. I'd been going by that name. (*Sneeringly.*) You didn't follow my doings after we separated ?

Hugh : No. I went out to India. Your husband doesn't know, does he ?

Paula : About you, no. He knows about others. This will send me mad ! (*Suddenly turning and standing over him.*) You—you beast, to crop up in my life again like this !

Hugh : I always treated you fairly.

Paula : Oh ! I beg your pardon—I know you did—I——

(She sinks on to the settee, crying hysterically.)

Hugh : Hush !

Paula : She kissed me to-night ! I'd won her over ! I've had such a fight to make her love me ! And now—just as she's beginning to love me, to bring this on her !

Hugh : Hush ! Hush ! Don't break down !

Paula says she must tell Aubrey. Hugh is for keeping the thing secret. He swears he will not lose Ellean. When they were in Paris he told her he'd been 'a bit wild' at one time, and she promised to forgive him because of what he'd done in India. 'She's behaved like an angel to me ! Surely, I oughtn't to lose her ! Paula, don't pay me out for nothing ; be fair to me, there's a good girl—be fair to me !' He goes out, declaring he will shoot himself if she tells her husband. Paula, sinking on to the ottoman, picks up a little silver mirror, and sits staring at her own reflection.



'YOU BEAST, TO CROP UP IN MY LIFE AGAIN!'

Gladys Cooper and Philip Desborough in the 1922 revival

Fourth Act: At Highercoombe, the Same Evening

PAULA is still in the drawing-room, when Lady Orreyed comes in, followed a little later by Sir George, who has been 'looking upon the wine,' as usual. With some difficulty Paula, strangely calm and as though in a dream, persuades the pair to retire to bed. Then Drummle comes in, to say good-bye, as he is leaving early in the morning. Next Aubrey appears. He is surprised when Paula tells him she has just seen Hugh Ardale. Then she tells him the truth. Ardale's name was in the letter he had burnt without reading ! As they talk a servant brings in a letter to Paula from Hugh. It is to say he is returning to Paris, and will be there for a week, ready to receive any communication she or her husband may

have to make to him. 'Please,' he ends, 'invent some explanation to Ellean.'

When Ellean comes in, her father, taking her in his arms in deep distress, tells her she must not think of Hugh any more—something that has come to his knowledge makes it impossible that there shall be further acquaintanceship between them. The girl at first is completely bewildered. Her father leaves her, and presently Paula, who has been listening outside the window, comes in, at her call. Ellean accuses her stepmother of being the cause of Hugh's departure ; and she cannot deny it. At last something like the truth dawns upon Ellean, and she confronts Paula fiercely.

Paula : What—what's the matter ?

Ellean : You—you knew Captain Ardale in London !

Paula : Why—what do you mean ?

Ellean : Oh !

(*She makes for the door, but Paula catches her by the wrist.*)

Paula : You shall tell me what you mean !

Ellean : Ah ! (*Suddenly looking fixedly in Paula's face.*) You know what I mean !

Paula (*hoarsely*) : You—you think I'm—that sort of creature, do you ? Answer me ! You've always hated me (*shaking her*). Out with it !

Ellean : Well, then, I have always—always—

Paula : What ?

Ellean : I have always known what you were ! Directly I saw you I knew what my father had done.

Paula : It's a lie ! It's all a lie ! (*Forcing Ellean down upon her knees.*) You shall beg my pardon for it. (*Ellean utters a loud shriek of terror.*) Ellean, I'm a good woman ! I swear I am ! I've always been a good woman ! You dare to say I've ever been anything else ! It's a lie ! (*Throwing her off violently.*)

At this moment Aubrey enters. Ellean goes out, after telling her father she does not wish to see Ardale again. Then husband and wife talk. He tries to comfort her, and blames himself for having brought her to Highercoombe. "We'll get out of this place and go abroad and start afresh," he says. But Paula is without

hope. "I believe the future is only the past again," she declares, "entered through another gate"; and with this she leaves him. Drummle returns. He has heard of Ellean's love affair from Mrs. Cortelyon, but beyond that knows nothing. He is in high spirits, and inclined to congratulate Aubrey, until he perceives that something is wrong. Tanqueray is telling him what has happened when the door opens and Ellean appears. The two men turn to her. There is a moment's silence.

Ellean : Father—father ! I—I—want you. (*He goes to her.*) Father—go to Paula—quickly, quickly ! (*Startled, he passes her to go out, but she seizes his arm with a cry.*) No, no ; don't go ! don't go ! (*He shakes her off and goes. Ellean staggers back towards Drummle.*)

Drummle (*To Ellean*) : What do you mean ? What do you mean ?

Ellean : I—I went to her room—to tell her I was sorry for something I had said to her. And I was sorry—I was sorry. I heard her fall. I—I've seen her. It's horrible !

Drummle : She—she has—

Ellean : Killed—herself ! Yes—yes. So everybody will say. But I know—I helped to kill her. If I had only been merciful ! (*She faints upon the ottoman—Drummle pauses for a moment irresolutely—then he goes to the door, opens it, and stands looking out.*)

A Chivalrous Figure in a Romantic Age

LORD HERBERT OF CHERBURY

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

SCHOLAR, soldier, diplomatist and man of letters, Edward, Lord Herbert of Cherbury was one of the most remarkable figures of the Jacobean age. He was descended from a line of illustrious soldiers, to which the earls of Pembroke belonged. The date of his birth, not given in his Autobiography, was 1581. The self-written life, which its first editor, Horace Walpole, calls 'perhaps the most extraordinary account that ever was given seriously by a wise man of himself,' was first printed at Strawberry Hill in 1764. Lord Herbert's other works are *On Truth*, *The Religion of the Gentiles*, *The Expedition of the Duke of Buckingham*, and *The Life and Reign of Henry the Eighth*. In 1625 he became a baron of Ireland, and six years later was raised by Charles I to the English peerage as Baron Herbert of Cherbury. He took the side of Parliament in the Civil War, and died in London, August 24, 1648. The Autobiography is published to-day in cheap editions by Blackie, Methuen, and George Routledge.

I—Purpose of this Autobiography



I do believe that if all my ancestors had set down their lives in writing and left them to posterity, many documents necessary to be known of those who both participate of their natural inclinations and humours (and) must in all

probability run a not much different course, might have been given for their instruction ; and certainly men will better guide themselves by their forefathers' observations than by vulgar rules and examples. This is true, whether their life be private or spent in court or camp, and therefore I have thought fit to relate those passages

of my life which may best declare me and be most useful to posterity. In the delivery of which I profess to write with all truth and sincerity. My age being now past three-score, it is fit that I should examine what I have done well or ill, thus to make my peace with God and comfort myself in those things which through God's grace have been done according to conscience, virtue and honour.

Before yet I bring myself to this account, it will be necessary to say somewhat concerning my ancestors.

MY father was Richard Herbert, Esq., son to Edward Herbert, Esq. and grandson to Sir Richard Herbert, of Colebrook, in Monmouthshire. My mother was Magdalen Newport, daughter of Sir Richard Newport and Margaret his wife, daughter and heir of Sir Thomas Bromley, executor of King Henry VIII. Of my brothers, Richard and William were soldiers of repute. Charles was fellow of New College, Oxford, and George public orator of Cambridge. Thomas served adventurously in the East Indies and in the Low Countries. My other brother was Henry, and my sisters were Elizabeth, Margaret and Frances, who married well.

I was born at Eyton in Shropshire between twelve and one of the clock in the morning. My infancy was very sickly and it was long before I began to speak. One of the earliest inquiries I made was, how I came into this world, for which I was laughed at by my nurse. When I was seven, my schoolmaster began to teach me my alphabet and grammar, and I profited so much that upon this theme, *Audaces fortuna juvat*, I made an oration of a sheet of paper and fifty or sixty verses in the space of one day.

I was sent about the age of ten to a Mr. Newton, of Diddlebury, in Shropshire, where I attained the Greek tongue and logic in so much that at twelve years old my parents thought fit to send me to University College, Oxford, where I remember to have disputed at my first coming in logic and to have made in Greek the exercises required in that college, oftener than in Latin. My father's death took me home for a space, and after that I was sent again to Oxford; and

when I was about fifteen, I espoused Mary, daughter and heir of Sir William Herbert of St. Gillian's, she being one and twenty.

Thereafter I returned to my studies, residing with my wife and my mother in Oxford until I was eighteen, when we came to London. Thus I passed my time until I was about one and twenty, applying myself closely to learning and attaining the French, Italian and Spanish languages, singing at first sight, and the lute, my intention being to make myself a citizen of the world, as far as possible. In that space I had divers children, none living now but Beatrice, Richard and Edward.

BEING gotten thus far into my age, I shall give some observations concerning ordinary education. When children go to school, they should have a master in manners as well as in learning, for among boys vice is easily learnt. After the alphabet, I like well the shortest and clearest grammars, of parallel Greek and Latin, such as that of Comenius, and I would have the child proceed in Greek rather than Latin, for there is not that art in the world wherein the Greeks have not excelled and gone before all others. I approve of logic, geography, the use of the gloves, arithmetic and geometry, and the study of botany and physic as proper to a gentleman. I recommend also the study of rhetoric and oratory, dancing, riding and fencing.

Not long after I came to London, curiosity rather than ambition brought me to court. When Queen Elizabeth saw me on my knees in the presence chamber, she stopped and, swearing her usual oath, demanded, "Who is this?" Everybody there looked upon me, but none knew me but Sir James Croft, who told who I was and that I had married Sir William Herbert's daughter. Hereupon the queen looked attentively upon me and said it is pity he was married so young and thereupon gave her hand to kiss twice, both times gently clapping me on the cheek.

Except that I seriously attended to my studies I remember little more of myself until King James's coming to the crown, when I went to meet his majesty at Burley, and was shortly afterwards made a Knight of the Bath, with the usual ceremonies.

II—Foreign Travel

ABOUT the year 1608, having proposed to my wife that we should severally assure a certain property to our children and she not seeming very well contented, I told her that I should make another motion to her, which was that she should give me leave to see foreign countries; howbeit if she would do as I wished I would not depart from her. She said I knew her mind, but that if I must needs go, she could not help it.

This served my turn, although I was sorry to leave her; so, coming to Court, I obtained a licence to go beyond seas and departed, taking with me as companion Mr. Aurelian Townsend, who spoke French, Italian and Spanish in great perfection, a waiting-man who spoke French, two lackeys, and three horses.

Coming without adventure to Fauxbourg St. Germans in Paris I was kindly received by our ambassador. Next to his house dwelt the Duchess of Vantadour, daughter of Monsieur de Montmorency, Grand Constable of France. It pleased the duchess to invite me to her father's castle of Merlou, where I found much welcome from that brave old general, who said he knew well of what family I was.

One evening as we walked in the meadows a French chevalier snatched the riband from the hair of one of the duchess's young daughters and, the young lady asking me to get it back I, hat in hand, demanded it civilly; but the chevalier refused, and when I offered force he ran away, I chasing him. At length he gave up the riband, but would not own that I had compelled him, whereupon I said I must challenge him; but he departed, and that was all I ever heard of the gentleman, whom I used thus out of obligation to my oath as Knight of the Bath. Three other times did I engage men to fight with me, conceiving that they had injured ladies.

Being left by Monsieur de Montmorency to command his castle of Merlou and having his liberty to hunt, I spent all the summer there and did kill some wolves and once a wild boar. I also visited the constable's fair house of Chantilly, which place King Henry IV desired, whereat

M. de Montmorency said, "Sire, it is yours, but let me take care of it for you."

Coming now to Paris, I lodged with that incomparable scholar Isaac Casawbon, whereof I benefited much, and did apply myself to arms, riding, singing and playing the lute after the rules of the French masters. Sometimes also I went to the Court of Henry IV, who received me with all courtesy, holding me some while in his arms. At the court of Queen Margaret I met Monsieur Balagny, who, although grey and of plain habit, was much cherished by the ladies on account of his prowess, he having killed eight or nine men in single fight.

HAVING thus passed the winter, I returned to England with Sir Thomas Lucy and we were shipwrecked on Dover pier, but came safe to land in a shallop. In London I delivered to Queen Anne a scarf from the Princess of Conti. Thereafter I returned to my family and my studies, remaining at home until the year of our Lord 1610, when with my Lord Chandois I took shipping to the Low Countries. There I was with the Prince of Orange at the siege of Juliers, during which an adventure befell me with the said Monsieur Balagny, who was now a colonel in the French army.

"Monsieur," said he, "they say that you are the bravest of your nation, and I am Balagny; let us see who will do best."

Whereupon he leapt out of the trenches, I following, and ran towards one of the enemy's works, so that we drew upon us three or four hundred shot at least. This passage being related to the Prince of Orange, he said it was a strange bravado of Balagny, and that we went to unavoidable death.

It happened during a feast in Sir Horace de Vere's quarters, where there was liberal drinking, that Lord Howard of Walden took offence at me and I sent him a challenge. A place was appointed for our meeting and I going thither was minded not to return to camp, but to pass the night under a fair oak, lest our business might be discovered and prevented.

For the encounter I had need of a better

horse than the nag I rode, and finding myself near the Scotch quarter I borrowed one of Sir James Areskin's best horses of Lieutenant Montgomery; for which civility that officer came near being dismissed and long afterwards Sir James challenged me in Dusseldorp; but on hearing my explanation he was satisfied and I made interest with the Prince, so that the lieutenant kept his place.

Lord Walden's early rising led to the discovery of our business and we were forbidden to fight. On account of this quarrel I had an encounter with Sir Thomas Somerset, and had run him through but that Lieutenant Prichard turned me aside.

Returning by way of Dusseldorp, Antwerp, Brussels, Calais and Dover to London, I had scarcely been there two days when the lords of the council sending for me ended the difference betwixt the lord of Walden and myself.

The year 1614 was now entering, when I understood that the Low Country and Spanish army would be in the field that year; this made me resolve to offer my service to the Prince of Orange, who did much welcome me.

Before Wezel, a Spanish cavalier challenged any of our army to single combat, whereupon I sent a trumpet to accept, if the challenger were of sufficient condition; but the matter was forbidden by Monsieur Spinola, the Spanish commander. I, thinking there might be some scruple about fighting in our camp, went with the Prince's leave to offer combat in theirs, which Monsieur Spinola would nowise permit, and entreated me to dine with

him. I, finding nothing else to be done, did kindly accept, and we sat down to a brave dinner, he serving me with the best his carver offered him.

TRAVELLING now to Heydelberg, where I saw the Prince and Princess Palatine, I passed into Italy, and by way of Venice and Florence I came to Rome a little before the Christmas holidays. There I spent a month seeing the antiquities, and then visited Tivoli and Frascati. After that, I returned to Rome and saw the pope in consistory, but departing suddenly before the benediction gave such a suspicion of me that I was accused in the inquisition, of which I was warned by the master of the English college; howbeit I did only change my lodging and later went out of Rome towards Siena and thence to Florence.

In Padua I spent some time at the university, to hear particularly Cremonini. At Turin I stayed at the Duke of Savoy's court, and the duke thought fit to send me into Languedoc, to conduct four thousand men of the reformed religion unto Piedmont, which service brought me into trouble with the governor of Lyons, the queen-mother of France having newly made an edict that no soldiers should be raised in France.

That summer I spent in the Low Country with the Prince of Orange, who, as there was no fighting toward, played chess with me or took me as his companion when he went love-making. And so after divers perils by sea I came again to London, where a quartan ague held me for a year and a half.

III—Herbert's First Embassy to France

I WAS no sooner perfectly recovered, than the lords of the council sent for me to Whitehall, but I asking whether I had done any fault, said I would come when I had dined. A second messenger made me hasten, and I was no sooner come but the lords saluted me as lord ambassador of France; I told their lordships thereupon that I was glad it was no worse.

For my journey I received seven hundred pounds (of which sum I came near being robbed at my house), but having need of more, I obtained from certain

private persons one letter for £2,000 and another of unlimited credit, on no other security but my word of honour alone. The day I went out of London Queen Anne was carried to burial, which was a sad spectacle to all that had occasion to honour her.

At Paris I took a house in the Rue Tournon, at £200 a year, and in due course presented my letter of credence to the king (Louis XIII), who assured me of his affection to my master and of my particular welcome. He was an extreme stutterer, and although of good natural

parts, had been ignorantly brought up and was therefore given to suspicion and dissimulation. To the queen, Anne of Austria, I had little to say except compliments on the king my master's part. This queen was exceedingly fair, like those of the house of Austria, and so mild and good that she was never known to have done ill offices to any.

My first commission was to renew the oath of alliance betwixt the two crowns, for which I was extraordinary ambassador; nevertheless the king put off the business as long as he could. The king at last resolving a day for the ceremony, myself and all my train put ourselves into that sumptuous equipage that I remember it cost me one way or another above £1,000. Thereafter I resided in the quality of ordinary ambassador.

My duty being to hold good intelligence betwixt the two crowns my pains were not great, no war being then intended, and I had time beyond ceremonies not only for my book but for visits to divers grandees, so that my employment was both noble and pleasing. One might find all the noble and good company in the garden of the Tuilleries or the park of Bois de Vincennes, and it was almost an incivility to refuse free discourse to any of good

parts, good clothes, or handsome equipage, capable of coming thither.

One day the Prince of Condé asked me how so learned, clement and virtuous a prince as the king my master was so much given to cursing. I answered, "Out of his gentleness; for though he could punish men himself he left them to God to punish." Which defence was afterwards much celebrated at the French Court.

THE king's favourite, Monsieur de Luines, now advised him to make war on those of the reformed religion, against which I urged that those of the religion acknowledged but the king's authority, while those of the other side held the regal power subordinate to the papal, and President Jannin said, "Better a peace with two religions than a war with none." Howbeit, the design of Luines was applauded, and the war undertaken.

My master bidding me negotiate a peace, I had great discourtesy from Monsieur de Luines, whom I had to threaten with my sword, he saying he wanted none of my advices, and complaining of me in England, so that I was sent for home. Having vindicated myself at Court and M. de Luines dying shortly afterwards, I was commanded to return to my former charge.

IV—The Second Embassy

I DID not yet presently go, as finding much difficulty to get the moneys due to me from the exchequer, but having at length arranged my affairs and cleared all my debts, obtaining sufficient credit, I returned to Paris and found myself welcomed by all the principal persons.

Demanding one day of the queen how far she would have assisted me against Luines, she replied that whatsoever cause she might have to hate him either by reason or force, they would have made her to be of his side; to which I answered in Spanish, "There is no force for queens," at which she smiled.

And now I began to proceed in all public affairs according to the liberty with which my master was pleased to honour me, confining myself to no rules but those of my own discretion, whereby his majesty had much satisfaction. I found my work the easier because of the perfect intelligence

sent me by his majesty's ambassadors and agents in every part of Christendom.

About this time, the French being jealous that the king my master would match the prince his son with the King of Spain's sister, myself had enough to do. The Count de Gondomor, passing now from Spain to England, begged the loan of my coach, but I told him 'nay' in a free and merry manner, because he would put jealousy betwixt me and the French.

Gondomor then looking merrily upon me said, "I will dine with you yet;" I told him, by his good favour, not at that time, but when I should entertain the ambassador of so great a king as his, it would not be upon my ordinary, but when I could make him a feast worthy of so great a person.

Howbeit, I sent my gentlemen to show his gentlemen my kitchen and, they telling Gondomor what cheer they had found, I

still asked to be excused, as that great provision was yet unworthy of him. Gondomar said he esteemed me much, for he had only meant to put a trick upon me, which I had discovered, and he thought that an Englishman had not known how to avoid handsomely a trick put upon him under show of civility and that I should ever find him my friend.

Soon after this, Prince Charles, pursuing his suit, passed through Paris on his way to Madrid, but it was deemed advisable that his highness should not send for me, lest notice should be taken of his presence in the city.

I wrote to his highness in Spain how much it grieved me not to have seen his highness, and he wrote to me wholly with his own hand and subscribed his name 'your friend Charles,' thus abundantly satisfying all unkindness I might conceive.

It now happened that I had occasion to protest to the queen against a sermon made by Père Segnerand, wherein he said that those of the religion ought to be extirpated. This I did because his doctrine was not limited only to France, and because, the Spanish match now being broken off, it was proposed to marry our prince to the queen's daughter. The priest then sent to assure me that he would ever seek to hinder my fortune, and I returned that nothing in all France but a friar or a woman durst have sent me such a message.

Shortly after this, when I said to the queen that I thought Segnerand's malice beyond the malice of women, she said, a little startled, "A moy femme, et parler ainsi?" I replied gently, "Je parle à votre majesté comme reyne et non pas comme femme," and so took my leave.

My book, *De Veritate Prout Distin-*



EDWARD, LORD HERBERT OF CHERBURY

guitur a Revelatione Verisimili, Possibili et a Falso, was about this time finished, and I communicated it to Hugo Grotius, that great scholar, and others who exhorted me earnestly to publish it. But though encouraged, being still doubtful, one fair windless day in summer, kneeling by the open casement with my book in my hand, I did devoutly ask God for some sign.

Immediately a loud though yet gentle noise came from the heavens (for it was like nothing on earth), which did so comfort me that I took my petition as granted and resolved to print my book, which was done in Paris. At first I divulged it only to worthy readers, but afterwards reprinting it in England, I not only dispersed it among the prime scholars of Europe, but was sent to from the furthest parts of Christendom to desire the sight of it.

PHILIP JAMES BAILEY

FESTUS: A POEM

Epitome by St. John Adcock

WHILE studying law Philip James Bailey's interest was excited by the world legend forming the subject of Goethe's *Faust*. The poem completely dominated his intellectual energy; but its treatment of the problem of evil failed to satisfy his moral ideals and he resolved to write his own version of the legend. In 1836, therefore, he withdrew to his father's house at Old Basford, Nottingham, and in 1839 published the original edition of *Festus*. It created an immediate and profound sensation, especially in America, and undoubtedly exercised a great effect upon the thought of the time. Virtually it became the main occupation of the rest of the author's life, for thereafter he was constantly adding to it, until as presented in the fiftieth anniversary edition, published in 1889, it is probably the longest poem in the English language. Though overweighted with theological and metaphysical matter its poetic quality is very high, and properly approached it provides one of the most inspiring studies that English literature has to afford. The poem is published by George Routledge.

Proem

Earth's and time's end, man's rise progressive, and
His happier re-ascent and great return
Godwards; and freely chosen of spirit delapsed;
Happier in re-ascent than in his fall

Mournful, and through all purifying spheres
Perfective, let the bard, his harp restrung,
Chant; and prophetic faith in union meet
With philosophic reason charm the ear.

Heaven, Deity, The Angelic Hierarchy, Guardian Angel, Lucifer



GOD: Eternity hath snowed
its years upon them;
And the white winter of their
age is come,
The world, and all its worlds;
and all shall end. [sealed.

Angels: Earth's end is

Angel of Earth: I, Lord, who with the
luminous seven which lamp

Thy sun-throne, and with light thence filled, had
heard

Some flying fame of swiftly destined close
Common to every orb; and seeing that mine
Had barely touched the verge of betterness,
Though ready, ripe in sooth, for happier things,
Long hoped for by its best and worthiest; both
That threatened doom, but dubiously, meseemed,
Preached, to believe; and which if true or else,
To learn, me hither brings, learn now, alas!
Too true, the fateful fact . . .

But what is this?

I hear the beat of a strange, strong wing in
heaven;

Irregulate, wild. It makes towards the throne.
It is the Spirit of Evil. Woe is me!

Woe to the earth; to man. What seeks he here?

God: What would'st thou, Lucifer?

Lucifer:

The world-apple

Shows dead ripe. It wants plucking. Touch it
thou,

Or I, and lo! the poor perfection falls. [heaven

God: What may to thee seem perfect oft in
Far other sheweth.

Luc:

Man, through ignorance first
And need of knowing, fell: now grown so wise,
He thinks he lacketh nothing; not even God . . .

Faith I have missed from earth this many an age;
Faith, is she here?

God: Faith is both there and here;
Participant of divine ubiquity.

Thy knowledge is defective. Faith is wise;
Or ignorant; as may be. Were I once more
Future to test, as in the passed, by proof
Of many, or one, as erst, thou would'st fail.

Luc: How fail?

I deemed me passably successful there
In Eden once; and everywhere since then,
Where'er man's heart hath planned its Paradise . .
A youth there is I fain would have, given up
Wholly to me.

God: I know him. He is thine
To tempt. Him richen with what gifts thou wilt,
What might, what faculty. He'll still own grace
Not thine. Upon his soul no absolute power
Hast thou. All souls be mine; and mine for aye.
And I give thee leave to this that man may know
My love than all his sin more.

Guardian Angel: Plead we may
Always for those we love, by leave divine.
And now thou summ'st all bounties, Lord, in him,
Choosing as test of human faithfulness
My ward, my charge. But thou, God, knowest the
mould

Of mortals, and the infinite end the souls
Thou savest are predestined to in Heaven.
So be thy mercy mighty to this spirit
Fiend-threatened, nor permit him who presides
O'er hell's eternal holocaust too far
To tempt or tamper with man's mutable heart.

God: Know, angel-guard, thy charge, from
first ordained
To prove his faith in God, that widening fields

Of blessed salvation, which is God to know
 And his will do, shall with time's broadening
 bounds [reaped
 Of knowledge equalled, match; and both be
 Together. Be heaven's secret, this, reserved
 Even from himself, he of man's race the last.
 And lo! I hallow him to the ends of heaven,
 That though he plunge his soul in sin, like a sword
 In water, it shall no wise cling to him
 For ever. Ill so holds not to aught made
 Of love divine . . .

Thy charge for a time
 resigned, [faint.
 Warn thou, and take thy leave. He shall not
 Strengthen him will I, as with a belt of stars.

II

*Wood and water—Park—Mansion in distance—
 Lawn—Flower-garden bordering a lakelet—Sunset*

FESTUS (*advancing*): This is to be a mortal
 and immortal, [be
 To live within a death-bound circle, and
 That dark point where the shades of all things
 round,

Meet, mix and deepen. Somewhere's truth, light.
 Where?

Oh! I feel like to a seed in the cold earth,
 Quickening at heart, and pining for the air.
 Passion is destiny; the heart is its own fate . . .
 It matters not how long we live, but how.
 Sometimes we feel the wish across the mind
 Rush, like a rocket tearing up the sky,
 That we should join with God, and give the world
 The slip; but while we wish, the world turns
 round

And peeps us in the face; the wanton world;
 We feel it gently pressing down our arm,
 The arm we had raised to do for truth such
 wonders;

We feel it softly bearing on our side;
 We feel it touch and thrill us through the body;
 And we are fools; and there's an end of us.

God of might!
 Why madest thou not one spirit, like the sun,
 To king the world? And oh, might mine have
 been [world
 That sun-mind, how would I have warmed thee
 To love and worship and bright life!

Lucifer (*suddenly appearing*): Not thou.
 Hadst thou more power—put case thou hadst thy
 wish.

It is vastly feasible—more would'st thou misuse.
 But other matters first.

Fest.: Who art thou, pray?
 It seems as thou hadst grown out of the air.

Luc.: Thou knowest me well. If stranger
 to thine eye

I am not to thy heart.

Fest.: Thou art spirit.
 I knew it. I am glad, yet tremble, too.

Luc.: Nay, rise; and I'll not say, for thine
 own sake,

That thou dost pray in private to the Devil.

Fest.: Father of lies, thou liest.

Luc.: I am he . . .
 And now thou kneel'st to Heaven. Fie, graceless
 boy!

Mocking thy Maker with a cast-off prayer;
 For had not I the first fruits of thy faith?

Fest.: Tempter, away! From all the crowds
 of life

Why single me? Why score the young green bole
 For fellage? Go! Am I, the youngest, worst?
 No. Light the fires of hell with other souls;
 Mine shall not burn with thee . . .

Luc.: I heard thy prayer at sunset, scarce
 yet passed;

I saw thy secret longings, unsaid thoughts,
 Which prey on the breast like night-fires on a
 heath.

And thou didst pray to God. Did He attend?
 Or turn His eye from the great glass of things,
 Wherein He worshippeth eternally
 Himself, to thee one moment? He did not.

I tell thee naught He cares for men. I came,
 And come to proffer thee the earth; to set thee
 Upon a throne, the throne of will unbound;
 To crown thy life with liberty and joy;
 And make thee free and mighty, even as I am.
 Not in a goblin size, nor cherub form,
 But as the soul of hell and evil came I,
 With leave to give the kingdom of the world,
 The freedom of thyself.

Fest.: Good! Prove thy powers.
 Open the heavens and let me look on God;
 Then I'll believe thee. [myself.

Luc.: Believe me first; then will I prove
 Pleasure and love and unimagined beauty;
 All, all that be delicious, brilliant, great
 Of worldly things are mine, and mine to give.

Fest.: What can be counted pleasure after
 love? [blood,
 Like the young lion which hath once lapped
 The heart can ne'er be coaxed back to aught else,
 The worm of the world hath eaten out mine
 heart.

Luc.: I will renew it in thee. It shall be
 The bosom favourite of every beauty,
 Even like a rosebud. Thou shalt render happy,
 By naming who may love thee. Come with me.

III

SURRENDERED by his Guardian Angel to the
 tempter, Festus goes with Lucifer through a
 night of stars, passes over a mountain at
 sunrise, and at noon enters the market-place of a
 country town, and meets the funeral procession
 of the girl he had loved and betrayed, of whom
 he had been telling Lucifer during their journey.]

Festus: Night brings out stars as sorrow
 shows us truths:
 Though many, yet they help not; bright, they
 light not.

They are too late to serve us; and sad things
 Are aye too true. We never see the stars
 Till we can see naught but them. So with
 truth . . .

Man hath a knowledge of a time to come;
 His most important knowledge. I would deny
 The present, if the future. Oh, there is
 A life to come, or all's a dream.

Lucifer: And all
 May be a dream. Thou seest in thine, men's
 deeds,

Clear, moving, full of speech and order. Why May not, then, all this world be but a dream Of God's? Fear not. Some morning God may waken.

Fest. : Life's more than breath and the quick round of blood :

It is a great spirit and a busy heart.

The coward and the small in soul scarce do live.

We live in deeds, not years ; in thoughts, not breaths ;

In feelings, not in figures on a dial.

We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives

Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

(*A funeral passes.*)

Ah ! what is this ? A mystery sure resolved.

I felt as fascinated towards this spot.

Meseemed I saw a beckoning, as of bright

Invisible hands I could not choose but follow.

Luc. : Is this the funeral of the fair defunct Thou told'st me of somewhere, with tears ? Speak to them.

Fest. : Whose funeral is this ye follow, friends ?

Luc. : Would ye have grief, let me come. I am woe.

Mourner : We want no grief, Festus ! She died of grief.

Fest. : Said'st thou she died ? Oh, then, I knew her.

Mourner : True. [on her.

Fest. : Set down the body, I would look yet

Not lovelier now than ever, only not.

And garlanded as for bridals.

Mourner : True. What then ?

Say not thou knewest not, thou, this crowned maid,

Willed as death's bride, not thine, to be thus interred.

Fest. : Her hopes I knew too well. Oh, no ! I naught

Deny. I am doomed too many to offend.

Clara : I feel as though her spirit hovered near, Holy and pure it wafts me with its wings.

Elissa : Their shadows strike across me. Let us move.

Friends wait us sorrowing where, hard by, her sires

Sleep in the marbled minster . . .

Fest. : Behold them slowly westering on their way,

Like those bright lights that head heaven's starry bier.

Oh, let me to the hills, where none but God

Can overlook us ; for I hate to breathe

The breaths, and think the thoughts, of other men,

In close and crowded cities where the skies

Frown like an angry father, mournfully.

Oh, but I love the hills ; love loneliness,

Allwhere of desert shore, or wold scant-lived.

Where there is nothing else, there is always God.

IV

FESTUS wins the heart of **Clara**, a friend of the girl who died for love of him. He discourses of life, death, eternity and the mysteries of good and evil with **Lucifer**, who

carries him an hour's flight around the earth, describing to him the kingdoms of the world, and brings him at length to a public place in a metropolis.]

Festus : This I know,

I have been told, and taught, and trained to pray.

I pray ; and have no answer ; may as well

Wrestle with the wind . . .

God still is good ; still tends o'er those He loves.

Lucifer : Why, therefore, comes no answer to thy prayer ?

Fest. : It may be silence is the voice of God.

Luc. : Assent, or dissent ; whether of the twain ? [tr

Fest. : Off ! I am torn to pieces. Let me

And gather up myself into a man,

As once I was. I cannot live, and live

In endless doubt.

Luc. : Oh, if thou lov'st a creed,

Be pessimist, nihilist, an thou wilt. There are

Who deify the Devil in their own hearts,

In dreams of everlasting nothingness.

Fest. : Be what I may, I have done with thee. Dost hear ?

Luc. : Thou can'st not mean this ?

Fest. : Once for all, I do.

Luc. : It is men who are deceivers, not the Devil.

The first and worst of all frauds is to cheat

Oneself. All sin is easy after that.

Fest. : If thou darest

Lift but the finger of a thought of ill

Against me, and—thou durst not ; mark, we part.

Luc. : Well, as thou wilt. Remember soon thy heart

Will shed its pleasures as thine eye its tears,

And both leave loathsome furrows. Let us away.

FEST. : Give me the long, high bounding sense of life

Which cries, let me but leap into my grave,

And I'll not mind the when nor where. We never

Care less for life than when enjoying it . . .

Oh, for the young heart of the fountain playing,

Flinging its bright fresh feelings up to the skies

It loves and strives to reach ; strives, loves in vain.

It is of earth, and never meant for Heaven.

Let us love both and die. The sphinx-like heart

Loathes life the moment that life's riddle is read.

The knot of our existence solved, all things

Loose-ended lie, and useless. Life is had,

And, lo ! we sigh and say, can this be all ?

Oh, it is great to feel that naught of earth,

Hope, love, nor dread, nor care for what's to come,

Can check the royal lavishment of life ;

But, like a steamer strewn upon the wind,

We fling ourselves to fate, and to the future.

For to die young is youth's divinest gift.

There is a firefly in the south but shines

When on the wing. So is't with mind. When once

We rest, we darken . . .

I cannot be content with less than Heaven.

Come ; we are wasting moments here that now

Belong, of right, to immortality,

And to another world.

V

WITH **Lucifer**, **Festus** journeys through Interstellar Space, **Lucifer** relating how the angels fell. They pass into the Angel World, speaking with the dwellers therein, and **Festus** meets there with **Angela**, who had loved him on earth. They visit the Moon, then pass through Cloudland to Earth again, where they linger for a while with **Helen**, **Charles**, **Lucy** and others in the garden, singing and talking of the miracles of Nature and the wonders of the Universe. Thereafter **Festus**, with **Lucifer**, goes back through Interstellar Space up and into the Central Sun, where the Angel of the Earth continues and concludes the story of the Angel World. Thence they pass to the World's Outermost Orb and so into Heaven and the presence of the Deity.]

Lucifer : All-being God, I come to thee again ; Nor come alone. Mortality is here. Thou badest me do my will, and I have dared To do it. I have brought him up to Heaven, Assigned for a time to mine indulgent hand, That thou, just judge, mayst judge 'twixt him and me.

Is not this creature by successful wile Yet mine ? Have I not caused him waste his years In search of lore forbidden, forgotten ? In chase Of intermittent dreams philosophy gives Brief brain-life to, and vague ? And sins not one Who God's best gift, life, in irrational plans, Immoderately benevolent, wastes ? All this, In secret conclave with aspiring friends, To work men's welfare in their own despite, He wish-content, by act not, not even will (To wish is weakness, mind's strength is to will), Schemes such designs to realize ; but blends, Alternate now, with aims of meanest range, With luxuries, beauty's charms, love's witcheries,

Guardian Angel : Wish and will Are his, I know, for good, yet ; and of good's Least sparkle Heaven is thrifty ; ends, too, these Beget sometimes in deeds.

God : What wouldst thou, **Lucifer**, With him thou hast brought here with thee ?

Luc. : Show him God.

God : No being, on part of whom death's curse through faith

Transfigured into blessing, rests, were it only Upon his shadow, looks on God and lives, Save by divine permission.

Luc. : Look and live. Look, **Festus**, look !

Festus : God, sole and onemost ; God, Eternal fountain of the infinite, thou On whose life tide the stars seem strown like bubbles,

Forgive me that an atomie of being Hath sought to see its Maker face to face.

God : Mortal, rise ! Look on me !

Fest. : Naught Unless like dazzling darkness, see I . . .

Thy creature, God, am I ! Oh, slay me not, But bid some angel take me, or I die !

Guardian Angel : Come hither, **Festus** !

Fest. : Who art thou ?

Guardian Angel : I am one

Who have e'er, till late, been by thee from thy birth.

Thy guardian genius, thy good angel, I ;

Restrict somewhere to Heaven, at his demand Who feared my warnings weighed more than his lures.

Fest. : O angel, let me welcome thee !

Guardian Angel : Nay, name me, For by thy lips invoked at morn and eve, My name I love.

Fest. : Return we now ?

Guardian Angel : Return.

Fest. : How vast it seems, this deep abyss of space

World-studded, 'neath our feet.

Guardian Angel : Stars stranger still, Nobler than those late visited we may find.

God : This weigh thou, mortal, thoughtful. Ere thou findest

Again thy star, lo ! Ouriel of the Sun

Hath it in charge to show thee of the passed,

And how the spirit from age to age may fall From birth-star down to death-star through all sphere ;

And show how yet, by rational rites, by life

Sweet, holy, penitent for the past ; by firm

And pure aspirings for the future, soul

Eternal union with its Lord may win.

For, know all Angels, I have so made man

That his original excellence shall defeat

All he hath ill ; his inborn goodness, sin

So outweigh finally, his soul shall live

By royal right of virtue in itself.

Immortal, and here reign with us in Heaven.

VI

IN Heaven, **Festus** meets and holds converse with the Spirit of his Mother. Then, departing, accompanied again by his **Guardian Angel**, he rejoins **Lucifer**, and passing through the Martian Sphere, they descend to Earth. After a time of music and light-hearted pleasure among certain of his Earth friends, **Festus** is alone with **Helen** at her home by the river.]

Helen : Nay, nothing comes to us too soon but sorrow. [live

Festus : For all were happiness, if all might Long, or die soon enough ; for even us.

Virtue they tell us lives in self-denial ;

My virtue is indulgence.

Hel. : True virtue is one

With nature, or 'tis nothing. It is love.

Remember'st not when, the other eve, thy friend

The Student called, a tale was on thy tongue,

Out of the poets, about love and sorrow,

And happiness, and such things—he interrupted ?

Fest. : But tales of love are far more readily made

Than, made, remembered.

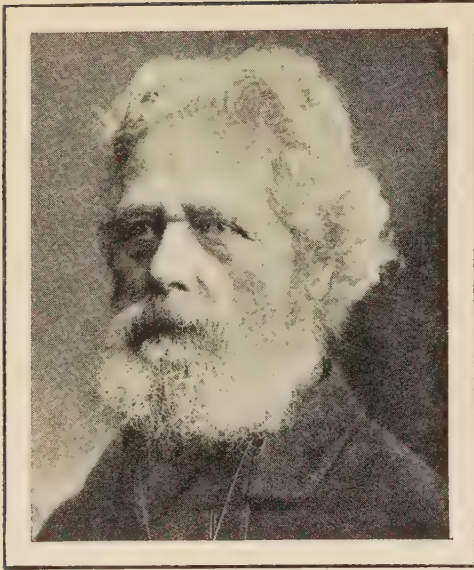
Hel. : Tell-tale, make one then.

Fest. : Well, then, my story says there was a pair

Of lovers, once——

Hel. : Once ! Nay, how singular !

Fest. : But where they lived, indeed, I quite forget :



PHILIP JAMES BAILEY was born at Nottingham, April 22, 1816, son of Thomas Bailey, editor and proprietor of the Nottingham Mercury. He went to Glasgow University with the idea of becoming a Presbyterian minister but, abandoning this plan, entered Lincoln's Inn in 1834, and was called to the Bar in 1840. He never practised, having in the meantime devoted himself to the composition and publication of his one great poem, *Festus*, on which he employed himself throughout the remainder of his long life. He received a civil list pension in 1856, in recognition of his literary work, and in 1901 was made Hon LL.D. of Glasgow University. In late life Bailey returned to Nottingham and he died there September 6, 1902.

Say, anywhere ; say here. Their names were—I
Forget those, too. Say, anyone's ; say ours.
The lady was, of course, most beautiful,
And made her lover do just as she pleased ;
He therefore doing unwisely, doing wrong ;
Neglecting all in Heaven and earth, but her.
They met, sang, walked, talked folly, just as all
Such couples do ; adored each other ; thought,
Spoke, wrote, dreamed of and for naught else in
life

Than their sweet selves, and so on.

Hel. : Pray proceed.

Fest. : That's all.

Hel. : Oh no !

Fest. : Well, in earnest then.

She laid her finger on him, and he felt
As might a mass of formless marble feel
While feature after feature of a god
Were being wrought from out of it . . .

Hel. : I remember,
The one thing wise, good, I have ever done
Was to love thee.

VII

LUCIFER lures Festus into forgetfulness of
Helen, and fires him with an abandoned
passion for Elissa. He descends with
Lucifer and the Guardian Angel into Hell, and
finds hope of redemption even there. He resumes
his life on earth, loses faith and despairs ; reaches

the goal of his ambition and is throned as a king,
bent on giving peace to all the world, only to
find that the world wants neither him nor the
peace he would bless it with ; he sins, suffers,
sorrows and, always with **Lucifer** tempting him
and the **Guardian Angel** strengthening him with
higher thoughts, wins his way back to faith,
repents and dies. Then follows a vision of the
Earth Millennial, and of Hades ; Earth is judged,
and **Festus** ascends to Heaven.]

Guardian Angel : Approach, my Festus, spirit
beloved, nor fear

Trespass again of evil, nor dread escape
From God's unmeasured grasp. This conflict
passed,

Know all ye angels, earth's, with time, with life
Co-ordinate, and the victory God's of good.

Lucifer : Mortal ! I bow to thee, and would to
the least

And lowest of all the spirits that God hath made ;
Being in ill the worsen, but that the curse
I am accursed with of impenitency,
Outlasts the elements—outlives all time.

Festus : All curses cease with time, all ill, all
woe.

Blessings star forth for ever ; but a curse
Is like a cloud—it passeth . . .

Luc. : Farewell, ye angels, look your last on me.
I go.

Angels : Hope still.

Luc. : My hope's to cease. I go.

Let me become but nothing, and all soul
Shall joy for ever. This, Lord, be mine end.

God : Stay, Spirit ; it suits not Heaven's
eternal laws

Of good that all create be at once unmade,
Nor yet that ill be immortal. In all space
Is joy and glory, and the spiritual spheres,
Exultant in the sacrifice of sin
And creatural defect, unfilled by faith,
Leap forth as though to welcome earth to heaven.
Shadows are passed away. Through all is light.
Blessed with the blessed be again ; for thus
Salvation to the lost accrues, far past
Thine ultimate thought, but wholly in scope of
mine.

Angels : Yon distant skies

Seem teeming with a timidly nearing host
Of angels late self-exiled, who scarce know
Their seats of old constellate still in Heaven.

Saints : O marvellous mercy, God e'er blessing
all. [lost,

Angels : Behold, they come, the legions of the
Transformed already by the bare behest
Of God our Maker to the purest forms
Of seraph lustre.

Fest. : So great His mercies are, so vast His
love,

So infinite His wisdom, all things seem
Possible, be they only good and kind.

Guardian Angel : Hither with me.

Fest. : But where are those I love ?

Guardian Angel : Yon happy group.

Fest. : Ah, blessed ones, come to me !
Are ye all here, too, with me ?

Angels : All.

Fest. : 'Tis Heaven.

SIR WALTER SCOTT
IVANHOE

IN common with *A Legend of Montrose* and *The Bride of Lammermoor*, *Ivanhoe* was dictated to amanuenses during a period of great physical suffering—"through such fits of suffering" says one of Scott's biographers, "that he could not suppress the cries of agony." *Ivanhoe* made its appearance towards the end of 1819. Although the book lacks much of that vivid portraiture that distinguishes the other 'Waverleys', the intense vigour of narrative and the striking pageant of medieval life more than atone for any shortcomings. *Ivanhoe* has always been singularly successful and it has been, and is, more popular among English readers than almost any other 'Scottish' novel. According to Sir Leslie Stephen, it was Scott's culminating achievement in the book-selling sense, and marked the highest point both of his literary and his social success. With the next novel he produced, the immediate sale of his works began gradually to decline, though it always remained far above the most ambitious dreams of any of his contemporaries.

I—The Hall of Cedric the Saxon



IN the hall of Rotherwood, at the centre of the upper table, sat Cedric the Saxon, irritable at the delay of his meal, and impatient for the presence of his clown

Wamba, and the return of his swineherd Gurth, son of Beowulf.

"They have been carried off to serve the Norman lords," he exclaimed. "But I will be avenged! Haply they think me old, but they shall find the blood of Hereward in the veins of Cedric. Ah, Wilfred, Wilfred!" he went on in a lower tone, "couldst thou have ruled thine unreasonable passion, thy father had not been left in his age like the solitary oak that throws out its shattered branches against the full sweep of the tempest!"

From his melancholy reflections Cedric was suddenly awakened by the blast of a horn.

"To the gate, knaves!" said the Saxon, hastily. "See what tidings that horn tells us of."

Returning in less than three minutes, a warder announced "that the Prior Aymer of Jorvaulx and the good knight Brian de Bois-Guilbert, commander of the Order of Knights Templars, with a small retinue, requested hospitality and lodging for the night, being on their way to a tournament to be held not far from Ashby-de-la-Zouche."

"Normans both!" muttered Cedric; "but Norman or Saxon, the hospitality of

Rotherwood must not be impeached; they are welcome, since they have chosen to halt. In the quality of guests, even Normans must suppress their insolence."

The folding doors at the bottom of the hall were cast wide and, preceded by the major-domo with his wand, and four domestics bearing blazing torches, the guests of the evening entered the apartment, followed by their attendants and, at a more humble distance, by a pilgrim wearing the sandal and broad hat of the palmer.

No sooner were the guests seated and the repast about to begin than the major-domo, suddenly raising his wand, said aloud, "Forbear! Place for the Lady Rowena!"

A side door at the upper end of the hall now opened, and Cedric's ward, Rowena, a Saxon lady of rare beauty and lofty character, entered. All stood up to receive her, and as she moved gracefully forward to assume her place at the board, the Knight Templar's eyes bent on her with an ardour that made Rowena draw with dignity the veil around her face.

Cedric and the prior discoursed on hunting for a time; the Lady Rowena seemed engaged in conversation with one of her attendants; while the haughty Templar's eye wandered from the Saxon beauty to the rest of the company.

"Pledge me in a cup of wine, Sir Templar," said Cedric, "and fill another to the abbot. To the strong in arms, Sir



GURTH, SON OF BEOWULF, TENDING HIS SWINE

From the painting by C. E. Johnson in the Tate Gallery

Templar, be their race or language what it will, who now bear them best in Palestine among the champions of the Cross!"

"To whom, besides the sworn champions of the Holy Sepulchre, whose badge I wear, can the palm be assigned among the champions of the Cross?" said Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert.

"Were there, then, none in the English army," said the Lady Rowena, "whose names are worthy to be mentioned with the Knights of the Temple?"

"Forgive me, lady," replied De Bois-Guilbert; "the English monarch did, indeed, bring to Palestine a host of gallant warriors, second only to those whose breasts have been the bulwark of that blessed land."

"Second to none!" said the pilgrim, and all turned towards the spot from whence the declaration came. "I say that the English chivalry were second to none who ever drew sword in defence of the Holy Land. I saw it when King Richard himself and five of his knights held a tournament after the taking of St. John de Acre, as challengers against all comers. I say that on that day each knight ran three courses, and cast to the ground three

antagonists. I add, seven of these assailants were Knights of the Temple, and Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert well knows the truth of what I tell you."

A bitter scowl of rage darkened the countenance of the Templar. At Cedric's request, the pilgrim told out the names of the English knights, only pausing at the sixth to say, "he was a young knight—his name dwells not in my memory."

"Sir Palmer," said the Templar scornfully, "I will myself tell the name of the knight before whose lance fortune and my horse's fault occasioned my falling—it was the Knight of Ivanhoe; nor was there one of the six that, for his years, had more renown in arms. Yet this I will say, and loudly—that were he in England, and durst repeat, in this week's tournament, the challenge of St. John de Acre, I, mounted and armed as I now am, would give him every advantage of weapons, and abide the result."

"Your challenge would be soon answered," replied the palmer, "were your antagonist near you. If Ivanhoe ever returns from Palestine, I will be his surety that he meet you. And for pledge I proffer this reliquary,"—taking a small ivory box

from his bosom—"containing a portion of the true Cross brought from the monastery of Mount Carmel."

The Templar took from his neck a gold chain, which he flung on the board, saying, "Let Prior Aymer hold my pledge and that of this nameless vagrant, in token that when the Knight of Ivanhoe comes within the four seas of Britain he underlies the challenge of Brian de Bois-Guilbert, which, if he answer not, I will proclaim him as a coward on the walls of every Temple court in Europe."

"It will not need," said the Lady

Rowena, breaking silence; "my voice shall be heard, if no other in this hall is raised in behalf of the absent Ivanhoe. I affirm he will meet fairly every honourable challenge, and I would pledge name and fame that Ivanhoe gives this proud knight the meeting he desires."

"Lady," said Cedric, "this beseems not. Were further pledge necessary, I myself justly offended as I am, would yet gage my honour for the honour of Ivanhoe. But the wager of battle is complete."

The grace-cup was shortly after served round, and the guests marshalled.

II—The Disinherited Knight

THE passage of arms, as it was called, which was to take place at Ashby attracted universal attention, as champions of the first renown were to take the field in the presence of Prince John himself.

The laws of the tournament, proclaimed by the heralds, were briefly as follows.

First, the five challengers were to undertake all comers.

Secondly, a general tournament in which all knights present might take part and, being divided into two bands of equal numbers, might fight it out manfully, until the signal was given by Prince John to cease the combat.

The challengers, headed by Brian de Bois-Guilbert, were all Normans, and Cedric the Saxon saw, with keen feeling of dissatisfaction, the advantage they gained. No less than four parties of knights had gone down before the challengers, and Prince John began to talk about adjudging the prize to Bois-Guilbert, who had, with a single spear, overthrown two knights and foiled a third.

But a new champion had entered the lists. His suit of armour was of steel, and the device on his shield was a young oak tree pulled up by the roots, with the Spanish word 'Desdichado,' signifying 'Disinherited.' To the astonishment of all, he struck with the sharp end of his spear the shield of Brian de Bois-Guilbert until it rang again. Amazed at his presumption was Brian de Bois-Guilbert.

"Have you confessed yourself, brother," said the Templar, "that you peril your life so frankly?"

"I am fitter to meet death than thou art," answered the Disinherited Knight.

"Then look your last upon the sun," said Bois-Guilbert; "for this night thou shalt sleep in Paradise."

The champions closed in the centre of the lists with the shock of a thunderbolt. The Templar aimed at the centre of his antagonist's shield, and struck it so fair that his spear went to shivers and the Disinherited Knight reeled in his saddle. On the other hand, that champion addressed his lance to his antagonist's helmet and hit the Norman on the visor, where his lance's point kept hold of the bars. The girths of the Templar's saddle burst, and saddle, horse and man rolled on the ground under a cloud of dust.

To extricate himself from the stirrups and fallen steed was to the Templar scarce the work of a moment; and stung with madness, he drew his sword and waved it in defiance of his conqueror. The Disinherited Knight sprang from his steed and also unsheathed his sword. The marshals of the field, however, intervened, for the laws of the tournament did not permit this species of encounter, and Bois-Guilbert returned to his tent in an agony of rage and despair.

The Disinherited Knight then sounded a defiance to the challengers, and the four Normans, each in his turn, retired discomfited.

The acclamations of thousands applauded the unanimous award of the prince and marshals announcing that day's honours to the Disinherited Knight.

To Prince John's annoyance, the cham-

pion declined either to raise his visor or to attend the evening banquet, pleading fatigue and the necessity for preparing for the morrow. As victor it was his privilege to name the lady who, as Queen of Honour and of Love, was to preside over the next day's festival; and Prince John, having placed upon the point of his lance a coronet of green satin, the Disinherited Knight rode slowly around the lists and paused beneath the balcony where Cedric and the Lady Rowena were placed. Then he deposited the coronet at the feet of the fair Rowena, while the populace shouted, "Long live the Lady Rowena, the chosen and lawful Queen of Love and of Beauty!"

ON the following morning the general tournament was proclaimed, and about fifty knights were ready upon each side, the Disinherited Knight leading one body and Brian de Bois-Guilbert marshalling the other.

It was not until the field became thin by the numbers on either side who had yielded themselves vanquished that the Templar and the Disinherited Knight at length encountered hand to hand, with all the fury that mortal animosity and rivalry of honour could inspire. Bois-Guilbert, however, was soon joined by two more knights, the gigantic Front-de-Boeuf and the ponderous Athelstane, who, though a Saxon, had enlisted under the Norman—to Cedric's disgust.

The masterly horsemanship displayed by the Disinherited Knight enabled him for a few minutes to keep at the sword's point his three antagonists, but it was evident to all that he must at last be overpowered.

An unexpected incident changed the fortune of the day. Among the ranks of the Disinherited Knight was a champion in black armour, who bore on his shield no device of any kind and who, beyond beating off with seeming ease those combatants who attacked him, evinced little interest in the combat.

On discovering the leader of his party so hard bested, this knight threw aside his apathy and came to his assistance like a thunderbolt, exclaiming in trumpet tones, "Desdichado, to the rescue!"

It was high time; for, while the Disinherited Knight was pressing upon the Templar Front-de-Boeuf had got nigh to him with his uplifted sword; but ere the blow could descend the Black Knight dealt a stroke on the head, and Front-de-Boeuf rolled on the ground, both horse and man equally stunned. The Black Knight then turned upon Athelstane, wrenched from the hand of the bulky Saxon the battleaxe which he wielded, and bestowed him such a blow upon the crest that Athelstane also lay senseless on the field. Having achieved this double feat he retired calmly to the extremity of the lists, leaving his leader to cope as best he could with Brian de Bois-Guilbert.

This was no longer a matter of so much difficulty. The Templar's horse had bled much, and gave way under the shock of the Disinherited Knight's charge. Brian de Bois-Guilbert rolled on the field and his antagonist, springing from horseback, waved his fatal sword over the Templar's head and commanded him to yield. But Prince John saved him that mortification by putting an end to the conflict.

THUS ended the memorable field of Ashby-de-la-Zouche. The Knight of the Black Armour having disappeared, the Disinherited Knight was named the champion of the day and was conducted to the foot of that throne of honour which was occupied by Lady Rowena. His helmet having been removed by order of the marshals, the well formed, yet sunburnt features of a young man of twenty-five were seen, and no sooner had Rowena beheld him than she uttered a faint shriek. Trembling with the violence of sudden emotion, she placed upon the drooping head of the victor the splendid chaplet which was the destined reward of the day.

The knight stooped his head and then, sinking down, lay prostrate at the feet of his lovely sovereign.

There was a general consternation. Cedric, struck mute by the sudden appearance of his banished son, now rushed forward. The marshals hastened to undo Ivanhoe's armour, and finding that the head of a lance had penetrated his breast-plate, and inflicted a wound, quickly removed him from the lists.

III—The Burning of Torquilstone

CEDRIC, Rowena and Athelstane, returning home with their retinue from Ashby, were waylaid by Bois-Guilbert and his followers and boldly carried off as prisoners to Torquilstone, Front-de-Boeuf's castle. In those lawless times these Norman nobles trusted thus to obtain a good ransom for Cedric and Athelstane, and to win Rowena for a bride. Ivanhoe, who, enfeebled by his wound, lay concealed in a litter, unknown to his father, was also taken.

But Gurth rallied the Saxon outlaws and yeomen of the neighbourhood to the rescue, and the Black Knight of the tournament led the attacking party, and in spite of a ferocious defence Torquilstone was stormed. The Black Knight bore the wounded Ivanhoe in his arms from the burning castle; Rowena was saved by Cedric and Gurth just as she had abandoned all hope of life.

One turret was now in bright flames, which flashed out furiously from window and shot-hole. But in other parts the great thickness of the walls resisted the flames, and there the rage of man still triumphed. The besiegers pursued the defenders from chamber to chamber, and satiated in their blood the vengeance which animated them against the soldiers of the tyrant Front-de-Boeuf. Most of the garrison resisted to the uttermost—few of them asked quarter, none received it.

The courtyard was soon the last scene of contest. Here sat the Templar mounted on horseback, with a remnant of the defenders, who fought with the utmost valour.

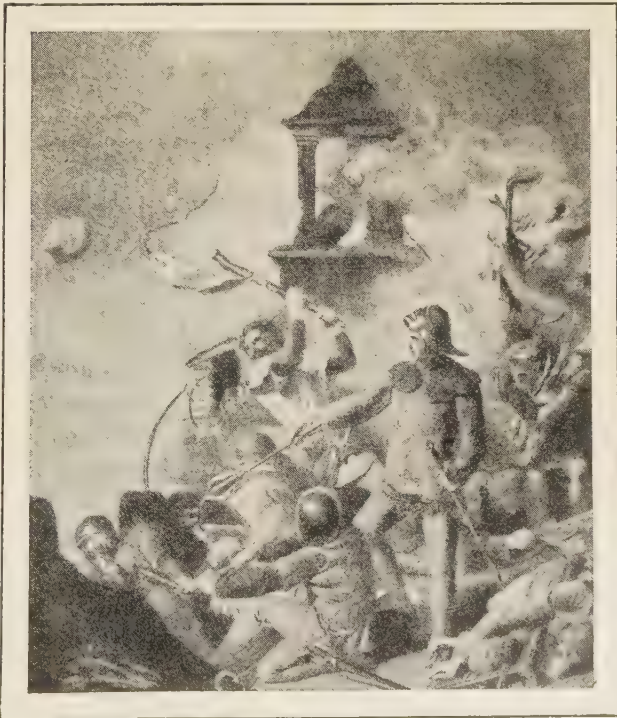
Athelstane, who had made his way into the ante-room and thence into the court, snatched a mace from the pavement and rushed on the Templar's band. Striking in quick succession to the right and left, he was soon within two yards of Bois-Guilbert, whom he defied in loud tones.

But Athelstane was without armour, and a silken bonnet keeps out no steel blade. So trenchant was the Templar's weapon that it levelled the ill-fated Saxon to the earth.

Taking advantage of the dismay which was spread by the fall of Athelstane, and calling aloud, "Those who would save themselves, follow me!" the Templar pushed across the drawbridge and then galloped off with his followers.

And now the towering flames surmounted every obstruction and rose to the evening skies, one huge and burning beacon, seen far and wide through the adjacent country. Tower after tower crashed down, with blazing roof and rafter; and the combatants were driven from the courtyard.

When the last turret gave way the voice of Robin Hood was heard, "Shout, yeomen! The den of tyrants is no more! Let each bring his spoil to our chosen place of rendezvous, and there at break of day we will make just partition among



THE SIEGE OF TORQUILSTONE CASTLE

our own bands, together with our allies, in this great deed of vengeance."

Cedric ere he departed earnestly entreated the Black Knight to accompany him to Rotherwood, "Not as a guest, but as a son or brother."

"To Rotherwood will I come, brave Saxon," said the knight, "and that speedily. Peradventure when I come I will ask such a boon as will put even thy generosity to the test."

IV—Ivanhoe's Wedding

AT the castle of Coningsburgh all was a scene of busy commotion when the Black Knight, attended by Ivanhoe, who had muffled his face in his mantle, entered and was welcomed gravely by Cedric—by common consent the chief of the distinguished representatives of Saxon families present.

"I crave to remind you, noble thane," said the knight, "that when we last parted, you promised, for the service I had the fortune to render you, to grant me a boon."

"It is granted ere named, noble knight," said Cedric; "yet at this sad moment

"Of that also," said the knight, "I have bethought me—but my time is brief; neither does it seem to me unfit that in the grave of the noble Athelstane we should deposit certain prejudices and hasty opinions."

"Sir knight," said Cedric, colouring, "in that which concerns the honour of my house, it is scarce fitting a stranger should mingle."

"Nor do I wish to mingle," said the knight mildly, "unless you will admit me to have an interest. As yet you have known me but as the Black Knight—know me now as Richard Plantagenet, King of England. And now to my boon. I require of thee to forgive and receive to thy paternal affection the good knight, Wilfred of Ivanhoe."

"My father, my father!" said Ivanhoe, prostrating himself at Cedric's feet, "grant me thy forgiveness."

"Thou hast it, my son," said Cedric, raising him up. "The son of Hereward knows how to keep his word, even when it has been passed to a Norman. Thou

"It is granted already," said Cedric, "were it to affect half my fortune. But my heart is oppressed with sadness, for the noble Athelstane is no more. I have but to say," he added, "that during the funeral rites I shall inhabit his castle of Coningsburgh—they will be open to all to partake of the funeral banqueting."

Rowena waved a graceful adieu to the Black Knight, the Saxon bade him God-speed, and on they moved.

art about to speak, and I guess the topic. The Lady Rowena must complete two years' mourning as for a betrothed husband. The ghost of Athelstane himself would stand before us to forbid such dishonour to his memory were it otherwise."

Scarce had Cedric spoken than the door flew open and Athelstane, arrayed in the garments of the grave, stood before them, pale, haggard, and like something arisen from the dead.

"In the name of God!" said Cedric, starting back, "if thou art mortal, speak! Noble Athelstane, speak to Cedric!"

"I will," said the spectre, very composedly, "when I have collected breath. Alive, saidst thou? I am as much alive as he can be who has fed on bread and water for three days. I went down under the Templar's sword, stunned indeed, but unwounded, for the blade struck me flatlings, being averted by the good mace with which I warded the blow. Others of both sides were beaten down and slaughtered above me, so that I never recovered my senses until I found myself in a coffin—an open one, by good luck—placed before the altar in church. But that villain abbot has kept me a prisoner for three days, and he shall hang on the top of this castle of Coningsburgh in his cope and stole. I will be king in my own domains if nowhere else, and my first act of dominion shall be to hang the abbot. Cedric, I rise from the tomb a wiser man than I descended."

"My ward Rowena," said Cedric—"you do not intend to desert her?"

"Father Cedric," said Athelstane, "be reasonable. The Lady Rowena cares not for me—she loves the little finger of my kinsman Wilfred's glove better than my

whole person. There she stands to avouch it. Nay, blush not, kinswoman ; there is no shame in loving a courtly knight better than a country thane ; and do not laugh either, Rowena, for grave-clothes and a thin visage are, God knows, no matter of merriment. Nay, an thou wilt needs laugh, I will find thee a better jest. Give me thy hand, or rather, lend it me, for I but ask it in the way of friendship. Here, Cousin Wilfred of Ivanhoe, in thy favour I renounce and abjure—— Hey, our Cousin Wilfred hath vanished ! ”

Ivanhoe had disappeared, and King Richard had gone also.

Ivanhoe hastened away at a secret message to fight once more with Brian de Bois-Guilbert, who had abducted a Jewish maiden named Rebecca. Spurned by Rebecca, Bois-Guilbert only escaped condemnation by the Grand Master of the Templars for his offence by admitting Rebecca to be a sorceress, and by challeng-

ing to mortal combat all who should dare to champion the high-souled and hapless Hebrew maid.

Bois-Guilbert fell in the lists as Ivanhoe approached and, unscathed by the lance of his enemy, died a victim to the violence of his own contending passions.

Ivanhoe and King Richard (who had followed Wilfred) hastened back to Coningsburgh. And Cedric, finding his project for the union of Rowena and Athelstane at an end by the mutual dissent of both parties, soon gave his consent to the marriage of his ward Rowena and his son Wilfred of Ivanhoe.

The nuptials thus formally approved were celebrated in the noble minster of York. The king himself attended, and the presence of high-born Normans, as well as Saxons, joined with the universal rejoicing of the lower orders, marked the marriage as a pledge of the future peace and harmony betwixt the two races.

Philosophical Survey of the Heroic in History

THOMAS CARLYLE

ON HEROES AND HERO-WORSHIP

THIS is the last of four series of lectures which Carlyle delivered in London in successive years, and is the only series which was published. The Lectures on Heroes were given in May 1840, and were published, with emendations and additions, from the reporter's notes, in 1841. Carlyle's profound and impassioned belief in the quasi-divine inspiration of great men, in the authoritative nature of their message, and in their historical effectiveness, was a reaction against a way of writing history which finds the origin of events in movements, currents and tendencies, neglecting or minimising the power of personality. For Carlyle, biography was the essential element in history ; his view of events was the dramatic, as opposed to the scientific view. Here he is specially tilting against a prejudice which has so utterly passed away that it is difficult even to imagine it. This was to the effect that eminent historical figures have been in some sense impostors. This work suffers a good deal from its origin, but, like others of Carlyle's writings, it has had great effect in discrediting a barren and flippant rationalism.

I—The Hero as Divinity



WE have undertaken to discourse on great men, their manner of appearance in our world's business, how they shaped themselves in the world's history, what ideas men formed of them, and what work they did. We are to treat of hero-worship and the heroic in human affairs. The topic is as wide as universal

history itself, for the history of what man has accomplished in the world is, at bottom, the history of the great men who have worked here.

It is well said that a man's religion is the chief fact with regard to him. I do not mean the Church creed which he professes, but the thing that he does practically believe, the manner in which he feels himself to be spiritually related to the unseen

world. Was it heathenism, a plurality of gods, a mere sensuous representation of the mystery of life, and for chief recognized element therein physical force? Was it Christianity; faith in an Invisible as the only reality; time ever resting on eternity; pagan empire of force displaced by the nobler supremacy of holiness? Was it scepticism, uncertainty and inquiry whether there was an unseen world at all, or perhaps unbelief and flat denial? The answer to these questions gives us the soul of the history of the man or nation.

Odin, the central figure of Scandinavian paganism, shall be our emblem of the hero as divinity.

And in the first place I protest against the theory that this paganism or any other religion has consisted of mere quackery, priestcraft and dupery. Quackery gives birth to nothing; gives death to all. Man everywhere is the born enemy of lies, and paganism, to its followers, was at one time earnestly true.

Nor can we admit that other theory, which attributed these mythologies to allegory, or to the play of poetic minds. Pagan religion, like every other, is indeed a symbol of what men felt about the universe, but a practical guiding knowledge of this mysterious life of theirs, and not a perfect poetic symbol of it, has been the want of men. The *Pilgrim's Progress* is a just and beautiful allegory, but it could never have preceded the faith which it symbolises. Men never risked their soul's life on allegories; there was a kind of fact at the heart of paganism.

II—*The Hero as Prophet*

WE turn now to Mahomedanism among the Arabs for the second phase of hero-worship, wherein the hero is not now regarded as a god, but as one God-inspired, a prophet. Mahomet is not the most eminent prophet, but is the one of whom we are freest to speak. Nor is he the truest of prophets, but I do esteem him a true one. Let us try to understand what he meant with the world; what the world meant and means with him will then be more answerable.

Certainly he was no scheming impostor, no falsehood incarnate; theories of that kind are the product of an age of scepticism

To the primitive pagan thinker, who was simple as a child yet had a man's depth and strength, nature had as yet no name. It stood naked, flashing in on him, beautiful, awful, unspeakable. Nature was preternatural. The world, which is now divine only to the gifted, was then divine to whosoever would turn his eye upon it. Still more was the body of man, and the mystery of his consciousness, an emblem to them of God and truly worshipful.

How much more, then, was the worship of a hero reasonable—the transcendent admiration of a great man! Admiration for one higher than himself is the vivifying influence in man's life and is the germ of Christianity itself. The greatest of all heroes is One whom we do not name here.

Without doubt there was a first teacher and captain of these northern peoples, an Odin palpable to the sense, a real hero of flesh and blood. Tradition calls him inventor of the Runes, or Scandinavian alphabet, and again of poetry. To the wild Norse souls this noble-hearted man was hero, prophet, god. That the man Odin, speaking with a hero's voice and heart, as with an impressiveness out of Heaven, told his people the infinite importance of valour, how many thereby became a god; and that his people believed this message of his, and thought it a message out of Heaven, and believed him a divinity for telling it them—this seems to me the primary seed-grain of the Norse religion. For that religion was a sternly impressive consecration of valour.

and indicate the saddest spiritual paralysis. A false man found a religion? Why, a false man cannot build a brick house! No Mirabeau, Napoleon, Burns, Cromwell, no man adequate to do anything, but is first of all in right earnest about it. Sincerity is the great characteristic of all men in any way heroic.

The Arabs are a notable people; their country itself is notable. Consider that wide, waste horizon of sand, empty, silent like a sea; you are all alone there, left alone with the universe; by day a fierce sun blazing down with intolerable radiance; by night the great deep heaven,

with its stars—a fit country for a swift-handed, deep-hearted race of men. The Arab character is agile, active, yet most meditative, enthusiastic. Hospitable, taciturn, earnest, truthful, deeply religious, the Arabs were a people of great qualities, waiting for the day when they should become notable to all the world.

Here, in the year 570 of our era, the man Mahomet was born, and grew up in the bosom of the wilderness, alone with nature and his own thoughts. From an early age he had been remarked as a thoughtful man, and his companions named him 'The Faithful.' He was forty before he talked of any mission from Heaven. All this time living a peaceful life, he was looking through the shows of things into things themselves.

Then, having withdrawn to a cavern near Meccah for a month of prayer and meditation, he told his wife Kadijah that, by the unspeakable favour of Heaven, he was in doubt and darkness no longer, but saw it all. That all these idols and formulas were nothing ; that there was one God in and over all ; that God is great and

is the reality. *Allah akbar*, 'God is great' ; and then *Islam*, 'we must submit to Him.'

THIS is yet the only true morality known.

A man is right and invincible while he joins himself to the great deep law of the world, in spite of all superficial laws, temporary appearances, profit-and-loss calculations. This is the soul of Islam, and is properly also the soul of Christianity. We are to receive whatever befalls us as sent from God above. Islam means in its way the denial of self, annihilation of self. This is yet the highest wisdom that Heaven has revealed to our earth. In Mahomet, and in his Koran, I find first of all sincerity, the total freedom from cant. For these twelve centuries his religion has been the guidance of a fifth part of mankind and, above all, it has been a religion heartily believed.

The Arab nation was a poor shepherd people ; a hero-prophet was sent down to them ; within one century afterwards Arabia is at Granada on this hand, at Delhi on that !

III—The Hero as Poet

THE hero as divinity and as prophet are productions of old ages, not to be repeated in the new. We are now to see our hero in the less ambitious, but also less questionable, character of poet. For the hero can be poet, prophet, king, priest, or what you will, according to the kind of world he finds himself born into. I have no notion of a truly great man that could not be all sorts of men.

Indeed, the poet and prophet, participators in the open secret of the universe, are one ; though the prophet has seized the sacred mystery rather on its moral side, and the poet on the aesthetic side. Poetry is essentially a song ; its thoughts are musical not in word only, but in heart and in substance.

Shakespeare and Dante are our two canonised poets ; they dwell apart, none equal, none second to them. Dante's book was written, in banishment, with his heart's blood. His great soul, homeless on earth, made its home more and more in that awful other world. The three kingdoms—*Inferno*, *Purgatorio*, *Paradiso*—are

like compartments of a great supernatural world-cathedral, piled up there, stern, solemn, awful ; Dante's world of souls. It is the sincerest of all poems. Sincerity here, too, we find to be the measure of worth. Intensity is the prevailing character of his genius ; his greatness lies in fiery emphasis and depth ; it is seen even in the graphic vividness of his painting. Dante burns as a pure star, fixed in the firmament, at which the great and high of all ages kindle themselves.

As Dante, the Italian man, was sent into our world to embody musically the religion of the Middle Ages, the religion of our modern Europe, its inner life, so Shakespeare, we may say, embodies for us the outer life of our Europe as developed then, its chivalries, courtesies, humours, ambitions, what practical way of thinking, acting, looking at the world, men then had. As in Homer we may still construe Old Greece ; so in Shakespeare and Dante, after thousands of years, what our modern Europe was, in faith and practice, will still be legible. Dante had given us the

faith or soul; Shakespeare, in a not less noble way, has given us the practice or body. This latter also we were to have; a man was sent for it, the man Shakespeare. Just when that chivalry way of life had reached its last finish, and was on the point of breaking down into slow or swift dissolution, as we now see it everywhere, this other sovereign poet, with his seeing eye, with his perennial singing voice, was sent to take note of it, to give long-enduring record of it. Two fit men; Dante, deep, fierce as the central fire of the world; Shakespeare, wide, placid, far-seeing as the sun, the upper light of the world. Italy produced the one world-voice; we English had the honour of producing the other.

Curious enough how, as it were by mere accident, this man came to us. I think always, so great, quiet, complete and self-sufficing is this Shakespeare, had the Warwickshire Squire not prosecuted him for deer-stealing, we had perhaps never heard of him as a poet! The woods and skies, the rustic life of man in Stratford there, had been enough for this man! But indeed that strange outbudding of our whole English existence, which we call the Elizabethan Era, did not it too come as of its own accord? The 'Tree Igdrasil' buds and withers by its own laws, too deep for our scanning. Yet it does bud and wither, and every bough and leaf of it is there, by fixed eternal laws; not a Sir Thomas Lucy but comes at the hour fit for him. Curious, I say, and not sufficiently considered: how everything does co-operate with all; not a leaf rotting on the highway but is indissoluble portions of solar and stellar systems; no thought, word or act of man but has sprung withal out of all men, and works sooner or later, recognizably or irreducibly, on all men! It is all a Tree: circulation of sap and influences, mutual communication of every minutest leaf with the lowest talon of a root, with

every other greatest and minutest portion of the whole. The tree Igdrasil, that has its roots down in the kingdoms of Hela and Death, and whose boughs overspread the highest heaven!

It is in portrait-painting, the delineation of men, that the greatness of Shakespeare comes out more decisively. His calm, creative perspicacity is unexampled. The word that will describe the thing follows of itself from such clear, intense sight of the thing. He takes in all kinds of men—a Falstaff, Othello, Juliet, Coriolanus; sets them all forth to us in their rounded completeness, loving, just, the equal brother of all.

The degree of vision that dwells in a man is a correct measure of the man, and Shakespeare's is the greatest of intellects. Novalis beautifully remarks of him that those dramas of his are products of nature, too, deep as nature herself. Shakespeare's art is not artifice; the noblest worth of it is not there by pre-contrivance. The latest generations of men will find new meanings in Shakespeare, new elucidations of their own human being.

Shakespeare, too, was a prophet of an insight analogous to the prophetic, though he took it up in another strain.

ENGLAND, before long, this island of ours, will hold but a small fraction of the English; east and west to the antipodes there will be a Saxondom covering great spaces of the globe. What is it that can keep all these together into virtually one nation, so that they do not fall out and fight, but live at peace?

Here, I say, is an English king whom no time or chance can dethrone! King Shakespeare shines over us all, as the noblest, gentlest, yet strongest of rallying-signs; we can fancy him as radiant aloft over all the nations of Englishmen, a thousand years hence. Truly it is a great thing for a nation that it gets an articulate voice.

IV—*The Hero as Priest*

THE priest, too, is a kind of prophet. In him, also, there is required to be a light of inspiration. He presides over the worship of the people and is the uniter of them with the unseen Holy.

Luther and Knox were by express vocation priests, yet it will suit us better here to consider them chiefly in their historical character as reformers. The battling reformer is from time to time a

needful and inevitable phenomenon. Obstructions are never wanting; the very things that were once indispensable furtherances become obstructions, and need to be shaken off and left behind us—a business often of enormous difficulty.

We are to consider Luther as an idol-breaker, a bringer back of men to reality, for that is the function of great men and teachers. Thus it was that Luther said to the Pope, 'This thing of yours that you call a pardon of sins, is a bit of rag-paper with ink. It, and so much like it, is nothing else. God alone can pardon sins. God's Church is not a semblance, Heaven and Hell are not semblances. Standing on this, I, a poor German monk, am stronger than you all.'

The most interesting phase which the Reformation anywhere assumes is that of Puritanism, which even got itself established as a Presbyterianism and National Church among the Scotch, and has produced in the world very notable fruit.

V—The Hero as

THE hero as man of letters is a new and singular phenomenon. Living in his squalid garret and rusty coat; ruling from his grave after death whole nations and generations; he must be regarded as our most important modern person. Such as he may be, he is the soul of all. Intrinsically it is the same function which the old generations named a prophet, priest, or divinity for doing.

The three great prophets of the eighteenth century, that singular age of scepticism, were Johnson, Rousseau and Burns; they were not, indeed, heroic bringers of the light, but heroic seekers of it, struggling under mountains of impediment.

As for Johnson, I have always considered him to be, by nature, one of our great English souls. It was in virtue of his sincerity, of his speaking still in some sort from the heart of nature, though in the current artificial dialect, that Johnson was a prophet. The highest gospel he preached was a kind of moral prudence, coupled with this other great gospel, 'Clear your mind of cant!' These two things, joined together, were, perhaps, the greatest gospel that was possible at that time.

Knox was the chief priest and founder of that faith which became the faith of Scotland, of New England, of Oliver Cromwell; and that which Knox did for his nation we may really call a resurrection as from death. The people began to live. Scotch literature and thought, Scotch industry, James Watt, David Hume, Walter Scott, Robert Burns—I find Knox and the Reformation acting in the heart's core of every one of these persons and phenomena; I find that without the Reformation they would not have been.

Knox could not live but by fact. He is an instance to us how a man, by sincerity itself, becomes heroic. We find in Knox a good, honest, intellectual talent, no transcendent one; he was a narrow, inconsiderable man as compared with Luther; but in heartfelt, instinctive adherence to truth, in real sincerity, he has no superior. 'He lies there,' said the Earl of Morton, at his grave, 'who never feared the face of man.'

Man of Letters

Of Rousseau and his heroism I cannot say so much. He was not a strong man; but a morbid, excitable, spasmodic man; at best, intense rather than strong. Yet he was heartily in earnest, if ever man was; his ideas possessed him like demons.

The fault and misery of Rousseau was egoism, which is the source and summary of all faults and miseries whatsoever. He had not perfected himself into victory over mere desire; a mean hunger was still his motive principle. He was a very vain man, hungry for the praises of men. The whole nature of the man was poisoned; there was nothing but suspicion, self-isolation and fierce, moody ways.

And yet this Rousseau, with his celebrations of nature, even of savage life in nature, did once more touch upon reality and struggle towards reality. Strangely through all that defacement, degradation and almost madness, there is in the inmost heart of poor Rousseau a spark of real heavenly fire. Out of all that withered, mocking philosophism, scepticism and persiflage of his day there has arisen in this man the ineradicable feeling and knowledge that this life of ours is true, not a theorem, but a fact.

The French Revolution found its evangelist in Rousseau. His semi-delirious speculations on the miseries of civilized life, and such like, helped to produce a delirium in France generally. It is difficult to say what the governors of the world could do with such a man. What he could do with them is clear enough—guillotine a great many of them.

The tragedy of Burns's life is known to all. The largest soul of all the British lands

appeared under every disadvantage; uninstructed, poor, born only to hard manual toil; and writing, when it came to that, in a rustic, special dialect, known only to a small province of the country he lived in.

We find in Burns a noble, rough genuineness, the true simplicity of strength, and a deep and earnest element of sunshine and joyfulness; yet the chief quality, both of his poetry and of his life, is sincerity—a wild wrestling with the truth of things.

VI—The Hero as King

THE commander over men, to whose will our wills are to be subordinated and loyally surrender themselves, and find their welfare in doing so, may be reckoned the most important of great men. He is called *Rex*, 'Regulator'; our own name is still better—king, which means 'can-ning,' 'able-man.'

In rebellious ages, when kingship itself seems dead and abolished, Cromwell and Napoleon step forth again as kings. The old ages are brought back to us; the manner in which kings were made, and kingship itself first took rise, is again exhibited in the history of these two.

The war of the Puritans was a section of that universal war which alone makes up the true history of the world—the war of Belief against Unbelief; the struggle of men intent on the real essence of things, against men intent on the semblances and forms of things.

And among these Puritans Cromwell stood supreme, grappling like a giant, face to face, heart to heart, with the naked truth of things. Yet Cromwell alone finds no hearty apologist anywhere. Selfish ambition, dishonesty, duplicity; a fierce, coarse, hypocritical Tartuffe; turning all that noble struggle for constitutional liberty into a sorry farce played for his own benefit. This, and worse, is the character they give him.

From of old, this theory of Cromwell's falsity has been incredible to me. All that we know of him betokens an earnest, hearty sincerity. Everywhere we have to note his decisive, practical eye, how he drives towards the practicable and has a genuine insight into what is fact. Such an intellect does not belong to a false man; the false man sees false shows, plausibilities, ex-

pediences; the true man is needed to discern even practical truth.

Napoleon by no means seems to me so great a man as Cromwell. His enormous victories which reached over all Europe, while Cromwell abode mainly in our little England, are but as the high stilts on which the man is seen standing; the stature of the man is not altered thereby.

'False as a bulletin,' became a proverb in Napoleon's time. Yet he had a sincerity, a certain instinctive, ineradicable feeling for reality; and did base himself upon fact, so long as he had any basis. He had an instinct of nature better than his culture.

HIS companions, we are told, were one evening busily occupied arguing that there could be no God; they had proved it by all manner of logic. Napoleon, looking up into the stars, answers, 'Very ingenious, Messieurs; but who made all that?'

The atheistic logic runs off from him like water; the great fact stares him in the face. So, too, in practice; he, as every man that can be great, sees, through all entanglements, the practical heart of the matter and drives straight towards that.

Accordingly, there was a faith in him, genuine so far as it went. That this new, enormous democracy is an insuppressible fact, which the whole world cannot put down—this was a true insight of his, and took his conscience and enthusiasm along with it. And did he not interpret the dim purport of it well? *La carrière ouverte aux talents*—'the implements to him who can handle them'—this actually is the truth, and even the whole truth; it includes whatever the French Revolution or any revolution could mean. It is a great, true message from our last great man.

ARISTOTLE

POLITICS

Condensed by A. D. Innes from the Greek Text

ALTHOUGH preceded by the Republic of Plato, the Politics of Aristotle is the earliest extant treatise in which the subject is dealt with as a specific branch of practical science, and in obtaining data Aristotle examined the constitutions of over a hundred Greek states : to him, as to all Greeks, the city-state was the only state highly enough organized to deserve the name. And Aristotle had a similarly circumscribed field for collecting data on which any theory of the origin and growth of states could be based. Yet his work substantially holds the field to the present day ; his classification of constitutional types is postulated in nearly every treatise on political science ; and, if some of his doctrines are interesting primarily as illustrating the difference in the conditions of the ancient and modern world, others are as true of Europe to-day as they were of ancient Greece. The work is included in Everyman's Library.

I—The Bases of Political Science



THE natures of various forms of rule are not identical. To ascertain the fundamental differences let us begin at the beginning, with the genesis, or coming into being, of the state.

Starting with the household, three relations are implied—of parents and children, husband and wife, master and slaves. Slaves are a form of property, defined as an aggregate of the instruments conducive to life ; animate instruments of action.

From the slave as property arises the general question of property, its acquisition and application. Naturally, necessary things are acquired by simple processes—hunting, fishing, husbandry, etc. But there is a further and differing art of acquisition by way of exchange. The simple barter of necessities is also natural ; but exchange becomes so no longer when it is made in terms of a standard medium, the currency. To the acquisition of property, as defined, and its employment there is a limit ; but to the acquisition of money, which is only potentially property, there is none.

It is with this kind of accumulation that finance is concerned, while domestic economy has to do with actual property. Finance is in any case non-natural ; it is most unnatural in the form of usury.

Simple acquisition of property is natural, and involves knowledge of agriculture and live-stock. Finance proper covers the commercial field. Between these is the production of what conduces only indirectly to life. Incidentally, we note that the most effective of financial devices is that of capturing a monopoly of the supply.

Returning to the government of the household, the moral virtues are demanded of the ruler ; we do not deny them to its other members, whether women, slaves, or children ; but the virtues of these are not identical with those of the head, their functions being different.

Turning to Plato's ideal commonwealth, our first criticism is that Plato's aim is to produce uniformity, whereas uniformity is destructive of the state, which depends on diversity of service rendered. We should maintain that diversity.

Secondly, the Platonic communism, especially of wives and children, fails of its purpose ; joint ownership produces not harmony, but discord, besides reducing the individual's interest in what is merely shared. All the force of family affections is watered away, and there are boundless ugly possibilities arising from the actual ignorance of relationships.

Common possession of other goods, too, generally leads to quarrels. Voluntary or regulated sharing of distinctively private

property is another thing. If the scheme had been in any way practicable, someone would have tried it before now.

Thirdly, Socrates never explains how far the ordinary citizens fall under the same rules as the guardians; unity among them is not provided for, nor subordination. To which three main criticisms other minor ones may, of course, be added.

Plato's variations from the Republic in his Laws help us little—*e.g.* there he puts his professional soldiery at 5,000, an incredibly large proportion for any state deserving the name. He omits foreign relations altogether; says nothing of how the population is to be kept within bounds; and the total result seems to be a polity professing to be a cross between democracy and despotism, and actually more of an oligarchy than anything else.

From the theorists we turn to known practical constitutions; and, first, to that of Sparta. The plan of securing leisure for the free citizens by having a large subject population involves danger from servile revolts. The licence allowed to women—an important factor in a military state—is a corrupting influence. The absorption of the land in a very few hands—women's, to a very disproportionate degree—brought

down the Spartiate population almost to vanishing point. The ephors, the real rulers, are elected from the whole free population by a childish method; so are the senators. As for the kings, the law emphasises the fact that they are distrusted. Poor and rich alike contribute to the common meals, which is unfair to the poor. Militarism is too obviously the one aim of the whole system, and the financial regulations foster avarice.

TRADITION says that the Spartan polity was borrowed from the Cretan, which differs from it in minor points of detail but has practically the same defects in the main. The polity of Carthage is akin to these two, with variations which are in its favour. It aims at securing a larger influence for merit as against chance in elections, but tends to find merit in wealth to a dangerous extent.

At Athens, Solon's legislation displaced the old oligarchy, strengthened the aristocratic element by the manner of election to offices of state, and introduced a democratic element by the judicial system. It was the later demagogues who reduced the Solonian Constitution to the democracy we know. Of some half-dozen other legislators the names and a brief note are sufficient record.

II—Of Citizenship, Government and Kingship

THE virtue of a citizen as such differs from that of a good man as such in being specifically relative to the polity; hence it is not uniform, but varies as the polity varies. The virtue of a ruler is the virtue of a good man, combining moral virtue with what we name 'prudence' in the Ethics. But the citizen who is not a ruler does not, as such, require prudence. The citizen should, no doubt, have the capacity both for rule and for subjection—the subjection of a free man, not of a slave; but the virtues in the two spheres differ.

We classify politics as the seat of government is in one person, in few, or in the masses. The normal forms, which aim at the good of the community, are called kingship, aristocracy (the rule of the best) and constitutional government; the abnormal deviations, which seek the benefit of the rulers, are called tyranny, oligarchy and democracy. Of these last

the second means the domination of the rich over the poor, the third the domination of the poor over the rich. In one sense equality is just; in another, inequality; the democrat recognizes the first, but not the second; the oligarch the second, but not the first. Superior wealth does not constitute fundamental superiority; nor equality in freedom, as the others think, equality in all respects. It is by virtue that the distribution of political power should be regulated.

As to which is superior, the few or the many, there is force in the view that the many collectively strike a sounder average judgement than the few; and their collective interests are the more extensive. The masses should not be indiscriminately admitted to office, but should collectively choose the officers.

There are several qualities which go to good administration; superiority in one

quality or another, such as birth or wealth, must not be assumed to involve superiority in the rest and treated as the sole criterion of inequality. The pre-eminence of a class in one of these qualities does not confer the right to rule; and, in the aggregate, the masses collectively seem to have the pre-eminence over any class.

The Greek kingship exemplified in Sparta is not a despotism, but supreme and permanent military command. The essential difference of tyranny is that the forces at command are mercenary, while the king's forces are armed subjects. Beside these stand the non-Greek forms of monarchy, which would be tyrannies if they were not hereditary, and the Aesym-

netes, the elective tyranny, which would be kingship but that it is not hereditary. The kings of the heroic period, with larger powers than the Spartan, made those powers—acquired by personal prowess—hereditary; but they were gradually curtailed. Historically, aristocracy displaced monarchy; oligarchy aristocracy; tyranny the oligarchies, and democracy the tyrannies. Finally, there is the absolute monarch.

The vital objection to absolutism is that, besides being non-natural, the individual is arbitrary and corruptible, and the law is not. It may be held that even discretion in dealing with the law may be more safely vested in several persons than in one.

III—The Requirements of a State

THE ideal polity is bound up with the ideal of individual life; and we have ascertained that individual happiness lies not in external goods but in the exercise of virtue. Further, the virtues, and therefore the happiness, of the state, are identical with those of the individual. Is it desirable for the individual that he should participate in affairs of state? Or for the state that all individuals should participate in its affairs? Mere desire of the individual or of the state to lord it over others is not right, though this is a common view. To accept responsibility for a due share in guiding and controlling others is quite distinct from this, and involves a corresponding readiness to accept control and guidance.

For the state, as for the individual, adequate external conditions are needed. Mere magnitude is not an advantage. A degree of magnitude is essential, as without it the state cannot be self-sufficing and independent; the limit is, that it must not be too big for all the citizens to have personal knowledge of each other, and to be gathered in a single controllable assembly.

As to situation, it requires communication with the sea, both for strategical and commercial reasons; but not so that the foreign element, which is found in all ports, may affect the citizens injuriously. The Greeks are happily situated in such a position as to develop both enterprise and intellectuality; whereas the Asiatics

are intellectual but not enterprising; and the European barbarians enterprising but not intellectual. The union of the Greeks in one polity might secure them universal dominion.

Now, it is indispensable that the state should produce food, requiring husbandmen, provide mechanical arts, requiring mechanics, an army, a propertied class, a government, a judicial body and a priesthood.

The non-citizens alone will not be allowed to hold property. The distinction between citizens and non-citizens is permanent; between classes of citizens only temporary, though there is something to be said for the caste system. There is also benefit in common meals maintained by the state; but property should not be in common. Land should be in part public, and in part private; and the actual cultivators a servile population.

The situation of the city should be healthy and strategically adapted for defence, and it should be properly fortified; the details of arrangement for common meals and public buildings should accord with the convenience of the classes of citizens in the discharge of their public duties, and so with the extra-mural public buildings.

The external circumstances which condition happiness must be assumed. Given these, happiness lies in the habit of virtuous activity, attainable by natural disposition, habituation and reason. The

application of these two is the business of education.

For obvious reasons education begins with care of the body, proceeds with the non-rational part of the soul, and works up to the rational. Legislation should begin by regulating marriage, so as to ensure that the parents are physically fit. Cripples, if born, ought not to be reared.

Should education be on a fixed system? Conducted privately, or by the state? And what should the character of the system be?

Clearly, to the state the formation in its citizens of the character appropriate to the polity is of the highest importance. It should be a state affair, not controlled by private caprices. But the best methods are very disputable. Should useful pursuits, or moral training, or intellectual development be aimed at? Such useful pursuits as are not cramping to mind and

morals may be taught. Reading, writing, design, gymnastic and music are the recognized curriculum; the first four on utilitarian grounds, the last apparently as a training in the right use of leisure, as distinct from strictly recreative amusement. Moreover, the aforesaid utilitarian subjects have ends other than utilitarian.

First comes gymnastic, which is apt to be mistakenly conducted on brutalising lines. Brutality does not imply valour.

MUSIC is, in the first place, an amusement both recreative and pleasurable; also, it has a direct moral influence. For children the acquisition of musical skill is beneficial, as well as merely learning to appreciate music by listening to it; but not with instruments which tend to make them mechanical or check their progress in other ways. Moreover, only harmonies which have an ethical character should be admitted into education.

IV—*Oligarchy, Democracy and Despotism*

THE study of political science demands examination of the polity ideally best; of the best practicable for a particular state; of the best practicable for the generality of states; and of the best attainable under certain hypothetical conditions. Government by the best, whether one or more—the ideal—we have discussed. There remain the varieties of oligarchy and democracy, which are many, and tyranny.

All variations are due to the differences of the parties or classes in the state. Popularly, they are grouped in two sets—democracy, including constitutional government; and oligarchy, including aristocracy. The former involves the domination of a poor majority over a rich minority, the latter of a rich minority over a poor majority. The classes are the agricultural, the mechanical, the trading, and the workers for hire; then the military, the priestly, the propertied, the executive, the deliberative and the judicial. The personnel of these divisions may overlap.

In theory, the root principle of democracy is equality. A low property qualification for those admitted to equality, *i.e.* to office, is characteristic of some forms of democracy; the most vital differentiation

is between those where the law is supreme, and those where it is at the mercy of a popular decree—for which the demagogues are responsible. This last cannot be recognized as a constitutional form of government at all.

A high property qualification produces an oligarchy—the domination of the wealthy minority. A variation places nomination to office in the hands of the executive; another makes office hereditary; and in a fourth, the executive overrides the law. Custom, however, may make what is in form democratic actually oligarchical; and *vice versa*.

In democracies, for the most part, practical considerations limit the candidature though not eligibility for office. In oligarchies, where virtue is a factor, the name of aristocracy is popularly misapplied to them.

Constitutional rule is really a fusion of democracy and oligarchy. It fixes a triple criterion for equality—of freedom, of wealth and of virtue. It approximates to aristocracy. It combines counteracting characteristics from oligarchy and democracy; or strikes a mean between them. Hence, according to the point of view, it is sometimes called one sometimes the other.

Of tyranny, or despotism, we noted two semi-regal kinds, the oriental and the elective or aesymnetic. Besides these there is the tyranny absolute.

IN any state, individuals who are too richly endowed tend to wax arrogant ; those at the other extreme tend to knavery. The best chance for constitutionalism is in the state where the largest body is intermediate ; otherwise the relation between rulers and ruled becomes that of masters and slaves. A decently satisfied large middle class is a guarantee of order ; where it is weak, oligarchy or democracy prevails.

Oligarchies employ misleading artifices—penalising the wealthy, but for failure to bear their share in the practices of public life whereby the oligarchical power is maintained. Similarly, democracies proceed by offering the poor inducements to take their corresponding share in public life. Under a constitution, the two methods should be combined, keeping both poor and rich up to the mark ; and citizenship and carrying heavy armour should go together. The only rule as to property qualification is that it should be low enough to admit a majority.

The original constitutional governments, historically speaking, admitted only men who could mount themselves ; then those who could bear arms as heavy infantry.

Every state has three departments—deliberative, executive, judicial. The first controls war and peace, and elections, as well as legislation. In a democracy, the whole body of citizens performs the whole deliberative function, or delegates fragments of it. As the exercise of that function is limited by high property qualification or otherwise, an oligarchy more or less pronounced is established. The power of veto, but not that of positive enactment, should be vested in the masses.

EXECUTIVE office should mean offices involving independent deliberation, decision, and especially command. In a small state several of the necessary duties may be concentrated in the hands of one official. Offices, and especially official boards, appropriate to one form of polity are not necessarily appropriate to another. Thus, a preliminary council which submits

the measures to the deliberative council is essentially oligarchic.

In the case of the judicial body, there is the question of limiting fields of jurisdiction to several courts ; from the discussion whereof we gather information as to the diversities of procedure in the Greek states.

Democracies vary as the populations are husbandmen, mechanics, or hired labourers, or combinations, their institutions varying correspondingly. Their common principle is liberty in the senses of (a) personal liberty ; and (b) sharing in the government—which involves alternating between ruling and being ruled, everyone being eligible and everyone an elector ; appointments by lot ; non-recurrence of tenure ; and other corollaries.

Equality of heads and numerical control make the root theory. Thus, democracy finds justice in the decision of the arithmetical majority, oligarchy finds it in that of the wealthy. One would potentially prove wholesale spoliation just, the other tyranny (if there were one supremely wealthy individual). Whereas if rich and poor are antagonistic, justice would really hold the scales between them.

THE best democratic population is agricultural or pastoral ; being less degraded than mechanics, tradesmen, or hired labourers ; and also having more difficulty in participating actively in public affairs. The most fatal form is where there is manhood suffrage. For the continuity of democracy, the wealthy must be reconciled to it by release from public services in consideration of cash, which will be used to relieve the burdens of the poor and keep them from schemes of spoliation. The rich also should be protected against wanton persecutions.

Oligarchy is nearest to constitutional government when most offices are open. As these are more and more restricted to the wealthy, it approximates to tyranny. An oligarchy should not be too exclusive in the admission of new members.

The executive, or officers of state, consist of the council which controls legislation, military commanders and the civil service generally ; officers and teachers of religion and priests ; and also sundry special officials to be found in particular localities.

V—Causes of Revolution in Politics

REVOLUTIONS arise from inequalities, numerical or qualitative—from a numerical mass claiming an equality denied them, or from a minority claiming a superiority denied them. A revolution may result either in a complete change of polity, or only in a modification of the existing one. An oligarchy is less permanent than a democracy, owing to factions within the oligarchical body.

In all revolutions, the condition which leads up to them is the desire of the many for equality, and the desire of the minority for effective superiority. The purposes with which they are set on foot are profit, honour, or avoidance of loss or dishonour. The inciting occasions are many: jealousy of those who have wealth and honour, official arrogance, fear of the law or of its abuse, personal rivalries, failure of the middle class to maintain a balance, race antagonisms, antagonism of localities, and others.

In democracies, revolutions are due mainly to demagogic attacks on wealth, leading the wealthy to combine, and they result in the establishment of an oligarchy or of a tyranny, a 'popular' military chief seizing the power for himself; or sometimes in replacing a moderate by an extreme democracy.

In oligarchies they spring from the oppressive conduct of the oligarchy, or from dissensions among the oligarchical body—*e.g.* exclusion of those who think themselves entitled to membership; attraction of the rôle of demagogue for individual members of the oligarchy; employment of mercenary troops, whose captain seizes power.

IN aristocracies they arise from the jealousy of those excluded from power, personal ambitions, great inequality of wealth. In these, and in constitutional governments—the most stable of all—the main cause is the incomplete fusion of the three criteria, wealth, numbers and merit. The comparative stability of constitutions comes from the greater relative weight of numbers. They are, however, more liable to be revolutionised by external pressure. Equality in proportion

to merit and security of rights are the true conditions of permanence.

For the preservation of politics, minor illegalities must be particularly guarded against: in oligarchies, personal rivalries, abuse of power by individuals (making short tenures of office advisable), insolence of privilege, tricks to deceive the masses; in oligarchies and constitutional states, excessive concentration of power in individuals or classes; oppression of the wealthy minority in democracies, and of the poor majority in oligarchies.

OF monarchy, the two types are the regal and the tyrannic. The king is the protector of the wealthy against spoliation, of the poor against arrogance. His own or his family's virtues or services have given him the kingship; his aim is excellence, and his authority is maintained by a citizen bodyguard. The tyrant is not a protector; his aim is his personal gratification.

Under monarchies, injustice and arrogance are the causes of insurrection, or fear, or contempt for incompetence, coupled with ambition. Tyrannies are overthrown by collision with external forces, or by private intrigues in the tyrant's entourage, and generally in the same sort of way as extreme oligarchies or extreme democracies. Kingships are endangered by intrigues in the royal family, by the king's personal incompetence, or by his developing tyrannical attributes. Hereditary monarchies are in particular danger from incompetents succeeding. But in a complex society, kingship proper is all but impossible.

A kingship is maintained by the royal self-restraint. The tyrant relies on the material and moral degradation, incapacity and lack of mutual confidence among his subjects, which he fosters by espionage, executions, taxation and the encouragement of licence. Occasionally, the tyrant will seek to secure his position by playing the part and assuming the attributes of a king proper. The shrewd tyrant sees to it that he has the favour of the rich or of the poor.

Neither tyrannies nor oligarchies have proved long-lived.

PAUL BOURGET

THE DISCIPLE

PAUL BOURGET produced what is perhaps his finest book in *Le Disciple*. It appeared in 1889, following *Mensonges* (1887), and pulled up critics and public alike. For there was found in it something newer and deeper, a more earnest note, than had characterised his earlier and universally admired work, in which his aim seemed to be the establishment of an artistic school of idealistic fiction. *Le Disciple* was, in effect, a warning to the modern young man against absolute reliance on the brain, as opposed to the heart. Bourget wrote it under stress of a real feeling of responsibility. It was not enough, he had discovered, to be clever and advanced and scientific—in a word, ‘superior’—if all this involved the sacrifice of the good old virtues of honesty and simplicity. So he wrote this poignant story in order to preserve his younger brethren from the error into which he himself had all but fallen. This epitome has been made by Edgar Preston from the French.

I—The Modern Philosopher



M. ADRIEN SIXTE, sometimes styled by English critics ‘the French Spencer,’ lived alone, save for a respectable, solid old housekeeper, in a remote corner of Paris—to be exact, in the Rue Guy-de-la-Brosse, hard by the Jardin des Plantes. He lived the life of an ascetic, almost a saint, in an atmosphere of abstract speculation, famous already by his philosophic works, notably his much-debated *Psychology of God*, his *Anatomy of The Will*, and his *Theory of the Passions*. By many these works were held to be noxious and abominable; by others they were deemed to raise their author to a height almost level with that of the greatest of the philosophers, past or present. In any case, M. Adrien Sixte was celebrated throughout the world of thought, and each succeeding volume from his pen was sure to arouse a storm of controversy.

Soon after the war of 1870 Adrien Sixte, both his parents being dead, left Nancy, his native town, and came to Paris to settle down. He was left more than enough to satisfy his very modest requirements; so, with no pecuniary or other cares, with no desire for reward or for fame, ‘the French Spencer’ quietly resumed the business of his life which was—to think.

So regular were his habits that his neighbours in the quiet backwater where

he lived might have set their clocks by his going out and his coming in. His daily movements were the same, year in year out, summer and winter. Neither drinking nor smoking, eating barely enough to keep himself in health, M. Adrien Sixte just thought and wrote.

The calm of this mechanically regular existence was doubly broken one morning. The first shock was a summons addressed to M. Adrien Sixte requiring him to appear before M. Valette, *juge d’instruction*, and by him be questioned ‘on certain matters of which he would be informed’; and the second was a written request from a Madame Greslou that M. Sixte would let her call on him the following afternoon ‘in connexion with the crime of which her unhappy son had been falsely accused.’

One of M. Sixte’s many peculiarities was his complete ignorance of the events of the day. Such was his indifference to current affairs that he never read a newspaper. But, puzzled as he was, he came to the right conclusion: that there was some close connexion between the communication received from the examining magistrate and that of Madame Greslou. That name at first conveyed nothing to his mind; but by degrees the philosopher recalled sundry visits and letters he had had during the past two years from a young man of the name of Robert Greslou, a student at the Clermont-Ferrand *lycée*, who had submitted for his criticism a

remarkable essay on a psychological subject. M. Greslou had declared himself a fervent admirer of the *Psychology of God* and the other books signed Adrien Sixte, and in more than one of his letters had styled himself 'his devoted disciple and follower.' The last M. Sixte had heard of the young man was that he had accepted a post as tutor in a noble family at Aydat, in Auvergne.

M. SIXTE was at the Law Courts five minutes before the time appointed to meet M. Valette, an agreeable, keen-witted man of the world, whose astonishment at the strange appearance of the celebrated writer knew no bounds. At first the magistrate was inclined to think the grave, detached manner in which the philosopher answered the questions put to him, concealed more knowledge of the matter than he desired to show; but soon it was patent to M. Valette that he had before him an absolutely unworldly character, one quite ignorant of that which all Paris, if not all France, was talking about at the moment—the extraordinary 'Greslou Case,' in which a young tutor, Robert Greslou—under arrest at Riom—was accused of poisoning the beautiful daughter of his employer, the Marquis de Jussat-Randon.

M. Sixte heard the news with amazement. He told M. Valette exactly what had been his relations with Robert Greslou, and expressed surprise when the magistrate informed him that among the accused tutor's books were the *Psychology of God* and the others written by the philosopher, all of them bearing copious marginal notes, indicating the most careful study. He did not understand what connexion there could be between his writings and the crime, nor what testimony he could possibly be asked to give on the matter. In vain M. Valette tried to enlighten him, and the interview soon ended.

WHEN M. Sixte got back to his rooms, he found a lady in deep mourning waiting for him. It was Madame Greslou, mother of the arrested tutor.

To M. Sixte's bewilderment, Madame Greslou told him that she held him

responsible for her son's loss of faith—him and his books. "Eh, how I hated you," she exclaimed, "when I discovered who and what had made Robert forsake the Christian religion in which I had so carefully brought him up!"

But soon she grew calmer, begging the philosopher—whose *sang-froid* had well-nigh deserted him in the presence of a mother's overwhelming agitation—to forgive her if her words had wounded him. "You will do all you can for my innocent boy, I know," she stammered, through her tears. "He told me you were kind, so kind. If I knew you I should venerate you. You were a saint, he said."

When M. Sixte had done his best to comfort the widow she handed him, before leaving, a roll of paper which she had kept in her lap all the time. Her son had written an important scientific article while in prison, since his arrest, and he had entrusted it to her to give to M. Sixte. On the first sheet was the inscription *Modern Psychology*, and the second bore the words *Memorandum on Myself*. Below was a request that his 'dear master' would regard himself as in honour bound to keep strictly to himself the pages that followed. If M. Sixte was not willing to bind himself in this way he was begged to destroy the manuscript, and not to place it in any other hands, 'even to save my life.' The initials 'R. G.' were appended.

FOR a long time after Madame Greslou's departure the philosopher could not make up his mind to read Robert Greslou's story. On the one hand was a great curiosity to see what this very human document might contain; on the other was the possibility that the manuscript might contain evidence of the young man's innocence, which he, the depository of the secret, could not use; or, still worse, it might turn out to be a confession of guilt.

At length, psychology triumphed over all scruples. When his housekeeper came in to say M. Sixte's bed was ready she found her master seated by the fire, deep in the *Memorandum on Myself*, which the author should rightly have called *Confession of a Young Man of To-day*.

II—The Disciple's Story

ROBERT GRESLOU'S narrative was dated 'Riom Gaol, January 1887.'

It opened with a succinct but clear description of his childhood and early youth, spent in his birthplace at Clermont.

His ideas, his belief, his innermost thoughts and feelings were detailed with extreme minuteness, as being necessary to explain his outlook on life, his state of mind of a little later, until at last he came to the period when the teachings and aspirations inculcated by his confessor, Father Martel, came to be definitely rejected.

Robert Greslou was seventeen, and just entering the philosophy class at the Ecole Normale, when one day he came across the Psychology of God, by M. Adrien Sixte. This made so profound an impression on him that immediately he procured and read the Theory of the Passions and the Anatomy of the Will. These, following on the effect produced recently by the writings of Musset, Balzac, Baudelaire, Heine, Stendhal and others, served to lift the veil from what had before been a mystery. That which the literary romantics had begun, in the direction of idealism in sensations, the clear, detached, mathematically logical philosophy of Adrien Sixte completed. 'The darkness shrouding the world inside and out was removed,' declared the writer. 'I had found my road. I was your pupil.'

'In November 1885, having failed in my philosophy examination, I accepted the post of tutor in the family of the Marquis de Jussat-Randon. The five thousand francs I was offered for about a year's tuition of the second son, a boy of twelve, tempted me to give up my independence for a time, since I was anxious that my mother should not be put to further expense on my account.

'The marquis, to whom I had been strongly recommended, took me from Clermont to Aydat in his landau, talking nearly all the time of his family and his ailments—for the most part imaginary. Already I had made up my mind to study this family closely, each member of it, and for that purpose I had provided myself with a diary, fastened by lock and key, in which

I was to record my impressions of all that happened during my exile. Another resolve of mine was to have nothing to do with love. Sensuality in itself revolted me and, further, I had a profound contempt for the stupidity of women in general. Like the sage of old, I determined to "keep all my sex in my brain."

'When the marquis and I arrived, on a bright frosty November evening, we found all the family awaiting us in the drawing-room. The marquise and her daughter were doing crochet-work for the poor; my future pupil was looking at a picture-book; the eldest son, Comte André, an officer in the dragoons, was reading a newspaper; Mlle. Charlotte's companion and a nun were seated sewing. Madame de Jussat, big, imposing, with perfect manners, looked the model *ménagère*. The boy had nothing remarkable about him except his fat, lazy cheeks; in the daughter I was conscious of a slim figure in a light frock, with soft, grey eyes and chestnut brown hair. The charm of her low voice impressed me.

'NEVER before had I been really in touch with so male a person as this Comte André; therefore his physical perfection filled me with surprise and admiration. A little over thirty, of middle height, built like an athlete, with his broad shoulders and slim figure, he produced a sense of combined strength and suppleness that was quite new to me. And all this apart, his black hair and moustache, his firm mouth and chin and keen brown eyes, together with a high, aquiline nose, indicated not only courage, determination, will, but, above all, race, blood. One glance sufficed to show that Comte André had sprung from a line of conquerors. For the first time, I became conscious of the difference between myself, whose forebears had been just modest tillers of the soil, and this direct descendant of their masters.

'There was no real envy or jealousy in all this; but I was acutely conscious of the enormous *difference*; and this aroused an involuntary hostility towards the proud young soldier which never left me.

'To-day, as I write, I am filled with horror at the thought that I could ever have deliberately, coldly, set out to win the love of Comte André's true, pure sister, Charlotte, without loving her, but simply to study the psychology of the passion I aroused. Yet such is the fact. I think there was at first some sort of satisfaction in my mind at getting more or less on terms with the haughty soldier by bringing his sister under my influence; it seemed to lessen the distance between us. But it was all mingled with a very genuine admiration for the girl herself, which grew steadily day by day as I came to know her better and discover the rare charm of her proud, sensitive nature.

'Almost daily Lucien and I were accompanied on our walks by Charlotte and her middle-aged companion, Mlle. Largeyx. On one occasion, feeling depressed and morose, I was so dull and taciturn while the others were all quite merry, that at last, when we were alone for a moment, Charlotte enquired anxiously if I was ill,

or if anything had upset me. Rather curtly I replied that I was perfectly well; and then it occurred to me to play on her sympathies by inventing some secret sorrow and pretending to be absorbed in it.

'**M**ANY little attentions—trivial in themselves, but of real significance to me, the analyst, the observer—revealed the interest taken by Mlle. de Jussat in me as time went on; but to my surprise and disappointment she did not appear to be much impressed when, having found a convenient opportunity, I related to her the mock story of an unhappy love experience. All she remarked was that it was strange I should have had confidence in my sweetheart, seeing that she allowed me to make love to her without her parents' knowledge! I felt nonplussed and ridiculous; my elaborate invention had missed fire. Nevertheless, a sort of sympathy had grown up between us, and it grew into what was certainly love, on my part.

III—*In the Wood*

I DETERMINED to reveal my feelings, and thus discover hers. Winter was passed and we were in May, which was at its loveliest. One morning—I remember the date, the 12th—we set out, the usual four of us, to go to the village of Saint-Saturnin—a longish journey through the woods. Lest Charlotte or Mlle. Largeyx should find the walk too fatiguing we took with us the little governess cart, which the second coachman drove. The companion was the first to feel tired, and presently Lucien thought he would like to rest his legs. Charlotte and I walked on alone. Every now and then she would stop to pick a few lilies-of-the-valley. In this way we got some distance into the wood, while the carriage, of course, followed the road.

'Suddenly Charlotte came to a standstill, and, after listening a moment, exclaimed gaily: "We're lost! Never mind, wait till I've arranged my flowers, and then we can find the others." So saying, she sat down on a big stone, with the Spring sunshine filtering through the trees on to her fair head.

'I knew the time had come. Suddenly I seized her hand, which trembled at my

touch. All pale, she strove to rise, but I gently forced her to remain seated; and then I told my love, in a torrent of words, the eloquence of which astonished me. When I put my arm around her waist, she succeeded in freeing herself and getting up and, with tears streaming down her cheeks, begged me to leave her. All I could think of saying was: "Forgive me!"

'Presently we heard voices calling. The blood came back to Charlotte's cheeks; without another word, gathering up her posy and her gloves, she ran as hard as she could go, in the direction of the sounds, with me behind her. In a few minutes we had rejoined the party. Saying she did not feel very well, Charlotte got into the carriage, and we all made our way homewards, I walking alone.

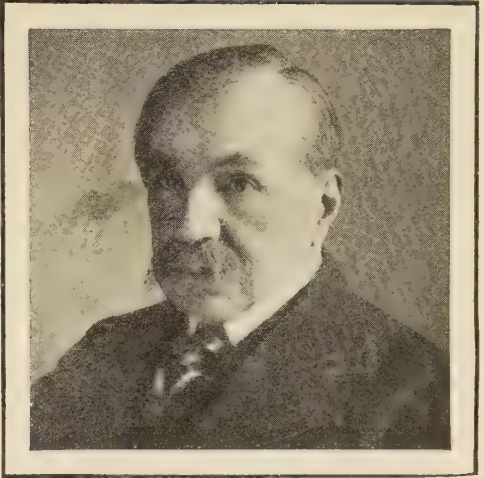
'Not only was I furious at what appeared to me to be my defeat, but for the next two or three days I was in constant dread of being turned ignominiously out of the house. Charlotte would tell her parents what had happened—and that would be the end of everything. But no; everyone was just as kind as before; nothing had been said; she had kept our secret.

'About a week later M. de Jussat told me his daughter had not been herself lately, and he was going to take her to Paris to consult a physician. They were to start the next morning. I had by this time resolved to abandon my enterprise, since it was quite evident that Charlotte, though anxious not to harm me, had determined to keep me at a distance. I wrote her a letter, again begging forgiveness, and telling her she would not find me there on her return. When no one was about I slipped into her room, intending to put my missive inside her blotting-case. When I opened it I saw an envelope on which was written: "12th of May, 1886." Hastily looking inside, I saw two or three faded lilies-of-the-valley, which I remembered to have given her in that last walk. So she had kept them, despite all that had happened. So she loved me, after all. I must wait. She loved me! My letter I destroyed at once.

LIFE at the château with Charlotte absent was strangely, almost delightfully tranquil. But when, at the end of a few weeks, the Marquis wrote that he was returning, without his daughter, who preferred to stay longer in Paris, with an aunt, my mind became uneasy again, and I began to feel resentment against her. Then we heard that her holiday—if such it could be called—was to be still further prolonged, and my wounded vanity made me angrier than ever. I ventured to write to her. No answer came, but I wrote again and again—letters full of contrition, passion, despair. Later I learnt that Charlotte had kept those effusions, and only destroyed them on the night of her death.

'M. de Jussat returned, with what he described to me as "good news." In the first place, Charlotte's health was much improved; and, better still, she had promised to marry M. de Plane, a brother-officer of Andre's.

'You, master, who have written in such masterly terms on the terrible thing which is jealousy, will understand my feelings. Charlotte had been out of my sight nearly five months, yet I longed for her more than ever; time only increased my malady, and every day I grew more miserable.



PAUL CHARLES JOSEPH BOURGET was born at Amiens, September 2, 1852. His first literary production was a volume of verse, *Au Bord de la Mer* (1873). His *Essais de Psychologie Contemporaine* was the first work which brought him before the reading public of France; these appeared in the *Nouvelle Revue*. In 1884 Bourget came to England on a long visit, and there wrote his first novel, *L'Irréparable*. *Cruelle Enigme* followed in 1885, and *Mensonges* in 1887. *Le Disciple* showed him in a grave mood. Bourget has been accused of pessimism in his writings, but there is no despair in his outlook on human destiny as a whole. He is a writer of unusual precision and his style is most polished.

'Then, about the end of September, Lucien developed scarlet fever. M. de Jussat, himself in dread of infection, consulted me as to whether he ought to send for the Marquise. Much as I longed to see Charlotte, I had enough courage to dissuade him from telling them in Paris of what was happening at the château knowing full well that, if she knew, the invalid's sister would return at once, at any cost.

But the very next day came a telegram saying the Marquise and her daughter were coming back immediately.

'I resolved to leave at once, before their return, if M. de Jussat would let me, my engagement terminating a few days hence. This seemed to be the best solution of the difficulty: it would save the feelings of both Charlotte and myself. But M. de Jussat was so excited at the coming arrival of his wife and daughter that he could not spare time to discuss the matter. "Not now, not now," he said, irritably; "wait till they're back. I can't think of anything else at the moment!"

'Who knows but my very destiny hung on the refusal of the selfish old man to

listen to me? Had I gone home then and there all would have been well. But one glance at Charlotte as, pale and trembling, she met my eye on stepping from the carriage, revealed to me that she loved me as much as ever—more.

'My feelings at this time defy analysis. At last came a despairing desire to end it all. Yes, I made up my mind that for her sake, as well as for mine, I would bring

my wretched life to a close. A chemist in the village, who knew me, let me have a small bottle of *nux vomica*. I gave him a false reason for wanting it. I felt I must see Charlotte once more before I died, and tell her again how I loved her. I wrote, saying what I had resolved to do. If she did not come to my room before midnight I would drink the poison on the stroke of the hour.

IV—The Midnight Visit

ALL that day I was in a sort of dream, hardly conscious of what was going on around me; and when night came, and I retired to my room I watched the hours go by with a strange serenity of indifference. But when half-past eleven came my heart began to beat violently, though my will remained firm and cold.

'It wanted only a minute to the hour when I heard light footsteps approaching. They stopped at my door, and the next moment Charlotte stood before me.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, in a voice she could scarcely control. "Thank God, I'm not too late! Dead—I thought you would be dead! Horrible! horrible! But that's all over, is it not? Swear to me you won't kill yourself——"

'She took my hand in hers, which was icy cold, and looked at me imploringly. Then, weeping like herself, I took her in my arms and our lips met.

"I must go!" she cried. "Let me go! Don't come near me again——"

"Then I must die," said I. "You don't love me, or you would not be going to marry another man." And I took the black phial from the table. "In five minutes it will all be over. Go, and thank you for coming. Go; good-bye; don't rob me of my courage——"

"No, no!" she cried, in a voice that had grown almost hard. "I will die too. I have suffered too much. I can stand no more. Let us die together!"

'She stretched out her hand to seize the bottle, but I prevented her; and she went on: "Ah, yes, let me die here, with you! I've loved you so long, so long. I can tell you now. I have the right, because I'm going to die. You'll take me with you; we'll go away together, we two——!"

"Yes," I said, "we'll die together. I swear it. But not at once. Ah! let me feel that you love me!" And I took her, unresisting, in my arms once more.

HOURS later, in the dim light of the lamp, I watched her as she lay sleeping beside me.

'But while she slept I was thinking. The exultation of the night had passed away. What had seemed so simple, so right, so natural only a few hours before now became monstrous, impossible. Why should we die, both of us so young, with such possibilities of happiness before us? No. I was determined we should not fulfil our compact.

'Then she woke and kissed me, and the clock struck four.

"Come," said Charlotte, "give me the poison. I will drink first. Good-bye, my own love!"

'Then I had to tell her; and as I spoke, on my knees beside the bed, she stared at me with amazement, horror, in her eyes.

"So you will not give me the poison?" she said at last. "Well, if you are afraid, I am not. I will die alone!"

'When I refused, she got up, and without so much as looking at me, went straight from the room. As she got to the door she cried "Coward! Coward!" and I was alone.

'Once or twice during the day I tried to speak to her, but she put me aside with so patrician a gesture that I could not find a word to say. I wrote to her. My letter was placed on my table unopened.

'The night before I left the château I wrote demanding a final interview. I found her standing in her room, fully dressed. It was eleven o'clock. Then

coldly, as though I had been a servant, she told me how, in order to know me fully, she had forced the lock of my diary and read it. Also, she had written to her brother, telling him the whole story.

"Now go!" she said, "or I'll call the servants!" I went, and at six o'clock I had left the house.

"You know the rest. At Clermont I heard of the suicide of Mlle. de Jussat, and almost at the same time I was placed under arrest. From what the *juge d'instruction* said, it was clear that Charlotte had found the poison in my room, drunk it, and thrown the bottle out of the

window into the garden, where someone found it next morning. They think I put the *nux vomica* into a sleeping draught and so murdered her!

"Since my arrest I have said not a word, nor will I say one even though I die for it. Comte André knows I am innocent of murder. If he, like myself, remains silent, and lets me die, we are quits. This time my pride is equal to his!

"Now I have told you all, master, send me, I beg, a word of comfort. Tell me I am not a monster, and you will have the eternal blessing of your faithful

'ROBERT GRESLOU.'

V—Justice Is Done

A MONTH had passed since M. Adrien Sixte first read this astonishing document. He read it again and again, fascinated by its revelations, horrified to think that his life work, his beloved science, could possibly be intermingled with so much that was shameful and abominable. Could he really be responsible in any degree for what had happened? The thought shocked and distressed the poor philosopher deeply.

On the eve of the trial he resolved to go to Riom. If Robert should be condemned he would lay the young man's memorandum before the President. Meanwhile, he sent unsigned, to Comte André a letter inquiring if he could allow an innocent man to be condemned, and reminding him that he had in his possession a letter from his sister proving that suicide, and not murder, was the cause of her death.

This letter, sent to Lunéville, did not come into Captain de Jussat's hands at Riom until the trial of Robert Greslou was nearing its close. He was thunderstruck, for it proved that someone other than the prisoner himself knew the truth. After long and anxious deliberation Comte André had destroyed Charlotte's farewell letter, and it had appeared that unless he himself spoke, Greslou's fate was sealed, since he obstinately refused to defend his life. But this anonymous letter altered everything. How could he, André de Jussat, allow himself to be shamed by this despicable *roturier*, who, now that the test had come, was showing himself

brave even unto death? He resolved to face the ordeal.

Next morning, dressed in full uniform, Comte André made his way to the Court of Justice, where, after the President had explained that it was not permissible for him to testify *in camera*, he told the true story of the tragedy in open court. Among the amazed listeners was the marquis, who, on learning of his daughter's shame, fell from his seat and was carried out unconscious.

ROBERT GRESLOU, released at once, went to the hotel where his mother and M. Adrien Sixte were staying. At the door a waiter told him that Captain de Jussat had called to enquire for him.

"Where is he?" exclaimed Greslou, rushing into the street, unheeding his mother's cries to him to come back.

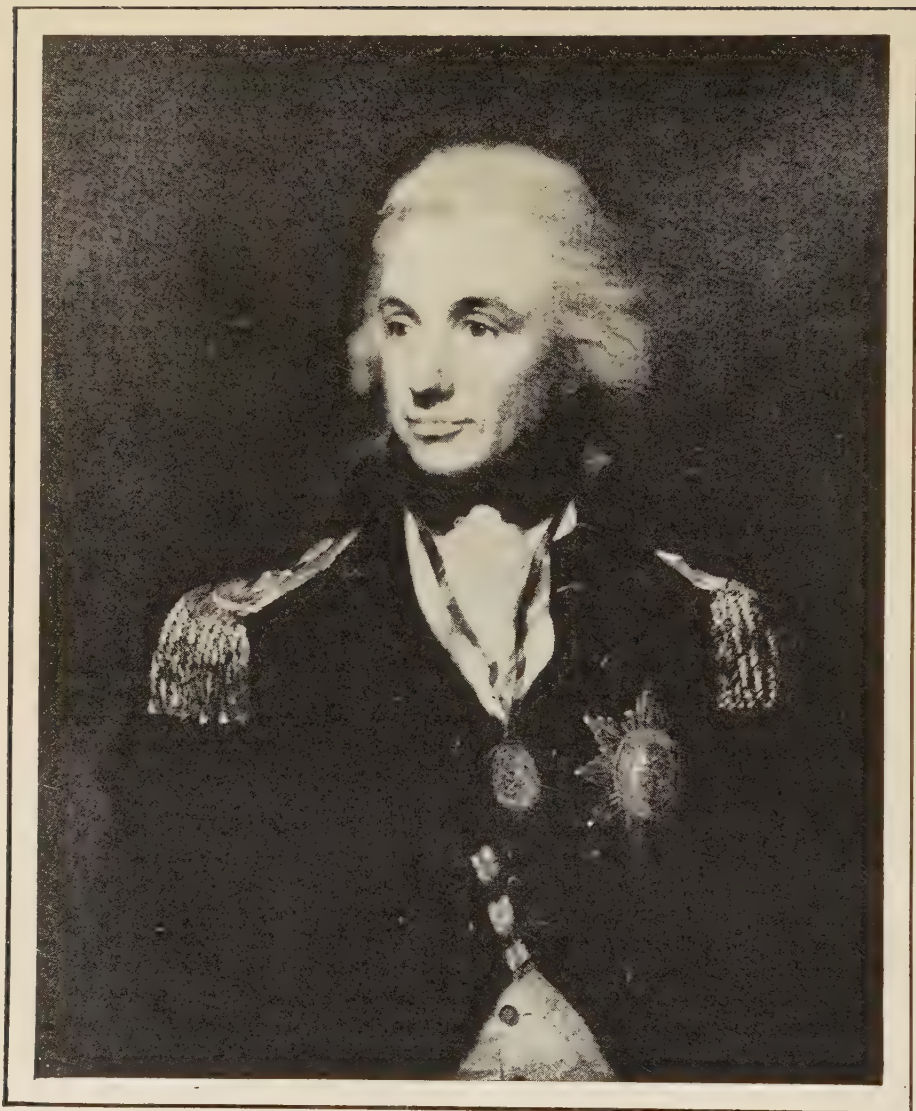
Outside, he found André de Jussat on the other side of the road.

"You have something to say to me, sir?" enquired Robert haughtily. "I am at your disposal."

"No, sir," replied André de Jussat. "One does not fight men of your sort. They are executed."

And, taking a revolver from his pocket, while the tutor calmly faced him, he shot him through the forehead.

When people ran up, alarmed at the report, they found the officer, who had thrown away his weapon, standing with folded arms. As he was led away, unresisting, quietly, he said: "Justice is done!"



Horatio Viscount Nelson (1758-1805) was one of the supreme leaders of men known to history. This pre-eminence was due to his decision, energy, knowledge, personal magnetism, affection for his subordinates and sympathy for his seamen, and his magnificent valour—qualities which won for him the love of those whom he commanded. As an admiral his genius lay in his combination of exceptional daring with energy and judgement. Knowing the exact limitations of naval power, he did not believe in fighting regardless of risk or at an immense disadvantage without an adequate object. He always aimed at decisive victory, and his method of gaining it was based on the close study of tactics in which he had excelled since 1782. While his infatuation for Lady Hamilton rendered his private life open to criticism, his simple piety and his superb patriotism have made him an example to all, and his greatest legacy to his country is the Nelson spirit which animates the British Navy. This portrait is from the painting by Lemuel Abbott in the National Portrait Gallery.

ROBERT SOUTHEY

THE LIFE OF NELSON

IN a prefatory note to what is now Southey's best known work, the author says that it is his wish in regard to this book that it should be 'clear and concise enough to become a manual for the young sailor, which he may carry about with him till he has treasured up the example in his memory and in his heart.' That the work succeeded in this aim there can be no doubt; and its influence as an inspiration to the youth of the nation has been immeasurably great. But to-day *The Life of Nelson* is prized not so much for the story it tells—though that itself forms a noble chapter of history—as for the manner in which the narrative is presented: for the work is one of the finest short biographies ever produced in England. It was first published in 1813, in two volumes. Hazlitt says of Southey that: 'He is the best and most natural prose writer of any poet of the day.' The *Life of Nelson* is issued in several popular editions.

I—A Captain at Twenty



HORATIO, son of Edmund and Catherine Nelson, was born on September 29, 1758, in the parsonage of Burnham Thorpe, a Norfolk village, where his father was rector. Mrs. Nelson died in 1767, leaving eight children, and her brother, Captain Maurice Suckling, R.N., visited the widower and promised to take care of one of the boys.

Horatio was never strong, but he had already given proofs of a resolute heart and a noble mind. Captain Suckling took interest in him and sent him on a first voyage in a merchant ship to the West Indies, and then with the Arctic expedition of 1773, when Horatio showed his courage by attacking a Polar bear.

A voyage to the East Indies followed, and gave him the rank of midshipman. But the tropical climate reduced him almost to a skeleton; he lost for a time the use of his limbs and was sent home as his only chance of life. He returned under great depression of spirits.

On April 8, 1777, he passed his examination for a lieutenancy and was appointed to the Lowestoft frigate, *Captain Locker*, then fitting out for Jamaica. Privateers under American colours were harassing British trade in the West Indies and Nelson saw much active service. He was removed to the *Bristol* flagship, then to the command of the *Badger*, then to the *Hinchinbrook*.

An expedition was at this time projected to seize the region of Lake Nicaragua and thus to cut the communication of the Spaniards between their northern and southern possessions; and in pursuit of this policy Nelson was sent with a small force, early in 1780, to Honduras. Here, after deeds of great gallantry, his command was almost annihilated by the deadly climate and he himself was so reduced by dysentery that he was compelled to return to England.

His next ship was the *Albemarle*, twenty-eight guns, in which he was kept, to his great annoyance, in the North Sea for the whole winter of 1781-2, and was sent in the spring to Quebec. The *Albemarle* then served on the West Indian station until tidings came that the preliminaries of peace had been signed, and she returned to England and was paid off in 1783.

'I have closed the war,' said Nelson, in one of his letters, 'without a fortune; but there is not a speck on my character. True honour, I hope, predominated in my mind far above riches.'

After living for a time in lodgings in St. Omer's in France, he was appointed to the *Boreas*, going to the Leeward Islands, and on his arrival in the West Indies in 1784 found himself senior captain and therefore second in command on that station.

The Americans were at this time trading with our islands, taking advantage of the

register of their ships, which had been issued while they were British subjects. Nelson knew that, by the Navigation Act, no foreigners, directly or indirectly, were permitted to carry on any trade with these possessions; and also that the Americans had made themselves foreigners with regard to England.

Contrary to the orders both of the admiral and of the governor, he insisted that our ships of war were not sent abroad to make a show of, and seized four American vessels at Nevis; and when the matter was brought into court he pleaded his own cause, and the ships were condemned.

While the law-suit was proceeding,

II—Service in the Mediterranean

THE *Agamemnon* was ordered to the Mediterranean under Lord Hood, and Nelson was sent with despatches to Sir William Hamilton, our envoy to the court of Naples. Sir William, after his first interview with him, told Lady Hamilton that he was about to introduce a little man to her who could not boast of being very handsome, but who would one day astonish the world. Thus that acquaintance began which ended in the destruction of Nelson's domestic happiness, though it threatened no such consequences then.

Nelson was sent to join Commodore Linzee at Tunis, and shortly afterwards to co-operate with General Paoli and the Anti-Gallican party in Corsica. At this time, 1794, Nelson was able to say, 'My seamen are now what British seamen ought to be, almost invincible.'

The *Agamemnon* was then dispatched to co-operate in the siege of Calvi with General Sir Charles Stuart, at which Nelson

Nelson formed an attachment to a young widow, Mrs. Nisbet, niece of the President of Nevis, and was married to her on March 11, 1787. She was then in her eighteenth year, and had one child, a son, Josiah, who was three years old. They returned together to England and took up their abode at the old parsonage, where Nelson amused himself with farming and country sports, and continued a relentless campaign against the speculators and fraudulent contractors attached to the naval service in the West Indies. After many vain attempts to secure a ship, he was at last appointed, on January 30, 1793, to the *Agamemnon*, sixty-four guns.

lost the sight of one eye; and later played a glorious part in the attack by Admiral Hotham's squadron on the French fleet.

Nelson was made colonel of marines in 1795, a mark of approbation which he had long wished for; and the *Agamemnon* was ordered to Genoa, to co-operate with the Austrian and Sardinian forces. The incapacity and misconduct of the Austrian General de Vins, however, gave the enemy possession of the Genoese coast. The *Agamemnon*, therefore, could no longer be useful here, and Nelson joined the Mediterranean fleet under Sir John Jervis.

England at that time depended too much on the rotten governments of the Continent and too little upon itself. Corsica was therefore abandoned by Britain and Nelson, after superintending the evacuation of Corsica, was ordered to hoist his broad pennant on board the *Minerva* frigate. He then sailed for Gibraltar and proceeded westward in search of the admiral.

III—St. Vincent and the Nile

OFF the mouth of the straits of Gibraltar he fell in with the Spanish fleet; and on February 13, 1797, was directed to shift his pennant to the *Captain*.

On the following morning was fought the battle of Cape St. Vincent. The British had only fifteen ships of the line against twenty-seven Spanish ships, but Britain, largely through Nelson's intrepidity, secured an overwhelming victory. The commander-in-chief was rewarded with the title of Earl St. Vincent, and Nelson

was advanced to the rank of rear-admiral and received the Order of the Bath.

Admiral Sir Horatio Nelson was now removed to the *Theseus* and was employed in the blockade of Cadiz, where he went through the most perilous action in which he was ever engaged.

Twelve days later Nelson sailed at the head of an expedition against Teneriffe, and on the night of July 24, 1797, made a boat attack on the port of Santa Cruz. On this occasion he was wounded in the

right elbow and the arm had to be amputated. The small force, which had made its way into the town, capitulated on honourable terms, and the Spanish governor distinguished himself by the most humane and generous conduct to his enemies. There is no doubt that Nelson's life was saved by the attentions of his stepson, Nisbet, who was with him in the boat.

Nisbet was immediately promoted, and honours awaited Nelson in England. The freedom of the cities of Bristol and London was conferred on him and he received a pension of £1,000 a year. He had performed an extraordinary series of services during the war; including four actions with the fleets of the enemy, three actions with boats employed in cutting out of harbour and in taking three towns; he had commanded the batteries at the sieges of Bastia and Calvi, he had assisted at the capture of twenty-eight ships of war, and had taken and destroyed nearly fifty merchant vessels; and had been engaged against the enemy upwards of a hundred and twenty times.

Early in 1798, Sir Horatio Nelson hoisted his flag in the *Vanguard* and left England to rejoin Earl St. Vincent. He was dispatched to the Mediterranean, to ascertain the object of Bonaparte's great

expedition, then fitting out at Toulon; and sailed from Gibraltar with three ships of the line, four frigates and a sloop.

The first news of the enemy's armament was that it had surprised Malta, but Nelson soon heard that they had left that island on June 16, and he judged that Egypt was their destination. He arrived off Alexandria on the 28th, but did not find them; then sailed to the Morea, where he gained news of the French, and on August 1 came in sight of Alexandria and the French fleet. 'Before this time to-morrow,' he said to his officers, 'I shall have gained a peerage or Westminster Abbey.'

Bonaparte's ships of war, under Admiral Brueys, were moored in Aboukir Bay in a strong line of battle; and the advantage of numbers, in ships, guns and men, was in favour of the French. Yet only four French ships out of seventeen escaped and the victory was the most complete and glorious in the annals of naval history.

Nelson was now at the summit of his glory. He was created Baron Nelson of the Nile and of Burnham Thorpe, with a pension of £2,000 a year for his own life and those of his successors; a grant of £10,000 was voted to him by the East India Company; and the King of Naples made him Duke of Brontë.

IV—Lady Hamilton

As soon as his shattered frame had sufficiently recovered, Nelson was called to services of greater importance than any on which he had been hitherto employed.

The kindest attentions and warmest affection were awaiting him at Naples; the king, the queen and Lady Hamilton, who was the queen's constant favourite, welcomed their hero and deliverer with the most splendid festivities.

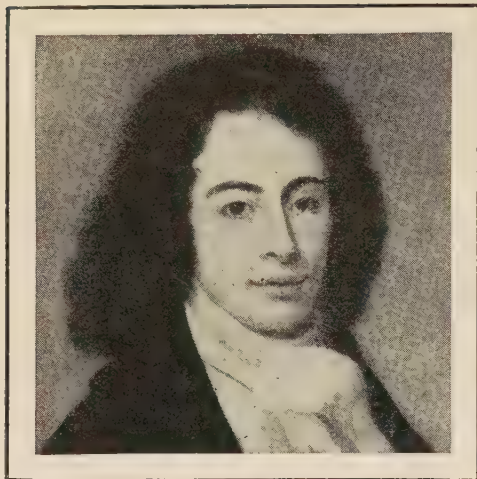
He had by this time formed an infatuated attachment for Lady Hamilton, which totally weaned his affections from his wife. He was dissatisfied with himself and weary of the world. But in accordance with his principle of duty 'to assist in driving the French to the devil and in restoring peace and happiness to mankind,' he at length expelled the French from Naples and restored Ferdinand to his throne. Weak in health, Nelson resigned his command and

reached England in November 1800, having travelled with Sir William and Lady Hamilton.

The great admiral was welcomed to England with every mark of popular honour; but he had forfeited domestic happiness for ever. He separated from Lady Nelson, vowing that there was nothing in her or in her conduct that he could have wished otherwise.

In January 1801 he was sent to the Baltic as second in command under Sir Hyde Parker. Russia, Denmark and Sweden had founded a confederacy for making England resign her naval rights, and the British Cabinet decided instantly to crush it. The fleet sailed on March 12; Nelson represented to Parker the necessity of attacking Copenhagen; and on April 2 the British vessels opened fire.

The Danes, in return, fought their guns manfully, and at one o'clock, after three



ROBERT SOUTHEY, man of letters and poet laureate, was born at Bristol, August 2, 1774, and died March 21, 1843. At Oxford he came to know Coleridge, and began to write verse, being also an ardent republican and romanticist, and a supporter of Coleridge's idea of a model republic or Pantisocracy in the wilds of America. They married two sisters, the Misses Fricker, and a third sister married Robert Lovell. After 1803, Southey entered studiously on the life of an author; his output was voluminous, and its quality could not but suffer. He was appointed poet laureate in 1813, and received a government pension in 1835. His prose works include a life of Wesley and a history of the Peninsular War. This portrait, by Peter Vandyke, is in the National Portrait Gallery.

hours' endurance, Parker gave the signal for discontinuing action. Nelson ordered that signal to be acknowledged, but continued to fly the signal for close action.

"You know, Foley," he said, turning to the captain of the ship, "I have only one eye; I have a right to be blind sometimes!" Then, putting the glass to his blind eye, in the mood that sports with bitterness, he exclaimed, "I really do not see the signal. Keep mine for closer battle flying. That's the way I answer such signals. Nail mine to the mast!"

Admiral Graves disobeyed in like manner, and the other ships of the line also continued the action. The victory was soon complete and Sir Hyde Parker heartily expressed his gratitude.

For the battle of Copenhagen, Nelson was raised to the rank of viscount. Had he lived long enough, he would have fought his way up to a dukedom.

V—Trafalgar

HERE he heard news of the combined fleets; Sir Robert Calder had fallen in with them near Finisterre and fought an indecisive engagement.

After holding a command in the English Channel, to watch the preparations which were being made at Boulogne for an invasion of England, Nelson retired on the conclusion of the Peace of Amiens to his estate at Merton, in Surrey, meaning to pass his days there in the society of Sir William and Lady Hamilton. Sir William died early in 1803 and, as the government would do nothing for her, Nelson settled on Lady Hamilton a sum equal to the pension of £1,200 a year which her husband had enjoyed.

A few weeks after this event the war was renewed; and the day after his majesty's message to parliament, Nelson departed to take command of the Mediterranean fleet.

He took his station immediately off Toulon and there, with incessant vigilance, waited for the coming out of the enemy. From May 1803 to August 1805 he left the *Victory* only three times, each time upon the king's service, and on no occasion for more than an hour.

War having been declared between England and Spain, the Toulon fleet, having the Spaniards to co-operate with them, put to sea on January 18, 1804. Nelson, who was off Sardinia when he heard the news the next day, sought them in vain through the Mediterranean, until he heard that they had been dispersed by a gale and had returned to Toulon. On March 31 they emerged again and passed out of the Straits of Gibraltar, but the British fleet was kept by adverse winds from reaching the Atlantic till April 5.

The enemy had thirty-five days' start on their run to the West Indies and Nelson, misled by false information, sought them among the islands, until he learnt at Antigua on June 9 that they had sailed again for Europe. He made all speed across the Atlantic, and again sought the enemy vainly, until he joined Admiral Cornwallis off Ushant. The same evening, he was ordered to proceed with the *Victory* and *Superb* to Portsmouth.

On September 14, 1805, he passed through the crowds at Portsmouth, many of whom were in tears, many kneeling and blessing him as he passed. He arrived off

Cadiz on September 29 with twenty-three ships, and on October 9 he sent Collingwood his plan of attack—what he called 'the Nelson-touch.' These tactics consisted in cutting through the line of the enemy in three places.

On the morning of the 19th the enemy came out of the port of Cadiz, and all that day and night, and the next day, the British pursued them. At daybreak of the 21st, the combined fleets were distinctly seen from the *Victory*, about twelve miles to leeward. Signal was made to bear down on the enemy in two lines and all sail was set, the *Victory* leading.

Nelson now retired to his cabin and wrote in his diary a prayer committing himself and the British cause to Heaven, and then wrote a memorial setting forth Lady Hamilton's services to Britain and leaving her and her daughter Horatia as a legacy to his country.

Villeneuve, commanding the enemy, was a skilful seaman and his plan of defence was as original as the plan of attack. He formed the fleet in a double line, every alternate ship being a cable's length to windward of her second ahead and astern. Nelson, certain of triumph issued his last signal: 'England expects

every man to do his duty,' which was received by the fleet with acclamations.

The English lines, led by Nelson and by Collingwood, swept down upon the hostile fleet, the *Victory* steering for the bow of the *Santissima Trinidad*. At four minutes after twelve she opened fire, and almost immediately ran against the *Redoutable*. Four ships, two British and two French, formed as compact a tier as if they had been moored together.

At a quarter past one a ball fired from the mizzen-top of the *Redoutable* struck Nelson on the left shoulder, and he fell on his face. "They have done for me at last, Hardy," he said; "my backbone is shot through." He was carried below, laid on a pallet in the midshipmen's berth, and insisted that the surgeon should leave him: "for you can do nothing for me." He was in great pain, and expressed much anxiety for the event of the action, until Captain Hardy was able to tell him that fifteen of the enemy had been taken. Repeating that he left Lady Hamilton and Horatia as a legacy to his country, and exclaiming, "Thank God I have done my duty!" Nelson expired.

He cannot be said to have fallen prematurely whose work was done.



NELSON'S DEATH: 'THEY HAVE DONE FOR ME AT LAST, HARDY!'

After the painting by Benjamin West, R.A.

HORACE

THE POETRY OF HORACE

A SOUTHERN Italian, Quintus Horatius Flaccus was born near Venusia in Apulia, 65 B.C. and died in 8 B.C. At the age of twenty he left Italy to study at Athens. Acquaintance with Virgil opened a path into the circle of Maecenas when he returned to Rome, and there developed between Horace and Maecenas a close intimacy. His literary career may be divided into three periods: that of his Epodes and Satires, down to 30 B.C.; that of his lyrics, down to 23 B.C., when the first books of the Odes appeared; and that of reflective and literary Epistles, which include the famous Art of Poetry, and belong to his later years. So varied a performance as satirist, lyrist, moralist and critic helps to account for the universal appeal of Horace in all epochs. Some translations in this selection are taken, with the permission of T. Fisher Unwin, the publisher, from Professor Wight Duff's Literary History of Rome; others have been made expressly for this work. A few are by Milton, Dryden, Cowper and Francis.

I—Satires

Human Discontent



WHENCE is it, sir, that
none contented lives
With the fair lot which
prudent reason gives,
Or chance presents, yet all
with envy view
The schemes that others variously pursue?

Broken with toils, with ponderous arms oppressed,
The soldier thinks the merchant solely blest.
In opposite extreme, when tempests rise,
'War is a better choice,' the merchant cries.
When early clients thunder at his gate,
The barrister applauds the rustic's fate;
While, by *sub poenas* dragged from home, the clown
Thinks the supremely happy dwell in town!
Not to be tedious, mark the moral aim
Of these examples. Should some god proclaim,
'Your prayers are heard: you, soldier, to your seas;
You, lawyer, take that envied rustic's ease,
Each to his several part—What! Ha! not move
Even to the bliss you wished!' And shall not Jove,
With cheeks inflamed and angry brow, forswear
A weak indulgence to their future prayer?

Avarice

Some, self-deceived, who think their lust of gold
Is but a love of fame, this maxim hold,
'No fortune is enough, since others rate
Our worth proportioned to a large estate.'
Say, for their cure what arts would you employ?
Let them be wretched, and their choice enjoy.
Would you the real use of riches know?
Bread, herbs and wine are all they can bestow.
Or add, what Nature's deepest wants supplies;
These and no more thy mass of money buys.
But with continual watching almost dead,

Housebreaking thieves and midnight fires to dread,
Or the suspected slave's untimely flight
With the dear self—if this be thy delight,
Be it my fate, so heaven in bounty please,
Still to be poor of blessings such as these!

A Paragon of Inconsistency

Nothing was of a piece in the whole man:
Sometimes he like a frightened coward ran,
Whose foes are at his heels; now soft and slow
He moved, like folks who in procession go.
Now with two hundred slaves he crowds his train;
Now walks with ten. In high and haughty strain,
At morn, of kings and governors he prates;
At night, 'A frugal table, O ye Fates,
A little shell the sacred salt to hold,
And clothes, though coarse, to keep from me the cold.'
Yet give this wight, so frugally content,
A thousand pounds, 'tis every penny spent
Within the week! He drank the night away
Till rising dawn, then snored out all the day.
Sure, such a various creature ne'er was known.
But have you, sir, no vices of your own?

On Judging Friends

A kindly friend, who balances my good
And bad together, as in truth he should,
If haply my good qualities prevail,
Inclines indulgent to the sinking scale;
For like indulgence let his friendship plead,
His merits be with equal measure weighed;
For he who hopes his wen shall not offend
Should overlook the pimples of his friend.

On Loyalty to Absent Friends

He who, malignant, tears an absent friend,
Or fails, when others blame him, to defend,
Who trivial bursts of laughter strives to raise
And courts for witty cynicism praise,
Who can, what he has never seen, reveal,

And friendship's secrets knows not to conceal—
Romans beware—that man is black of soul.

Horace's Debt to his Father

If some few trivial faults deform my soul
(Like a fair face when spotted with a mole),
If none with avarice justly brand my fame,
With sordidness, or deeds too vile to name;
If pure and innocent; if dear (forgive
These little praises) to my friends I live,
My father was the cause, who, though main-
tained

By a lean farm but poorly, yet disdained
The country schoolmaster, to whose low care
The mighty captain sent his high-born heir,
With satchel, copy-book, and pelf to pay
The wretched teacher on the appointed day.
To Rome by this bold father was I brought,
To learn those arts which well-born youths are
taught,

So dressed, and so attended, you would swear
I was some wealthy lord's expensive heir.
Himself my guardian, of unblemished truth,
Among my tutors would attend my youth,
And thus preserved my chastity of mind—
That prime of virtue in its highest kind.

Horace's Habits in the City

Alone I saunter, as by fancy led,

I cheapen herbs, or ask the price of bread,
I watch while fortune-tellers fate reveal,
Then homeward hasten to my frugal meal,
Herbs, pulse and pancakes (each a separate
plate),

While three domestics at my supper wait.
A bowl on a white marble table stands,
Two goblets, and a ewer to wash my hands,
And hallowed cup of true Campanian clay
My pure libation to the gods to pay.
I then retire to rest, nor anxious fear
Before dread Marsyas early to appear.
I lie till ten; then take a walk, or choose
A book, perhaps, or trifle with the muse.
For cheerful exercise and manly toil,
Anoint my body with the pliant oil—
Yet not with such as Natta's, when he vamps
His filthy limbs and robs the public lamps.
But when the sun pours down his fiercer fire,
And bids me from the toilsome sport retire,
I haste to bathe, and in a temperate mood
Regale my craving appetite with food
(Enough to nourish nature for a day);
Then trifle my domestic hours away.
Such is the life from bad ambition free;
Such comfort has one humble born like me:
With which I feel myself more truly blest,
Than if my sires the quaestor's power possessed.

II—Horace and the Bore

SCENE.—*Rome on the Sacred Way. The poet is walking down the street, composing some trifle, in a brown study, when a person, known to him only by name, rushes up and seizes his hand.*

BORE (*effusively*): How d'ye do, my dear fellow?

HORACE (*politely*): Nicely at present. I'm at your service, sir. (*Horace walks on and, as the Bore keeps following, tries to choke him off.*) You don't want anything, do you?

Bore: You must make my acquaintance, I'm a savant.

Hor.: Then I'll think the more of you.

[**Horace**, anxious to get away, walks fast one minute, halts the next, whispers something to his attendant slave, and is bathed in perspiration all over. Then, quietly to himself: **Lucky Bolanus**, with your hot temper!]

Bore (*whose chatter on things in general, and about the streets of Rome in particular, has been received with dead silence*): You're frightfully keen to be off. I've noticed it all along. But it's no good. I'm going to stick to you right through. I'll escort you from here to your destination.

Hor. (*deprecatingly*): No need for you to make such a detour. (*Inventing fibs as he goes along.*) There's someone I want to look up—a person you don't know, on the other side of the river—yes, far away—he's confined to bed—near Caesar's Park.

Bore: Oh, I've nothing to do, and I don't dislike exercise. I'll follow you right there. (*Horace is as crestfallen as a sulky donkey when an extra heavy load is dumped upon its back.*

The Bore continues) If I know myself, you'll not value Viscus more highly as a friend, or Varius either; for who can write verses faster, and more of them, than I can? Who's a greater master of deportment? As for my singing, it's enough to make even Hermogenes jealous!

Hor. (*seizing the chance of interrupting*): Have you a mother—any relatives to whom your health is of moment?

Bore: Not one left. I've laid them all to rest.

Hor.: Lucky people! Now I'm the sole survivor. Do for me! The melancholy fate draws near which a fortune-telling Sabellian crone once prophesied in my boyhood: 'This lad neither dread poison nor hostile sword shall take off, nor pleurisy nor cough, nor crippling gout. A chatterbox will one day be his death!'

Bore (*realizing that, as it is the hour for opening the law courts, he must answer to his recognisances, or lose a suit to which he is a party*): Oblige me with your assistance in court for a little.

Hor.: Deuce take me if I've strength to hang about so long, or know any law. Besides, I'm hurrying, you know where.

Bore: I'm in a fix what to do—whether to give you up or my case.

Hor.: Me, please.

Bore: Shan't! (*Starts ahead of Horace who, beaten at every turn, has to follow. The other opens conversation again.*) On what footing do you and Maecenas stand?

Hor. (*haughtily*): He has a select circle, and thoroughly sound judgement.

Bore (*unimpressed*): Ah! No one ever made a smarter use of his chances. You'd have a

powerful supporter, a capable understudy, if you'd agree to introduce your humble servant. Deuce take me if you wouldn't clear everybody out of your way.

Hor. (*disgusted*): We don't live on the terms *you* fancy. No establishment is more honest than his, or more foreign to such intrigues. It does me no harm, I tell you, because this one has more money or learning than I. Everybody has his own place.

Bore : A tall story—hardly believable.

Hor. : A fact, nevertheless.

Bore : You fire my anxiety all the more to be one of his intimate friends.

Hor. (*sarcastically*): You've only got to wish. Such are *your* qualities, you'll carry him by storm.

Bore (*on whom the irony is lost*): I'll not fail myself. I'll bribe his slaves. If I find the door shut in my face I'll not give up. I'll watch for lucky moments. I'll meet him at street corners. I'll see him home. Life grants man nothing without hard work.

[*Enter Fuscus, a friend of Horace. Knowing the Bore's ways, he reads the situation. Horace furtively tugs at Fuscus's gown, pinches him, nods and winks to Fuscus to rescue him. Fuscus*

smiles and with a mischievous fondness for a joke, pretends he does not understand.]

Hor. (*angry with Fuscus*): Of course, you *did* say you wanted to talk over something with me in private.

Fuscus : Ah, yes, I remember ; but I'll tell you at a more convenient season. (*Inventing an excuse with mock solemnity.*) To-day is the 'Thirtieth Sabbath.' You wouldn't affront the circumcised Jews, would you ?

Hor. : I have no scruples.

Fusc. : But *I* have. I'm a slightly weaker brother—one of the many. Pardon, I'll talk about it another time. [*Exit, leaving Horace like a victim under the knife.*]

Hor. (*to himself*): To think this day should have dawned so black for me ! [*the Bore.*

[*Suddenly enter the Plaintiff in the suit against Plaintiff (loudly to the Bore*): Where are you off to, you scoundrel ? (*To Horace.*) May I call you as witness to his contempt of court ?

[*Horace lets his ear be touched according to legal form. The Bore is hauled away to court, he and the Plaintiff bawling at each other. The arrest attracts a large crowd.*]

Hor. (*quietly disappearing*): What an escape ! Thank Apollo !

III—The Art of Poetry

Unity and Simplicity are Requisite

SUPPOSE a painter to a human head
Should join a horse's neck, and wildly
spread

The various plumage of the feather'd kind
O'er limbs of different beasts, absurdly joined ;
Or if he gave to view a beauteous maid
Above the waist with every charm arrayed,
But ending, fish-like, in a mermaid's tail,
Could you to laugh at such a picture fail ?
Such is the book that, like a sick man's dreams,
Varies all shapes and mixes all extremes.
'Painters and poets our indulgence claim,
Their daring equal, and their art the same.'
I own the indulgence, such I give and take ;
But not through nature's sacred rules to break.
Your opening promises some grand design,
And purple patches with broad lustre shine
Sewed on the poem ; here in laboured strain
A sacred grove, or fair Diana's fane
Rises to view ; there through delightful meads
A murmuring stream its winding water leads.
Why will you thus a mighty vase intend,
If in a worthless bowl your labours end ?
Then learn this wandering humour to control,
And keep one equal tenour through the whole.

The Falsehoods of Extremes in Style

But oft our greatest errors take their rise
From our best views. I strive to be concise,
And prove obscure. My strength, or passion,
flees

When I would write with elegance and ease.
Aiming at greatness, some to fustian soar :
Some, bent on safety, creep along the shore.
Thus injudicious, while one fault we shun,
Into its opposite extreme we run.

Choice of Theme

Examine well, ye writers, weigh with care,
What suits your genius, what your strength can
bear ;

For when a well proportioned theme you choose,
Nor words, nor method shall their aid refuse.

Words Old and New

The author of a promised work must be
Subtle and careful in word-harmony
To choose and to reject. You merit praise
If by deft linking of known words a phrase
Strikes one as new. Should unfamiliar theme
Need fresh-invented terms, proper will seem
Diction unknown of old. This licence used
With fair discretion never is refused.
As when the forest, with the bending year,
First sheds the leaves, which earliest appear,
So an old race of words maturely dies,
Others, in present credit, soon shall die,
If custom will, whose arbitrary sway
Words and the forms of language must obey.

Words Must Suit Character

'Tis not enough, ye writers, that ye charm
With pretty elegance ; a play should warm
With soft concernment—should possess the soul,
And, as it wills, the listeners control.
With those who laugh, our social joy appears ;
With those who mourn, we sympathise in tears ;
If you would have me weep, begin the strain,
Then I shall feel your sorrow, feel your pain ;
But if your heroes act not what they say
I sleep or laugh the lifeless scene away.

On Literary Borrowing

If you would make a common theme your own,
Dwell not on incidents already known ;

Nor word for word translate with painful care,
Nor be confined in such a narrow sphere.

On Beginning a Heroic Poem

Begin your work with modest grace and plain,
Not in the cyclic bard's bombastic strain :
' I chant the glorious war and Priam's fate——'
How will the boaster keep this ranting rate ?
The mountain laboured with prodigious throes,
And lo ! a mouse ridiculous arose.
Far better Homer, who tries naught in vain,
Opens his poem in a humbler strain :
' Muse, tell the many who after Troy subdued,
Manners and towns of various nations viewed.'
Right to the great event he speeds his course,
And bears his readers, with impetuous force,
Into the midst of things, while every line
Opens by just degrees his whole design.

Action and Narration in Plays

The business of the drama must appear
In action or description. What we hear,
With slower passion to the heart proceeds
Than when an audience views the very deeds.
But let not such upon the stage be brought
Which better should behind the scenes be
wrought ;
Nor force the unwilling audience to behold
What may with vivid elegance be told.

Good Sense a Well-spring of Poetry

Good sense, the fountain of the muse's art,
Let the strong page of Socrates impart ;
For if the mind with clear conceptions glow,
The willing words in just expressions flow.
The poet who with nice discernment knows
What to his country and his friends he owes ;

How various nature warms the human breast,
To love the parent, brother, friend, or guest ;
What the high duties of our judges are,
Of senator or general sent to war ;
He surely knows, with nice self-judging art,
The strokes peculiar to each different part.
Keep nature's great original in view,
And thence the living images pursue.
For when the sentiments and manners please,
And all the characters are wrought with ease,
Your play, though weak in beauty, force and art,
More strongly shall delight and warm the heart
Than where a lifeless pomp of verse appears,
And with sonorous trifles charms our ears.

Perfection Cannot Be Expected

Where beauties in a poem faults outshine,
I am not angry if a casual line
(That with some trivial blot unequal flows)
A careless hand or human frailty shows.
Then shall I angrily see no excuse
If honest Homer slumber o'er his muse ?
Yet surely sometimes an indulgent sleep
O'er works of length allowably may creep !

A High Standard Must Be Exacted

In certain subjects, Piso, be assured,
Tame mediocrity may be endured.
But god, and man, and booksellers deny
A poet's right to mediocrity !

Are Poets Born or Made ?

'Tis long disputed whether poems claim
From art or nature their best right to fame ;
But art, if un-enriched by nature's vein,
And a rude genius of uncultured strain,
Are useless both : they must be fast combined
And mutual succour in each other find.

IV—Odes

A Dedication

MAECENAS, sprung from regal line,
Bulwark and dearest glory mine !
Some love to stir Olympic dust
With glowing chariot-wheels which just
Avoid the goal, and win a prize
Fit for the rulers of the skies.
One joys in triple civic fame
Conferred by fickle Rome's acclaim ;
Another likes from Libya's plain
To store his private barns with grain ;
A third who, with unceasing toil,
Hoes cheerful the paternal soil,
No promised wealth of Attalus
Shall tempt to venture timorous
Sailing in Cyprian bark to brave
The terrors of Myrtoan wave
Be mine the ivy, fair reward,
Which blissful crowns the immortal bard ;
Be mine amid the breezy grove
In sacred solitude to rove—
To see the nymphs and satyrs bound,
Light dancing in the mazy round,
While all the tuneful muses join
Their various harmony divine.
Count me but in the lyric choir—
My crest shall to the stars aspire.

Winter Cheer

Seest thou yon mountain laden with deep snow
The groves beneath their fleecy burthen bow,
The streams congealed, forget to flow ?
Come, thaw the cold, and lay a cheerful pile
Of fuel on the hearth ;
Broach the best cask and make old winter smile
With seasonable mirth.

This be our part—let Heaven dispose the rest ;
If Jove commands, the winds shall sleep
That now wage war upon the foamy deep,
And gentle gales spring from the balmy west.

E'en let us shift to-morrow as we may :
When to-morrow's passed away,
We at least shall have to say,
We have lived another day ;
Your auburn locks will soon be silvered o'er,
Old age is at our heels, and youth returns no
more.

'Gather Ye Rosebuds While Ye May'

Secure those golden early joys,
That youth unsoured with sorrow bears,
Ere withering time the taste destroys
With sickness and unwieldy years.
For active sports, for pleasing rest,

This is the time to be possessed ;
The best is but in season best.

The appointed tryst of promised bliss,
The pleasing whisper in the dark,
The half-unwilling willing kiss,
The laugh that guides thee to the mark,
When the kind nymph would coyness feign,
And hides but to be found again—
These, these are joys the gods for youth ordain.

God and Emperor

Saturnian Jove, parent and guardian god
Of human kind, to thee the Fates award
The care of Caesar's reign ; to thine alone
Inferior, let his empire rise.
Whether the Parthian's formidable power,
Or Indians or the Seres of the East,
With humbled pride beneath his triumph fall,
Wide o'er a willing world shall he
Contented rule, and to thy throne shall bend
Submissive. Thou in thy tremendous car
Shalt shake Olympus' head, and at our groves
Polluted hurl thy dreadful bolts.

The Strength of Innocence

The man of life unstained, and free from craft,
Ne'er needs, my Fuscus, Moorish darts to
throw ;
He needs no quiver filled with venom'd shaft,
Nor e'er a bow,

Whether he fare thro' Afric's boiling shoals,
Or o'er the Caucasus inhospitable,
Or where the great Hydaspes river rolls,
Renowned in fable.

Once in a Sabine forest as I strayed
Beyond my boundary, by fancy charmed,
Singing my Lalage, a wolf, afraid,
Shunned me unarmed.

The broad oak-woods of hardy Daunia,
Rear no such monster 'mid their fiercest scions,
Nor Juba's arid Mauretania,
The nurse of lions.

Set me where, in the heart of frozen plains,
No tree is freshened by a summer wind,
A quarter of the globe enthralled by rains,
And Jove unkind ;

Or set me 'neath the chariot of the Sun,
Where, overnear his fires, no homes may be ;
I'll love, for her sweet smile and voice, but one—
My Lalage.

Tranquillity

Should fortune frown, live thou serene ;
Nor let thy spirit rise too high,
Though kinder grown she change the scene ;
Bethink thee, Delius, thou must die,

Whether thy slow days mournful pass,
Or swiftly joyous fleet away,
While thou reclining on the grass
Dost bless with wine the festal day.

Where poplar white and giant pine
Ward off the inhospitable beam ;
Where their luxuriant branches twine,
Where bickers down its course the stream,

Here bid them perfumes bring, and wine,
And the fair rose's short-lived flower,
While youth and fortune and the twine
Spun by the Sisters grant an hour.

We all must tread the path of Fate,
And ever shakes the fateful urn,
Whose lot embarks us, soon or late,
On Charon's boat—beyond return.

To a Fair Deceiver

Did any punishment attend
Thy former perjuries,
I should believe a second time
Thy charming flatteries :
Did but one wrinkle mark thy face
Or hadst thou lost one single grace.

No sooner hast thou, with false vows,
Provoked the powers above,
But thou art fairer than before,
And we are more in love.
Thus Heaven and Earth seem to declare
They pardon falsehood in the fair.

The nymphs, and cruel Cupid too,
Sharpening his pointed dart
On an old hone besmeared with blood,
Forbear thy perjured heart.
Fresh youth grows up to wear thy chains,
And the old slave no freedom gains.

To the Fountain of Bandusia

Bandusia's Well, that crystal dost outshine,
Worthy art thou of festal wine and wreath !
An offered kid to-morrow shall be thine,
Whose swelling brows his earliest horns
unsheath,
And mark him for the feats of love and strife.
In vain ; for this same youngling from the fold
Of playful goats shall with his crimson life
Incarnadine thy waters fresh and cold.
The blazing Dog-star's unrelenting hour
Can touch thee not ; to roaming herd or bulls
O'erwrought by plough, thou giv'st a shady
bower.
Thou shalt be one of Earth's renowned pools !
For I shall sing thy grotto ilex-crowned,
Whence fall thy waters of the babbling sound.

To the God Faunus

O Faun-God, wooer of each nymph that flees,
Come, cross my land ! Across those sunny leas,
Tread thou benign, and all my flock's increase
Bless ere thou go.

In each full year a tender kid be slain,
If Venus' mate, the bowl, be charged amain
With wine, and incense thick the altar stain
Of long ago.

The herds disport upon the grassy ground,
When in thy name December's Nones come round ;

Idling on meads the thorpe, with steers unbound,
 Its joy doth show.
 Amid emboldened lambs the wolf roams free ;
 The forest sheds its leafage wild for thee ;
 And thrice the delver stamps his foot in glee
 On earth, his foe.

An Envoi

Now have I reared memorial to last
 More durable than brass, and to o'ertop
 The pile of royal pyramids. No waste
 Of rain or ravening Boreas hath power
 To ruin it, nor lapse of time to come

In the innumerable round of years.
 I shall not wholly die ; great part of me
 Shall 'scape the Funeral Goddess. Evermore
 Fresh shall my honours grow, while pontiffs still
 Do climb the Capitol with silent maid.
 It shall be told where brawls the Aufidus
 In fury, and where Daunus poor in streams
 Once reigned o'er rural tribes, it shall be told
 That Horace rose from lowliness to fame
 And first adapted to Italian strains
 The Aeolian lay. Assume the eminence,
 My own Melpomene, which merit won,
 And deign to wreath my hair in Delphic bays.

A Student's Odyssey in a Boston Brig

RICHARD HENRY DANA

TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST

RICHARD HENRY DANA entered the university of Harvard in 1832, but, being troubled with an affection of the eyes, shipped as a common sailor on board an American merchant vessel and made a voyage round Cape Horn to California and back. His experiences are embodied in his great work, *Two Years Before the Mast*, which was published in 1840, about three years after he had returned, when he had graduated at Harvard and become a member of the Massachusetts Bar. This fine narrative gives a vivid account of life at sea in the days of the old sailing ships, touches sympathetically on the hardships of the seaman's life—which its publication did much to ameliorate—and affords also an intimate glimpse of California when it was still a province of Mexico. 'If California ever becomes a prosperous country,' Dana writes, 'this—San Francisco—bay will be the centre of its prosperity.' *Two Years Before the Mast* is issued in Everyman's Library, and also in an edition at 2s. by Macmillan & Co.

I—Life on a Merchantman



ON August 14 the brig *Pilgrim* left Boston for a voyage round Cape Horn to the western coast of America. I made my appearance on board at twelve o'clock with an outfit for a two or three years' voyage, which I had undertaken from a determination to cure, if possible, by an entire change of life and by a long absence from books and study, a weakness of the eyes.

The vessel got under way early in the afternoon. I joined the crew, and we hauled out into the stream and came to anchor for the night. The next day we were employed in preparations for sea. On the following night I stood my first watch.

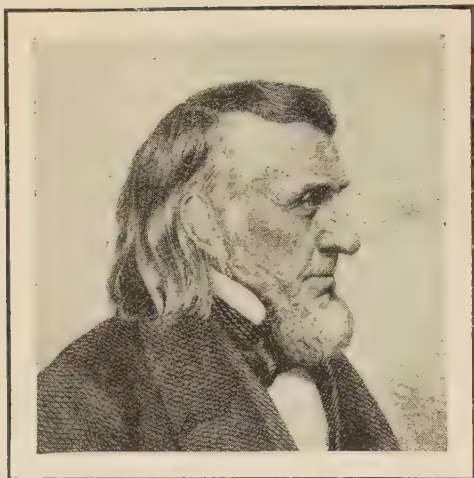
During the first few days we had bad weather, and I began to feel the discomforts of a sailor's life. But I knew that if I showed any sign of want of spirit or of backwardness, I should be ruined at once.

So I performed my duties to the best of my ability and after a time I felt somewhat of a man. I cannot describe the change which half a pound of cold salt beef and a biscuit or two produced in me after having taken no sustenance for three days. I was a new being.

As we had now a long 'spell' of fine weather, without any incident to break the monotony of our lives, there can be no better place to describe the duties, regulations and customs of an American merchantman, of which ours was a fair specimen.

The captain is lord paramount. He stands no watch, comes and goes when he pleases, is accountable to no one and must be obeyed in everything.

The prime minister, the official organ, and the active and superintending officer is the chief mate. The mate also keeps the log-book, and has charge of the stowage, safe keeping and delivery of the cargo.



RICHARD HENRY DANA was born at Cambridge, Massachusetts, August 1, 1815. He was the son of the American poet who, with W. C. Bryant, founded the *North American Review*, and grandson of Francis Dana, for some time United States minister to Russia, and afterwards chief justice of Massachusetts. His memorable voyage was begun in 1834, and ended in 1836, and the success of his great book was enormous. He published *The Seaman's Friend* in 1841. His last great work, an edition of Wheaton's *International Law*, showed clearly the authoritative position he occupied in legal circles. In 1876 he gave up his law practice and devoted the remainder of his life to travel. He died in Rome, January 9, 1882.

The second mate's is a dog's berth. The men do not respect him as an officer, and he is obliged to go aloft and to put his hands into the tar and slush with the rest. The crew call him the 'sailors' waiter,' and he has to furnish them with all the stuffs they need in their work. His wages are usually double those of a common sailor, and he eats and sleeps in the cabin; but he is obliged to be on deck nearly all his time, and eats at the second table—that is, makes a meal out of what the captain and the chief mate leave.

The steward is the captain's servant, and has charge of the pantry, from which everyone, including the mate, is excluded. The cook is the patron of the crew, and those who are in his favour can get their wet mittens and stockings dried, or light their pipes at the galley in the night watch. These two worthies, together with the carpenter and the sailmaker, if there be one, stand no watch, but, being employed all day, are allowed to 'sleep in' at night, unless 'all hands' are called.

The crew are divided into two watches. Of these the chief mate commands the larboard, and the second mate the starboard,

being on and off duty, or on deck and below, every other four hours. The watch from 4 p.m. to 8 p.m. is divided into two half, or dog, watches. By this means they divide the twenty-four hours into seven instead of six, and thus shift the hours every night.

The morning commences with the watch on deck turning-to at daybreak and washing-down, scrubbing and swabbing the decks. This, with filling the 'scuttle butt' with fresh water and coiling up the rigging, usually occupies the time until seven bells (half after seven), when all hands get breakfast. At eight the day's work begins and lasts until sundown, with the exception of an hour for dinner. The discipline of the ship requires every man to be at work upon something when he is up on deck, except at night and on Sundays. No conversation is allowed among the crew at their duty.

WHEN I first left port, and found that we were kept regularly employed for a week or two, I supposed that we were getting the vessel into sea-trim, and that it would soon be over and we should have nothing to do but to sail the ship; but I found that it continued so for two years, and at the end of two years there was as much to be done as ever. If, after all the labour on sails, rigging, tarring, greasing, oiling, varnishing, painting, scraping, scrubbing, watching, steering, reefing, furling, bracing, making and setting sail, and pulling, hauling and climbing in every direction, the merchants and captains think the sailors have not earned their twelve dollars a month and their salt beef and hard bread, they keep them picking oakum—*ad infinitum*. The Philadelphia catechism is

Six days shalt thou labour, and do all thou art able,

And on the seventh, holystone the decks and scrape the cable.

We crossed the equator on October 1 and rounded Cape Horn early in November. Monday, November 17, was a black day in our calendar. At seven in the morning we were aroused from sleep by the cry of 'All hands, ahoy! A man overboard!' This unwonted cry sent a thrill through the heart of everyone and, hurrying on

deck, we found the vessel hove flat aback, with all her studding sails set ; for the boy who was at the helm left it to throw something overboard, and the carpenter, knowing that the wind was light, put the helm down and hove her aback.

The watch on deck were lowering away the quarter-boat, and I got on deck just in time to heave myself into her as she was leaving the side. But it was not until out on the wide Pacific in our little boat that I knew we had lost George Ballmer, a young English sailor, who was prized by the officers as an active and willing seaman, and by the crew as a lively, hearty fellow and a good shipmate.

He was going aloft to fit a strap round the main-topmast head for ringtail halyards, and had the strap and block, a coil of halyards and a marline spike about his neck. He fell, and not knowing how to

swim, and being heavily dressed, with all those things round his neck, he probably sank immediately. We pulled astern in the direction in which he fell, and though we knew that there was no hope of saving him, yet we rowed about for nearly an hour, unwilling to acknowledge to ourselves that we must give him up.

Death is at all times solemn, but never so much so as at sea ; and the effect of it remains upon the crew for some time. There is more kindness shown by the officers, and by the crew to one another. The lost man is seldom mentioned, or is dismissed with a sailor's rude eulogy, 'Well, poor George is gone ! His cruise is up soon. He knew his work, and did his duty, and was a good shipmate.'

We had hardly returned on board with our sad report before an auction was held of the poor man's clothes.

II—At the Ends of the Earth

ON Tuesday, November 25, we reached the Island of Juan Fernandez. We were then probably seventy miles from it ; and so high did it appear that I took it for a cloud, until it gradually turned to a greener and deader colour. By the afternoon the island lay fairly before us, and we directed our course to the only harbour.

Never shall I forget the sensation which I experienced on finding myself once more surrounded by land as I stood my watch at about three the following morning, feeling the breeze coming off shore and hearing the frogs and crickets. To my joy I was among the number ordered ashore to fill the water-casks.

By the morning of the 27th we were again upon the wide Pacific, and we saw neither land nor sail again until, on January 13, 1835, we reached Point Conception, on the coast of California. We had sailed well to the westward, to have the full advantage of the north-east trades, and so had now to sail southward to reach the port of Santa Barbara, where we arrived on the 14th, after a voyage of 150 days from Boston.

At Santa Barbara we came into touch with other vessels engaged in loading hides and tallow, and as this was the work in which we were soon to be engaged,

we looked on with some curiosity, especially at the labours of the crew of the *Ayacucho*, who were dusky Sandwich Islanders. And besides practice in landing on this difficult coast, we experienced the difficulties of having suddenly to slip our cables and then, when the weather allowed of it, coming to at our former moorings.

FROM this time until May 8, 1836, I was engaged in trading and loading, drying and storing hides, between Santa Barbara, Monterey, San Pedro, San Diego, San Juan and San Francisco.

The ship *California*, belonging to the same firm, had been nearly two years on the coast before she collected her full cargo of 40,000 hides. Another vessel, the *Lagoda*, carrying 31,000 or 32,000, had been nearly two years getting her cargo ; and when it appeared that we were to collect some 40,000 hides besides our own, which would be 12,000 or 15,000, the seamen became discontented.

It was bad for the others, but worse for me, who did not mean to be a sailor for life. Three or four years would make me a sailor in every respect, mind and habits as well as body, and would put all my companions so far ahead of me that college and a profession would be in vain to think of.

We were at the ends of the earth, in a country where there is neither law nor gospel, and where sailors are at their captain's mercy. We lost all interest in

the voyage, cared nothing about the cargo, while we were only collecting for others, began to patch our clothes and felt we were fixed beyond hope of change.

III—A Tyrannical Captain

A PART from the incessant labour on board ship, at San Pedro we had to roll heavy casks and barrels of goods up a steep hill, to unload the hides from the carts at the summit, reload these carts with our goods, cast the hides over the side of the hill, collect them and take them on board. After we had been employed in this manner for several days, the captain quarrelled with the cook, had a dispute with the mate, and turned his displeasure particularly against a large, heavy-moulded fellow called Sam.

The man hesitated in his speech and was rather slow in his motions, but was a pretty good sailor and always seemed to do his best. But the captain found fault with everything he did. One morning, when the gig had been ordered by the captain, Mr. Russell, an officer taken on at Santa Barbara, John the Swede and I heard his voice raised in violent dispute with somebody. Then came blows and scuffling. Then we heard the captain's voice down the hatchway.

"You see your condition! Will you ever give me any more of your jaw?"

No answer; and then came wrestling and heaving, as though the man was trying to turn him.

"You may as well keep still, for I have got you!" said the captain, who repeated his question.

"I never gave you any," said Sam, for it was his voice that we heard.

"That's not what I ask you. Will you ever be impudent to me again?"

"I never have been, sir," said Sam.

"Answer my question, or I'll make a spread-eagle of you!"

"I'm no negro slave!" said Sam.

"Then I'll make you one!" said the captain; and he came to the hatchway, sprang on deck, threw off his coat and, rolling up his sleeves, called out to the mate, "Seize that man up, Mr. A——! Seize him up! Make a spread-eagle of him! I'll teach you all who is master aboard!"

The crew and officers followed the captain up the hatchway and, after repeated orders, the mate laid hold of Sam, who made no resistance, and carried him to the gangway.

"What are you going to flog that man for, sir?" said John the Swede to the captain.

Upon hearing this, the captain turned upon him, but knowing him to be quick and resolute, he ordered the steward to bring the irons and, calling upon Russell to help him, went up to John.

"Let me alone!" said John. "You need not use any force!" And putting out his hands, the captain slipped the irons on and sent him aft.

SAM by this time was placed against the shrouds, his jacket off and his back exposed. The captain stood at the break of the deck, a few feet from him, and a little raised, so as to have a good swing at him, and held in his hand the bight of a thick, strong rope. The officers stood round, the crew grouped together in the waist. Swinging the rope over his head, and bending his body so as to give it full force, the captain brought it down upon the poor fellow's back. Once, twice, six times.

"Will you ever give me any more of your jaw?"

The man writhed with pain, but said not a word. Three times more. This was too much, and he muttered something which I could not hear. This brought as many more as the man could stand, when the captain ordered him to be cut down and to go forward.

Then John the Swede was made fast. He asked the captain what he was to be flogged for.

"Have I ever refused my duty, sir? Have you ever known me to hang back, or to be insolent, or not to know my work?"

"No," said the captain. "I flog you for interference—for asking questions."

"Can't a man ask a question here without being flogged?"

"No!" shouted the captain. "Nobody shall open his mouth aboard this vessel but myself!" And he began laying the blows upon the man's back. My blood ran cold. When John had been cut down, Mr. Russell was ordered to take the two men and two others in the boat, and pull the captain ashore.

IV—I Become a Hide-Curer

THE comfort of the voyage was evidently at an end, though I certainly had some pleasant days on shore; and as we were continually engaged in transporting passengers with their goods to and fro, in addition to trading our assorted cargo of spirits, teas, coffee, sugars, spices, raisins, molasses, hardware, crockery-ware, tinware, cutlery, clothing, jewelry, and, in fact, everything that can be imagined from Chinese fireworks to English cart-wheels, we gained considerable knowledge of the character, dress and language of the people of California.

In the early part of May I was called upon to take up my quarters for a few months at our hide-house at San Diego. In the twinkling of an eye I was transformed into a beachcomber and hide-curer, but the novelty and the comparative independence of the life were not unpleasant. My companions were a Frenchman named Nicholas, and a boy who acted as cook. Four Sandwich Islanders worked and ate with us, but generally slept at a large oven which had been built by the men of a Russian discovery ship, and was big enough to hold six or eight men. Mr. Russell, who was in charge, had a small room to himself.

On July 18 the *Pilgrim* returned with news. Captain T—— had taken command of a larger vessel, the *Alert*, and the owners, at the request of my friends, had written to Captain T—— to take me on board should the *Alert* return to the States before the *Pilgrim*.

On September 8 I found myself on board the new vessel, and with her visited San Francisco, as well as other ports already named. Our crew were somewhat diminished; we were short-handed for a voyage round Cape Horn in

After the day's work was done we went down into the fore-castle and ate our supper, but not a word was spoken. The two men lay in their berths groaning with pain, and a gloom was over everything. I vowed that if ever I should have the means I would do something to redress the grievances and relieve the sufferings of that poor class of beings of whom I was then one.

the depth of winter, and so cramped and deadened was the *Alert* by her unusually large cargo and the weight of our five months' stores, that her channels were down in the water; while, to make matters even more uncomfortable, the fore-castle leaked, and in bad weather more than half the berths were rendered tenantless. But 'Never mind, we're homeward bound!' was the answer.

THE crew included four boys, regarding two of whom an incident may here be chronicled. There was a little boxing-match on board while we were at Monterey in December. A broad-backed, big-headed Cape Cod boy, about sixteen, had been playing the bully over a slender, delicate-looking boy from one of the Boston schools. One day George (the Boston boy) said he would fight Nat if he could have fair play. The chief mate heard the noise, and attempted to make the peace; but, finding it useless, called all hands up, ranged the crew in the waist, marked a line on the deck, brought the two boys up to it, and made them 'toe the mark.'

Nat put in his double-fisters, starting the blood and bringing the black-and-blue spots all over the face and arms of the other, whom we expected to see give in every moment. But the more he was hurt the better he fought. Time after time he was knocked nearly down, but up he came again and faced the mark, as bold as a lion, again to take the heavy blows, which sounded so as to draw one's pity.

At length he came up to the mark the last time, his shirt torn from his body, his face covered with blood and bruises, and his eyes flashing with fire, and swore he would stand there until the one or the other was killed.

And he set to like a young fury. 'Hurrah in the bow!' said the men, cheering him on. Nat tried to close with him, but the mate stopped that. Nat then came up to the mark, but looked white about the mouth, and his blows were not given with half the spirit of the first. He was evidently

cowed. He had always been master, and had nothing to gain and everything to lose; whilst the other fought for honour and freedom and under a sense of wrong. It would not do. It was soon over. Nat gave in and never afterwards tried to act the bully on board.

V—An Adventurous Voyage Home

By Sunday, June 19, we were in lat. $34^{\circ} 15'$ S. and long. $116^{\circ} 38'$ W., and bad weather prospects began to loom ahead. The days became shorter, the sun gave less heat, the nights were so cold as to prevent our sleeping on deck, the Magellan clouds were in sight of a clear night, the skies looked cold and angry, and at times a long, heavy, ugly sea set in from the southward. Being so deep and heavy, the ship dropped into the seas, the water washing over the decks. Not yet within a thousand miles of Cape Horn, our decks were swept by a sea not half so high as we must expect to find there. Then came rain, sleet, snow, and wind enough to take our breath from us. We were always getting wet through, and our hands stiffened and numbed with the cold, so that the work aloft was exceptionally difficult.

By July 1 we were nearly up to the latitude of Cape Horn, and the toothache with which I had been troubled for several days had increased the size of my face, so that I found it impossible to eat. There was no relief to be had from the impoverished medicine-chest, and the captain refused to allow the steward to boil some rice for me.

"Tell him to eat salt junk and hard bread like the rest of them," he said. But the mate, who was a man as well as a sailor, smuggled a pan of rice into the galley, and told the cook to boil it for me, and not to let the 'old man' see it. Afterwards, I was ordered by the mate to stay in my berth for two or three days till I recovered.

It was not till Friday, July 22, that, having failed to make the passage of the Straits of Magellan, we rounded the Cape and, sighting the island of Staten Land, stood to the northward and ran for the inside of the Falkland Islands. With a

fine breeze we crowded on all the canvas the ship would bear, and our 'Cheerily, men,' was given a chorus that might have been heard half-way to Staten Land. Once we were to the northward of the Falklands, the sun rose higher in the horizon each day, the nights grew shorter, and on coming on deck each morning there was a sensible change in the temperature.

ON the 20th of the month I stood my last helm, making between 900 and 1,000 hours at this work, and 135 days after leaving San Diego our anchor was upon bottom in Boston Harbour, and I had the pleasure of being congratulated upon my return and my appearance of health and strength.

Among the 'loafers' on the quays when we came in were many boarding-house runners. Nothing can exceed the obliging disposition of these people, and the interest they take in a sailor returned from a long voyage with a plenty of money. Two or three of them, at different times, took me by the hand; remembered me perfectly; were quite sure I had boarded with them before I sailed; were delighted to see me back; gave me their cards; had a hand-cart waiting on the wharf, on purpose to take my things up; would lend a hand to get my chest ashore; bring a bottle of grog on board if we did not haul it in immediately—and the like. In fact, we could hardly get clear of them, to go aloft and furl the sails.

Sail after sail, for the hundredth time, in fair weather and in foul, we furled now for the last time together, and came down and took the warp ashore, manned the capstan, and with a chorus, which waked up half the North End, and rang among the buildings in the dock, we hauled her into the wharf. Here, too, the landlords and runners were active and busy, laughing and talking and telling the news.

CHARLES KINGSLEY

ALTON LOCKE

SOON after he had thrown himself wholeheartedly into the Christian Socialist movement, Charles Kingsley produced his novels *Yeast* and *Alton Locke*, both of which reflect clearly their author's feeling for the poor and his strong sympathy with many of the aims set forth by the instigators and leaders of the Chartist movement, while at the same time his conviction that the best leaders of the people would be found in the aristocracy and in the church is plainly evident. In *Alton Locke*, which was first published in 1850, Kingsley writes from the point of view of the earnest artisan of the period, and the success of the book, following the author's pamphlet, *Cheap Clothes and Nasty*, published over the pseudonym of 'Parson Lot,' did much to reform social and philanthropic work in London, and other great industrial centres. Carlyle described the work as 'a fervid creation still left half chaotic.' An epitome of Westward Ho! perhaps Kingsley's best-known work, appears at page 1158 of *The World's Great Books*.

I—A Sweating Shop



I AM a cockney among cockneys.

My earliest recollections are of a suburban street; of its jumble of little shops and little terraces.

My mother was a widow. My father, whom I cannot recollect, was a small retail tradesman in the City. He was unfortunate, and when he died, as many small tradesmen do, of bad debts and a broken heart, he left us beggars, and my mother came down and lived penuriously enough in that suburban street.

My mother moved by rule and method: by God's law, as she considered, and that only. She seldom smiled. She never commanded twice without punishing. And yet she kept the strictest watch over our morality.

Sometimes on a Sunday evening the ministers of the Baptist chapel would come in to supper after the meeting. The elder was a silver-haired old man, who loved me; and I loved him, too, for there were always lollipops in his pocket for me and for my only sister Susan. The other was a younger man, tall and dark. He preached a harsher doctrine than his gentle colleague, and was much the greater favourite at the chapel. I hated him; and years later he married my sister.

When I had turned thirteen, my father's brother, who had risen in wealth, and now was the owner of a first-rate

grocery business in the City and a pleasant villa at Herne Hill, and had a son preparing for Cambridge, came to visit us. When he had gone my mother told me, very solemnly and slowly, that I was to be sent to a tailor's work-rooms the next day.

What could my uncle make me but a tailor—or a shoemaker? A pale, consumptive boy, all forehead and no muscle.

With a beating heart I shambled along by my mother's side to Mr. Smith's shop, in a street off Piccadilly, and here Mr. Smith handed me over to Mr. Jones, the foreman, with instructions to 'take the young man upstairs to the work-room.'

I stumbled after Mr. Jones up a dark, narrow, iron staircase till we emerged through a trap-door into a garret at the top of the house. I recoiled with disgust at the scene before me; and here I was to work—perhaps through life! A low room, stifling me with the combined odours of human breath and perspiration, stale beer, the sweet, sickly smell of gin, and the sour and hardly less disgusting one of new cloth. On the floor, thick with dust and dirt, scraps of stuff and ends of thread, sat some dozen haggard, untidy, shoeless men, with a mingled look of care and recklessness that made me shudder. The windows were tight-closed to keep out the cold winter air, and the condensed breath ran in streams down the panes.

The foreman turned to one of the men, and said, "Here, Crossthwaite, take this

younger and make a tailor of him. Keep him next you, and prick him with your needle if he shirks."

Mechanically, as if in a dream, I sat down, and as the foreman vanished a burst of chatter rose. A tall, sharp-nosed young man bawled in my ear, "I say, young 'un, do you know why we're nearer heaven here than our neighbours?"

"Why?" I asked.

"Acause we're the top of the house in the first place, and next place yer'll die here six months sooner nor if yer worked in the room below. Concentrated essence of man's flesh is this here as you're a-breathing. Cellar work-room we calls Rheumatic Ward, acause of the damp. Ground floor's Fever Ward—your nos'd tell yer why if you opened the back windy. First floor's Ashmy Ward—don't yer hear 'um now through the cracks in the boards, apuffing away like a nest of young locomotives? And this here most august and uppercrust cock-loft is the Consumptive Hospital. First you begins to cough,

then you proceeds to expectorate and then, when you've sufficiently covered the poor dear shivering backs of the hairy-stocracy, you die, die, die."

I never told my mother into what pandemonium I had fallen, but from that time my great desire was to get knowledge. I fancied that getting knowledge I should surely get wisdom and books, I thought, would tell me all I needed.

That was how it was I came to know Sandy Mackaye, whose old book-shop I used to pass on my walk homeward. One evening, as I was reading one of the books on his stall, the old man called me in and asked me abruptly my name and trade and family.

I told him all, and confessed my love of books. And Mackaye encouraged me, and taught me Latin, and soon had me to lodge in his old shop, for my mother in her stern religion would not have me at home because I could not believe in the Christianity which I heard preached in the Baptist chapel.

II—I Move Among Gentlefolks

THE death of our employer threw many of us out of work, for the son who succeeded to the business determined to go ahead with the times, and to that end decided to go in for the 'show-trade'; which meant an alteration in the premises, the demolition of the work-rooms and the giving out of the work to be made up at the men's own homes.

Mackaye would have me stay with him.

"Ye'll just mind the shop, and dust the books whiles," he said.

But this I would not do, for I thought the old man could not afford to keep me in addition to himself. Then he suggested that I should go to Cambridge and see my cousin, with a view to getting the poems published which I had been writing ever since I started tailoring.

"He's bound to it by blude," said Sandy; "and I'm thinking ye'd better try to get a list o' subscribers."

So to Cambridge I went.

It was some time since I had seen my cousin George, and at our last meeting he had taken me to the Dulwich Gallery. It was there that the two young ladies, one so beautiful that I was dazzled, and an

elderly clergyman, who my cousin told me was a dean, had spoken to me about the pictures, and that interview marked a turning point in my life. When I got to Cambridge, and had found my cousin's rooms, I was received kindly enough.

"You couldn't have got on at tailoring—much too sharp a fellow for that," he said, on hearing my story. "You ought to be at college, if one could only get you there. Those poems of yours—you must let me have them and look over them, and I dare say I shall be able to persuade the governor to do something with them."

Lord Lynedale came to my cousin's rooms next day—George told me plainly that he made friends with those who would advance him when he was a clergyman—and taking an interest in a self-educated author, bade me bring my poems to the Eagle and ask for Dean Winnstay. Lord Lynedale was to marry Dean Winnstay's niece.

When I arrived at the Eagle, the first person I saw was Lillian—for so, her father, the dean, called her—the younger lady, my heroine of the Dulwich Gallery, looking more beautiful than ever.

"I think I may tell you at once that I am very much surprised and gratified with your poems," said the old gentleman.

"How very fond of beautiful things you must be, Mr. Locke," said Lillian, "to be able to describe so passionately the longing after them!"

I stammered out something about working men having very few opportunities of indulging their tastes.

"Ah, yes! I dare say it must be a very stupid life. So little opportunity, as he says. What a pity he is a tailor, papa! Such an unimaginative employment! How delightful it would be to send him to college and make him a clergyman!"

Fool that I was! I fancied—what did I not fancy?—never seeing how that very 'he' bespoke the indifference—the gulf between us. I was not a man, an equal, but a thing—a subject, who was to be talked over and examined, and made into something like themselves, of their supreme and undeserved benevolence.

"Gently! Gently, fair lady!" said the dean. "We must not be so headlong as some people would kindly wish to be. Attend to me! Recollect, if it should be in our power to assist your prospects in life, you must give up, once and for all, the bitter tone against the higher classes which I am sorry to see in your MSS. Next, I think of showing these MSS. to my publisher, to get opinion as to whether they are worth printing just now. Not that it is necessary that you should be a poet. Most active minds write poetry at a certain age. I

wrote a good deal, I recollect, myself. But that is no reason for publishing."

At this point Lillian fled the room, to my disgust. But still the old man prosed.

"I think, therefore, that you had better stay with your cousin for the next week. I hear from Lord Lynedale that he is a very studious, moral, rising young man, and I only hope that you will follow his good example. At the end of the week I shall be glad to see more of you at my house at D—. Good-morning!"

MY cousin and I stayed at D— long enough for the dean to get a reply from the publishers concerning my poems. They 'thought that the sale of the book might be greatly facilitated if certain passages of a strong political tendency were omitted; they were somewhat too strong for the present state of the public taste.'

On the dean's advice, I weakly consented to have the book emasculated. Next day I returned to town, for Sandy Mackaye had written me a characteristic note telling me that he could deposit any trash I had written in a paper called *The Weekly Warwhoop*.

Before I went from D—, my cousin George warned me not to pay so much attention to Miss Lillian if I wished to stand well with Eleanor, the dean's niece, who was to marry Lord Lynedale. He left me suspecting that he had remarked Eleanor's wish to cool my admiration for Lillian, and was willing, for his own purposes, to further it.

III—Riot and Imprisonment

AT last my poems were printed and published, and I enjoyed the sensations of being a real live author. What was more, my book 'took' and sold, and was reviewed favourably in journals and newspapers.

It struck me that it would be right to call upon the dean, and so I went to his house off Harley Street. The good old man congratulated me on my success, and I saw Lillian, and sat in a delirium of silent joy. Lord Lynedale had become Lord Ellerton, and I listened to the praises that were sung of the newly married couple—for Eleanor had become Lady Ellerton, and had entered fully into all

her husband's magnificent philanthropic schemes—a helpmeet, if not an oracular guide.

After this, I had an invitation to tea in Lillian's own hand, and then came terrible news that Lord Ellerton had been killed by a fall from his horse, and that the dean and Miss Winnstay had left London; and for three years I saw them no more.

What happened in those three years?

Mackaye had warned me not to follow after vanity. He was a Chartist, and with him and Crossthwaite, my old fellow-workman, I was vowed to the Good Cause of the Charter. Now I found that I had fallen under suspicion.

"Can you wonder if our friends suspect you?" said Crossthwaite. "Can you deny that you've been off and on lately between flunkeydom and the Cause, like a donkey between two bundles of hay? Have you not neglected our meetings? Have you not picked all the spice out of your poems? Though Sandy is too kind-hearted to tell you, you have disappointed us both, and there's the long and short of it."

I hid my face in my hands. My conscience told me that I had nothing to answer.

Mackaye, to spare me, went on to talk of the agricultural distress, and Crossthwaite explained that he wanted to send a deputation down to the country to spread the principles of the Charter.

"I will go," I said, starting up. "They shall see I do care for the Cause. Where is the place?"

"About ten miles from D——."

"D——!" My heart sank. If it had been any other spot! But it was too late to retract.

WITH many instructions from our friends and warnings from Mackaye, I started next day on my journey. I arrived in the midst of a dreary, tree-less country, and a little pert, snub-nosed shoemaker met me, and we walked together across the open down towards a circular camp, the earth-work, probably, of some old British town.

Inside it, some thousand or so of labouring people, all wan and haggard, with many women among them, were swarming restlessly round a single large block of stone.

I made my way to the stone, and listened as speaker after speaker poured out a string of incoherent complaints. Only the intense earnestness gave any force to the speeches.

I noticed that many of the crowd carried heavy sticks and pitchforks, and other tools which might be used as fearful weapons; and when a fierce man with a squint asked who would be willing to come 'and pull the farm about the folks' ears,' I felt that now or never was the time for me to speak. If once the spirit of mad, aimless riot broke loose, I had not only no chance of a hearing, but every likelihood of being implicated in deeds which I abhorred.

I sprang on the stone, assured them of

the sympathy of the London working-men, and explained the idea of the Charter.

To all which they answered surlily that they did not know anything about politics—that what they wanted was bread.

In vain I went on, more vehement than ever; the only answer was that they wanted bread. "And bread we will have!"

"Go, then!" I cried, "Go, and get bread! After all, you have a right to it. There are rights above all laws, and the right to live is one."

I had no time to finish. The murmur swelled into a roar for 'Bread! Bread!' And amid yells and execrations, the whole mass poured down the hill, sweeping me away with them. I was shocked and terrified at their threats. I shouted myself hoarse about the duty of honesty; but my voice was drowned in the uproar. I felt I had helped to excite them, and dare not, in honour, desert them; and trembling, I went on, prepared to see the worst.

A large mass of farm buildings lay before us, and the mob rushed tumultuously into the yard—just in time to see an old man on horseback gallop hatless away.

"The old rascal's gone! And he'll call up the yeomanry! We must be quick, boys!" shouted one.

The invaders entered the house, and returned, cramming their mouths with bread and chopping asunder fitches of bacon. The granary doors were broken open and the contents were scrambled for, amid immense waste, by the starving wretches.

SOON the yard was a pandemonium, as the more ruffianly part of the mob hurled furniture out of windows, or ran off with anything they could carry. The ricks had been fired and the food of man, the labour of years, devoured in aimless ruin, when someone shouted: 'The yeomanry!' And at that sound a general panic ensued.

I did not care to run. I was utterly disgusted, disappointed, with myself—the people. I just recollect the tramp of the yeomanry horses and a clear blade gleaming in the air, and after that I recollect nothing—till I awoke and found myself lying on a truckle-bed in D—— gaol, and a warder wrapping my head with wet towels.

Mackaye engaged an old compatriot as attorney at the trial, and I was congratulated on 'only getting three years.'

The weary time went by. Week after week, month after month, summer after summer, I scored the days off, like a

lonely schoolboy, on the pages of a calendar.

Not till I was released did I learn from Sandy Mackaye that my cousin George was the vicar of his church, and that he was about to marry Lillian Winnstay.

IV—In Exile

BRAVE old Sandy Mackaye died on the morning of the tenth of April 1848, the day of the great Chartist demonstration at Kennington Common. Mackaye had predicted failure. The people did not rise. The meeting broke up pitifully piecemeal, drenched and cowed, body and soul, by pouring rain.

That same night I was laid low with typhus fever.

After a time the spell was snapped, and I woke to the twittering of the sparrows and the scent of the poplars, and found Eleanor, Lady Ellerton, and her uncle sitting by my bed, and with them Cross-thwaite's little wife.

I would have spoken, but Eleanor laid her finger on her lips, and taking her uncle's arm, glided from the room.

Crossthaite and his wife, as they sat by me, tender and careful nurses both, told me in time that to Eleanor I owed all my comforts. "She's an angel out of heaven," he said. "Ah, Alton, she was your true friend all the time, and not that other one, if you had but known it."

I could not rest till I had heard more of Lady Ellerton.

"Why, then, she lives not far off. When her husband died, she came, my wife Katie tells me, and lived for one year down somewhere in the East End, among the needlewomen. And now she's got a large house here by, with fifty or more in it, all at work together, sharing the earnings among themselves, and putting into their own pockets the profits which would have gone to their tyrants; and she keeps the accounts for them, and gets the goods sold, and manages everything, and teaches them every day.

"When old Mackaye's will was read, he had left £400 he'd saved, to be parted between you and me, on condition that we'd go and cool down across the Atlantic, and if it hadn't been for your illness, I'd have been in Texas now."

Often did I see Eleanor in those days of convalescence, but it was not till a month had gone by that I summoned courage to ask after my cousin. Eleanor looked solemnly at me.

"Did you not know it? He is dead—of typhus fever. He died three weeks ago; and not only he, but the servant who brushed his clothes, and the shopman who had a few days before brought him a new coat home."

"How did you learn all this?"

"From Mr. Crossthaite, who found out that you most probably caught your fever from a house near Blackfriars."

Half unconscious, I stammered Lillian's name inquiringly.

"She is much changed; sorrow and sickness—for she, too, has had the fever—have worn her down. Little remains now of that loveliness——"

"Which I idolised in my folly."

"I tried to turn you from your dream. I knew there was nothing there for you."

ELEANOR bade me go, and I obeyed her, and sailed—and here I am. And she bade me write faithfully the story of my life, and I have done so.

Yes, I have seen the land! Like a purple fringe upon the golden sea. But I shall never reach the land. Weaker and weaker, day by day, with bleeding lungs and failing limbs, I have travelled the ocean paths. The iron has entered too deeply into my soul.

This is an extract from a letter written by John Crossthaite.

"Galveston, Texas, October 1848.

"And now for my poor friend, whose papers, according to my promise to him, I transmit to you. On the very night on which he seems to have concluded them—an hour after we had made the land—we found him in his cabin, dead, resting peacefully as if he had slumbered."



Marie de Rabutin-Chantal afterwards Marquise de Sévigné, and universally known as Madame de Sévigné, was born at Paris, February 6, 1626, of an old and distinguished Burgundian family. Orphaned while quite a child, she was well and wisely brought up and educated by her uncle, the Abbé de Coulanges. In 1644 she married the Marquis Henri de Sévigné and, after his death in a duel in 1651, she devoted herself to the care of her two children, especially her daughter Françoise, for whom her love amounted almost to adoration. This daughter married in 1669 the Comte de Grignan, and the majority of the famous letters were written to her. Madame de Sévigné's wit, kindness and happiness, her charity and fidelity, and especially her rare genius for friendship, won for her the warm devotion of many great people of that brilliant age. Madame de Sévigné died April 18, 1696. This portrait is from the painting by Mignard.

MADAME DE SEVIGNE

LETTERS OF MADAME DE SEVIGNE

IN the brilliant company of men and women whose familiar letters are notable contributions to the literature of their respective countries, Madame de Sévigné holds very high place. As a woman of the great world and an industrious correspondent, her very numerous letters—they number considerably over a thousand—touch upon almost every subject of public interest from high politics to trivial gossip and are thus invaluable sidelights on social life in France in the last quarter of the seventeenth century, while they also contain much shrewd literary criticism. But in addition to this they are distinguished by an irresistible charm due to the writer's gaiety and keen sense of the ludicrous. Several unauthorised editions were published between 1725 and 1728, and the first authorised edition appeared in 1734-37. Since then numerous editions of the letters in whole or in part have been issued. Selections from the letters—in French—are published in this country by Nelson and by Dent.

Her Love for Her Daughter



MY DEAR CHILD—I have been here but three hours, and already take my pen to talk to you. I left Paris with the abbé, Hélène, Hébert and Marphise, so that I might get away from the noise and bustle of the town until Thursday evening. I want to have perfect quietness in which to reflect. I intend to fast, for many good reasons, and to walk much to make up for the long time I have spent in my room; and above all other things I want to discipline myself for the love of God.

But, my dear daughter, what I shall do more than all this will be to think of you. I have not ceased to do so since I arrived here; and being quite unable to restrain my feelings, I have betaken myself to the little shady walk you so loved, that I may write to you, and am sitting on the mossy bank where you so often used to lie.

But, my dear, where in this place have I not seen you? Do not thoughts of you haunt my heart everywhere I turn?—in

the house, in the church, in the field, in the garden—every spot speaks to me of you. You are in my thoughts all the time and my heart cries out for you again and again. I search in vain for the dear, dear child I loved so passionately; but she is six hundred miles away from me and I cannot call her to my side. My tears fall, and I cannot stop them. I know it is weak to weep, but this tenderness for you is right and natural, and I cannot be strong.

I wonder what your mood will be when you receive this letter; perhaps at that moment you will not be touched with the emotions I now feel so poignantly; and then you may not read it in the spirit in which it is written. But against that I cannot guard, and the act of writing relieves my feelings at the moment—that is at least what I ask of it. You would not believe the condition into which this place has thrown me.

Do not refer to my weakness, I beg of you; but you must have respect for my tears, since they flow from a heart which is full of you.

The Brinvilliers Affair

THE Brinvilliers affair is still the only thing talked of in Paris, and the whole city is agog with it. The marquise confessed to having poisoned her father, her brothers and one of her children. The Chevalier Duget had been one of those who had partaken of a poisoned

dish of pigeon-pie; and when the Brinvilliers was told by someone three years later that he was still alive, her only remark was, 'that man surely has an excellent constitution.'

It seems she fell deeply in love with Sainte Croix, an officer in the regiment of

her husband, the marquis, who lived in their house. Believing that Sainte Croix would be desirous of marrying her if she were free, she attempted to poison her husband. Sainte Croix, not reciprocating her desire, administered to the marquis an antidote and thus saved the poor nobleman's life.

And now, all is over. The Brinvilliers is no more. Judgement was given yesterday, and this morning her sentence was read to her—she was to make a public confession in front of the cathedral of Notre Dame. After her confession she was to be executed, her body burnt and her ashes scattered to the winds.

She was threatened with torture, but said it was unnecessary, and that she would willingly tell all before the whole populace. Accordingly, she recounted the history of her whole life, which was even more horrible than anyone there had imagined, and I could not hear it without shuddering.

At six in the morning she was led out barefoot, and clad only in one loose garment, with a halter round her neck. From Notre Dame she was carried back in the same tumbril which brought her, in which I saw her lying on straw, with the doctor on one side of her and the executioner on the other. The sight of that woman struck me with a great horror.

I am told by those who saw the execution that she mounted the scaffold with a firm step and died as she had lived, resolutely and without fear or emotion.

She had two confessors, of whom one counselled her to tell everything; the other, nothing. She laughed and said, "I may in conscience do what pleases me best."

I WAS pleased to hear what you think of this horrible woman of intrigue. It is not possible to think that she should be in paradise; her vile soul must be separated from others.

Devotion

YOU ask me if I am devout. Alas! no, which is a sorrow to me; but I am, in a way, detached from what is called the world. Old age, and a little sickness give one time to reflect. But, my dear child, what I do not give to the world I give to you, so that I hardly advance in the region of detachment; and you know the true way towards a devout life lies in some degree of effacement, first of all, of that which our heart holds dearest.

One of my great desires is to become devout. Every day I am tormented by this idea. I do not belong to God, neither do I belong to the devil; this indecision is a perpetual torment to me, although, between ourselves, I believe this state to be a most natural one. One does not belong to the devil because one fears God; also, one does not belong to God because His law is hard, and one does not like to renounce oneself. These are the lukewarm, and their great number does not surprise me at all; I can enter into their reasonings, but God hates them, therefore we must cease to serve in this state—and that is where the difficulty lies.

I am overwhelmed by the death of M. du Mans; I had never thought of death in

connexion with him. Yet he had died of a trifling fever, without having had time to think either of heaven or of earth. Providence sometimes shows its authority by sudden visitations, from which we should profit.

What you say as to the anxieties which we so often and so naturally feel about the future, and as to how our inclinations are insensibly changed by necessity, is a subject worthy of a book like Pascal's; nothing is so satisfying, nothing so useful as meditations of this kind. But how many people of your age think this? I know of none; and I honour your sound reasoning and courage.

With me it is not so, especially when my heart afflicts me; my words are indifferently good; I write as those who speak well; but the depth of my feeling kills me. This I feel when I write to you of the pain of separation. I have not myself found the proverb true, 'To cloak oneself according to the cold,' I have no cloak against cold like this. Yet I manage to find occupation, and the time passes. But in general it is true that our thoughts and inclinations run into other channels, and our sorrows cease to be such.

Love of Life

YOU ask me, dear child, if I am still in love with life. I must confess that I find its sorrows grievous, but my distaste for death is even stronger. It is matter of great sadness to me to think I must finish my life with death, and if it were possible, I would even now retrace my steps. I find myself embarked on life without my own consent, and am in a perplexing situation.

I shall have to take leave of life, and the fact overwhelms me, for how, or by what gate shall I pass away? When will death come, and in what disposition will it find me? Shall I suffer a thousand pains which will make me die in despair? Shall I die in a transport of joy? Shall I die of an accident? How shall I stand before God? What shall I have to offer Him? Shall I return to Him in fear and necessity, and

be conscious of no other feeling but terror? What can I hope for? Am I worthy of paradise? Or worthy only of hell? What an awesome alternative for a mortal mind! What perplexity!

Nothing is so mad as to leave one's safety thus in uncertainty; but nothing is more natural, and the foolish life I lead is perfectly easy to understand. I plunge myself into these thoughts, and I find death so terrible in the contemplation of it that I hate life more because it leads to death than because it leads me through troublesome places.

You will say I wish to live for ever. Not at all; but if I had been asked, I would willingly have died in my nurse's arms, for I should thus have avoided many sorrows and would have secured heaven with certainty and ease.

The Order of God

PROVIDENCE wills order; but if order is nothing other than the will of God, almost all that occurs is done against His will. All the persecutions, for instance, against St. Athanasius; all the prosperity of ill-doers and tyrants—all this is against order, and therefore against God's will.

We must surely hold to what St. Augustine says, that God permits all these things so that He may manifest His glory by means that are unknown to us. St. Augustine knows no rule nor order in the world but the will of God. If we did not follow this doctrine we should surely be forced to the conclusion that almost everything is contrary to the will of Him who made it, and this seems a dreadful conclusion.

I should like to complain to Father Malebranche about the mice which eat everything here; is that in order? Sugar, fruit, preserves, everything that we would hope to eat ourselves is devoured by them. And was it order last year that miserable caterpillars destroyed the leaves of our forest-trees and gardens, and all the fruit in the countryside?

Yes, Father, all that is doubtless good. God knows how to dispose of it to His glory, though we know not how. We must take it as true, for if we do not regard the will of God as equivalent to all law

and order, we fall into great difficulties.

You are such a philosopher, my very dear child, that there is no way of being happy with you. Your mind runs on beyond our hopes to picture to itself the loss of all we hope for and you see, in our meetings, the inevitable separation that is to follow. Surely that is not the way to deal with the good things Providence prepares for us; we should rather husband and enjoy them.

BUT after having made this little reproach, I must confess in all honesty that I deserve it just as much as you. No one can be more daunted than I am by the flight of time, nor feel more keenly beforehand the griefs which ordinarily follow pleasures. Indeed, my daughter, life mingles its good and ill; when one has what one desires, one is all the nearer to losing it; when it is farther from us, we dream of finding it. So we must just take things as God sends them.

For my part, I would cherish the hope of seeing you without mixing it with other feelings, and look forward to holding you in my arms next month. I wish to believe God will allow us this perfect joy, although it would be the easiest thing in the world to mix it with bitterness, if we so desired.

The Prince of Orange and England

THE Prince of Orange has declared himself protector of the religion of England and has asked to have charge of the education of the young prince. It is a bold step, and several of the English nobility have joined him. We are all hoping that the Prince of Orange has made a mistake and that King James II will give him a good beating. He has received the milords, confirmed the attachment of those most devoted to him, and has declared entire liberty of conscience. But we understand the King of England has united all his people round him, by affording a greater degree of religious liberty.

What shall we say of this English nation? Its customs and manners go from bad to worse. The King of England has escaped from London, apparently by kind permission of the Prince of Orange; the queen will arrive at St. Germain in a day or two. It is certain that war will be declared against us soon, if indeed we do not declare it. Our King of France has be-

haved quite divinely to these majesties of England; for to comfort and sustain as he has done a betrayed and abandoned king is to act in the image of the Almighty.

IT is good news that the King of England has left this morning for Ireland, where they are anxiously awaiting him. He will be better there than here. He is travelling through Brittany like lightning, and at Brest he will find Marshal d'Estrée with transports and frigates ready. He carries large treasure and the king has given him arms for ten thousand men.

As his majesty was saying good-bye, he said, laughing, that he had forgotten arms for himself, and our king gave him his own. Our heroes of romance have done nothing more gallant. What will not this brave and unfortunate king accomplish with these ever-victorious weapons? He goes forth with the helmet and cuirass of Renaud, Amadis and our illustrious paladins, supported by unexampled generosity and magnanimity.

Old Age

SO you have been struck by Madame de la Fayette's words, inspired by so much friendliness. I never let myself forget the fact that I am growing old, but I must confess that I was simply astonished at what she said, because I do not yet feel any infirmity to keep me in mind of my advancing years. I think of them, however, and find that life offers us hard conditions; here have I been led, in spite of myself, to the fatal period at which one must die—old age. I see it; old age has stolen upon me, and my only desire is to go no further.

I do not want to travel along that road of infirmities, pains, the loss of memory, the disfigurements to which I look forward as an outrage. Yet I hear a voice saying in my ear: 'You must pass down that road, whether you like it or not, or else you must die;' and this second alternative is as repugnant to nature as the first. This is the inevitable lot of whoever advances too far along the course of life.

Yet, a return to God's will, and submission to that universal law which has con-

demned us all to death, is enough to set reason again on her throne and to give us patience. Do you, too, have patience, my darling; don't let your love, too tender, cause you tears which your reason must condemn.

WE have been reading for our amusement those little Provincial Letters. Heavens, what charm they have! How eagerly my son read them! I always think of my daughter, and how worthy of her is the incomparable justice of their reasoning; but your brother says that you complain that the writer is always saying the same thing.

Well, well; all the better! Is it possible that there should be a more perfect style, or a finer, more delicate or more natural raillery? But after the first ten letters, what earnestness, solidity, force and eloquence! What love for God and for truth, what exquisite skill in maintaining it and making it understood, characterise these eight last letters with their so greatly different tone!

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK

TAKING as the basis of his plot a barbaric old Danish legend which came to him from the Latin of Saxo-Græmmaticus through the French of Belleforest and a revenge-play, now lost, by Thomas Kyd, Shakespeare converted it into a philosophic drama which is almost his longest and, by the world's admission, his greatest tragedy. Hamlet (which would take six hours to act in its entirety) has been the theme of more debate than any other of his plays, and in our common speech are more quotations from it than can be traced to any other work apart from the English Bible. It was written between 1601 and 1603, and was first published in a faulty quarto in 1603. The standard text is drawn from the quarto of 1604 and the folio version of 1623. The play has been translated into almost every European language, and many eminent actors since Burbage and at least one great actress (Sarah Bernhardt) have appeared in the title-rôle.

PERSONS IN THE PLAY—

Claudius, king of Denmark
Hamlet, son to the former,
and nephew to the present
king
Horatio, friend to Hamlet
Polonius, lord chamberlain
Laertes, son to Polonius

Ghost of Hamlet's father
Fortinbras, prince of Norway
Gertrude, queen of Denmark
and mother to Hamlet
Ophelia, daughter to Polonius
Lords, Ladies, Courtiers, Soldiers,
Players, Gravediggers

SCENE—*Elsinore and, in the fourth scene of the fourth act, a Plain in Denmark*

First Act

*A platform before the castle. Francisco, a sentinel.
Bernardo enters to relieve him.*



BERNARDO : Who's there ?
Francisco : Nay, answer
me : stand, and unfold your-
self.

Ber. : Long live the king !

Fran. : Bernardo ?

Ber. : He. [hour.

Fran. : You come most carefully upon your

Ber. : 'Tis now struck twelve : get thee to bed,
Francisco. [bitter cold.

Fran. : For this relief much thanks : 'tis

Ber. : Have you had quiet guard ?

Fran. : Not a mouse stirring.

[*Enter Horatio and Marcellus. Exit Francisco.*

Ber. : Welcome, Horatio : welcome, good
Marcellus.

Marcellus : What, has this thing appeared
again to-night ?

Ber. : I have seen nothing.

Mar. : Horatio says 'tis but our fantasy,

And will not let belief take hold of him

Touching this dreaded sight twice seen of us.

Horatio : Well, sit we down

And let us hear Bernardo speak of this.

Ber. : Last night of all,

When yond same star, that's westward from the
pole, [heaven

Had made his course to illumine that part of
Where now it burns, Marcellus and myself,

The bell then beating one——

[*The Ghost passes. It is an apparition of the
late king as he slew Fortinbras of Norway, whose
heir's threat of reprisals has caused a stir of
warlike preparations in Denmark. Horatio is
moved to tell grim stories of omens in old Rome.*

The Ghost is seen again, but disappears as the
cock crows.] [crew.

Ber. : It was about to speak, when the cock

Hor. : And then it started, like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful summons. [comes

Mar. : Some say, that ever 'gainst that season
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long :

And then, they say, no spirit can walk abroad,
So hallowed and so gracious is the time. [it.

Hor. : So have I heard, and do in part believe

But, look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,

Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill,

Break we our watch up ; and, by my advice

Let us impart what we have seen to-night
Unto young Hamlet. [Exit.

[*Claudius sends an embassy to Norway, gives
Laertes leave to go to France and, with the
Queen, chides Hamlet on his continued grief.
Hamlet is distraught at the loss of his father, and
at his mother's hasty marriage to his uncle.*

Queen : Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted colour
off.

Do not for ever with thy veiled lids

Seek for thy noble father in the dust : [die.

Thou know'st, 'tis common : all that lives must

Hamlet : Ay, madam, it is common.

Queen : If it be,

Why seems it so particular with thee ?

Ham. : Seems, madam ! nay, it is ; I know not
' seems.'

'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,

Nor the customary suits of common black,

Nor windy suspiration of forced breath,

No, nor the fruitful river in the eye

That can denote me truly : these, indeed, seem :

But I have that within which passeth show ;

These but the trappings and the suits of woe.

[Hamlet having consented to remain in Denmark instead of going to Wittenberg, the King and Queen leave him alone.]

Ham. : O, that this too too solid flesh would melt,

Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew ;
Or that the Everlasting had not fixed
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter ! O God ! O God !
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world !
Fie on't ! Ah fie ! That it should come to this !
But two months dead—nay, not so much, not two !

So excellent a king ; that was, to this,
Hyperion to a satyr. Heaven and earth !
Let me not think on't.—Frailty, thy name is woman !—

A little month ; or e'er those shoes were old
With which she followed my poor father's body,
Like Niobe, all tears ;—why she, even she—
O God ! a beast, that wants discourse of reason,
Would have mourned longer—married with my uncle ;

It is not, nor it cannot come to, good ;
But break, my heart, for I must hold my tongue !

[Enter Horatio, Marcellus and Bernardo.]

Ham. : What make you from Wittenberg,
Horatio ? [funeral.]

Hor. : My lord, I came to see your father's
Ham. : I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow student ;

I think it was to see my mother's wedding.
Hor. : Indeed, my lord, it followed hard upon.

Ham. : Thrift, thrift, Horatio ! the funeral
baked meats

Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.
My father, methinks I see my father—

Hor. : O, where, my lord ?

Ham. : In my mind's eye, Horatio.—

Hor. : I saw him once : he was a goodly king.

Ham. : He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.

Hor. : My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.
[Horatio and his companions describe the appearance of the Ghost.]

Ham. : I will watch to-night ;
Perchance 'twill walk again.
If it assume my noble father's person,
I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape
And bid me hold my peace.
My father's spirit—in arms ; all is not well ;
I doubt some foul play : 'would the night were come !

[Laertes, ere departing for France, warns Ophelia against Hamlet's vows of love. Hamlet, Horatio and Marcellus keep watch for the Ghost, which reappears and leads Hamlet apart. With the words 'I am thy father's spirit,' it unfolds its tale : how, instead of being stung by a serpent while asleep in his orchard, the late king had been poisoned by Claudius pouring poison in his ears. Hamlet is sworn to avenge the crime and, rejoining his companions, makes them swear to secrecy on his sword.]

Ghost (*beneath*) : Swear.

Hor. : O day and night, but this is wondrous strange !

Ham. : There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,

Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

[The better to conceal his purpose Hamlet resolves to 'put an antic disposition on.' But he is oppressed by the burden thrust upon him : 'The time is out of joint : O cursèd spite, That ever I was born to set it right !']

Second Act

HAMLET displays his 'antic disposition' first towards Ophelia, who in her alarm seeks her father. Polonius sees but evidence of a man in love. Taking the news to the King he reads impassioned letters Hamlet has sent to Ophelia. One contains these lines :

'Doubt thou the stars are fire ;
Doubt that the sun doth move ;
Doubt truth to be a liar ;
But never doubt I love.'

The King bids Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, two of his old school-fellows, seek the cause of Hamlet's conduct. After another interview with Hamlet, Polonius suspects 'Though this be madness, yet there's method in't.' Meanwhile the embassy has returned from Norway. Young Fortinbras, now pledged to peace with Denmark, desires only passage for an attack on the Poles. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern seek out Hamlet, who compels them to admit they have been sent to him by the King.]

Ham. : I will tell you why. I have of late—but wherefore I know not—lost all my mirth, forgone all custom of exercises ; and, indeed, it goes so heavily with my disposition, that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory ; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appeareth no other thing to me than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is man ! how noble in reason ! how infinite in faculty ! in form and moving how express and admirable ! in action how like an angel ! in apprehension how like a god ! the beauty of the world ! the paragon of animals ! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust ? man delights not me ;—no, nor woman neither, though by your smiling you seem to say so.

Rosencrantz : My lord, there was no such stuff in my thoughts.

Ham. : Why did you laugh then, when I said, man delights not me ?

Ros. : To think, my lord, if you delight not in man, what lenten entertainment the players shall receive from you ; we coted [overtook] them on the way, and hither are they coming to offer you service.

[Hamlet welcomes the players. He decides to hear a play and, detaining the First Player, extracts from him a promise to play The Murder of Gonzago, inserting in it a speech of some dozen or sixteen lines that he will furnish.]

Ham. : Now I am alone
O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I !
Is it not monstrous, that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,

Could force his soul so to his whole conceit,
That, from her working, all his visage wanned;
Tears in his eyes, distraction in's aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
With forms to his conceit? and all for nothing!
For Hecuba!
What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her? What would he do
Had he the motive and the cue for passion
That I have? He would drown the stage with
tears,

And cleave the general ear with horrid speech;
Make mad the guilty and appal the free.
Yet I,
A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak,
Like John-a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing

It cannot be
But I am pigeon-livered, and lack gall
To make oppression bitter, or, ere this,
I should have fatted all the region kites
With this slave's offal. Bloody, bawdy villain!—

About, my brain!—I have heard
That guilty creatures, sitting at a play,
Have by the very cunning of the scene
Been struck so to the soul, that presently
They have proclaimed their malefactions;
For murder, though it have no tongue, will
speak [players
With most miraculous organ. I'll have these
Play something like the murder of my father
Before mine uncle:—the play's the thing,
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king.

Third Act

WHILE Ophelia at her father's bidding waits,
book in hand, where Hamlet will see her,
the King and Polonius hide to witness
the result of the meeting. *Hamlet enters.*]

Hamlet: To be, or not to be, that is the
question:—

Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them?—To die—to sleep,
No more:—and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To die—to sleep—
To sleep! perchance to dream;—ay, there's the
rub;

For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause. There's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life:
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's con-
tumely,
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death—
The undiscovered country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns—puzzles the will,

And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry
And lose the name of action.—Soft you, now!
The fair Ophelia.

[While they talk Hamlet seems suddenly aware
of eavesdropping. His manner towards Ophelia
changes. Finally, in farewell words, he bids her
go to a nunnery, and makes his exit.]

Ophelia: O, what a noble mind is here
o'erthrown!

The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue,
sword;

The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,
The observed of all observers, quite, quite down!
And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh;

O, woe is me,
To have seen what I have seen, see what I see!

[Claudius decides to send Hamlet to England.
Hamlet counsels the actors on their art and bids
Horatio watch the King. At the moment in
the play in which the murder of his brother is
depicted Claudius rises, rushes out, and after a
scene of confusion Hamlet is left with Horatio.]

Ham.: O good Horatio, didst perceive?

Horatio: Very well, my lord.

Ham.: Upon the talk of the poisoning—

Hor.: I did very well note him.

[Rosencrantz and Guildenstern enter. Hamlet
sternly reproves them for attempting to play
upon him. *Enter Polonius.*]

Polonius: My lord, the queen would speak
with you, and presently.

Ham.: They fool me to the top of my bent.—
I will come by-and-by.

Pol.: I will say so. [Exit.

Ham.: By-and-by is easily said.—Leave me,
friends. [His friends leave him.

'Tis now the very witching time of night
When churchyards yawn, and hell itself breathes
out [blood,
Contagion to this world: now could I drink hot
And do such bitter business as the day
Would quake to look on.

[But bearing in mind the Ghost's behest,
though cruel he would not be unnatural to his
mother. He will speak daggers to her, but use
none. Polonius informs Claudius that Hamlet is
going to his mother's closet and that he will hear
the process from behind the arras. The King,
troubled with thoughts of his crime ('O! my
offence is rank, it smells to heaven'), retires to
kneel in prayer. *Enter Hamlet.*]

Ham.: Now might I do it, pat, now he is
praying;

And now I'll do it—and so he goes to heaven:
And so I am reveng'd?

[No; he will wait till the King is about some
act 'that has no relish of salvation in't'—]

Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven,
And that his soul may be as damned and black
As hell, whereto it goes. *[Exit.]*

King *(rising)* : My words fly up, my thoughts
remain below : *[Exit.]*
Words without thoughts never to heaven go.

[Follows a poignant scene between Hamlet and his mother who, in sudden alarm, calls for help. The cry is taken up by Polonius. Hamlet makes a pass with his sword through the arras. Polonius falls and dies.]

Queen : O me, what hast thou done ?

Ham. : Nay, I know not :

Is it the king ?

Queen : O, what a rash and bloody deed is this !

Ham. : A bloody deed : almost as bad, good mother,

As kill a king, and marry with his brother.

Queen : As kill a king !

Ham. : Ay, lady, 'twas my word.

[Lifts up the arras and sees Polonius.]

Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell !

I took thee for thy better ; take thy fortune.

[While Hamlet upbraids his mother for her marriage to Claudius, the Ghost enters, seen by him alone, and bids him not forget his almost blunted purpose. To the Queen the vision is but 'the bodiless creation' of Hamlet's brain ; but in the end she is moved by his reproof.]

Queen : O Hamlet, thou hast cleft my heart
in twain !

Ham. : O, throw away the worse part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.

Good-night : but go not to mine uncle's bed ;

Assume a virtue if you have it not.—

I must to England ; you know that.

Queen : Alack,
I had forgot : 'tis so concluded on.

Ham. : There's letters sealed : and my two
school-fellows—

Whom I will trust as I will adders fanged—

They bear the mandate. Let it work ;

For 'tis the sport to have the enginer
Hoist with his own petar : and't shall go hard
But I will delve one yard below their mines,
And blow them at the moon.

Fourth Act

THE Queen, reporting Polonius's death to Claudius, betrays her affection for Hamlet in the lie : 'He weeps for what is done.'

Hamlet, brought before the King, is told that he must go to England with his two old school-fellows. The sealed letters they bear are to ensure his death on landing. The scene then shifts to a Plain in Denmark with Fortinbras marching to gain a profitless 'little patch of ground' in Poland. The sight stirs in Hamlet, now on his way to England, thoughts of his continued inaction.]

[me, Hamlet : How all occasions do inform against

And spur my dull revenge ! What is a man,

If his chief good, and market of his time,

Be but to sleep, and feed ? a beast, no more.

Sure, He, that made us with such large discourse,

Looking before and after, gave us not

That capability and godlike reason

To fast in us unused. Now, whether it be

Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple

Of thinking too precisely on the event—

A thought which, quartered, hath but one part
wisdom,

And ever three parts coward—I do not know

Why yet I live to say, 'This thing's to do,'

Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and
means

To do't. Examples, gross as earth, exhort me :

Witness this army, of such mass and charge,

Led by a delicate and tender prince,

Whose spirit, with divine ambition puffed,

Makes mouths at the invisible event,

Even for an egg-shell. Rightly to be great

Is not to stir without great argument,

But greatly to find quarrel in a straw



'THE PLAY'S THE THING IN WHICH I'LL CATCH THE CONSCIENCE OF THE KING'

From the painting by Daniel Maclise, R.A., in the Tate Gallery



'THERE'S ROSEMARY, THAT'S FOR REMEMBRANCE'

From the painting by Henrietta Rae in the Walker Gallery, Liverpool

When honour's at the stake. How stand I, then,
That have a father killed, a mother stained,
Excitements of my reason and my blood,
And let all sleep? while, to my shame, I see
The imminent death of twenty thousand men
That, for a fantasy and trick of fame,
Go to their graves like beds; fight for a plot
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
Which is not tomb enough, and continent,
To hide the slain?—O, from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth!

[As the King expresses it, 'When sorrows come, they come not single spies, But in battalions.' Ophelia loses her reason; this is disclosed in her wild rambling fancies, her aimless speeches, her little snatches of half-remembered songs, her pathetic naming of her posy of wild flowers. ('There's rosemary, that's for remembrance.') Headstrong Laertes, aware of his father's death but unaware of its cause, bursts in upon Claudius, followed by a rabble acclaiming him king. Ophelia makes her way through the crowd and her brother is overwhelmed by her plight.]

Laertes : Thought and affliction, passion, hell itself,
She turns to favour and to prettiness.—
Do you see this? O God!

[Claudius assures Laertes he is guiltless of Polonius's death. They confer together privately. Claudius explains that he has taken no action against Hamlet because of his mother's affection and the 'great love the general gender bear him.' Hamlet returns unexpectedly. Claudius plots a fencing match between Hamlet and Laertes in which Laertes, using a buttonless foil, shall have his revenge as if by accident. Laertes adds that he will poison his weapon. Claudius then says he will prepare a poisoned cup in case Hamlet should call for drink. To the plotters enters the

Queen with news that Ophelia has drowned herself. ('One woe doth tread upon another's heel.')]]

Fifth Act

THE opening scene is a churchyard. Two Clowns (gravediggers) prepare Ophelia's grave. Enter Hamlet and Horatio. Hamlet converses with the Clowns and meditates on Death. He asks the First Clown what man he digs the grave for.]

1 Clown : For no man, sir.

Hamlet : What woman, then?

1 Clown : For none, neither.

Ham. : Who is to be buried in't?

1 Clown : One that was a woman, sir; but, rest her soul, she's dead.

Ham. : How absolute the knave is! We must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us. By the Lord, Horatio, this three years I have taken note of it; the age is grown so picked, that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier he galls his kibe.—How long hast thou been a grave-maker?

1 Clown : Of all the days i' the year, I came to't that day that our last King Hamlet o'ercame Fortinbras.

Ham. : How long is that since?

1 Clown : Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that. It was the very day that young Hamlet was born; he that is mad, and sent into England. [England?]

Ham. : Ay, marry; why was he sent into

1 Clown : Why, because a was mad: a shall recover his wits there; or, if a do not, 'tis no great matter there.

Ham. : Why?

1 Clown : 'Twill not be seen in him there; there the men are as mad as he.

[The gravedigger draws Hamlet's attention to

the skull of Yorick the jester, which had lain in the earth three-and-twenty years.]

Ham. : Let me see. (*Takes the skull.*) Alas, poor Yorick !—I knew him, Horatio : a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy. Where be your gibes now ? your gambols ? your songs ? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar ?—Now, get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come ; make her laugh at that.—

Imperious Caesar, dead, and turned to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away.

[The funeral procession approaches. Hamlet discovers it is *Ophelia* who is dead. *Laertes*, distracted by the Priest's refusal of a requiem for one who, but for high command, 'should in ground unsanctified have lodged,' calls woe upon the cursèd head that caused *Ophelia's* death, and leaps into the grave with the cry, 'Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead !']

Ham. (*advancing*) : What is he whose grief Bears such an emphasis ? whose phrase of sorrow Conjures the wondering stars, and makes them stand,

Like wonder-wounded hearers ? This is I,
Hamlet the Dane. [*Leaps into the grave.*]

[At the King's command *Hamlet* and *Laertes* are parted by the attendants and come out of the grave.]

Ham. : Why, I will fight with him upon this theme

Until my eyelids will no longer wag.

Queen : O my son, what theme ? [brothers

Ham. : I loved *Ophelia* : forty-thousand
Could not, with all their quantity of love,
Make up my sum.

[In a hall in the castle *Hamlet* confers with *Horatio*. He remarks :

'Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well,
When our dear plots do pall ; and that should
teach us,

There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.'

He describes how he changed the commission borne by *Rosencrantz* and *Guildestern*, and how they had been sent on to the death that was meant for him. *Osric*, a courtier, brings news that the King has wagered on *Hamlet's* skill as against that of *Laertes* in a bout with the foils. *Hamlet* says he will win for the King if he can, and agrees that the bout take place forthwith.]

Horatio : You will lose this wager, my lord.

Ham. : I do not think so ; since he went into France I have been in continual practice ; I shall win at the odds. Thou wouldest not think how ill's all here about my heart ; but it is no matter.

Hor. : Nay, good my lord—If your mind dislike anything, obey it ; I will forestall their repair hither, and say you are not fit.

Ham. : Not a whit, we defy augury ; there is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come ; if it be not to come, it will be now ; if it be not now, yet it will come : the readiness is all. Let be.

[*Enter King, Queen, Laertes, Lords, Attendants, with foils, etc.*]

King : Come, *Hamlet*, come, and take this hand from me.

[*The King puts the hand of Laertes into that of Hamlet.*]

Ham. : Give me your pardon, sir ; I've done you wrong ;

But pardon't, as you are a gentleman.

This presence knows, [*punished*
And you must needs have heard, how I am
With sore distraction. What I have done,
That might your nature, honour, and exception
Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness.
Let my disclaiming from a purposed evil
Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,
That I have shot mine arrow o'er the house
And hurt my brother. [*honour,*

Laer. : Till by some elder masters, of known
I have a voice and precedent of peace,
I do receive your offered love like love,
And will not wrong it.

[They take the foils. The King offers the poisoned cup to *Hamlet*. He refuses. The Queen drinks from it to his success. *Hamlet* is wounded. In scuffling he and his opponent change weapons. *Hamlet* wounds *Laertes*. The Queen falls and dies, exclaiming she is poisoned. *Hamlet* cries 'Treachery !' and orders the door to be locked. *Laertes* confesses. He tells *Hamlet* of the poisoned weapon and accuses the King. *Hamlet* stabs the King, who dies.]

Laer. : He is justly served.

Exchange forgiveness with me, noble *Hamlet* ;
Mine and my father's death come not upon thee,
Nor thine on me ! [*Dies.*

Ham. : Heaven make thee free of it ! I follow thee.

[There is a warlike noise without. Young *Fortinbras* with conquest has come from Poland. There are ambassadors from England.]

Ham. : O, I die, *Horatio* ;

I cannot live to hear the news from England ;
But I do prophesy the election lights
On *Fortinbras* ; he has my dying voice ;
So tell him, with the occurrences, more and less,
Which have solicited.—The rest is silence. [*Dies.*

Hor. : Now cracks a noble heart.—Good night,
sweet prince ;
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest !

[The ambassadors have brought news that *Rosencrantz* and *Guildestern* are dead. *Fortinbras* has 'some rights of memory in this kingdom,' but with sorrow embraces his fortune.]

Fortinbras : Let four captains

Bear *Hamlet*, like a soldier, to the stage ;
For he was likely, had he been put on,
To have proved most royally : and for his passage,
The soldiers' music and the rites of war
Speak loudly for him.—

Take up the bodies :—Such a sight as this.
Becomes the field, but here shows much amiss.
Go, bid the soldiers shoot.

[*A dead march. Exeunt, bearing off the bodies ; after which a peal of ordnance is shot off.*]

HERBERT SPENCER

PRINCIPLES OF BIOLOGY

THE Principles of Biology, published in two volumes from 1864 to 1867, constitutes Spencer's explanation, by the hypothesis of evolution, of the problem of the structural and functional complexities of plant and animal life. The key to it is given in his famous definition of life as the continuous adjustment of inner and outer relations. Through 'the survival of the fittest' there is secured the perpetuation only of those organisms whose successful variations have become structural and functional by laws of heredity. Spencer's consistent emphasis on the need of adapting the organism to its environment does not always recognize that higher organisms to some extent adapt their environment to their needs. This brought him into collision with the ultra-Darwinians, represented by Weissmann and his followers, who denied the possibility of the inheritance of acquired characteristics, and asserted that Spencer had over-emphasised the 'passivity of life.' Since its publication the Principles of Biology has been consistently popular.

I—Data of Biology



TO those who accept the general doctrine of evolution, it need scarcely be pointed out that classifications are subjective conceptions which have no absolute demarcations in nature corresponding to them. Consequently, in attempting to define anything complex, we can scarcely ever avoid including more than was intended or leaving out something that should be taken in. Thus, it happens that on seeking a definition of life there is great difficulty in finding one that is neither more nor less than sufficient. As the best mode of determining the general characteristics of vitality, let us compare its two most unlike kinds and see in what they agree.

Choosing *assimilation*, then, for our example of bodily life, and *reasoning* for our example of the life known as intelligence, it is first to be observed that they are both processes of change. Without change, food cannot be taken into the blood nor transformed into tissue, neither can conclusions be obtained from premises. This manifestation of change forms the substratum of our idea of life in general.

Vital change is further made up of many *simultaneous* changes. Assimilation and argument both include many actions going on together. Vital changes, both visceral and cerebral, also differ from other changes in their *heterogeneity*; neither the simultaneous nor the serial acts of digestion or of ratiocination are at all alike.

They are again distinguished by the combination subsisting among their constituent changes. The acts that make up digestion are mutually dependent, as are those which compose a train of reasoning. Once more, they differ in being characterised by definiteness. Assimilation, respiration and circulation are definitely interdependent. These characteristics not only mark off the vital from the non-vital, but also creatures of high vitality from those of low vitality.

Hence our formula reads thus: 'Life is the definite combination of heterogeneous changes, both simultaneous and successive.' Not *a* definite combination, allowing that there may be others, but *the* definite combination.

This, however, omits its most distinctive peculiarity.

We habitually distinguish between a live object and a dead one by observing whether a change in the surrounding conditions is or is not followed by some perceptible and appropriate change in the object. Adding this all-important characteristic, our conception of life becomes—'The definite combination of heterogeneous changes, both simultaneous and successive, *in correspondence with external co-existences and sequences.*'

As in all cases we may consider the external phenomena as simply in relation, and the internal phenomena also as simply in relation, the broadest and most complete definition of life will be: 'The continuous adjustment of internal relations to external

relations.' It will be best, however, commonly to employ its more concrete equivalent—to consider the internal relations as 'definite combinations of simultaneous and successive changes,' the external relations as 'co-existences and sequences,' and the connexion between them as a 'correspondence.'

It is now to be remarked that the life is high in proportion as this correspondence between internal and external relations is well fulfilled.

Each step upward must consist in adding to the previously adjusted relations with which the organism exhibits some further relation, parallel to a further relation in the environment. Those relations in the environment to which relations in the organism must correspond increase in number and intensity as the life assumes a higher form. Perfect correspondence would be perfect life.

PERHAPS the widest and most familiar induction of biology is that organisms grow. Under appropriate conditions, increase of size takes place in inorganic aggregates as well as in organic aggregates. Crystals grow. Growth is indeed a concomitant of evolution. The several conditions by which the phenomena of organic growth are governed, conspiring and conflicting in endless different ways and degrees, qualify more or less differently each other's effects. Hence the following generalisations must be taken as true on the average, or other things equal.

First, that growth being an integration with the organism of such environing matters as are of like nature with the matter composing the organism, its growth is dependent on the available supply of such matters.

Second, that the available supply of assimilable matters being the same, and other conditions not dissimilar, the degree of growth varies according to the surplus of nutrition over expenditure.

Third, that in the same organism the surplus of nutrition over expenditure is a variable quantity, and that growth is unlimited, or has a definite limit, according as the surplus does, or does not, progressively decrease; a proposition exemplified by the increasing growth of organisms that

do not expend force, and by the definitely limited growth of organisms that expend much force.

Fourth, that among organisms that are large expenders of force, the size ultimately attained is, other things equal, determined by the initial size.

Fifth, that where the likeness of other circumstances permits a comparison, the possible degree of growth depends upon the degree of organization; an inference testified to by the larger forms among the varied divisions and subdivisions of organisms.

COMPLEXITY of function is the correlative of complexity of structure, and functions, like structures, arise by progressive differentiations. As structure advances from the simple and general to the complex and special, function must do the same. Variations in the proportions of the parts of an organism depend on the special reactions caused by special actions and may be considered as adaptations. An instance is seen in the growth of a muscle due to exercise. Such adaptations, however, are subject to limits and are not maintained unless the increase of function is permanent.

The law of hereditary transmission is that each plant or animal produces others of like kind with itself; that every unfolding organism eventually takes the form of the class, order, genus and species from which it sprang. The characters inherited may be congenital or acquired. We must conclude that the likeness of any organism to either parent is conveyed by the special tendencies of the physiological units derived from that parent, and it involves a denial of the persistence of force to say that the structure of a parent may be changed by alterations of function without corresponding change in the offspring.

VARIATION is co-extensive with heredity.

Every organism is like its parent, and yet shows variations. There are three causes of variation—heterogeneity among progenitors, functional variation in the parents and a third cause yet to be found, which acts along with the structural and functional variations of ancestors and parents.

II—Evolution of Life

THERE are two hypotheses which endeavour to explain the origin of living structures. The one, of special creation, holds that different organisms have been specially created; the other, of evolution, holds that the various organisms were gradually evolved—the higher from the lower—through processes still in action.

The hypothesis of special creation is found to be without evidence to support it, and is worthless in its intrinsic incoherence, and worthless as not satisfying intellectual and moral needs.

The hypothesis of evolution, on the other hand, is commended by its derivation, its coherence, its direct evidence and its implications. It is supported by arguments from classification, embryology, morphology and distribution. There is good reason to think, with Darwin, 'that propinquity of descent—the only known cause of the similarity of organic being—is the bond, hidden as it is by various degrees of modification, which is partially revealed to us by our classifications.'

The subordination of classes, orders, genera and species, to which naturalists have been led, is just that subordination which results from the divergence and re-divergence of embryos as they all unfold. On the evolution hypothesis, this parallelism indicates that primordial kinship of all organisms, and that progressive differentiation of them, which the hypothesis alleges.

Again, the community of plan which exists among allied organisms when mature is again extremely suggestive of evolution. It cannot be by chance that the dragon-fly, lady-bird, butterfly, flea, crab and lobster have each twenty segments. Yet, again, the facts of distribution are consistent with the theory of evolution.

Organic evolution has both external and internal causes.

Variations in solar influences, alterations in the crust of the earth, involve varying environment with modifying consequences. Climatic variations that are geologically produced, being compounded with those that result from the slow, uncorrelated astronomical changes, result in

ever-novel climatic conditions. Hence the incident forces to which the organisms of every locality are exposed are ever passing into unparallelled and more and more complex combinations. There are changes still more involved in the changing forces which organisms exercise on one another. Through all time, accordingly, organisms have been exposed to endless successions of external modifying causes, which gradually acquire almost inconceivable intricacy.

The internal cause of evolution is the instability of the homogeneous, which is ever rendered more heterogeneous by the changing external incident forces. But how, it may be inquired, is the heterogeneity produced of the kind required for carrying on the functions of life? Any fresh force acting on an aggregate in a state of moving equilibrium must either overthrow the equilibrium altogether or alter it so as to establish a new moving equilibrium. In organisms, death or new equilibration are the only alternatives. This equilibration may be direct or indirect.

Direct equilibration is commonly known as 'adaptation,' and is seen in such differences as the sizes, thicknesses and textures of the leaves of plants, or the darkness or fairness of the skins of animals, differences obviously in direct relationship to the characters of the environment.

Indirect equilibration is seen in such structures as the enamelled armour worn by the lepidosteus or the stinging hairs of plants—structures not the direct result of any functionally produced change.

How is such indirect equilibration effected? It is effected by death of the unfit and survival of the fittest. This self-acting process of selection must tend ever to maintain or produce adaptation between organisms and their environment.

That 'natural selection' is capable of *producing* fitness between organisms and their environments Darwin was the first to perceive. Among animals, the results are shown in the development of various structures which cannot have been functionally produced. The thick shell of a mollusc is inexplicable as a result of direct

reactions of the organism against external actions; but it is a result of the survival of individuals whose thicker coverings protected them against enemies.

Direct equilibration probably does more than Darwin supposed; but, whatever

direct equilibration cannot do, indirect achieves. It is scarcely possible too much to emphasise the conclusion that all the processes by which organisms are refitted to their ever-changing environments must be equilibrations of one kind or the other.

III—Morphological Development

THERE is clear evidence that in phanerogams all the appendages of the axis—whether bracts, sepals, petals, stamens, styles, or ovules—are homologues. They are all modified leaves. To modifications in the developments of foliar organs have to be added modifications in the developments of axial organs. And seeing how, in an individual plant, the single leaves pass into compound leaves by the development of their veins into mid-ribs, while the mid-ribs begin to simulate axes—seeing, too, how leaves occasionally produce other leaves from their edges, and how frequently are the monstrosities which can be satisfactorily explained by supposing the development of foliar organs into axial organs, we are led to the hypothesis that during the evolution of the phanerogamic type the distinction between leaves and axes has arisen by degrees; and this hypothesis is confirmed when we examine the development of axes in the fronds of acrogens.

In animals, as in plants, we find evidence of evolutionary connexion and progress. Starting with minute aggregates of those physiological units which compose protoplasm, we pass by union of these to aggregates of the second order, as the sponges, etc., and by union of these again to tertiary aggregates, as the hydrozoa. The mollusca and vertebrata are only aggregates of the second order that have in many cases become very large and complex.

During their evolution plants have progressively differentiated, both as wholes and in their parts.

Can the shape of a plant be expressed in universal terms? Can the shapes and sizes of its branches, its leaves, and the units of which they consist conform to any law?

In studying morphological differentiation, we must bear in mind that the forces to be overcome, the forces to be utilised, and the matters to be appropriated, do not

remain the same in their proportions and modes of action for any two members of the aggregate. Every member of the aggregate is also differentiated by presenting itself in some peculiar way towards the light, the air and its point of support.

Bearing these facts in mind, we see in every case a constant relation between form and the habitual incidence of forces, both with respect to the organism as a whole and with respect to its parts. We find that growths are unequal in proportion as the relations to the environment are unequal; and that, in fact, all inequalities and equalities of development correspond with inequalities and equalities of environment. From the complex vegetal types down to the simple the laws of morphological differentiation remain the same.

THE processes of morphological differentiation in the animal kingdom are in most respects the same as in the vegetal kingdom. There is, however, one new and important factor to take into account.

This new factor is motion of the organism in regard to surrounding objects, or of the parts of the organism with regard to one another, or both. According to the kind of intercourse between the organism and its environment results either a single or double bilateral symmetry, a radial symmetry, a spherical symmetry, or total irregularity.

The one ultimate principle that in any organism equal amounts of growth take place in those directions in which incident forces are equal serves as a key to the phenomena of morphological differentiation. The shapes of vertebrate skeletons and of all animal cells are in accordance with the principle and, as in the case of plants, all likenesses and unlikenesses are determined by likenesses and unlikenesses of the incident forces.

The morphological differentiation which goes hand in hand with morphological

integration is clearly what the perpetually complicating conditions would lead us to anticipate. Every addition of a new unit to an aggregate of such units must alter the distribution of mechanical strains

throughout the mass, must modify the complex processes of nutrition, and must initiate a changed incidence of forces tending ever to produce changed structural arrangements.

IV—Physiological Development

THAT the physiological differentiation between the part of a plant's surface which is exposed to light and air and the part which is exposed to darkness and moisture and solid matter is primarily due to the unlike actions of unlike environments is clearly implied by observed facts. Considering how strong must be the inherited tendency of a plant to assume those special characters which have resulted from an enormous accumulation of antecedent actions, it may even be thought surprising that this tendency can be modified to so great a degree by changed conditions.

Such a degree of modifiability is explained by the imperfect integration of a plant's functions which permits local alteration of function without the necessity of overcoming the momentum of the functions throughout the whole plant.

Physiological integration is imperfect, but more perfect in plants of the higher types. It is hardly possible to say by what process physiological integration or co-ordination of functions is brought about. The total results must be regarded as due to a plexus of influences acting simultaneously on individual and species.

As in the case of plants, physiological differentiation among the outer and inner tissues of animals and insects is a matter of direct or indirect equilibration fitting them to their different respective conditions. Physiological differentiation and physiological integration are correlatives, and vary together. Here the question is—what causes the integration to vary, *pari passu*, with the differentiation? The correlation may be explained, for the most part, by direct equilibration, and the remainder may be explained by indirect equilibration.

Even as organisms are correlated in their individual parts, so they are correlated *inter se*; and we must recognize in the entire aggregate something like a growing life and a progress from the homogeneous

and incoherent to the heterogeneous and coherent with concomitant integration. In this final generalisation the law of evolution is manifested under its most transcendent form.

The forces preservative of race are two—ability in each member of the race to preserve itself, and ability to produce other members. These must vary inversely. Every higher degree of individual evolution is followed by a lower degree of race multiplication, and *vice versa*. Progress in bulk, complexity, or activity involves retrogress in fertility, and *vice versa*. Individuation and genesis are necessarily antagonistic.

These principles are inferred by *a priori* reasoning; but do known facts bear them out?

It is indisputable that the smallest organisms habitually reproduce asexually with immense rapidity, that the largest organisms never reproduce in this way, and that between these extremes there is a general decrease of asexual reproduction as bulk increases. It is also to be noted that reproductive activity diminishes as organization becomes more complex.

Conversely, abundance of food and other circumstances that render self-maintenance easy augment power of propagation.

To these laws of multiplication human fertility also conforms.

It must be noted that, though the most evolved organism is less fertile numerically, it is virtually more fertile, since its fewer offspring are more fitted to survive.

Pressure of population, with the competition it entails, has been and is the most potent instrument of evolution in man; but man's further evolution itself necessitates a decline in his fertility. The necessary antagonism of individuation and genesis not only fulfils the *a priori* law of maintenance of the race, but ensures the highest form of this maintenance—a form in which there shall be the greatest possible amount of life and the fewest possible births and deaths.

BLAISE PASCAL

LETTERS TO A PROVINCIAL

IN the year 1654, Pascal, a celebrated man of the world and a noted mathematician, having experienced a remarkable vision, which he recorded on a parchment known as his 'amulet,' renounced the world and entered on the ascetic life in close relations with the Jansenist community of Port Royal. Hence, in the interests of Arnauld, the Jansenist leader, he issued the famous *Lettres Ecrites par Louis de Montalte à un Provincial de ses Amis*, a series of eighteen tracts directed with the keenest irony against the casuistry of the Jesuits. These Letters appeared during a period of fourteen months, the first being dated January 23, 1656, and the last March 24, 1657. They took the form of little pamphlets of eight to twelve pages, were published without the author's real name, had a large circulation, and created an immense sensation throughout Europe. Several editions of the Letters to a Provincial are on sale.

I—Casuists Lax and Severe



SIR—I send you, as I promised, the chief outlines of the moral teaching of these good Jesuit fathers, these 'men so eminent in doctrine and in wisdom, who are led by that divine wisdom which is more trustworthy than all philosophy.' Possibly you think that I speak in jest. I speak seriously, or rather, it is they who have spoken thus of themselves. I only copy their words where they write, 'It is a society of men, or, rather, of angels, foretold by the prophet Isaiah.' They claim to have changed the face of Christianity. We must believe it, since they have told us so; and, indeed, you will see how far they have done so when you have mastered their maxims.

I took care to be instructed by themselves and trusted to nothing which my friend had told me. I had been told such strange things that I could hardly believe them, until I was shown them in their own books; and then I could say nothing in their defence, except that these must be the principles of certain isolated Jesuits and not those of the whole society. Indeed, I was able to say that I knew Jesuits who were as severe as these were lax.

It was on that occasion that the spirit of the society was explained to me, for it is not by any means known to everyone. I was told as follows.

"You imagine that you are speaking in their favour when you say that there are among them fathers who are as obedient to the principles of the Gospel as others are distant from them, and you conclude therefore that these loose opinions do not characterise the whole society. That is true. But since the society admits of so licentious a doctrine within it, you must conclude that its spirit is not one of Christian severity."

"But what, then," said I, "is the purpose of the whole institution? Is it that everyone should be free to say whatever he may happen to think?"

"That is not so," was the reply. "So great a society could not exist without discipline and without one spirit governing and ruling all its movements."

The object of the Jesuits is not to corrupt morals; but, on the other hand, they have not in view as their single object the reformation of morals, because they would find this a political disadvantage. Their principle is this: they have so high an opinion of themselves as to believe that it is advantageous, and even necessary, to the good of religion that their credit should extend everywhere and that they should govern all consciences. And as the severe maxims of the Gospel are suitable for governing certain temperaments, they make use of these whenever they serve their purpose. But since these same maxims do not at all suit the generality of

mankind, they usually put them aside so as to be able to please everyone.

Therefore, having to do with people of all sorts and conditions and of diverse nationalities, they need casuists suited to all this diversity. From this principle you will easily see that if they had none but lax casuists they would defeat their chief purpose, which is to include the whole world. Truly pious people seek a more severe direction, but as there are not many who are truly pious the Jesuits do not need many strict directors to guide them. They have a few for the few who need them. On the other hand, the vast number of their lax casuists are at the service of the innumerable multitude who seek the broad and easy way.

They have proofs for all sorts of people, and make such ingenious replies to every question that when they find themselves in countries where a crucified God seems like madness, they suppress the scandal of the Cross and preach only Christ in glory. This they have done in India and China, where they even condone idolatry by a subtle device; they allow their people to carry with them hidden images of Christ,

to which they should address the public worship ostensibly paid to their idols.

This conduct led to their being forbidden under pain of excommunication to permit the adoration of idols under any pretext, or to hide the mystery of the Cross from those whom they instruct in religion, and they have been forbidden to receive anyone in baptism until he has this knowledge, and are enjoined to erect in their churches the image of the crucifix.

Thus they have spread over the whole earth in the strength of their doctrine of 'probable opinions,' which is the fount and origin of all these irregularities. You may learn of this from themselves, for they take no pains to hide it, except that they cover their human and political prudence with the pretence of a divine and Christian prudence. They act as if the faith and the tradition which maintains it were not for ever invariable at all times and in all places, and as if nothing more were required, in order to remove the stains of guilt, than to corrupt the law of the Lord, instead of regarding that stainless and holy law as itself the instrument of conversion, and conforming human souls to its salutary precepts.

II—The Doctrine of Intention

SIR—I must now let you know what the good Jesuit father told me about the maxims of their casuists, with regard to the 'point of honour' among gentlemen.

"You know," said he, "that this point of honour is the dominating passion of men in that rank of life, and is constantly leading them into acts of violence which appear quite contrary to Christian piety. Indeed, we should have to exclude almost all of them from our confessionals if our fathers had not in some degree relaxed the severity of religion and accommodated it to the weakness of men. But since they wished to remain attached to the Gospel by their duty towards God, and to men of the world by their charity towards their neighbour, they had to seek expedients by which they might make it possible for a man to maintain his honour in the ordinary way of the world without wounding his conscience. They had to preserve, at the same time, two things which are apparently so opposed to one another as piety and honour. But, however valuable their

purpose might be, its execution was exceedingly difficult."

"I am surprised," I said, "that you find it difficult."

"Are you?" he replied. "Do you not know that on the one hand the law of the Gospel commands us never to render evil for evil, and to leave vengeance to God; and that on the other hand the laws of the world forbid that we should suffer injury without executing justice, even by the death of our enemies? Is it possible that two precepts should be more contrary to one another?"

"What I meant to say was, that after what I have seen of your fathers, I know that they can easily do things which are impossible to other men. I am quite ready to believe that they have discovered some means of reconciling these two precepts, and I beg of you to inform me what it is."

"You must know, then," he replied, "that this wonderful principle is our grand method of *directing the intention*, a principle



BLAISE PASCAL, mathematician, theologian and one of the greatest writers of French prose, was born on June 19, 1623, at Clermont-Ferrand, and died on August 19, 1662. His mother died in his fourth year and his father, an eminent lawyer, took the boy to Paris, where he developed an astonishing mathematical genius. He produced, at seventeen, a profound work on conic sections, and devoted the following years to physical researches. His sister Jacqueline having joined the Jansenists, Pascal also came under the influence of Port Royal; but though he was its most famous upholder, and though he lived there for long periods, he never became one of its 'solitaries.' His immortal 'Provincial Letters' are the finest relic of a bygone controversy that would, but for them, have been half forgotten.

of great importance in our moral system. You have already seen certain examples of it. Thus, when I explained to you how servants could carry with a clear conscience certain harmful messages, you must have seen that it was by diverting their intention from the evil of which they are the bearers and by turning it to the gain which they receive for their service. This is what we call 'directing the intention.' In the same way you have seen that those who give money in return for benefices would be guilty of simony unless they diverted their intention from the transaction. But I am going to show you this grand method in all its beauty in relation to homicide, which it justifies under a thousand circumstances."

"I am ready to believe," I said, "that your principle will permit everything."

"Not at all," he replied; "you are always running from one extreme to the other. We by no means permit everything. For instance, we never permit the formal intention of sin, for the mere sake of sinning, and we will have nothing to do with anyone who persists in seeking evil

as an end in itself, for that is a devilish intention, in whatever age, sex, or rank it may be found. But so long as there is no such unhappy disposition as that, we try to put in practice our methods of directing intention, which consists in proposing a lawful object as the end of one's actions. In so far as it is in our power, we turn away from forbidden things; but when we are unable to prevent the action, we at least try to purify the intention, and so correct the vice of the means by the purity of the end.

"That is how our fathers have been able to permit the acts of violence which are committed in the defence of honour. It is only necessary to turn away one's intention from the desire of vengeance, which is criminal, and to restrict it to the desire of defending one's honour, which is a lawful desire. It is thus that our fathers are able to fulfil their duties towards God and towards men alike. They please the world by permitting the actions, and they satisfy the Gospel by purifying the intentions."

"I understand your principle," I said, "but I should like to know its consequences. I should like to know, for instance, all the cases in which your method permits one to kill."

"You can hardly make a mistake," said the father. "You may go as far as to kill the man. One of our authorities says: 'It is permitted to kill a man who has given a blow, even though he runs away, on the condition that it is not done through hatred or through vengeance, and that one's actions do not lead to murders which are excessive and harmful to the state.' The reason is, that one may thus run after one's honour as if after a stolen object. For though your honour is not exactly in the hands of your enemy as if it were something which he had picked up, you can yet recover it in the same way by giving a proof of greatness and of authority, and by thus acquiring human esteem. Indeed, he continues: 'Is it not true that he who has received a blow is considered disgraced until he has slain his enemy?'"

THIS appeared to me so horrible that I had difficulty in restraining myself. I felt that I had heard enough.

III—*The Charge of Raillery*

REVEREND FATHERS—I have read the letters which you have published in answer to some of mine on the subject of your moral principles; and I find that one of the principal points in your defence is that I have not spoken seriously enough of your maxims.

This is a surprising and very unjust reproach. It is true that I have spoken with little respect of the teachings of certain among you, but do you suppose that the imaginations of your authors are to be taken as the verities of the faith? Is it impossible to laugh at passages of Escobar, and at the fantastic conclusions of others of your authors?

Truly, fathers, there is a great difference between laughing at religion and laughing at those whose extravagant opinions are its profanation. It would be impious to be wanting in respect for the truths which the Spirit of God has revealed, but it would be more impious that we should not show contempt for the falsities which the human spirit has opposed to them.

I pray you to consider that just as Christian truth is worthy of love and of respect, the errors that are contrary to it deserve our contempt and hatred. For there are two qualities in the truths of our religion, a divine beauty which compels our love and a holy majesty that demands our veneration; and there are two qualities in error, the impiety which makes it horrible and the impertinence which renders it absurd.

Do not hope, therefore, to persuade the world that it is unworthy of Christians to

deal with errors as absurdities, since this method has been common to the early fathers of the Church, and is authorised by Holy Scriptures, by the example of the greatest saints and even by that of God himself. In the first words which God spake to man after the Fall the fathers of the Church have discovered a tone of mockery, a stinging irony. After Adam had disobeyed, in the hope the devil had given, that he would then be made like a God, it appears from Scripture that God's punishment made him subject to death, and that after having reduced Adam to the miserable condition which his sin had deserved, God mocked him with words of piercing irony, saying, 'There is the man who has become as one of us.'

YOU see, therefore, that mockery is sometimes designed to turn men from their follies and is then an act of righteousness. Thus Jeremiah says that the deeds of the foolish are worthy of laughter because of their vanity. And, again, St. Augustine says that the wise laugh at the foolish because they are wise, but in virtue not of their own wisdom, but of the divine wisdom which will mock at the death of the wicked.

Must we call in Scripture and tradition to prove that cutting down one's enemy from behind and in an ambush is a treacherous murder? Or that giving a present of money to secure an ecclesiastical benefice is to purchase it? Of course, there are teachings which deserve our contempt, and can only be dealt with by mockery.

IV—*The Sin of Simony*

REVEREND FATHERS—I was about to write to you concerning the accusations which you have so long brought against me, wherein you call me impious, buffoon, rogue, imposter, calumniator, swindler, heretic, disguised Calvinist, one possessed of a legion of devils. I wish the world to know why you speak thus, for I should be sorry that anyone should think thus of me; and I had already made up my mind to complain publicly of your calumnies and impostures when I saw your replies, wherein you

bring the same charges against me. You have thus forced me to change my purpose. Yet I shall still carry it out in some degree, inasmuch as I hope that my defence will convict you of more real impostures than you have imputed to me.

Truly, fathers, your position is more open to suspicion than mine, for it is very unlikely that I, being alone as I am, and without strength or human support against so powerful a society as yours, and being sustained only by truth and sincerity, should have exposed myself to the risk of

losing all by exposing myself to a conviction of imposture. But your position, fathers, is different ; you can say of me what you please and I can find no one to whom I may complain.

Let me closely explain, for instance, your doctrine with regard to simony. Finding yourself in a dilemma between the canons of the Church, which forbid with the severest penalties any trade in ecclesiastical benefices, and the avarice of so many people who promote this infamous traffic, you have followed your ordinary method, which is to give to men what they desire and to offer to God nothing but words and appearances. For what do simoniacal persons demand, if not that they shall receive money in return for their benefices ?

But that is precisely the transaction which you have cleared from the guilt of simony. Yet, since you cannot do away with the name of simony, and there must be some matter to which that name attaches, you have devised for that purpose an imaginary idea, which never enters the minds of simoniacs at all, and indeed

would be quite useless to them. This is, that simony consists in valuing the money, considered in itself, as highly as the spiritual privilege, considered in itself.

Yet your authors say that a man does not entertain this metaphysical comparison, he may give his benefice to another and may receive money in return without incurring the guilt of simony. It is thus that you make game of religion in order to pander to human passions.

THE abusive language which you utter against me will never clear up our differences, nor shall any of your threats restrain me from defending myself. The war by which violence attempts to oppress the truth is a strange and a long one, for all the efforts of violence only make truth more evident. On the other hand, all the light of truth can do nothing to arrest violence, but rather inflames it. When force combats force, the stronger destroys the weaker ; when argument is opposed to argument, true reasoning confounds vanity and lies ; but violence and truth have no power one over the other.

V—Christianity or Black Art

LET us now see, fathers, how you value that life of man which is so jealously safeguarded by human justice. It appears from your novel laws that there is only one judge in a case of affront or injury, and that this judge is to be he who has received the offence. He is to be at the same time judge, plaintiff and executioner. He demands the death of the offender, sentences him to death and immediately executes the sentence ; and so, without respect either for the body or for the soul of his brother, slays and imperils the salvation of him for whom Christ died.

Not only so, but even a priest is held to have contracted neither sin nor irregularity in this infliction of death without authority and against law. Can these be religious men and priests who speak in this way ? Are they Christians or Turks—men or demons ?

Spread over the whole earth, according to St. Augustine, there are two peoples and two worlds—the world of the children of God, who form one body, of which Jesus Christ is king, and the world of the

enemies of God, who form another body ; of whom the devil is king.

Consider, therefore, fathers, to which of these two kingdoms you belong. You have heard the language of the city of peace, which is called the mystical Jerusalem, and you have heard the language of the city of turmoil which is called in the Scriptures the spiritual Sodom. Which of these two languages do you understand ?

According to St. Paul, those who belong to Christ act and speak on his principles ; and, according to the words of Christ, those who are the children of the devil, who has been a murderer from the beginning of the world, follow his maxims. We listen, therefore, to the language of your teachers, and ask of them whether, when a blow is threatened, we ought to suffer it rather than slay the offender, or whether we may kill him in order to escape the affront ?

Molina, Escobar and other Jesuits say that it is lawful to kill the man who threatens a blow. Is that the language of Jesus Christ ?

JONATHAN SWIFT

GULLIVER'S TRAVELS

THERE is no more original work of genius in English literature than Jonathan Swift's *Travels into Several Remote Nations of the World*, by Lemuel Gulliver. For intellectual power it may not be equal to his *Tale of a Tub*, but it has more variety and the narrative flows naturally from beginning to end. 'Gulliver' was published in 1726, at a period when life's disappointments had long since ceased to worry Swift. It is probable, however, that the book was planned some years previously, the keenness of the satire on courts and statesmen suggesting that his frustrated aims still rankled in his mind. Curious it is that so perfect an artist as Swift should miss the purpose he set himself: 'to vex the world rather than divert it.' The world refused to be vexed and was hugely diverted. The essential greatness of 'Gulliver' lies in its author's teeming imagination and rigid logic. Many editions of the work have been published.

I—A Voyage to Lilliput



MY father had a small estate in Nottinghamshire, but the charge of maintaining me at Cambridge became too great.

After three years there I was bound apprentice to an eminent surgeon in London.

After studying physic in Leyden for two years I became surgeon to the *Swallow*. and made a voyage or two in the Levant.

In 1699, being on a voyage in the South Seas, we were driven on a rock, and the ship immediately split. For my part, I swam as fortune directed me and, being pushed forward by wind and tide, found myself at last within my depth.

I lay down and slept soundly until daylight. I attempted to rise, but found myself strongly fastened to the ground, not able to turn even my head. I felt something moving gently up my leg and over my breast, when, bending my eyes downward, I perceived a human creature, not six inches high, with a bow and arrow in his hand, and felt a number more following him.

I struggled, and broke the strings that fastened my left hand; but the creatures ran off before I could seize them, and I felt about a hundred arrows discharged in my left hand, which pricked like so many needles. I lay still, groaning with grief and pain, till some of the inhabitants came and cut the strings that fastened my head,

when, turning it a little, I saw one, who seemed to be a person of quality, who made me a long speech, of which I understood not one word.

I answered in the most submissive manner and, being famished with hunger—perhaps against the strict rules of decency—put my finger to my mouth, to signify I wanted food. He understood me very well. Several ladders were applied to my sides, and a hundred of the inhabitants mounted laden with food and drink and supplied me as fast as they could.

It seems that at the first moment I was discovered—the emperor had notice by an express—it was determined in council that I should be secured and fed, and at once conveyed to the capital city.

A sleepy potion having been mingled with my wine, I slept again. These people have arrived to a great perfection in mechanics, and by means of cords and pulleys, in less than three hours, I was raised and slung on to a large machine, used for the carriage of trees and other great weights. Fifteen hundred of the largest horses, each about four and a half inches high, were employed to draw me towards the metropolis.

The emperor and all his court came out to meet us. In the largest temple in the kingdom, disused because polluted by a murder some years before, I was to be lodged, being secured by fourscore and eleven chains, locked to my leg. They



GULLIVER ANCHORED TO THE GROUND BY THE LILLIPUTIANS

From the painting by Vibert in the Luxembourg

were about two yards long and, being fixed within four inches of the gate of the temple, allowed me to creep in and lie on the ground at my full length.

The emperor is taller, by almost the breadth of my nail, than any of his court, his features strong and masculine, and his deportment majestic. He had reigned for seven years in great felicity, and had been generally victorious. I lay on my side for the better convenience of beholding him ; but I have had him many times since in my hand, and therefore cannot be deceived in this description. He held his sword drawn in his hand to defend himself, if I should happen to break loose, and spoke to me many times ; and I answered, but neither of us could understand a syllable.

The emperor held frequent councils, to debate what course should be taken with me—they apprehended I might break loose, or might cause a famine—but my behaviour had made a favourable impression and his majesty made provision for me out of his own treasury ; and coming

frequently to see me, I soon learnt to express my desire for liberty, which was after a time granted on certain conditions.

I soon learnt, in spite of its flourishing appearance, this country laboured under two evils—a violent faction at home and the danger of invasion (by a most potent enemy) from abroad. The two parties in the kingdom were distinguished by the high or low heels of their shoes. The high heels were most agreeable to their ancient constitution, but the present emperor was determined only to make use of low heels in the administration of the government ; but the heir-apparent seemed to have some tendency to high heels.

They were threatened with an invasion from the island of Blefusco, which had been engaged in an obstinate war with Lilliput for a long time, on a question of a schism in religion. They had now prepared a fleet, and were about to descend upon us, when his majesty, in his confidence in my strength, laid this account of his affairs before me.

II—My Departure from Blefusco

HAVING ascertained the depth of the channel between the two countries, and viewed the enemy's fleet through my perspective glass, I obtained a great quantity of cable and bars of iron. I twisted the bars into hooks, which I fixed to fifty cables, and walked into the sea, wading with what haste I could, swam about thirty yards in the middle

of the channel, and arrived at the fleet in about half an hour.

The enemy were so frightened when they saw me that they fled and swam to shore. I then took my tackling, fixed a hook to each vessel, and tied all my cords together at the end, but not a ship would stir ; they were held too fast by their anchors. The enemy's arrows disturbed me much,

but I resolutely cut all the cables and, with the greatest ease, drew fifty of the largest men-o'-war with me. The tide had not fallen, and I waded safe to the royal port of Lilliput, where the emperor received me with the highest honour.

So unmeasurable is the ambition of princes, that he thought now of nothing less than the complete submission of Blefusco; but I plainly protested 'that I would never be an instrument of bringing a free and brave people into slavery,' and the wisest part of the council were of my opinion.

His majesty never forgave me, and an intrigue began which had like to have been my utter ruin; but a considerable person at court informed me of the schemes against me and I resolved at once to pay a visit to Blefusco, whose emperor had sent a solemn embassy to Lilliput, with humble offers of peace; and who received me with the generosity suitable to so great a prince.

Three days after my arrival I observed a boat overturned on the coast, which with great difficulty I managed to get to the royal port of Blefusco; I told the emperor that my good fortune had thrown this boat in my way to carry me towards my native country, and begged his orders for materials to fit it up, together with his license to depart, which, after some kind expostulation, he was pleased to grant.

His majesty of Lilliput had sent an envoy to ask his brother of Blefusco to have me sent back to be punished as a traitor with the loss of my eyes; so that I resolved to venture myself on the ocean rather than be an occasion of difference between two such mighty monarchs.

I stored the boat with the carcasses of sheep and oxen, and with bread and drink proportionable, and as much ready-dressed meat as four hundred cooks could provide.

III—A Voyage to Brobdingnag

WE made a good voyage until we had passed the Straits of Madagascar, when the southern monsoon set in and we were driven many leagues out of our course. Being in distress for water, and coming in sight of land, some of us went on shore in search of it. I walked alone about a mile when, seeing nothing

I took with me cows and bulls, and rams and ewes, intending to propagate the breed in my own country; and would gladly have taken a dozen or two of the natives, but this his majesty would not permit. Besides making a diligent search in my pockets, his majesty engaged my honour not to carry away any of his subjects, even though by their own desire.

I SET sail, and on the third day descried a sail steering to the south-east. I made all the sail I could, and in half an hour she espied me, and hung out her ancient and fired a gun.

My heart leapt within me to see her English colours and, putting my cows and sheep into my pockets, I soon got on board with all my provisions.

The captain, a very civil man and an excellent sailor, treated me with kindness, and we arrived in England with only one misfortune—the rats carried off one of my sheep. The rest I got safely ashore, and made a considerable profit in showing them to persons of quality, and before I began my second voyage I sold them for six hundred pounds.

I stayed but two months with my wife and family, for my insatiable desire of seeing foreign countries would suffer me to continue no longer. I left fifteen hundred pounds with my wife; my uncle had left me a small estate near Epping of about thirty pounds a year and I had a long lease of the Black Bull in Fetter Lane, so that I was in no danger of leaving my wife and family upon the parish. My son Johnny was at the grammar school, and a towardly child. My daughter Betty (who is now well married) was then at her needlework.

I took leave of them with tears and went on board the *Adventure*, a merchant ship of 300 tons, bound for Surat.

to satisfy my curiosity, I was returning, when I saw our men already in the boat, and rowing for life to the ship with a huge creature walking after them, the sea up to his knees.

I ran off as fast as I could, up a hill and along what I took for a high road, but could see little, on either side the corn



GULLIVER COMES TO THE CITY OF BLEFUSCO, HAVING LEFT LILLIPUT BECAUSE OF
THE MACHINATIONS OF THE EMPEROR AGAINST HIM

Specially drawn for The World's Great Books by T. Buller Stoney

rising at least forty feet, until I came to a stone stile, which it was impossible for me to climb. I was looking for a gap in the hedge, when I saw one of the inhabitants in the next field. He seemed as high as an ordinary steeple and took about ten yards at each step. I ran to hide myself in the corn, whence I saw him at the stile calling out in a voice which at first I certainly took for thunder.

SEVEN monsters like himself then came and began to reap the field where I lay. I made a shift to get away, squeezing myself between the stalks, till I came to a part laid by the rain and wind. It was impossible to advance a step, and I heard the reapers not a hundred yards behind me. Being quite dispirited with toil, I lay down and began to bemoan my widow and fatherless children, when one of the reapers came quite near me, and I screamed as loud as I could, fearing I should be squashed to death by his foot. He looked about and, at last espying me, took me carefully behind, between his finger and thumb, as I myself have done with a weasel in England.

I resolved not to struggle, but ventured to put my hands together in a supplicating manner and say some words in a humble, melancholy tone, and letting him know by my gestures how grievously he pinched my sides. He seemed to apprehend my meaning, and put me gently in the lappet of his coat and ran along to show me to his master, the substantial farmer I had first seen in the field.

He placed me gently on all fours on the ground, but I immediately got up and walked slowly backwards and forwards to let those people see I had no intent to run away. They all sat down in a circle round me, and the farmer was soon convinced I was a rational creature, but we were quite unintelligible to one another. He put me gently in his handkerchief and took me to show to his wife. She at first screamed, as women do at a toad, but seeing how well I observed the signs her husband made, she, by degrees, grew extremely fond of me.

A servant brought in dinner, and the farmer put me on the table. The wife minced some bread and meat and placed it before me. I made her a low bow, took

out my knife and fork and fell to eat, which gave them great delight. The farmer's youngest son, an arch boy of ten, took me up by the legs and held me so high in the air that I trembled in every limb; but the farmer snatched me from him and gave him such a box on the ear as would have felled a European troop of horse to the earth.

I fell on my knees and pointing to the boy made my master understand I desired his son to be pardoned. The lad took his seat again and I went and kissed his hand, which my master took and made him stroke me gently with it.

When dinner was almost done the nurse came in with a child of a year old in her arms, who at once began to squall to get me for a plaything. The mother, out of pure indulgence, held me up to the child, who seized me by the middle and got my head into his mouth, where I roared so loud the urchin was frightened and let me drop, and I should have broke my neck if the mother had not held her apron under me.

My mistress, perceiving I was very tired, put me on her own bed after dinner and covered me with a clean white handkerchief. I slept, and dreamt I was at home with my wife and children, which aggravated my sorrows when I awaked, to find myself alone in a bed twenty feet wide. Two rats had crept up the curtains and had the boldness to attack me, but I had the good fortune to rip one up with my hanger before he could do me any mischief, and the other ran away, though not without one good wound. These creatures were the size of a large mastiff, and infinitely more nimble and fierce.

MY mistress was extremely rejoiced to find I was not hurt, and with her little daughter fitted me up the baby's cradle against night, which was then placed on a shelf for fear of rats.

The daughter, nine years old, and not above forty feet high, was very good-natured. She became my schoolmistress, and called me Grildrig, which imports in English, mannikin. To her I chiefly owe my preservation. I called her Glumdalclitch, or little nurse, and I heartily wish it was in my power to requite her care and affection as she deserves, instead of being,

as I have reason to fear, the innocent, unhappy instrument of her disgrace.

My master, being advised to show me as a sight in the next town, I was carried there in a box by Glumdalclitch on a pillion behind her father, who, after consulting the innkeeper, hired the crier to give notice through the town of a strange creature to be seen, resembling in every part a human creature, could speak several words and perform a hundred diverting tricks.

I was shown till I was half dead with weariness, for those who had seen me made such reports that the people were ready to break down the doors to come in.

IV—At the Court of Brobdingnag

HER majesty agreed, and easily got the farmer's consent, and the poor girl herself was not able to hide her joy.

The queen was surprised at so much wit and good sense in so small an animal, and took me in her own hand to the king, who, though as learned a person as any in his dominions conceived I might be a piece of clockwork, until he heard me speak. He sent for three great scholars, who after much debate, concluded that I was only a *lusus naturae*, a determination agreeable to the modern philosophy of Europe, whose professors have invented this wonderful solution of all difficulties, to the unspeakable advancement of human knowledge.

I entreated to be heard a word or two, and assured them that I came from a country where everything was in proportion and where, in consequence, I might defend myself and find sustenance. To which they only replied with a smile of contempt, saying 'that the farmer had instructed me very well in my lesson.' The king, who had a much better understanding, dismissed his learned men, and after some further examination, began to think what I told him might be true. A convenient apartment was provided for Glumdalclitch, a governess to attend to her education, a maid and two other servants; but the care of me was wholly appropriated to her.

I soon became a great favourite with the king; my little chair and table were placed at his left hand, before the salt-cellar, and he took pleasure in conversing with me, inquiring into the laws, government and learning of Europe. He made

My master, finding how profitable I was likely to be, showed me in all the considerable towns in the kingdom, till observing that I was almost reduced to a skeleton, concluded I must soon die, and sold me to the queen for a thousand pieces of gold. Her majesty asked me 'whether I should be content to live at court?' I bowed down to the table, and humbly answered, 'I should be proud to devote my life to her majesty's service,' and begged of her the favour that Glumdalclitch might be admitted into the service of the queen and continue to be my nurse and instructor.

very wise observations upon all I said, but once, when I had been a little too copious in talking of my beloved country, he took me up in his hand and, in a hearty fit of laughter, asked me if I were a Whig or Tory. Then turning to his first minister, observed how contemptible a thing was human grandeur, which could be mimicked by such diminutive insects as I.

But as I was not in a condition to resent injuries, so upon mature thoughts I began to doubt whether I was injured or no. For after being accustomed to the sight of these people for some time, I really began to imagine myself dwindled many degrees below my usual size. My littleness exposed me to many ridiculous and troublesome accidents, which determined Glumdalclitch never to let me go abroad out of her sight. I was, indeed, treated with much kindness, the favourite of the king and queen and the delight of the whole court. But I could never forget my domestic pledges and longed to be again with people with whom I could converse on equal terms.

ABOUT the beginning of the third year of my stay in this country, Glumdalclitch and I attended the king and queen in a progress round the south coast. I was carried as usual in my travelling box, a very convenient closet about twelve feet wide. I longed to see the ocean, which must be the only scene of my escape, and desired leave to take the air of the sea with a page who sometimes took charge of me.

I shall never forget with what unwillingness Glumdalclitch consented; we were

both much tired with our journey, and the poor girl was so ill as to be confined to her chamber. The boy took me out in my box towards the seashore, when, ordering him to set me down, I cast many a wistful glance towards the sea.

I found myself not very well and, hoping a nap would do me good, soon fell asleep. I conjecture as I fell asleep the page went off to look for birds' eggs, for I was awakened by finding myself raised high in the air and borne forward with prodigious speed. I called out, I looked out, but could see nothing but clouds and sky. I heard a great flapping of wings; it increased very fast, and my box was tossed up and down, and I felt myself falling with incredible swiftness. My fall was stopped by a terrible squash, I was quite in the dark for a minute, then I could see light from the top of my windows. I had fallen into the sea. I did then, and do now, suppose that the

eagle who had flown away with me was pursued by two or three others and forced to let me drop. I was for four hours under these circumstances, expecting, and indeed hoping, every moment to be my last.

I heard a grating sound on the side of my box, and soon felt I was being towed along the sea, and called for help until I was hoarse. In return I heard a great shout, giving me transports of joy, and somebody called out in the English tongue that I was safe, for my box was fastened to their ship. The carpenter came in a few minutes and sawed a hole, through which I was taken into the ship in a very weak condition.

The captain, a worthy Shropshire man, was returning to England, and we came into the Downs on June 3, 1706, about nine months after my escape.

When I came home, my wife protested I should never go to sea any more.



AN OBJECT OF CURIOSITY TO THE PEOPLE OF BROBDINGNAG

After the painting by Richard Redgrave, A.R.A.

COUNT LEO TOLSTOY

CHILDHOOD BOYHOOD AND YOUTH

NOVELIST, moralist and social reformer, Count Leo Nikolaevitch Tolstoy was one of the greatest Russian figures of the nineteenth century. He was born of noble family at Yasnaya Polyana, in the government of Tula, September 9, 1828, and after the usual period of study, became an officer in the army and served in the Crimean War. After the war he travelled in Germany, and then retired to his estate outside Moscow, where he practised the rules of plain living and high thinking advocated in all his books. Childhood, Boyhood and Youth appeared originally as three separate books in 1853, 1854, and 1857 respectively. They are semi-autobiographical studies, and contain true accounts of himself and his own early experiences, faithfully describing the thoughts and feelings of an unusually morbid boy. These memoirs were not completed, but are carried a further stage in My Confessions, of which an outline appears in later pages of *The World's Great Books*. Childhood, Boyhood and Youth is published in one volume in Everyman's Library. The following epitome has been made from the Russian text.

I—Happy Days of Childhood



SEPTEMBER 12, 1838, was the third day after my tenth birthday anniversary. Wonderful presents had been given me. My tutor, Karl Ivanitch, roused me at seven by striking at a fly directly over my head with a flapper made of sugar paper fastened to a stick. He generally spoke in German, and in his kindly voice exclaimed, "Get up, children, it is time; your mother is already in the drawing-room."

Dyadka Nikolai, the valet of us children, a neat little man, brought in the clothes for me and Volodya, who was imitating my sister's governess, Marya Ivanovna, in merry, mocking laughter. Somewhat sternly presently Karl Ivanitch called from the schoolroom to know if we were nearly ready to begin our lessons.

In the schoolroom, on one shelf, was our promiscuous assortment of books; on another the still more miscellaneous collection which our dear old tutor was pleased to call his library. I remember that it included a German treatise on cabbage gardens, a history of the Seven Years' War and a work on hydrostatics. Karl Ivanitch spent all his spare time in reading his beloved books, but he never read anything beyond these, and the Northern Bee. After early lessons, our tutor conducted us downstairs to greet mamma.

She was sitting in the parlour, in front of the samovar, pouring out tea. To the left of the divan was the old English grand piano, on which my dark-complexioned sister, Liubotchka, eleven years old, was painfully practising Clementi's exercises. Near her Marya Ivanovna, with scowls on her face, was loudly counting and beating time with her foot. She frowned still more disagreeably at Ivan as he entered, but he appeared to ignore this and kissed my mother's hand.

For some days we had been expecting something unusual, from preparations which we saw going on for some journey, but an announcement from papa at length surprised us terribly. He greeted us one morning with the remark that it was time to put an end to our idleness and that, as he was going that evening to Moscow, we were to go with him and to live there with our grandmother, mamma remaining on the estate with the girls.

My thoughts were mingled, for I was very grieved for the sake of mamma, yet I felt pleasure at the idea that we were grown up. For poor Karl Ivanitch I was extremely sorry, as he would be discharged. On my way upstairs I saw papa's favourite greyhound, Milka, basking in the sunshine on the terrace, and ran out, kissed her on the nose and caressed her, saying, "Farewell, Milotchka. We shall never see each other again." Then, altogether overcome with emotion, I burst into tears.

My father was a chivalrous character of the last century, who regarded with contempt the people of the present century. His two chief passions were cards and women.

He was tall and commanding, bald, with small eyes, ever twinkling vivaciously, a lisping utterance. He knew how to exercise a spell over people of every grade, and in the highest society he was held in great esteem. He seemed born to shine in his brilliant position and was an expert in the management of all things that could conduce to comfort and pleasure.

His principles grew more fixed as years rolled on ; he judged actions as being good or bad as they procured him happiness and pleasure or otherwise ; he talked persuasively, and he could represent the same deed as either an innocent piece of playfulness or an abominable villainy.

Happy days of childhood that can never be recalled ! What memories I yet cherish of them ! I see mamma just as plainly as when she so long since was talking to someone at the tea-table, while I, in my high chair, grew drowsy. Presently she stroked my hair with her soft hand, saying, "Get up, my darling, it is time to go to

bed. Get up, my angel !" I spring up and embrace her, and exclaim, "Dear, dear mamma, how I love you !"

With her sad and fascinating smile she places me on her knees, is silent awhile, and then speaks. "So you love me very much ? Love me always, and never forget me. If you lose your mamma, Nikolinka, you will not forget her ?"

About a month after we had removed to Moscow, grandmamma received a visit from Princess Kornakova, a woman of forty-five, with disagreeable grey-green eyes, but sweetly curved lips, bright red hair and insalubrious face. In spite of these peculiarities, her aspect was noble. I took a dislike to her because I found from her talk that she was given to beating her own children and thought that other people's children, especially boys, needed to be whipped.

Another visitor was Prince Ivan Ivanitch, distinguished for his noble character, handsome person, splendid bravery and extraordinary good fortune. He belonged to a powerful family and lived in accordance with principles of the strictest religion and morality. Though somewhat reserved and haughty in demeanour, he



COUNT TOLSTOY AT WORK IN HIS STUDY AT YASNAYA POLYANA



TOLSTOY FISHING WITH REPIN, THE ARTIST, NEAR HIS HOME

was full of kindly feeling. Prince Ivan Ivanitch was a highly cultured man of most versatile accomplishments. Our grandmamma was evidently delighted to see him, and his magnificent aspect and her liking for him inspired me with unbounded admiration and reverence.

He asked why mamma had not come to Moscow.

"Ah," was the reply, "she would have come if possible, but they have no income this year."

"I do not understand," replied the prince. "Her Khabarovka is a wonderful estate and it must always bring in a good revenue."

"I will tell you," said grandmamma sadly. "It seems to me that all the pretexts are made simply to enable him to live a gay life here, while she, angel of goodness that she is, suspects nothing. She believes him in everything."

This conversation should not have been overheard by me; but, having overheard it, I crept out of the room.

On April 16, nearly six months later, serious news came from mamma. She wrote to papa that she had contracted a chill, which had caused a fever, that this

was over, but had left her in such utter weakness that she would never rise from her bed again, although those about her were not aware of such a condition. She wished him to come at once and to bring her two boys with him. She prayed that God's holy will might be done.

On April 25 we reached our Petroskoe home. Papa had been very sad and thoughtful during the journey. We at once learnt from the steward that mamma had not left her room for six days. I shall never forget what I saw when I entered mamma's room. She was unconscious. Her eyes were open, but she saw nothing. We were led away. Mamma soon passed away.

She was dead; the funeral obsequies took place and our life went as before. Three days after the funeral the household removed to Moscow. Grandmamma only learnt what had happened when we arrived, and her grief was terrible. She lay unconscious for a week, and the doctor feared for her life, for she would not eat, speak, or take medicine. When she recovered somewhat her first thought was of us children. She cried softly, spoke of mamma, and tenderly caressed us.

II—Dreamy Boyhood

ON our arrival in Moscow—a change had taken place in my view of things.

My sentiment of reverence for grandmamma had changed to one of sympathy. As she covered my cheeks with kisses, I realized that each kiss expressed the thought, "She is gone; I shall never see her more."

Papa had very little to do with us in Moscow, coming to us only at dinner-time, and lost much in my eyes, with his ostentatious dress, his stewards, his clerks, and his hunting and business expeditions.

Between us and the girls also an invisible barrier seemed to rise. We were proud of our trousers and straps, and they of their petticoats, which increased in length. Their showier Sunday dress made it manifest that we were no longer in the country. But soon commenced a period of my life which it is difficult to trace in record. Rarely during memories of it do I find moments of the genuine warmth of feeling which so frequently illumined the earliest years of my life.

Vivid is the recollection of Volodya's entrance at the university. He was barely two years my senior in age. The day of his first examination arrived and he presented a handsome appearance in his

blue uniform, with brass buttons and lacquered boots. The examination lasted ten days and Volodya, having passed brilliantly, returned on the last day, no longer in blue coat and grey cap, but in student uniform, with blue embroidered collar, three-cornered hat and a gilt dagger by his side. Joy and excitement reigned in the whole household. For the first time since mamma's death, grandmamma drank champagne, and wept with joy as she looked at Volodya, who henceforth rode in his own equipage, received friends in his own rooms, smoked tobacco, went to balls.

But soon another incident happened which is engraven on memory. The dear old grandmamma was growing daily weaker, and one morning the announcement thrilled us that she was dead.

In a few months I should be preparing to enter the university. I was by degrees emerging from my boyish moods, with the exception of one—a tendency to metaphysical dreaminess—which was fated to do me much injury in after years.

At this period an intimacy commenced between me and a very remarkable man, Prince Dmitri Nekhliudoff. He was a tall and commanding figure, with an extraordinary intellect. Whenever he found me



A GAME OF CHESS WITH SERGIEVITCH SUCHOTIN

Suchotin is a son-in-law of Tolstoy whose two sons are on the right; Countess Tolstoy is the central figure.

alone, we seated ourselves in some secluded corner and found mutual delight in metaphysical discussions. With ecstasy in those moments, I soared higher and higher into the realms of thought. This strange friend-

ship grew. As may be imagined, the influence of my friend over me was greater than mine over him. I adopted his fervent ideas, which included lofty aspirations for the reformation of all mankind.

III—Youth's Disappointments

I WAS nearly sixteen, and from that time I date the beginning of youth. Under various professors I studied, though by no means willingly, to prepare for the university. At length, on April 16, I went for the first time to the great hall of the university. The bright hall was filled with a brilliant crowd of hundreds of young men in gymnasium costumes and dress-coats, stately professors moving freely about among the tables. On that day I was examined in history, and answered questions in Russian history in brilliant style. I received five marks. Similar success rewarded my efforts at the examination in mathematics.

Everything went on splendidly until I came to the Latin examination. The Latin professor was spoken of in accents of terror, for he had the reputation of taking a fierce delight in plucking candidates. My success so far had made me feel proudly confident and, as I could translate Cicero and Horace without the lexicon, I thought I might equal the rest. But not so! The professor amicably passed one of my young acquaintances, although the youth was palpably deficient in his answers.

When my turn came immediately afterwards, the professor turned on me in truly savage demeanour. "That is not it—that is not it at all!" exclaimed he. "This is not the way to prepare for higher education! You only want to wear the uniform and to boast of being first."

The demeanour of this professor so affected me that my confusion was complete. I only received two marks, and the injustice so depressed me that I lost all ambition and allowed the remaining examinations to proceed without making any effort. I made up my mind that it was unwise to aim at being first, and I resolved to adhere to this sentiment in the university.

My father married again. He was forty-eight when he took Avdotya Epifanova as his second wife. I and Volodya returned

to Moscow at the beginning of September, and on the following day I went to the university for my first lecture.

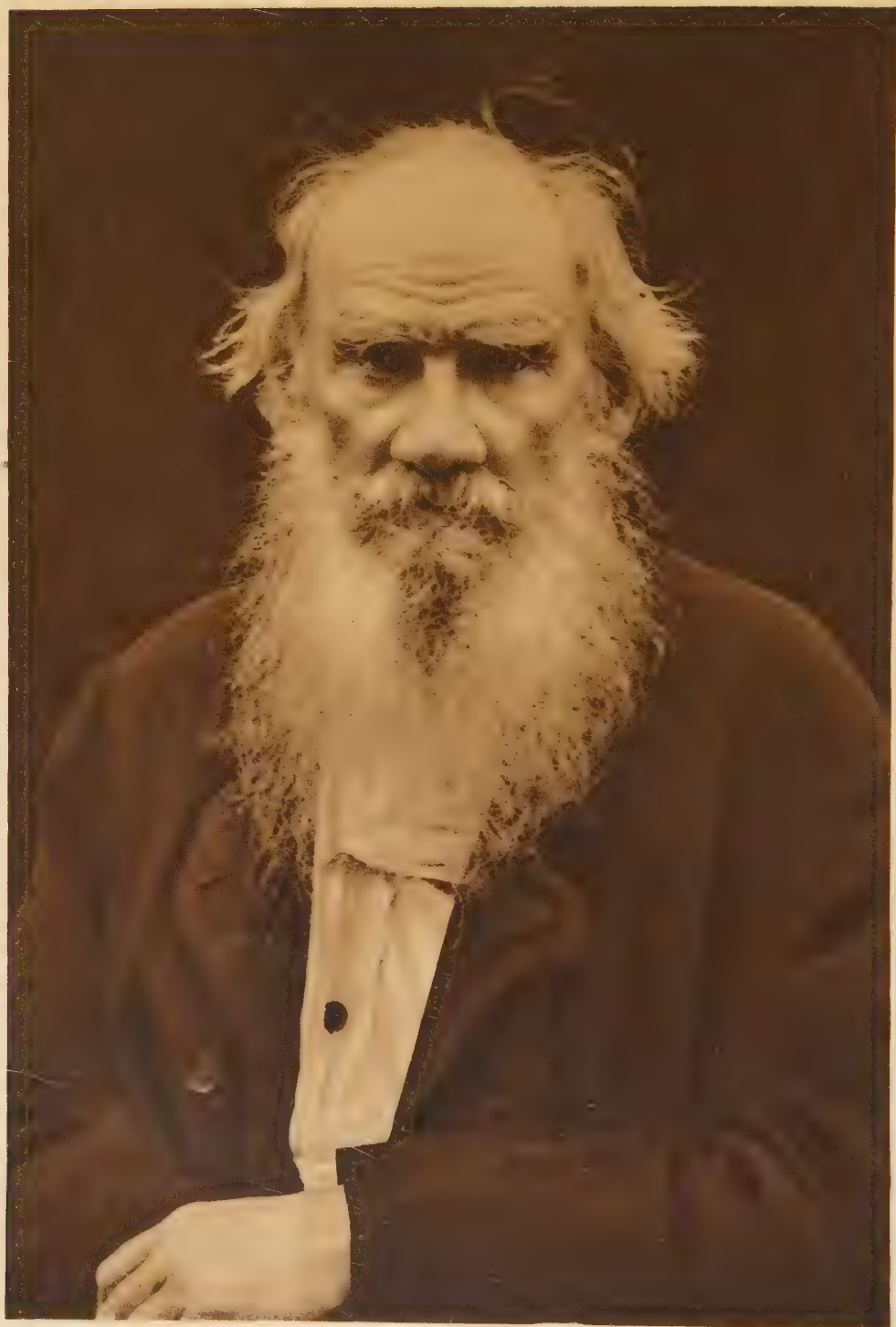
It was a magnificent, sunny day, and as I entered the auditorium I felt lost in the throng of gay youths flitting about through the doors and among the corridors. Belonging to no particular group, I felt isolated, and then even angry, and this first day was a dismal occasion for me.

During that winter I was quite disenchanted with the social pleasures to which I had looked forward when I entered the university, in imitation of my brother Volodya. He danced a great deal, and papa also went with his young wife to balls. But at the first one which I attended I was so shy that I declined the invitation of the Princess Kornakova to dance, declaring that I did not dance, though I had come to her evening party with the express intention of dancing a great deal. I remained silently in one place the whole evening.

MY first examination at length arrived.

It was on differential and integral calculus. I was indifferent and abstracted, but a feeling of some dread passed over me when the same young professor who had questioned me at the entrance examination looked me in the face. I answered so badly that he looked at me compassionately and said, quietly but firmly, that as I should not pass in the second class I had better not present myself for examination. I went home and remained weeping in my room for three days over my failure. Finally, I begged my father to permit me to enter the Hussars, or to go to the Caucasus.

Though he was not pleased, yet when he saw how deep was my grief he sought to comfort me by saying that it was not so very bad, and that arrangements might be made for a different course of study. After a few days I became composed, but did not leave the house till we departed for the country. I may some day relate the sequel in the happier half of my youth.



Leon Taksvig

COUNT LEO TOLSTOY

ANNA KARENINA

FIRST published in 1875-76, Anna Karénina ranks with the earlier great novel War and Peace (1865-69) as Leo Tolstoy's highest achievement in art. It aims at furnishing an elaborate delineation of the sociological ethics of high life in Russia, and is a most striking study of individual passion confronted by stern inner duty. The heroine's fate is the outcome of conflicting inner forces rather than external events. The substance of the novel is a passionate protest against life deprived of a consciousness of inner duty. As in all the writings of Tolstoy, wit and humour are entirely lacking, but the emotionalism is intense and the psychological analysis is masterly. Several English translations are published at moderate prices. The following epitome has been prepared from the original text.

I—Confusion in the Prince's House



THE Oblonsky family was plunged into miserable confusion, for the wife, through detecting a flirtation between her husband and the French governess, declared she would live with him no longer.

Prince Stepan Arkadyevitch (socially styled Stiva) had, on returning one evening from the theatre, found his Dolly sitting with a letter in her hand and an expression of terror and despair on her countenance.

"What is this? This?" she asked. Instead of attempting to reply, Stepan smiled good-humouredly and stupidly; and Dolly, after a flow of passionate reproaches, rushed from the room. Stepan had never imagined that any such discovery would so affect his wife.

"How delightfully we were living till this happened!" said he, as on the third morning after the outbreak he awoke in his library, where he had rested on the lounge. "I never interfered with Dolly, and she did as she pleased with the household and children. What can be done?" He rose and rang for his valet. The valet handed him a telegram, which announced that his sister, Anna Karénina, was coming on a visit. The intelligence pleased him, for it might mean that she would effect a reconciliation.

Prince Stepan tranquilly partook of breakfast over his newspaper, and became absorbed in thought. Suddenly two children's voices roused him from his reverie. They were those of Grisha, his youngest boy, and Tania, his eldest

daughter. The little girl, his favourite, ran in and fondly embraced him.

"What is mamma doing? Is she all right?" he asked of the girl.

"I don't know," was the reply. "She told us we were not to have lessons to-day, but were to go to grandmamma's."

He told the children to run along, and then said to himself, "To go, or not to go; but it has to be done, sooner or later." And straightening himself and lighting a cigarette, he opened the door into his wife's room. She was standing in the room removing the contents of a drawer, and turned her worn face on Stepan, shrinking from a distressing scene with him.

"What do you want? Go away, go away!" she cried.

"Dolly," he pleaded, "think, for the love of God, of the children! They are not to blame. I alone am to blame. Now, Dolly, forgive me!" But as the voice of one of the children was heard, she went out from him and slammed the door. Prince Stepan could find no answer in his mind to the question which he asked of himself in his deep despondency, "What can be done?"

Stepan Arkadyevitch was of an idle nature, yet his natural gifts had enabled him to do well at school, and he had gained an excellent position at Moscow as *matchalnik*, or president of one of the courts, through the influence of Aleksei Alexandrovitch Karénin, husband of his sister Anna, one of the most important members of the ministry. Everyone who knew Oblonsky liked him, for his amiability, honesty and brilliancy rendered him a most attractive character.

II—A Country Lover

GOING to his office after his unpleasant interview with his wife, he attended to matters in the court for some time, and, on suspending business for lunch, found his friend Levin waiting to see him—a fair-complexioned, broad-shouldered man, whom he often saw in Moscow. Levin frequently came in from the country, full of enthusiasm about great things he had been attempting. That Levin was in love with his sister Kitty was well enough known to Stepan.

When Oblonsky, on this occasion, after chatting over some rural concerns in Levin's district, asked his friend what had specially brought him to Moscow, Levin blushed, and was vexed with himself for blushing. He could not bring himself to reply that he had come to ask for the hand of Stepan's sister-in-law, Kitty; though that was really his errand. As a student and a friend of the Shcherbatsky family, belonging, like his own, to the old nobility of Moscow, Konstantin Levin at first thought himself in love with Dolly, the eldest, but she married Oblonsky; then with Natalie, who married Lvof, a diplomat; and finally his passion settled on Kitty, who had been only a child when he left the university. He was now thirty-two, was wealthy, would surely have been reckoned an acceptable suitor, but had a most exalted opinion of Kitty and to a corresponding degree depreciated himself.

He feared that Kitty did not love him, and he knew that his friends only looked upon him as a country proprietor, occupied with farming, or amusing himself with hunting. He was not what is understood as a society man. But he felt that he could not rest without seeking to get the question settled whether she would or would not be his wife.

Levin made his way to the gate of the Zoological Gardens and followed the path to the ice mountains, where he knew that he should find the Shcherbatskys, Kitty among them. He had seen their carriage at the gate.

Drawing near the ice mountains, where the sledges rushed down the inclines, he soon discovered Kitty, who was on the opposite side, standing in close conversation with a lady. The spot where she was seemed to him like a sanctuary, and all the persons privileged to be near her seemed to be the elect of heaven. Nikolai Shcherbatsky, Kitty's cousin, catching sight of Levin, exclaimed: "There is the best skater in Russia!" Kitty cordially invited Levin to skate with her. He did so, and the faster they went together, the closer Kitty held his hand. And when after a spin they rested and she asked how long he was going to stay in St. Petersburg, he astonished her by replying, "It depends on you!" Either she did not understand or did not wish to understand his words, for she at once made an excuse to leave him.

Kitty had another suitor, Count Vronsky, on whom she looked with favour that she could not accord to Levin. He was rich, intelligent, of good birth, with a brilliant career before him in court or army. He was charming, and in him the Princess Shcherbatsky saw an admirable match for her youngest daughter. Princess Kitty was now eighteen. She was the favourite child of her father. It was manifest to both parents that she favoured Vronsky. Yet when at length Levin ventured on a declaration of his love, she was deeply agitated. Lifting her sincere glance to him, she said hastily, "This cannot be. Forgive me!"

III—An Estrangement

ANNA KARENINA arrived in the home of Stepan Arkadyevitch, where she was received with cordial kisses by Dolly, who remembered that Stepan's sister was not to blame, and that she was a grande dame of St. Petersburg, wife of one of the important personages of the city. She was delighted to think that at

last she could open her mind and tell all her troubles.

Anna was one of the most beautiful and graceful of women, and she was as tactful as she was lovely. Before many hours she had successfully played the part of peacemaker, and thanked God in her heart that she had been able to effect complete

reconciliation between Stepan and his wife. That evening, Anna went to a grand ball with Kitty and her mother, where the three were quickly saluted by Vronsky. It was a most brilliant affair. Next morning Anna left Moscow for home. It happened that Vronsky travelled by the same train, and thus the two were thrown together for the long journey.

Aleksei Alexandrovitch, though he affectionately met his wife, found but little time to spend with her. The next day several visitors came to dine with the Karénins. Every moment of Aleksei's life was fully occupied with his official duties, and he was forced to be strictly regular and punctual in his arrangements.

Society in St. Petersburg is very united, and Anna Karénina had very friendly relations with the gay world of fashion, with its dinner parties and balls. She met Vronsky at several of these brilliant reunions. He, deeply impressed with her, notwithstanding his connexion with Kitty, went everywhere that he was likely to meet with her, and her joy at meeting with him easily betrayed itself in her eyes and her smile. And he did not refrain from actually making love to Anna on the occasions when they were able to engage in *tête-à-tête* conversations. Nor was he positively repelled.

Meantime, Aleksei, as usual, would come home and, instead of seeking his wife's society, would bury himself in his library amongst his books. But suddenly the idea

that his wife could form an attachment to another man filled him with terror. He resolved to remonstrate with her, but she received his expostulations with laughing and good-humoured mockery, which entirely frustrated his purpose. He dropped the subject, yet from that moment a new life began for the husband and wife.

MANY fashionable young ladies who were jealous of Anna, and were weary of hearing her praised, were malignantly pleased to hear rumours to her disparagement, and to feel justified in alluding scornfully to her. Vronsky received a message from his mother in Moscow. She desired him to come to her. His elder brother, though not himself by any means a perfect pattern of propriety, strongly expressed his dissatisfaction, because he felt that the unpleasant rumours would be likely to cause displeasure in certain high quarters.

Early in the spring, Anna Karénina's husband went abroad, according to his annual custom, to take the water cure after the toils of winter. Returning in July to St. Petersburg, he at once resumed his official duties with the usual vigour. Anna had already gone into the country, not far from the capital, to the summer *datcha* at Peterhof. Since Anna and her husband had failed to come to a mutual understanding, coolness had existed, but it was simply a cloud, not an actual alienation. He resolved for the sake of appearances to visit his wife once a week.

IV—The Crisis

IT was not with real pleasure, but with an affectation of cordiality that Anna received her husband when he reached the *datcha*. She was gay and animated; he was somewhat constrained, and the conversation was without any special interest. But Anna afterwards could only recall it with real pain.

The crisis came on a racecourse. One of Vronsky's chief pleasures was horse-racing, and at the brilliant races that season he himself rode his own splendid horse. But the occasion was a most disastrous one, for at the hurdle races more than half the riders were thrown, Vronsky being one of them. He was picked up uninjured, but the horse had its back broken.

Aleksei and his wife and several friends were amongst the gay crowd, and he noted with deep displeasure that his wife turned pale when the accident happened and was strangely excited throughout the occasion. In the carriage, as the pair returned, he taxed her with her unseemly demeanour, and a violent quarrel ensued in which she exclaimed, "I love him; I fear you, I hate you. Do as you please with me!" And Anna flung herself to the bottom of the carriage, covering her face with her hands and sobbing convulsively.

Aleksei sat in silence during the rest of the journey home, but as they came near the house, he said, "I insist that from this moment appearances be preserved for the

sake of my honour, and I will communicate my decision to you after I have considered what measures I shall take."

He assisted her to alight at the *datcha*, shook hands with her in presence of the servants, and returned to St. Petersburg.

"Thank God, it is all over between us!" said Anna to herself. But, notwithstanding this reflection, she had felt strangely impressed by the aspect of deathlike rigidity in her husband's face, though he gave no sign of inward agitation. As he rode off alone, he felt a keen pain in his heart, but, curiously enough, he also experienced a sensation of deep relief of soul now that a vast load of doubt and jealousy had been lifted from him.

He pondered over the problem and at length came to the conclusion that an open separation would not be expedient, and that the *status quo* alone was advisable, on the condition that Anna should obey his will and break off her acquaintance with Vronsky.

"Only thus," thought Aleksei, "can I conform to the requirements of religion. I give her another chance, and consecrate my powers to her salvation." He wrote his wife a letter saying that for his own sake, for her sake, and the sake of her son, their lives must remain unchanged, the family must not be sacrificed, and as he was sure she felt penitent he hoped at their next interview to come to a complete understanding.

Though when she received this communication Anna felt her anger rising, yet her heart told her that she was in a false position from which she longed to escape. A new sensation had taken possession of her soul and she seemed to be a double kind of personality. At length, after long agitation, she wrote to her husband, telling him that she could no longer remain in his house, but was going away, taking their boy Serosha with her. "Be generous. Let me have him," were the last words in the letter. She wrote a little note to

Vronsky, but her cheeks burned as she wrote and presently she tore the note to tatters. Then she made her preparations for going to Moscow.

Anna returned to the home in St. Petersburg. Husband and wife met with a silent greeting, and the silence lasted some time. Then ensued an interview in which each side coldly accused the other, but which ended in Aleksei's demand that his wife should so comport herself that neither the world nor the servants could accuse her, on which condition she could enjoy the position and fulfil the duties of an honourable wife.

And so the Karénins continued to live in the same house, to meet daily, and yet to remain strangers to each other. Vronsky was never seen near the place, yet Anna frequently met him elsewhere, and Aleksei knew it.

MEANWHILE, a change was coming over the prospect for Kitty and Levin. He had never renounced the hope of possessing the beautiful girl, and at length she had come to understand his nobility of character and to feel that she could reciprocate his affection. During a conversation with her, he watched as she mechanically drew circles with chalk on the tablecloth.

"I have waited for a long time to ask you a question," said he, looking fondly at her.

"What is it?" said Kitty.

"This," said Levin, taking the chalk and writing the letters w, y, s, i, i, w, i, i, t, o, a. The letters were the initials of the words, "When you said 'It is impossible,' was it impossible then, or always?"

Kitty studied the letters long and attentively, and at length took the chalk and, blushing, wrote the letters: t, I, c, n, a. d.

Levin's face soon beamed with joy. He comprehended that the reply was, "Then I could not answer differently." Everything was settled. Kitty acknowledged her love for him, and Levin was happy.

V—"You Will Repent!"

ALEKSEI sat alone in his room, pondering events, when he was startled by a telegram from his wife: "I am dying. I beg you to come. I shall die easier if I have your forgiveness."

He travelled all night, and arrived in the morning at St. Petersburg. Reaching his house, the nurse led him into the bedroom, saying, "Thank God you have come. She only talks of you."

"Bring ice at once!" the doctor's voice was heard saying. Aleksei was startled to see in the boudoir, seated on a low chair, Vronsky, weeping with his hands over his face. And the latter was startled in turn as, disturbed by the doctor's words, he looked up and caught sight of the husband. He rose, and seemed to desire to disappear, but with an evident effort said, "She is dying, and the doctors say there is no hope. I am in your power, but allow me to stay, and I will conform to your wishes."

Aleksei turned, without replying, and went to the door. Anna was talking clearly and gaily. Rattling on incoherently, she suddenly recognized her husband and looked terrified, raising her hands as if to avert a blow; but she said the next moment, "No, no; I am not afraid of him, I am afraid of dying. Aleksei, I have but a few moments to live. Soon the fever will return, and I shall know nothing more; but now I understand everything. There is another being in me, who loved him and hated you, but now I am my real self. But no, you cannot forgive me. Go away! You are too good."

With one burning hand she pushed him away, with the other she held him. Aleksei's emotion became uncontrollable. His soul was filled with love and forgiveness. Kneeling by the bed, he sobbed like a child. The doctors said there was but one chance in a hundred of her living.

Vronsky returned to his home in an agony of soul. He tried in vain to sleep. Visions of the faces of Aleksei and Anna rose before him. Suddenly his brain seemed to receive a shock. He rose, paced about the room, went to the table, took from it a revolver, which he examined and loaded. Presently he held it to his breast and, without flinching, pulled the trigger. The blow knocked him down, but he had failed to kill himself.

Vronsky's wound, though the heart was not touched, was so dangerous that for several days his life was in the balance. But gradually the crisis passed, and as he recovered he felt calm with the conviction that he had now effected redemption from his faults. He accepted without hesitation an appointment to a position in Tashkend.

But the nearer the time came, the more

irrepressible grew the desire to see Anna, who had recovered, for a farewell. He sent her a message, and she waited for his coming. The visit was fatal. Anna had made up her mind what to say, but the presence of Vronsky overcame her resolution; and when she could find words, she said, "Yes, you have conquered me. I am yours."

A month later Aleksei was left alone with his son, and Anna went abroad with Vronsky.

ANNA and Vronsky had been travelling for three months in Europe. As for Anna, she had revelled in the exuberance of her freedom from a disagreeable past, the events of which seemed like some frightful nightmare. She appeased her conscience to some extent by saying to herself, "I have done my husband an irreparable injury, but I also suffer, and I shall suffer."

The prediction was soon fulfilled. Vronsky soon began to feel dissatisfied. He grew weary of lack of occupation in foreign cities for sixteen hours a day. Life soon became intolerable in little Italian cities, and Anna agreed to return to Russia and spend the summer on his estate. They travelled home but neither of them was happy. Vronsky perceived that Anna was in a strange state of mind, evidently tormented by something which she made no attempt to explain. By degrees she, on her part, realized that Vronsky was willing to absent himself from her society on various excuses. Quarrels became frequent, and at length alienation was complete.

A tragedy happened on the railway. A woman went along the platform of the station and walked off on to the line. Like a madman, a short time afterwards, Vronsky rushed into the barracks where Anna's body had been carried. Her head was untouched, with its heavy braids of hair and light curls gathered about the temples. Her eyes were half closed, and her lips were slightly opened, as if she was about to speak and to repeat her last words to him, "You will repent."

War with Turkey began, and Vronsky, disgusted with his life, left for Serbia.

SIR HUMPHRY DAVY
ELEMENTS OF CHEMICAL
PHILOSOPHY

DURING the ten years of his association with the Royal Institution of London, Sir Humphry Davy was engaged in agricultural researches, and also conducted important investigations into the nature of chemical combination, in the course of which he succeeded in isolating the elements potassium, sodium, strontium, magnesium and chlorine. He was already world-famous for his experiments and discoveries, and his lectures invariably drew crowded audiences. In 1810 he delivered two courses of lectures in Dublin, one on the Elements of Chemical Philosophy and the other on Geology, the former being published in 1812. Elements of Agricultural Chemistry, the substance of a course of lectures delivered for ten successive seasons before the Board of Agriculture, was published in 1813. An octavo volume on The Safety Lamp for Coal Mines and Some Researches on Flame, published in 1818, comprises an account of the investigations which resulted in the invention by which Davy is most generally remembered. Altogether he published nine separate works on science, besides contributing to the Transactions of the Royal Society.

I—Forms and Changes of Matter



THE forms and appearances of the beings and substances of the external world are almost infinitely various, and they are in a state of continued alteration. In general, matter is found in four forms: as (1) solids, (2) fluids, (3) gases, (4) ethereal substances.

Solids retain whatever mechanical form is given to them; their parts are separated with difficulty and cannot readily be made to unite after separation. They may be elastic or non-elastic, and differ in hardness, in colour, in opacity, in density, in weight and, if crystalline, in crystalline form.

Fluids, when in small masses, assume the spherical form; their parts possess freedom of motion; they differ in density and tenacity, in colour and in opacity. They are usually regarded as incompressible; at least, a very great mechanical force is required to compress them.

Gases exist free in the atmosphere, but may be confined. Their parts are highly movable; they are compressible and expandable, and their volumes are inversely as the weight compressing them. All known gases are transparent and present only two or three varieties of colour; they differ materially in density.

Ethereal substances are known to us only in their states of motion when acting upon our organs of sense, or upon other matter, and are not susceptible of being

confined. It cannot be doubted that there is such matter in motion in space. Ethereal matter differs either in its nature, or in its affections by motion, for it produces different effects; for instance, radiant heat and different kinds of light.

All these forms are under the influence of active forces, such as gravitation, cohesion, heat, chemical and electrical attraction, and these we must now consider.

1. Gravitation. When a stone is thrown into the atmosphere, it rapidly descends towards the earth. This is owing to gravitation. All the great bodies in the universe are urged towards each other by a similar force. Bodies mutually gravitate towards each other, but the smaller body proportionately more than the larger one; hence the power of gravity is said to vary directly as the mass. Gravitation also varies with distance and acts inversely as the square of the distance.

2. Cohesion. Cohesion is the force which preserves the forms of solids and gives globularity to fluids. It is usually said to act only at the surface of bodies or by their immediate contact; but this does not seem to be the case. It certainly acts with much greater energy at small distances, but the spherical form of minute portions of fluid matter can be produced only by the attraction of all the parts of which they are composed, for each other; and most of these attractions must be exerted at sensible distances, so that gravitation and

cohesion may be mere modifications of the same general power of attraction.

3. Heat. When a body which occasions the sensation of heat on our organs is brought into contact with another body which has no such effect, the hot body contracts and loses to a certain extent its power of communicating heat; and the other body expands. Different solids and fluids expand very differently when heated, and the expansive power of liquids, in general, is greater than that of solids.

It is evident that the density of bodies must be diminished by expansion; and in the case of fluids and gases, the parts of which are mobile, many important phenomena depend upon this circumstance. For instance, if heat be applied to fluids and gases, the heated parts change their places and rise, and the currents in the ocean and atmosphere are due principally to this movement. There are very few exceptions to the law of the expansion of bodies at the time they become capable of communicating the sensation of heat, and these exceptions seem to depend upon some chemical change in the constitution of bodies, or on their crystalline arrangements.

The power which bodies possess of communicating or receiving heat is known as *temperature*, and the temperature of a body is said to be high or low with respect to another in proportion as it occasions an expansion or contraction of its parts.

WHEN equal volumes of different bodies of different temperatures are suffered to remain in contact till they acquire the same temperature, it is found that this temperature is not a mean one, as it would be in the case of equal volumes of the same body. Thus if a pint of quicksilver at 100° be mixed with a pint of water at 50° , the resulting temperature is not 75° , but 70° ; the mercury has lost thirty degrees, whereas the water has only gained twenty degrees. This difference depends on the different *capacities* of bodies for heat.

Not only do different bodies vary in their capacity for heat, but they likewise acquire heat with very different degrees of celerity. This last difference depends on the different power of bodies for *conducting* heat; as a rule the densest bodies, with the least capacity for heat, are the best conductors.

Heat, or the power of repulsion, may be considered as the *antagonist* power to the attraction of cohesion. Thus solids by a certain increase of temperature become fluids, and fluids gases; and, *vice versa*, by a diminution of temperature, gases become fluids, and fluids solids.

PROOFS of the conversion of solids, fluids or gases into ethereal substances are not distinct. Heated bodies become luminous and give off radiant heat, which affects the bodies at a distance, and it may therefore be held that particles are thrown off from heated bodies with great velocity, which, by acting on our organs, produce the sensations of heat or light, and that their motion, communicated to the particles of other bodies, has the power of expanding them. It may, however, be said that the radiant matters emitted by bodies in ignition are specific substances, and that common matter is not susceptible of assuming this form; or it may be contended that the phenomena of radiation do, in fact, depend upon motions communicated to subtle matter everywhere existing in space.

The temperatures at which bodies change their states from fluids to solids, though in general definite, are influenced by a few circumstances such as motion and pressure.

When solids are converted into fluids, or fluids into gases, there is always a loss of heat of temperature; and, *vice versa*, when gases are converted into fluids, or fluids into solids, there is an increase of heat of temperature, and in this case it is said that *latent* heat is absorbed or given out.

The expansion due to heat has been accounted for by supposing a subtle fluid, or *caloric*, capable of combining with bodies and of separating their parts from each other, and the absorption and liberation of latent heat can be explained on this principle. But many other facts are incompatible with the theory. For instance, metal may be kept hot for any length of time by friction, so that if *caloric* be pressed out it must exist in an inexhaustible quantity. Delicate experiments have shown that bodies, when heated, do not increase in weight.

It seems possible to account for all the phenomena of heat, if it be supposed that in solids the particles are in a constant state of vibratory motion, the particles of the hottest bodies moving with the greatest velocity and through the greatest space; that in fluids and gases the particles have not only vibratory motion, but also a motion round their own axes with different velocities, and that in ethereal substances the particles move round their own axes and separate from each other, penetrating in right lines through space.

TEMPERATURE may be conceived to depend upon the velocity of the vibrations, increase of capacity on the motion being performed in greater space; and the diminution of temperature during the conversion of solids into fluids or gases may be explained on the idea of the loss of vibratory motion in consequence of the revolution of particles round their axes at the moment when the body becomes fluid or aeriform, or from the loss of rapidity of vibration in consequence of the motion of particles through greater space.

4. Chemical Attraction. Oil and water will not *combine*; they are said to have no chemical *attraction* or *affinity* for each other. But if oil and solution of potassa in water be mixed, the oil and the solution blend and form a soap; and they are said to attract each other chemically or to have a *chemical affinity* for each other. It is a general character of chemical combination that it changes the qualities of the bodies. Thus, corrosive and pungent substances may become mild and tasteless; solids may become fluids, and solids and fluids gases.

No body will act chemically upon another body at any sensible distance; apparent contact is necessary for chemical action. A freedom of motion in the parts of the bodies or a want of cohesion greatly assists action, and it was formerly believed that bodies cannot act chemically upon each other unless one of them be fluid or gaseous.

Different bodies unite with different degrees of force, and hence one body is capable of separating others from certain of their combinations, and in consequence

mutual decompositions of different compounds take place. This has been called *double affinity*, or *complex chemical affinity*.

As in all well known compounds the proportions of the elements are in certain definite ratios to each other, it is evident that these ratios may be expressed by numbers; and if one number be employed to denote the smallest quantity in which a body combines, all other quantities of the same body will be multiples of this number, and the smallest proportions into which the undecomposed bodies enter into union being known, the constitution of the compounds they form may be learnt, and the element which unites chemically in the smallest quantity being expressed by unity, all the other elements may be represented by the relations of their quantities to unity.

5. Electrical Attraction. A piece of dry silk briskly rubbed against a warm plate of polished flint glass acquires the property of adhering to the glass, and both the silk and the glass, if apart from each other, attract light substances. The bodies are said to be *electrically excited*. Probably all bodies which differ from each other become electrically excited when rubbed and pressed together. The electrical excitement seems of two kinds. A pith-ball touched by glass excited by silk repels a pith-ball touched by silk excited by metals. Electrical excitement of the same nature as that in glass excited by silk is known as *vitreous* or *positive*, and electrical excitement of the opposite nature is known as *resinous* or *negative*.

A ROD of glass touched by an electrified body is electrified only round the point of contact. A rod of metal, on the contrary, suspended on a rod of glass and brought into contact with an electrical surface, instantly becomes electrical throughout. The glass is said to be a *non-conductor*, or *insulating substance*; the metal a *conductor*.

When a non-conductor or imperfect conductor, provided it be a thin plate of matter placed upon a conductor, is brought in contact with an excited electrical body, the surface opposite to that of contact gains the opposite electricity from that of the excited body, and if the plate be removed it is found to

possess two surfaces in opposite states. If a conductor be brought into the neighbourhood of an excited body—the air, which is a non-conductor, being between them—that extremity of the conductor which is opposite to the excited body gains the opposite electricity; and the other extremity, if opposite to a body connected with the ground, gains the same electricity, and the middle point is not electrical at all. This is known as *induced electricity*.

Electricity also produces chemical phenomena. If a piece of zinc and copper in contact with each other at one point be placed in contact at other points with the same portion of water, the zinc will corrode and attract oxygen from the water much more rapidly than if it had not been in contact with the copper; and if sulphuric acid be added, globules of inflammable air are given off from the copper, though it is not dissolved or acted upon.

II—Radiant or Ethereal Matter

WHEN similar thermometers are placed in different parts of the solar beam, it is found that different effects are produced in the differently coloured rays. The greatest heat is exhibited in the red rays, the least in the violet rays; and in a space beyond the red rays, where there is no visible light, the increase of temperature is found to be greatest of all.

From these facts it is evident that matter set in motion by the sun has the power of producing heat without light, and that its rays are less refrangible than the visible rays. The invisible rays that produce heat are capable of reflection as well as refraction, in the same manner as the visible rays.

Rays capable of producing heat with and without light proceed not only from the sun, but also from bodies at the surface of the globe under peculiar agencies or changes. If, for instance, a thermometer be held near an ignited body, it receives an impression connected with an elevation of temperature; this is partly produced by the conducting powers of the air, and partly by an impulse which is instantaneously communicated, even to a con-

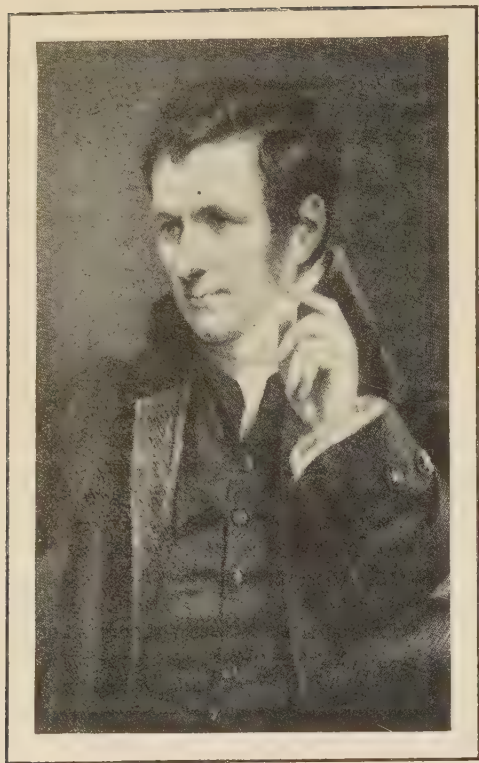
siderable distance. This effect is called the radiation of terrestrial heat. Chemical phenomena in connexion with electrical effects can be shown even better by combinations in which the electrical effects are increased by alternations of different metals and fluids—the so-called *voltaic batteries*. Such are the decomposing powers of such batteries that not even insoluble compounds are capable of resisting their energy, for even glass, sulphate of baryta, fluorspar, etc. are slowly acted upon, and the alkaline, earthy, or acid matter carried to the poles in the common order.

The most powerful voltaic combinations are formed by substances that act chemically with most energy upon each other, and such substances as undergo no chemical changes in the combination exhibit no electrical powers. Hence it was supposed that the electrical powers of metals were entirely due to chemical changes; but this is not the case, for contact produces electricity even when no chemical change can be observed.

The manner in which the temperatures of bodies are affected by rays producing heat is different for different substances, and is very much connected with their colours. The bodies that absorb most light, and reflect least, are most heated when exposed either to solar or terrestrial rays. Black bodies are, in general, more heated than red; red more than green; green more than yellow; and yellow more than white. Metals are less heated than earthy or stony bodies, or than animal or vegetable matters. Polished surfaces are less heated than rough surfaces.

The bodies that have their temperatures most easily raised by heat rays are likewise those that are most easily cooled by their own radiation, or that at the same temperature emit most heat-making rays. Metals radiate less heat than glass, glass less than vegetable substances, and charcoal has the highest radiating powers of any body as yet made the subject of experiment.

Radiant matter has the power of producing chemical changes partly through its heating power, and partly through



HUMPHRY DAVY was born at Penzance, December 17, 1778, and educated there and at Truro. Apprenticed to a surgeon, he developed a taste for chemical research, and in 1798 was appointed laboratory superintendent of the Pneumatic Institute at Clifton. While here he discovered nitrous oxide, or laughing gas. In 1801 he was appointed director of the chemical laboratory at the Royal Institution, London, and in 1802 was made its first professor of chemistry. Davy was knighted in 1812, was created a baronet in 1818 and in 1820 became president of the Royal Society. He died at Geneva, May 29, 1829.

some other specific and peculiar influence. Thus chlorine and hydrogen detonate when a mixture of them is exposed to the solar beams, even though the degree of heat to which they are subjected is inadequate to produce detonation.

If moistened silver be exposed to the different rays of the solar spectrum, it will be found that no effect is produced upon it by the least refrangible rays which occasion heat without light; that a slight discoloration only will be produced by the red rays; that the effect of blackening will be greater towards the violet end of the spectrum; and that in a space beyond the violet, where there is no sensible heat or light, the chemical effect will be very distinct. There seem to be

rays, therefore, more refrangible than the rays producing light and heat.

The general facts of the refraction and effects of the solar beam offer an analogy to the agencies of electricity.

In general, in nature the effects of the solar rays are very compounded. Healthy vegetation depends upon the presence of the solar beams or of light, and while the heat gives fluidity and mobility to the vegetable juices, chemical effects are likewise occasioned, oxygen is separated from them, and inflammable compounds are formed. Plants deprived of light become white and contain an excess of saccharine and aqueous particles; and flowers owe the variety of their hues to the influence of the solar beams. Even animals require for healthy life the presence of the rays of the sun, and their colours seem to depend upon the chemical influence of these rays.

Two hypotheses have been invented to account for the principal operations of radiant matter. In the first it is supposed that the universe contains a highly rare elastic substance, which, when put into a state of undulation, produces those effects on our organs of sight which constitute the sensations of vision and other phenomena caused by solar and terrestrial rays.

In the second it is conceived that particles are emitted from luminous or heat-making bodies with great velocity, and that they produce their effects by communicating their motions to substances, or by entering into them and changing their composition.

NEWTON has attempted to explain the different refrangibility of the rays of light by supposing them composed of particles differing in size. The same great man has put the query whether light and common matter are not convertible into each other; and, adopting the idea that the phenomena of sensible heat depend upon vibrations of the particles of bodies, supposes that a certain intensity of vibrations may send off particles into free space, and that particles in rapid motion in right lines, in losing their own motion, may communicate a vibratory motion to the particles of terrestrial bodies.

ARISTOPHANES THE KNIGHTS

THE Athens of the Peloponnesian War is the scene of the comedies of Aristophanes. Three individuals at Athens were favourite subjects for his satire : Cleon, the typical demagogue and leader of the extreme war party in the contest with Sparta ; Socrates, the philosopher, whom Aristophanes unjustly identified with the Sophists ; and Euripides, the dramatist. In *The Knights* the satire is directed against Cleon, who has just won patently undeserved laurels. The Athenian general Demosthenes had cooped up a Spartan force in Sphacteria ; Cleon had received the command, but had retained the services of Demosthenes, with the result that the Spartans were forced to surrender, Cleon claiming for himself the credit. Cleon was at the head of the war party ; Aristophanes was a conservative, the strength of which party lay in its following of knights, the upper middle class : accordingly Chorus, the poet's own mouthpiece, is a band of knights.

PERSONS IN THE PLAY

Cleon, a tanner	Demos, the Athenian	John Bull	Nicias
A Sausage Seller	Demosthenes		Chorus of Knights

First Act



DEMOSTHENES and Nicias enter as slaves of Demos. They have just been whipped, and abuse Cleon, the 'Paphlagonian,' and burst out boo-hooing.

Demosthenes stops.

Come, grief's no use ; it's folly to keep crying.
Let's look about us a bit, what's best to be done.

Nicias suggests that they had better go and pray to the gods—he was notoriously a prey to superstition. Demosthenes states their unhappy case to the audience :

Here are we,
A couple of servants—with a master at home
Next door to the hustings.
He's a man in years,
A kind of bean-fed, husky,
testy character ;
Choleric and brutal at times,
and partly deaf.
He's bought a slave out of a tanner's yard ;
This fellow, the Paphlagonian,
has found out
The blind side of our master's understanding
With fawning and wheedling.
Then he slanders us,
And gets us beaten and lashed.
So we must take
A fixed determination—now's the time—
Which way to turn ourselves
and what to do.

Nicias suggests a dignified suicide by drinking bull's blood, as Themistocles had done at Epirus. Demosthenes prefers, as being more palatable, a draught of wine, and sends Nicias to fetch it. Nicias does so, and reports that the Paphlagonian is asleep. Demosthenes, inspired by the wine, sends him off again to steal Cleon's oracles. Nicias again obeys. Demosthenes discovers that the oracle says the tanner is to be overthrown by a sausage seller ; and at this appropriate moment a sausage seller is sighted, and they hail him in.

Demosthenes : O happy man !
celestial sausage seller !

Friend, guardian, and protector of us all !

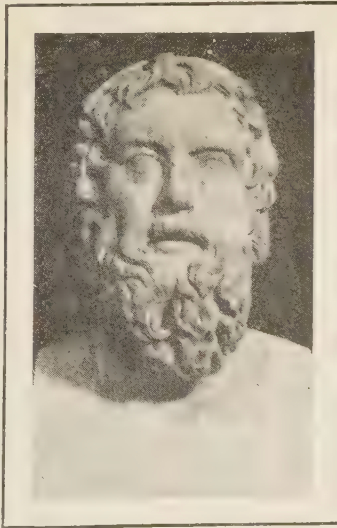
Come forward, save your friends and save the country !

Sausage Seller : Here, can't you let me wash the guts and tripe,

And sell my sausages in peace and quiet ?

But now Cleon has awakened, and bursts on the stage, breathing blood and thunder. Demosthenes, however, calls to the knights for their aid ; Chorus canters in on hobby-horses, and prances round Cleon—

Close around him and confront him, the confounder of us all.



ARISTOPHANES, the greatest of the ancient comic writers, was born at Athens about 448 B.C. and died about 388 A.C. Fifty-four comedies were attributed to him, of which eleven survive. His wit is irresistible and his humour unfailingly brilliant. A great poet as well as a dramatist, his lyrical passages challenge comparison with the best of Shakespeare.



DEMOS. THE JOHN BULL OF ATHENS

Pelt him, pummel him and maul him, rummage,
ransack, overhaul him,
Overbear him and out-bawl him ; bear him down
and bring him under.
Bellow like a burst of thunder, robber ! harpy !
sink of plunder !
Rogue and villain ! Rogue and cheat ! Rogue
and villain, I repeat !

The sausage seller, frightened at first, takes courage and defies Cleon, and the pair have a scolding match, the sausage seller capping each extravagance of Cleon's. The Chorus applauds ; they have got the man who will out-Cleon Cleon ! The scolding match is renewed, and ends in a rough-and-tumble scrimmage in which the sausage seller gets the best of it. He proceeds to describe his own transcendent abilities, the implication being, of course, that they are of the same order as Cleon's own.

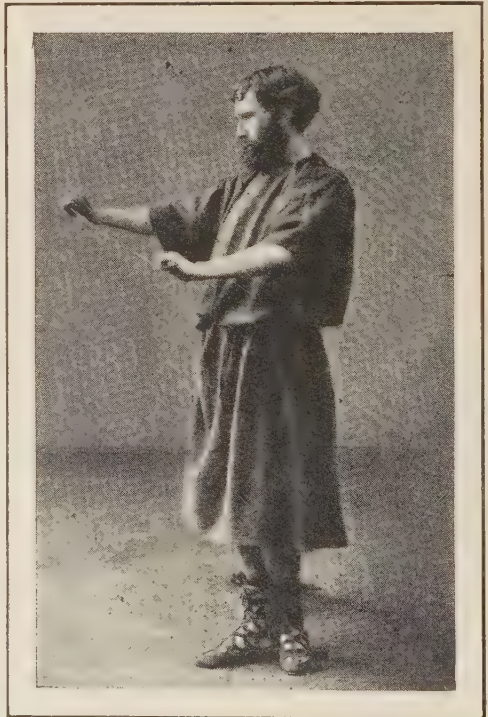
Cleon vows that he will impeach the sausage seller for his peculations, and the other is fertile in enumerating counter-charges to be brought against the tanner. Cleon goes off to enter his accusations before the senate. The Chorus hurry the

sausage seller after him, fortified outwardly with grease, and inwardly with garlic.

The stage being clear, Chorus addresses the spectators. The author has resolved to devote himself to comedy, in spite of the scandalous way in which the fickle public throw over their most distinguished and popular dramatists. Then they call for aid upon Poseidon, the sea god, most propitious of the deities to Athens. There follows a song in praise of the heroes of the past :

Sing we the praise of our fathers to-day ;
Worthy the Land and the Mantle were they ;
Warriors battling afloat or ashore,
Everywhere triumphing, still bringing more
Fame for the city. When facing the foe,
Never a man of them counted them—no !
Valour was straightway in arms and afire.
Did one in fighting fall flat in the mire ?
Brush off the mud, never own to the fall,
Back to the grip ! . . .

Then Athene is invoked, and the knights sing the praise of their steeds in a burlesque strain, at the close of which the



DEMOSTHENES, THE GENERAL

sausage seller reappears with a triumphant air.

He had found Cleon, he tells them, deluging the senate with a torrent of terrific language. Seizing a propitious moment, he had burst in upon them, shouting, 'News, news!' The biggest haul of pilchards on record!' Cleon at once proposed a public sacrifice of a hundred oxen to the goddess. The sausage seller moved for two hundred, and

Proposed a vow
For a thousand goats to be offered to Diana
Whenever sprats should fall to forty a penny.

The rejoicing senate adjourned to secure pilchards cheap. The sausage seller bought up all the fennel in the market and gave it away to the poorer senators. So his popularity in that quarter is secured.

Cleon will appeal to the Assembly, whom he can twist round his little finger. His rival is quite ready for a trial of strength; so both call to Demos to come out. Demos enters. Cleon complains furiously that he, the old gentleman's



THE SAUSAGE SELLER

most loyal servant, has been foully abused and assaulted by the sausage seller and the knights; but the sausage seller hastens to aver that Cleon is not nearly so fond of Demos as he.

Second Act

DEMOS is then formally established as judge and Cleon opens his oration with protestations of affection.

Exhausting all means for enhancing your fortune,
Terror and force and entreaties importune;
With a popular, pure, patriotic aim,
Unmoved by compassion or friendship or shame.

The sausage seller says this is mere talk; it is he, not Cleon, who has provided Demos with a comfortable cushion—which delights Demos. Then he charges Cleon with continuing the war merely as enabling him to pilfer the more, undetected. Cleon's protests find Demos deaf; the old fellow is ready to believe whatever the sausage man says. Cleon appeals to his record of victory, the trophy of shields from Sphacteria. The sausage man declares that the trophy has been set up as part of a



CLEON, A TANNER

The pictures in these two pages illustrate characters in *The Knights* as played by the Oxford University Dramatic Society

conspiracy, so that Cleon's accomplices may have arms to their hands for a sudden insurrection; whereat Demos takes fright. Then Cleon, though he is a tanner, has never given Demos a new pair of boots—as the sausage seller does—or a nice warm winter waistcoat. Cleon tries to save the situation by offering a cloak, but it is promptly rejected as smelling of the tannery, and the offer is stigmatised as an attempt to poison the good man.

DEMOS delivers judgement. The sausage seller has proved himself a most worthy and considerate person. Cleon petitions to be allowed to read some of his oracles before being dismissed. The sausage seller promises to beat him in the matter of oracles, and the pair go off to get their papers. When they return, the sausage seller's bundle is much the heavier. Cleon opens:

Son of Erechtheus, mark and ponder well
This holy warning from Apollo's cell.
It bids thee cherish him, the sacred whelp,
Who for thy sake doth bite and bark and yelp.
Guard and protect him from the chattering
jay—
So shall thy juries all be kept in pay.

The sausage seller counters:

Son of Erechtheus, 'ware the gap-toothed dog,
The crafty mongrel that purloins thy prog;
Fawning at meals, and filching scraps away,
The whiles you gape and stare another way.

Each oracle of Cleon's is promptly explained by the other in a most unfavourable sense, or capped by one with a hostile interpretation. Cleon propounds a vision in which he had seen Athene anointing Demos with health and happiness; but in the sausage seller's vision she went on to anoint Cleon with garlic sauce. He wins on every round. The pair then start on a contest of promises, and then of services to Demos. They hurry off to procure attractive gifts. During their absence, Demos explains to Chorus that he prefers knaves for his confidential servants, but keeps his eye on them, and upsets them at the right moment.

Cleon and the sausage seller reappear. One brings a chair, the other a table, and there is a competition in the viands they set before Demos. When Cleon at last

produces a pie, for which the sausage seller has no counter-attraction, he is tricked into putting it down; the sausage seller snatches it, and presents it himself, remarking that this is just what Cleon had done about the prisoners from Sphacteria, who were not really his spoils, but those of Demosthenes.

Finally, Cleon is found to have a chest full of dainties, while the sausage seller's is empty, because, as he explains, he has given his little all to his beloved Demos. Cleon, feeling himself beaten, fixes his last hope on finding that his rival is not the supplanter foretold by the oracle. But his answers show that his birth and education correspond, that he is a sausage seller, that he sells his wares at the city gate. Despair seizes Cleon, who can no longer battle with his doom. The sausage seller proclaims his own name—Agoracritus. Demos formally appoints him to the stewardship; the actors go out, leaving the knights.

Chorus now, as a preliminary to the finale, indulges in some personal lampoons.

Agoracritus the sausage seller re-enters, to announce joyful news.

Old Demos within has moulted his skin;
I've cooked him and stewed him to render him
stronger,

Many years younger and shabby no longer.
Where is he now? On the citadel's brow,
Joyous and bold, as when feasting of old
When his battles were ended, triumphant and
splendid.

There see him, behold, with the jewels of gold
Entwined in his hair in the fashion of old;
Our sovereign lord, in glory restored,
Returning among us in royal array,
Worthy the trophies of Marathon's day.

DEMOS comes forward to express his obligations to Agoracritus for making him feel a new man. What sort of a creature has he been? Agoracritus narrates the follies of the Athenian people, the clap-trap by which they had allowed themselves to be gulled, while Demos hangs an ashamed head. Finally, his new mentor offers him a fair damsel, that Peace whom Cleon had hidden away; and Cleon himself is consigned to end his days at the sausage seller's old trade:

At the gate of the city, where the allies and
foreigners
That he maltreated may be sure to find him.

CHARLES DICKENS

DAVID COPPERFIELD

FIRST published in 1849-50, David Copperfield will always be acclaimed by many as the best of all Dickens's books. It was its author's own favourite, and its universal and lasting popularity is entirely deserved. David Copperfield is especially remarkable for the autobiographical element, not only in the wretched days of childhood at the wine merchant's, but in the shorthand reporting in the House of Commons. Dickens never forgot his early degradation, as it seemed to him, in the blacking warehouse at Hungerford Stairs, or quite forgave those who sent him to an occupation he so loathed. Much of David Copperfield is familiar in our mouths as household words, and Algernon Charles Swinburne has maintained that Micawber ranks with Dick Swiveller as the greatest characters in all Charles Dickens's works of fiction. David Copperfield comes midway in the great list of works by Charles Dickens.

I—My Early Childhood



I WAS born (as I have been informed and believe) on a Friday, at twelve o'clock at night, at Blunderstone, in Suffolk. I was a posthumous child.

My father's eyes had been closed upon the light of this world six months when mine opened upon it. Miss Betsey Trotwood, an aunt of my father's, and consequently a great-aunt of mine, arrived on the afternoon of the day I was born, and explained to my mother (who was very much afraid of her) that she meant to provide for her child, which was to be a girl.

My aunt said never a word when she learnt that it was a boy, and not a girl, but took her bonnet by the strings in the manner of a sling, aimed a blow at the doctor's head with it, put it on bent, walked out, and never came back. She vanished like a discontented fairy.

The first objects that assume a distinct presence before me, as I look far back into the blank of my infancy, are my mother, with her pretty air and youthful shape, and Peggotty, my old nurse, with no shape at all, and with cheeks and arms so red and hard that I wondered the birds didn't peck her in preference to apples.

I remember a few years later, a gentleman with beautiful black hair and whiskers walking home from church on Sunday with us; and, somehow, I didn't like him or his deep voice, and I was jealous that his hand

should touch my mother's in touching me—which it did.

It must have been about this time that, waking up from an uncomfortable doze one night, I found Peggotty and my mother both in tears, and both talking.

"Not such a one as this Mr. Copperfield wouldn't have liked," said Peggotty. "That I say, and that I swear!"

"Good heavens!" cried my mother. "You'll drive me mad! How can you have the heart to say such things to me, when you are aware that out of this place I haven't a single friend to turn to?"

But the following Sunday I saw the gentleman with the black whiskers again, and he walked home from church with us, and gradually I became used to seeing him and knowing him as Mr. Murdstone. I liked him no better than at first, and had the same uneasy jealousy of him.

It was on my return from a visit to Yarmouth, where I went with Peggotty to spend a fortnight at her brother's, that I found my mother married to Mr. Murdstone. They were sitting by the fire in the best parlour when I came in.

I gave him my hand. After a moment of suspense, I went and kissed my mother. I could not look at her, I could not look at him; I knew quite well he was looking at us both. As soon as I could creep away, I crept upstairs and cried myself to sleep.

A word of encouragement, of pity for my childish ignorance, of welcome home, of

reassurance to me that it *was* home, might have made me dutiful to him in my heart henceforth, instead of in my hypocritical outside, and might have made me respect instead of hating him.

Miss Murdstone arrived next day ; she was dark, like her brother, and greatly resembled him in face and voice. Firmness was the grand quality on which both of them took their stand.

I soon fell into disgrace over my lessons. I never could do them with my mother satisfactorily with the Murdstones sitting by ; their influence upon me was like the fascination of two snakes on a wretched young bird.

One dreadful morning, when the lessons had turned out even more badly than usual, Mr. Murdstone seized hold of me

and twisted my head under his arm preparatory to beating me with a cane. At the first stroke I caught the hand with which he held me, in my mouth, between my teeth, and bit it through. He beat me then as if he would have beaten me to death. And when he had gone, I was kept a close prisoner in my room, and was not allowed to see my mother, and was only permitted to walk in the garden for half an hour every day. Miss Murdstone acted as gaoler, and after five days of this confinement, she told me I was to be sent away to school—to Salem House School, Blackheath.

I saw my mother before I left. They had persuaded her I was a wicked fellow, and she was more sorry for that than for my going.

II—I Begin Life on My Own Account

I WAS doing my second term at school when I was told that my mother was dead, and that I was to go home for the funeral.

I never returned to Salem House. Mr. Murdstone and his sister left me to myself, and I could see that Mr. Murdstone liked me less than ever. At odd times I speculated on the possibility of not being taught any more, or cared for any more, and growing up to be a shabby, moody man, lounging an idle life away about the village.

Peggotty was under notice to quit, and thought of going to live with her brother at Yarmouth ; but, as it turned out, she didn't do this, but married the old carrier Barkis instead.

"Young or old, Davy dear, as long as I am alive, and have this house over my head," said Peggotty to me on the day she was married, "you shall find it as if I expected you here directly. I shall keep it every day, as I used to keep your old little room, my darling."

The solitary condition I now fell into for some weeks was ended one day by Mr. Murdstone telling me that I was to be put into the business of Murdstone and Grinby.

"You will earn enough to provide for your eating and drinking, and pocket-money," said Mr. Murdstone. "Your lodging, which I have arranged for, will

be paid by me. So will your washing, and your clothes will be looked after for you, too. You are now going to London, David, to begin the world on your own account."

"In short, you are provided for," observed his sister, "and will please to do your duty."

So I became, at ten years old, a little labouring hind in the service of Murdstone and Grinby.

Murdstone and Grinby's warehouse was at the water-side, down in Blackfriars, and an important branch of their trade was the supply of wines and spirits to certain packet ships. A great many empty bottles were one of the consequences of this traffic, and a certain number of men and boys, of whom I was one, were employed to rinse and wash them. When the empty bottles ran short, there were labels to be pasted on full ones, or corks to be fitted to them, or finished bottles to be packed in casks.

There were three or four boys, counting me. Mick Walker was the name of the oldest ; he wore a ragged apron and a paper cap. The next boy was introduced to me under the extraordinary name of Mealy Potatoes, which had been bestowed upon him on account of his complexion, which was pale, or mealy.

No words can express the secret agony of my soul as I sunk into this companionship,

and compared these associates with those of my happier childhood, with the boys at Salem House. Often in the early morning, when I was alone, I mingled my tears with the water in which I was washing the bottles, and sobbed as if there were a flaw in my breast, and it were in danger of bursting.

MY salary was six or seven shillings a week—I think it was six at first, and seven afterwards—and I had to support myself on that money all the week. My breakfast was a penny loaf and a penny-worth of milk, and I kept another small loaf and a modicum of cheese to make my supper on at night.

I was so young and childish, and so little qualified to undertake the whole charge of my existence, that often of a morning I could not resist the stale pastry put out for sale at half price at the pastry-cooks' doors, and spent on that the money I should have kept for my dinner. On those days I either went without my dinner, or bought a roll or a slice of pudding.

I was such a child, and so little, that frequently when I went into the bar of a strange public-house for a glass of ale or porter to moisten what I had for dinner, they were afraid to give it me.

I know I do not exaggerate the scantiness of my resources or the difficulties of my life. I know that if a shilling were given me at any time, I spent it in a dinner or a tea. I know that I worked from morning until night, a shabby child, and that I lounged about the streets, insufficiently and unsatisfactorily fed. I know that, but for the mercy of God, I might easily have been, for any care that was taken of me, a little robber or a little vagabond.

Arrangements had been made by Mr. Murdstone for my lodging with Mr. Micawber—who took orders on commission for Murdstone and Grinby—and Mr. Micawber himself escorted me to his house in Windsor Terrace, City Road.

Mr. Micawber was a stoutish, middle-aged person, in a brown surtout, with no more hair upon his head than there is upon an egg, and with a very extensive face. His clothes were shabby, but he wore an imposing shirt-collar. He carried

a jaunty sort of a stick, with a large pair of rusty tassels to it; and an eyeglass hung outside his coat—for ornament, I afterwards found, as he very seldom looked through it, and couldn't see anything when he did.

Arrived at his house in Windsor Terrace—which, I noticed, was shabby, like himself, but also, like himself, made all the show it could—he presented me to Mrs. Micawber, a thin and faded lady, not at all young.

"I never thought," said Mrs. Micawber, as she showed me my room at the top of the house at the back, "before I was married that I should ever find it necessary to take a lodger. But Mr. Micawber being in difficulties, all considerations of private feeling must give way."

I said, "Yes, ma'am."

"Mr. Micawber's difficulties are almost overwhelming just at present," said Mrs. Micawber, "and whether it is possible to bring him through them I don't know. If Mr. Micawber's creditors *will not* give him time, they must take the consequences."

In my forlorn state, I soon became quite attached to this family, and when Mr. Micawber's difficulties came to a crisis, and he was arrested and carried to the King's Bench Prison in the Borough, and Mrs. Micawber shortly afterwards followed him, I hired a little room in the neighbourhood of that institution.

MR. MICAWBER was in due time released under the Insolvent Debtors' Act, and it was decided that he should go down to Plymouth, where Mrs. Micawber held that her family had influence.

My own mind was now made up. I had resolved to run away—to go by some means or other down into the country, to the only relation I had in the world, and tell my story to my aunt, Miss Betsey. I knew from Peggotty that Miss Betsey lived near Dover, but whether at Dover itself, at Hythe, Sandgate, or Folkestone, she could not say. One of our men, however, informing me on my asking him about these places that they were all close together, I deemed this enough for my object; and after seeing the Micawbers off at the coach office, I set off.

III—My Aunt Provides for Me

IT was on the sixth day of my flight that I reached the wide downs near Dover and set foot in the town.

I had walked every step of the way, sleeping under haystacks at night. Fortunately, it was summer weather, for I was obliged to part with coat and waistcoat to buy food. My shoes were in a woeful condition, and my hat—which had served me for a nightcap, too—was so crushed and bent that no old battered saucepan on the dunghill need have been ashamed to vie with it. My shirt and trousers, stained with heat, dew, grass, and the Kentish soil on which I had slept, might have frightened the birds from my aunt's garden as I stood at the gate. My hair had known no comb or brush since I left London. In this plight I waited to introduce myself to my formidable aunt.

As I stood there, a lady came out of the house with a handkerchief over her cap, a pair of gardening gloves on her hands and carrying a great knife. I was sure she must be Miss Betsey from her walk, for my mother had often described the way my aunt came to the house when I was born.

"Go away!" said Miss Betsey, shaking her head. "Go along! No boys here!"

I watched her as she marched to a corner of the garden, and then, in desperation, I went softly and stood beside her.

"If you please, ma'am—if you please, aunt, I am your nephew."

"Oh, Lord!" said my aunt, and sat flat down in the garden path.

"I am David Copperfield, of Blunderstone, in Suffolk, where you came when I was born. I have been very unhappy since my mother died. I have been taught nothing and put to work not fit for me. It made me run away to you, and I have walked all the way, and have never slept in bed since I began the journey."

Here my self-support gave way all at once, and I broke into a passion of crying.

Thereupon my aunt got up in a great hurry, collared me and took me into the parlour.

The first thing my aunt did was to pour the contents of several bottles down my throat. I think they must have been

taken out at random, for I am sure I tasted aniseed water, anchovy sauce and salad dressing. Then she put me on the sofa and, acting on the advice of a pleasant-looking, grey-headed gentleman whom she called 'Mr. Dick,' heated a bath for me. After that I was enrobed in a shirt and trousers belonging to Mr. Dick, tied up in two or three great shawls, and fell asleep.

That was the beginning of my aunt's adoption of me. She wrote to Mr. Murdstone, and he and his sister arrived a few days later, and were routed by my aunt.

Mr. Murdstone said, finally, he would only take me back unconditionally, and that if I did not return there and then his doors would be shut against me henceforth.

"And what does the boy say?" said my aunt. "Are you ready to go, David?"

I answered "No," and entreated her not to let me go. I begged and prayed my aunt to befriend and protect me, for my father's sake.

"Mr. Dick," said my aunt, "what shall I do with this child?"

Mr. Dick considered, hesitated, brightened, and rejoined, "Have him measured for a suit of clothes directly!"

"Mr. Dick," said my aunt, "give me your hand, for your common sense is invaluable." She pulled me towards her, and said to Mr. Murdstone, "You can go when you like; I'll take my chance with the boy!"

When they had gone my aunt announced that Mr. Dick would be joint guardian of me, with herself, and that I should be called Trotwood Copperfield.

Thus I began my new life, in a new name, and with everything new about me.

MY aunt sent me to school at Canterbury and, there being no room at the school for boarders, settled that I should board with her old lawyer, Mr. Wickfield.

My aunt was as happy as I was in this arrangement. For Mr. Wickfield's house was quiet and still; and Mr. Wickfield's little housekeeper was his only daughter. Agnes, a child of about my own age, whose face, so bright and happy, was the child likeness of a woman's portrait that was on

the staircase. There was a tranquillity about the house, and about Agnes, a good, calm spirit, that I have never forgotten and never shall.

The school I now went to was better in every way than Salem House. It seemed to me so long, however, since I had been among any companions of my own age, except Mick Walker and Mealy Potatoes, that I felt very strange at first. Whatever I had learnt had so slipped away from me that when I was examined about what I knew, I knew nothing, and was put in the lowest form of the school.

But I got a little better of my uneasiness when I went to school the next day, and a good deal the better the day

after, and so shook it off, by degrees, that in less than a fortnight I was quite at home and happy among my new companions.

"Trot," said my aunt, when she left me at Mr. Wickfield's, "be a credit to yourself, to me, and Mr. Dick, and Heaven be with you! Never be mean in anything; never be false; never be cruel. Avoid these vices, Trot, and I can always be hopeful of you. And now the pony's at the door, and I am off!"

She embraced me hastily, and went out of the house, shutting the door after her. When I looked into the street I noticed how dejectedly she got into the chaise, and that she drove away without looking up.

IV—Uriah Heep and Mr. Micawber

I FIRST saw Uriah Heep on the day my aunt introduced me to Mr. Wickfield's house. He was then a red-haired youth of fifteen, but looking much older, whose hair was cropped as close as the closest stubble; who had hardly any eyebrows and no eyelashes, and eyes of a red-brown. He was high-shouldered and bony; dressed in decent black, with a white wisp of a neckcloth; buttoned up to the throat; and had a long, lank, skeleton hand.

Heep was Mr. Wickfield's clerk, and I often saw him of an evening in the little round office reading, and from time to time strayed in to talk to him.

He told me, one night, he was not doing office work, but was improving his legal knowledge.

"I suppose you are quite a great lawyer?" I said, after looking at him for some time.

"Me, Master Copperfield?" said Uriah. "Oh, no! I'm a very 'umble person. I am well aware that I am the 'umbllest person going, let the other be where he may. My mother is likewise a very 'umble person. We live in a 'umble abode, Master Copperfield, but have much to be thankful for. My father's former calling was 'umble; he was a sexton."

"What is he now?" I asked.

"He is a partaker of glory at present, Master Copperfield," said Uriah Heep. "But we have much to be thankful for. How much have I to be thankful for in living with Mr. Wickfield!"

I asked Uriah if he had been with Mr. Wickfield long.

"I have been with him going on four years, Master Copperfield," said Uriah. "Since a year after my father's death. How much have I to be thankful for in that! How much have I to be thankful for in Mr. Wickfield's kind intention to give me my articles, which would otherwise not lay within the 'umble means of mother and self!"

"Perhaps, when you're a regular lawyer, you'll be a partner in Mr. Wickfield's business, one of these days," I said to make myself agreeable; "and it will be Wickfield and Heep or Heep late Wickfield."

"Oh, no, Master Copperfield," returned Uriah, shaking his head, "I am much too 'umble for that!"

It must have been five or six years later, when I was in London, that Uriah recalled my prophecy to me.

Agnes had noticed as I had noticed, long before this, a gradual alteration in Mr. Wickfield. He sat longer and longer over his wine, and it was at such times, when his hands trembled, and his speech was not plain, that Uriah was most certain to want him on some business.

So it came about that Agnes had to tell me that Uriah had made himself indispensable to her father.

"He is subtle and watchful," she said. "He has mastered papa's weaknesses, fostered them and taken advantage of them until papa is afraid of him."

If I was indignant to hear that Uriah had wormed himself into such promotion, I restrained my feelings when we met, for Agnes had bidden me not to repel him, for her father's sake and for her own.

"What a prophet you have shown yourself, Master Copperfield!" said Uriah, reminding me of my early words. "You may not recollect it; but when a person is 'umble, a person treasures such things up. But the 'umblest persons, Master Copperfield, may be instruments of good. I am glad to think I have been the instrument of good to Mr. Wickfield, and that I may be more so. Oh, what a worthy man he is; but how imprudent he has been!"

When the rascal went on to tell me confidentially that he 'loved the ground his Agnes walked on,' and that he thought she might come to be kind to him, knowing his usefulness to her father, I had a delirious idea of seizing the red-hot poker out of the fire and running him through with it. However, I thought of Agnes, and could say nothing. In the end all the evil machinations of Uriah Heep were frustrated by my old friend Mr. Micawber,

who, visiting Canterbury on the chance of something suitable turning up, and meeting me in Heep's company, was subsequently engaged by Heep as a clerk.

It was only after Micawber had found that Uriah Heep had forged Mr. Wickfield's name to various documents, and had fraudulently speculated with moneys entrusted by my aunt, amongst others, to his partner, that he turned upon him and denounced him, and accomplished what he called 'the final pulverisation of Heep.'

MR. MICAWBER being once more 'in pecuniary shackles,' my aunt, grateful, as we all were, for the services he had rendered, suggested emigration to Australia to him; he at once responded to the idea.

"I entertain the conviction," said Mr. Micawber, "that it is, under existing circumstances, the only land for myself and family; and that something of an extraordinary nature will turn up on that shore."

But the defeat of Heep and Micawber's departure belong to the days of my manhood. Let me look back at intervening years.

V—I Achieve Manhood

MY school-days! The silent gliding on of my existence—the unseen, unfelt progress of my life—from childhood up to youth!

And the little girl I saw on that first day at Mr. Wickfield's, where is she? Gone also. In her stead, the perfect likeness of the picture, a child likeness no more, moves about the house; and Agnes, my counsellor and friend, is quite a woman.

It is time for me to have a profession, and my aunt proposes that I should be a proctor in Doctors' Commons.

So I am articled, and later, when my aunt has lost her money, through no fault of her own, but through the rascality of Uriah Heep, and I seek Mr. Spenlow to know if it is possible for my articles to be cancelled, it is, I am assured, Mr. Jorkins who is inexorable.

"If it had been my lot to have my hands unfettered, if I had not a partner—Mr. Jorkins," says Mr. Spenlow. "But I know my partner, Copperfield. Mr. Jorkins is *not* a man to respond to a proposition of this peculiar nature. Mr. Jorkins is very

difficult to move from the beaten track."

The years pass. I have attained the dignity of twenty-one. Let me think what I have achieved.

Determined to do something to bring in money, I have mastered the savage mystery of shorthand, and make a respectable income by reporting the debates in Parliament for a morning newspaper.

I have come out in another way. I have taken, with fear and trembling, to authorship. I wrote a little something in secret, and sent it to a magazine, and it was published. Since then I have taken heart to write a good many trifling pieces.

Peggotty, a widow, is with my aunt, and Mr. Dick is in the room.

"Goodness me!" said my aunt, "who's this you're bringing home?"

"Agnes," said I.

We were to be married within a fortnight. It was not till I had told Agnes of my love that I learnt from her, as she laid her gentle hands upon my shoulders and looked calmly in my face, that she had loved me all my life.

FRIEDRICH WILHELM NIETZSCHE THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA

A Study by Edgar Preston

WHATEVER may be the ultimate judgement respecting the much misunderstood philosopher, Friedrich Nietzsche and his works, one thing already is certain : he was among the boldest and most original thinkers of his time. His father, pastor at Röcken, near Leipzig, was of noble Polish extraction, and it was the son's boast that there was nothing German about him, although his mother and his paternal grandmother were of that nationality. As a fact, he disliked the 'Imperial' German intensely—which perhaps explains why the professors of the Fatherland were for the most part so antagonistic to the author of *Also Sprach Zarathustra*. Uncompromising revolt against his civilized environment was the characteristic trait in Nietzsche's literary life. His repudiation of the Christian faith and moral code showed him to be a notable 'free-thinker'; he was the apostle of the 'master morality' which urges the 'superman' to annihilate ruthlessly the weak in spirit. His philosophic system, however, can only be fully understood when the tragic circumstances of his life have been taken into account. A complete edition of his works, in English, is published by T. N. Foulis.



IT is indispensable, I think, before one can profitably approach and hope even dimly to comprehend Friedrich Wilhelm Nietzsche's most important work, *Thus Spake Zarathustra*, the extraordinary book with which his name must always be chiefly associated, that his other productions, with the criticisms and the commentaries thereon, shall be carefully studied. And even more essential is it to a right understanding of this strangest, obscurest and, therefore, most elusive of philosophers, that the reader shall study the life of Nietzsche himself closely, and thus get to know what manner of man he was, and how it came about that his attitude towards his fellow man, his outlook on life, should have been what they were.

Much help in this direction may be obtained from Frau Förster-Nietzsche's very valuable *Life of her distinguished brother*; from his own *Human, All-too-Human*, which he describes as a book for Free Spirits; and from the autobiographical *Ecce Homo*, the last prose work from Nietzsche's pen, constituting a general summing-up of his character as a man, his purpose as a reformer, and his achievement in the realm of thought.

Nietzsche had many unattractive names for himself. He was Anti-Christ, he was the first Immoralist, he was a Dionysian,

he was an Annihilator—and all this, maybe, because he was, in the first place, a Great Sufferer. For years he suffered acutely and almost continuously from eye and brain troubles. Two hundred days out of every three hundred and sixty-five were, he declares, pure pain for a long period; and he was only forty-five when complete insanity overtook him in 1888, twelve years before his death. That he was in earnest there can be no doubt whatever.

Nothing easier, of course, than to sum him up—after the manner of certain of his contemporary critics, including not a few of his own countrymen—as insane all the time, or to dub his philosophy madness in the making. That was a trouble-saving and therefore a tempting method to those who had not the patience, perhaps not the ability, even to attempt to understand him. As Mr. Anthony M. Ludovici, one of Nietzsche's most accomplished translators and commentators, has pointed out, Georg Brandes and Taine and Strindberg all took the author of *Zarathustra* seriously; and they, surely, as artists, were better qualified to judge him than, say, the University dons, his chief detractors.

Probably it is not far from the truth to conclude that Nietzsche was endowed with too much brain—too much, at any rate, to work satisfactorily in unison with a nature so extraordinarily sensitive and highly-strung. This gifted student who, at twenty-four, found himself Professor of

Classical Philology at Basel University, had soon to pay the tragic penalty of his precocity; ten years later his health broke down, and he was forced to retire, a pensioner, while still on the hither side of middle life.

ONE of the chapters in *Ecce Homo* is headed: Why I Am So Wise; another Why I Am So Clever. It was, I should suppose, the vanity which seemed to be revealed in these provocative titles that more than all else aroused the ire of some of the duller opponents of Nietzsche's writings. But let us listen to him a little as he talks of himself and his family, and shows 'how one becomes what one is.'

It required no effort on my part to be 'a good European,' for by the very nature of my origin I was allowed an outlook beyond the mere local, national and limited horizons. At the same time, I am perhaps more German than modern Germans—mere Imperial Germans—can hope to be. (The typical modern German was Nietzsche's constant *bête noire*.)

My ancestors were Polish noblemen, and it is owing to them that I have so much race instinct in my blood. My mother, Franziska Oehler, and my paternal grandmother, Erdmuth Krause, who lived in Weimar and was in contact with Goethe's circle, were very German.

The whole of my 'Zarathustra' is a dithyramb in honour of solitude, or, if I have been understood, in honour of purity. Not, thank Heaven, in honour of 'pure foolery.' (Alluding to Wagner's 'pure fool' in *Parsifal*: the musician having earlier been his hero, one of his Supermen!)

Of actual religious difficulties I have no experience. I have never known what it is to feel sinful. A 'prick of conscience,' of which I have no experience, must be a sort of 'evil eye.' I am quite unacquainted with atheism as a result, and still less as an event in my life: in me it is inborn, instinctive. I am too inquisitive, too incredulous, too high-spirited to be satisfied with such a palpably clumsy solution of things. God is really no more than a coarse and rude prohibition of us thinkers. Ye shall not think! . . .

I believe only in French culture, and do not even take the German kind into consideration. Chiefly I love a few old French books. I can think of no century in history in which a netful of more inquisitive and at the same time more subtle psychologists could be drawn up than in the Paris of to-day—Paul Bourget, Pierre Loti, Gyp, Meilhac, Anatole France, Jules Lemaitre, and a genuine Latin of whom I am particularly fond, Guy de Maupassant. Between ourselves, I prefer this generation to its masters—all corrupted by German philosophy. Stendhal is quite beyond price, with his psychologist's eye. He robbed me of the best atheistic joke—one I

might have made: 'God's only excuse is that He does not exist.'

Some of these utterances, taken separately, do Nietzsche much less than justice; insolences at the expense of the Divinity, which naturally catch the eye, form but a minute portion of the writings embodying his philosophy, and they are noteworthy chiefly because they reveal his general attitude towards all convention, all authority, whether sacred or secular.

When this over-developed consciousness of his first began to work it displayed to its impatient owner the fact that he—who had already elected to think for himself—was faced, nay, surrounded, by all sorts of conditions which the bulk of his fellows, the enormous majority of mankind, were content to accept ready-made, without protest, without criticism. The edifice known as civilization was complete, for better for worse. But here was one who would take nothing for granted, neither religious creed nor ideal, nor social doctrine or convention; this clear, cold brain must needs investigate for itself, before accepting anything, from highest to lowest, as satisfactory, or even tolerable. The young thinker aimed at building men, for he had constructive ideas. But before one can build one must demolish, must clear the ground, sweep away the rubbish—and most of the things that he beheld came, in his opinion, under this last category. Hear him again:

I AM in no way a bogey-man or moral monster. On the contrary, I am the very opposite in nature to the kind of man that has hitherto been honoured as virtuous—I am a disciple of the philosopher Dionysius, and I would prefer to be even a satyr than a saint. . . . The very last thing I should promise to accomplish would be to 'improve' mankind. I do not set up any new idols ('idols' is the name I give to all ideals). To overthrow idols is much more like my business.

In proportion as an ideal world has been falsely assumed, reality has been robbed of its value, its meaning and its truthfulness. . . . Hitherto the *lie* of the ideal has been the curse of reality; by means of it the very source of mankind's instincts has become mendacious and false; so much so that those values have come to be worshipped which are the exact *opposite* of those which would ensure man's prosperity, his future, and his great right to a future. . . .

Error (the belief in the ideal) is not blindness; error is cowardice. Every conquest, every step forward in knowledge, is the outcome of courage, of hardness, of cleanliness, towards one's self.

And the very man who thus despises idols (or ideals) was the inventor of that idol (or ideal) known as the Superman! However, he is nothing if not courageous. 'I attack only things that are triumphant,' he declares; 'only things against which I stand alone, without allies, compromising no one but myself.'

The idea of the Superman, by the way, occurred to Nietzsche long before Zarathustra was composed. In the early 70's he wrote: 'How can we praise and glorify a nation as a whole? Even among the Greeks it was the *individuals* that counted. . . . All that proceeds from power is good; all that springs from weakness is bad.' Hence, in this philosopher's eyes, Christianity is bad because it exalts the softer, humaner attributes of man ('the meek shall inherit the earth,' etc.). Christianity changed the values of the deified modes of life and thought in Greece and Rome; now another change of Christian values is needed.

BUT it is time, after all this introduction, to get to the book itself. Zarathustra is simply the original spelling of Zoroaster, the great Persian or Median teacher, founder of the religion of the Magi, embodied in the Zend Avesta, which to this day is used by Parsees as their bible. The whole of the book occupied Nietzsche less than a year. He wrote it, as it were, in short, sharp spasms, each of ten days' duration, in Rome, in Genoa and in Nice. The fundamental idea of the work—the Eternal Recurrence—was first conceived, he tells us, in the month of August 1881. 'I made a note of the idea on a sheet of paper, with the postscript: "Six thousand feet beyond man and time." The thought struck me that day as I wandered through the woods beside the lake of Silvaplana, halting near Surlei, under a huge rock that towered aloft like a pyramid—the essential condition of its production was a second birth within me of the art of hearing—and a sudden and decisive change in my taste in music had occurred two months before. The whole of Zarathustra might perhaps be classified under the rubric of music.' During that walk by Silvaplana and other walks Nietzsche says he was 'waylaid' by Zarathustra.

In her preface Frau Förster-Nietzsche says the book is the history of her brother's most individual experiences—of his friendships, ideals, raptures, bitterest disappointments and sorrows . . . He had the figure of Zarathustra in his mind from his very earliest youth. He once told her that even as a child he had dreamt of him. At different times he would call this haunter of his dreams by different names; 'but in the end,' he said, 'I had to do a Persian the honour of identifying himself with this creation of my fancy. Persians were the first to take a broad and comprehensive view of history.'

'**Z**ARATHUSTRA,' she continues, 'was written when Friedrich was beginning to rally after many years of steadily declining health, and it is to this first gush of the recovery of his once splendid bodily condition that we owe it. He often used to speak of the ecstatic mood in which he wrote it; how in his walks over hill and dale the ideas would crowd into his mind, and how he would jot them down hastily in a notebook.' Here is Nietzsche's own description of how the words came to him:

Has anyone at the end of this nineteenth century any distinct notion of what poets of a stronger age understood by the word inspiration? If not, I will describe it. If one had the smallest vestige of superstition in one it would hardly be possible to set aside completely the idea that one is the mere incarnation, mouthpiece, or medium of an almighty power. One hears—one does not seek; one takes—one does not ask who gives: a thought suddenly flashes up like lightning; it comes of necessity, unhesitatingly—I have never had any choice in the matter. There is an ecstasy such that the immense strain of it is sometimes relaxed by a flood of tears. It actually seems, to use one of Zarathustra's own phrases, as if 'all things came unto me and would fain be similes.'

Zarathustra was more truthful than any other thinker. In his teaching alone do we meet with truthfulness upheld as the highest virtue, *i.e.* the reverse of the *cowardice* of the idealist who flees from reality—the overcoming of morality through itself—through truthfulness; the overcoming of the moralist through his opposite—*through me*; that is what the name Zarathustra means in my mouth.

Nietzsche's contention was that in morality there are no absolute values, 'good' or 'evil'; everything is relative; that which is good for the lion or the eagle is bad for their prey, the antelope or the

lamb; the butterfly pretending to be a leaf, is acting a lie; but it is good for the butterfly thus to preserve its life. Concepts of good and evil are therefore, in their origin, merely a means to an end—expedients for acquiring power. Nietzsche attacks Christian moral values as low—merely an expedient for protecting a certain type of man. Conflicting moral codes have been no more than the conflicting weapons of different classes of men, for in mankind there is continual war between the powerful, the noble, the strong and the well constituted on the one side, and the impotent, the mean and the ill constituted on the other. The war is a war of moral principles . . .

THUS Spake Zarathustra begins with a Prologue, simply and nobly constructed. It opens as follows:

When Zarathustra was thirty years old, he left his home and the lake of his home, and went into the mountains. There he enjoyed his spirit and his solitude, and for ten years did not weary of it. But at last his heart changed and, rising one morning with the rosy dawn, he went before the sun and spake thus unto it:

Thou great star! What would be thy happiness if thou hadst not those for whom thou shinest!

For ten years hast thou climbed hither unto my cave; thou wouldst have wearied of thy light and of the journey, had it not been for me, my eagle and my serpent.

But we awaited thee every morning, took from thee thine overflow, and blessed thee for it.

Lo! I am weary of my wisdom, like the bee that hath gathered too much honey; I need hands outstretched to take it.

I would fain bestow and distribute, until the wise have once more become joyous in their folly and far from happy in their riches.

Therefore must I descend into the deep, as thou doest in the evening, when thou goest behind the sea and givest light also to the nether world, thou exuberant star!

He asks the Sun to bless his enterprise, and goes down the mountain alone. To a holy man whom he encounters in the forest Zarathustra explains his mission: "I am bringing gifts unto men," he tells him. The saint laughs. "Go not to men, but stay in the forest!" he says. "Go rather to the beasts. Why not be like me—a bear among bears, a bird among birds? I make hymns and sing them; and in making hymns I laugh and weep and

mumble: thus do I praise God. But what dost thou bring us as a gift?"

Zarathustra answers: "What should I have to give thee! Let me rather hurry hence, lest I take aught away from thee!" And so they parted.

When Zarathustra was alone he said: "Could it be possible! This old saint in the forest hath not yet heard of it, that *God is dead!*"

IN a town near the forest Zarathustra speaks to the people in the market place:

"I teach you the *Superman*. Man is something that is to be surpassed. What have ye done to surpass man?"

"All beings hitherto have created something beyond themselves: and ye want to be the ebb of that great tide, and would rather go back to the beast than surpass man?"

"What is the ape to man? A laughing-stock, a thing of shame. And just the same shall man be to the Superman."

"Ye have made your way from the worm to man, and much within you is still worm. Once were ye apes, and even yet man is more of an ape than any of the apes."

"Even the wisest among you is only a disharmony and hybrid of plant and phantom."

"Lo, I teach you the Superman! The Superman is the meaning of the earth. I conjure you, brethren, *remain true to the earth*, and believe not those who speak unto you of super-earthly hopes! Poisoners are they; despisers of life are they: so away with them!"

Much more spake Zarathustra to the people, but they all laughed at him, and called on a rope-dancer, who was in the market place, to begin his performance. Zarathustra resumed his discourse, but soon his hearers wearied of him, and would listen to him no more.

Then a light dawned upon Zarathustra: "Not to the people am I to speak, but to companions."

In other words, he finds the mob not enlightened enough to understand him; in future he will address himself to the elect—the thinkers, the sceptics. Nietzsche, indeed, ever had in view an aristocratic arrangement of society. He would have us rear an ideal race, finer, both physically and mentally, than any that had preceded it. "With these preachers of equality," he exclaims, "will I not be mixed up and confounded, for thus speaketh justice to me: 'Men are not equal!'"

There follow immediately, the right audience having been found, parabolic Discourses, eighty in number, and on a

great variety of life's problems. Mr. Ludovici supplies valuable notes on many of them, especially such as are entirely allegorical; and truly most of these pages cry aloud for elucidation. Certain short passages of these fine Discourses may be quoted, as typical of this extraordinary thinker and his method of expression.

He talks of 'Old and Young Women':

Two different things wanteth the true man: danger and diversion. Therefore wanteth he woman, as the most dangerous plaything.

Too sweet fruits—these the warrior liketh not. Therefore liketh he woman;—bitter is even the sweetest woman.

Better than man doth woman understand children; but man is more childish than woman.

In the true man there is a child hidden; it wanteth to play. Up then, ye women, and discover the child in man.

Then answered me the old woman: 'Many fine things hath Zarathustra said. Strange! Zarathustra knoweth little about woman, and yet he is right about them. And now accept a little truth by way of thanks! I am old enough for it!'

'Give me, woman, thy little truth!' said I. And thus spake the old woman:

'Thou goest to women? Forget not thy whip!'

There is generally a touch of irony in Nietzsche's references to women, but it would be altogether a delusion to suppose him inimical to the absurdly-styled 'weaker sex.' It is against the modern tendency to sex equality, sex similarity that he raises his voice. He would have woman become ever more womanly and man ever more manly: by attempting to masculinise women we run the risk of feminising men, to the jeopardy of the people's future.

ELSEWHERE Nietzsche exhorts his disciples not to follow him blindly, but to become independent thinkers, and to find themselves 'before they learn anything more from him.' There is indeed much to admire in these admirable Discourses, which, if one only take the trouble to study them, impress one with a sense of their author's sincerity, his learning, his wit, his style, ay, and his humour—a quality generally denied him by his dry-as-dust opponents. One has but to read *The Vision and the Enigma*, and *The Old and New Tables* to realize that here is something like inspiration, to feel con-



FRIEDRICH WILHELM NIETZSCHE was born at R $\ddot{u}$ cken, Germany, October 15, 1844, and was educated at Schulpforta, Bonn and Leipzig. One of the most outstanding figures in modern Europe, he was also a personality ever shadowed by tragedy. Scholarship of no common order procured him a professorship at Basel when no more than twenty-four, and long and painful illness compelled him to relinquish it ten years after. During the decade 1879-1889 the more important of his works appeared, but it was not till 1890, when insanity, so long threatening, had definitely closed his career, that the essay of Georg Brandes brought the books and their author into the light. Nietzsche lingered twelve years after his madness was certified, dying in 1900 at the age of 56.

vinced that in these pages are the outlines of a philosophy of life which, perfected, might well provide an antidote to the futilities and extravagances of present day democracy. In any case, *Thus Spake Zarathustra* is a book that will amply reward the seeker after truth; for in it he will find abundant matter for serious consideration.

Nietzsche somewhat spoils his case at times by a rash use of wild and whirling words sounding impious to orthodox ears; but in reality his irreligious phrases are more often than not uttered in nothing but 'a Pickwickian sense.' One leaves him with the conviction that he was not an iconoclast of the sort who destroys wantonly, or out of resentment and revenge—the anarchists and new revolutionaries—but rather one who destroys to build better, and thus becomes a creator. And when you know him, he is by no means dull, as might be feared. 'Learn, I pray you, to laugh—all good things laugh!' is the word on which I will leave him. And the intelligent will laugh at, not with, the Philosopher.

J. L. MOTLEY

THE RISE OF THE DUTCH REPUBLIC

IN 1846 Motley began to collect materials for a history of Holland, and in 1851 he went to Europe to ransack its libraries in pursuit of his investigations. By the end of 1855 he had erected from the materials scattered throughout the works of Bor, De Thou, Groen van Prinsterer, Cabrera, Bentivoglio and many others—together with state papers, letters and manuscripts—a historical monument that will remain for ever a prominent literary landmark. The *Rise of the Dutch Republic*, first published in 1856, was received with enthusiasm in Europe and America. Its distinguishing characters are its graphic narrative and warm sympathy; Froude said of it that it is 'as complete as industry and genius can make it, and a book that will take its place among the finest stories in this or any language.' Guizot, the famous French historian also praised the work as a monument of research, but tempered his eulogy by criticising the 'unbounded confidence' with which Motley 'argues the cause of his client'—William of Orange. The work is published in several popular editions.

I—Woe to the Heretic



THE north-western corner of the vast plain which extends from the German Ocean to the Ural Mountains is occupied by the countries called the Netherlands.

The history of the development of the Netherland nation from the time of the Romans during sixteen centuries is ever marked by one prevailing characteristic, one master passion—the love of liberty, the instinct of self-government.

Compounded of the bravest Teutonic elements—Batavian and Frisian—the people of this region has ever battled to the death with tyranny and throughout the dark ages struggled resolutely towards the light, wresting from a series of petty sovereigns a gradual and practical recognition of the claims of humanity.

With the advent of the Burgundian family, the power of the commons reached so high a point that it was able to measure itself, undaunted, with the spirit of arbitrary power. Peaceful in their pursuits, phlegmatic by temperament, the Netherlanders were yet the most belligerent and excitable population in Europe.

For more than a century the struggle for freedom, for civic life, went on, Philip the Good, Charles the Bold, Mary's husband Maximilian, and Charles V in turn assailing or undermining the bulwarks raised against the despotic principle.

At last, in the sixteenth century, a new and more powerful spirit, the genius of religious freedom, came to participate in the great conflict. Arbitrary power, incarnated in the second Charlemagne, assailed the new combination with unscrupulous, unforgiving fierceness. In the little Netherland territory humanity, bleeding but not killed, still stood at bay and defied the hunters. The two great powers had been gathering strength for centuries. They were soon to be matched in a longer and more determined combat than the world had ever seen.

On October 25, 1555, the Estates of the Netherlands were assembled in the great hall of the palace at Brussels to witness amidst pomp and splendour the dramatic abdication of Charles V as sovereign of the Netherlands in favour of his son Philip. The drama was well played. The happiness of the Netherlands was apparently the only object contemplated in the transaction, and the stage was drowned in tears.

And yet, what was the Emperor Charles to the inhabitants of the Netherlands that they should weep for him? Their interests had never been even a secondary consideration with their master. He had fulfilled no duty towards them; he had committed the gravest crimes against them; he was in constant conflict with their ancient and dearly bought political liberties.

Philip II, whom the Netherlands received as their new master, was a man of foreign birth and breeding, not speak-

ing a word of their language. In 1548 he had made his first appearance in the Netherlands to receive homage as the future sovereign and to exchange oaths of mutual fidelity.

One of the earliest measures of Philip's reign was to re-enact the dread edict of 1550. This he did by the express advice of the Bishop of Arras. The edict set forth that no one should print, write, copy, keep, conceal, sell, buy, or give in churches, streets, or other places any book or writing by Luther, Calvin and other heretics reprobated by the Holy Church; nor break or injure the images of the Holy Virgin or canonised saints; nor in his house hold conventicles, or be present at any such, in which heretics or their adherents taught, baptised, or formed conspiracies against the Holy Church and the general welfare. Further, all lay persons were forbidden to converse or dispute concerning the Holy Scriptures openly or secretly, or to read, teach, or expound them; or to preach, or, to entertain any of the opinions of the heretics.

Disobedience to this edict was to be punished as follows: Men to be executed with the sword, and women to be buried alive if they do not persist in their errors; if they do persist in them, then they are to be executed with fire, and all their property in both cases is to be confiscated

to the crown. Those who failed to betray the suspected were to be liable to the same punishment, and also those who lodged, furnished with food, or favoured a heretic. Informers against suspected persons were to be entitled on conviction to one half of the property of the accused.

At first, however, the edict was not vigorously carried into effect anywhere. It was openly resisted in Holland; its proclamation was flatly refused in Antwerp and repudiated throughout Brabant. This disobedience was tolerated because Philip wanted money to carry on the war between Spain and France which shortly afterwards broke out.

At the close of the war, a treaty was entered into between France and Spain by which Philip and Henry II bound themselves to maintain the Catholic worship inviolate by all means in their power and to extinguish the increasing heresy in both kingdoms. There was a secret agreement to arrange for the Huguenot chiefs, throughout the realms of both, 'a Sicilian Vespers' upon the first occasion.

Henry died of a wound received from Montgomery in a tourney held to celebrate the conclusion of the treaty, and Catherine dei Medici became Queen-Regent of France, and deferred carrying out the plot till St. Bartholomew's Day fourteen years after.

II—The Netherlands Are, and Will Be, Free

PHILIP now set about the organization of the Netherlands provinces. Margaret, Duchess of Parma, was appointed regent, with three boards, a state council, a privy council and a council of finance, to assist in the government. It soon became evident that the real power of the government was exclusively in the hands of the Consulta—a committee of three members of the state council, by whose deliberation the regent was secretly to be guided on all important occasions; but in reality the conclave consisted of Anthony Perrenot, Bishop of Arras, afterwards Cardinal Granvelle. Stadtholders were appointed to the different provinces, of whom only Count Egmont for Flanders and William of Orange for Holland need be mentioned.

An assembly of the Estates met at

Ghent on August 7, 1559, to receive the parting instructions of Philip previous to his departure for Spain. The king, in a speech made through the Bishop of Arras, owing to his inability to speak French or Flemish, submitted a 'request' for three million gold florins 'to be spent for the good of the country.' He made a violent attack on 'the new, reprobate and damnable sects that now infest the country,' and commanded the Regent Margaret 'accurately to cause to be enforced the edicts and decrees made for the extirpation of all sects and heresies.'

The Estates of all the provinces agreed, at a subsequent meeting with the king, to grant their quota of the 'request,' but made it a condition precedent that the foreign troops, whose outrages and exactions had long been an intolerable burden

on the country, should be withdrawn.

This enraged the king, but when a representation was made of a separate remonstrance in the name of the States-General, signed by the Prince of Orange, Count Egmont and other leading patricians, against the pillaging, insults and disorders of the foreign soldiers, the king was furious. He dissembled at a later meeting, and took leave of the Estates with apparent cordiality.

Inspired by the Bishop of Arras, under secret instructions from Philip, the Regent Margaret resumed the execution of the edicts against heresies and heretics which had been permitted to slacken during the French war. As an additional security for the supremacy of the ancient religion, Philip induced the Pope, Paul IV, to issue, in May 1559, a Bull whereby three new archbishoprics were appointed, with fifteen subsidiary bishops and nine prebendaries, who were to act as inquisitors. The Spanish troops were to be kept in the provinces indefinitely.

Violent agitation took place throughout the whole of the Netherlands during the years 1560 and 1561 against the arbitrary policy embodied in the edict and the ruthless manner in which they were enforced in the new bishoprics, and against the continued presence of the foreign soldiery.

Foremost in resistance was the Prince of Orange, and he, with Egmont, the soldier hero of St. Quentin, and Admiral Horn united in a remarkable letter to the king, in which they said that the royal affairs would never be successfully conducted so long as they were entrusted to Cardinal Granvelle. Finally, Granvelle was recalled by Philip. But the Netherlands had now reached a condition of anarchy, confusion and corruption.

The four Estates of Flanders, in a solemn address to the king, described in vigorous language the enormities committed by the inquisitors and called upon Philip to suppress these horrible practices so manifestly in violation of the ancient charters

which he had sworn to support warmly.

Philip, so far from having the least disposition to yield in this matter, dispatched orders in August 1564 to the regent, ordering that the decrees of the Council of Trent should be published and enforced without delay throughout the Netherlands. By these decrees the heretic was excluded, so far as ecclesiastical dogma could exclude him, from the pale of humanity, from consecrated earth and from eternal salvation.

The decrees conflicted with the privileges of the provinces, and at a meeting of the council William of Orange made a long and vehement discourse, in which he said that the king must be unequivocally informed that this whole machinery of placards and scaffolds, of new bishops and old hangmen, of decrees, inquisitors and informers, must at once and for ever be abolished. Their day was over; the Netherlands were free provinces and were determined to vindicate their ancient privileges.

THE unique effect of these representations was stringent instructions from Philip to Margaret to keep the whole machinery of persecution constantly at work. Fifty thousand persons were put to death in obedience to the edicts, 30,000 of the best of the citizens migrated to England. Famine reigned in the land. Then followed the revolt of the confederate nobles and the episode of the 'wild beggars.'

Meantime, during the summer of 1566, many thousands of burghers, merchants, peasants and gentlemen were seen mustering and marching through the fields of every province, armed, but only to hear sermons and sing hymns in the open air, as it was unlawful to profane the churches with such rites. The duchess sent forth proclamations by hundreds, ordering the instant suppression of these assemblies and the arrest of the preachers. This brought the popular revolt to a head.

III—The Image-Breaking Campaign

THERE were many hundreds of churches in the Netherlands profusely adorned with chapels. Many of them were filled with paintings, all were peopled with statues. Commencing on August 18,

1566, for the space of only six or seven summer days and nights, there raged a storm by which nearly every one of these temples was entirely rifled of its contents; not for plunder, but for destruction.



AMBASSADORS FROM HOLLAND COME TO PHILIP II IN SPAIN

From the painting by Arcos

It began at Antwerp, on the occasion of a great procession, the object of which was to conduct around the city a colossal image of the Virgin. The rabble sacked thirty churches within the city walls, entered the monasteries, burnt their invaluable libraries and invaded the nunneries. The streets were filled with monks and nuns, running this way and that, shrieking and fluttering, to escape the claws of fiendish Calvinists.

The terror was imaginary, for not the least remarkable feature in these transactions was that neither insult nor injury was offered to man or woman, and that not a farthing's value of the immense amount of property was appropriated. Similar scenes were enacted in all the other provinces, with the exception of Limburg, Luxemburg and Namur.

The ministers of the reformed religion and the chiefs of the liberal party all denounced the image-breaking. The Prince of Orange deplored the riots. The leading confederate nobles characterised the insurrection as insensate, and many took severe measures against the ministers and reformers. The regent was beside herself with indignation and terror. Philip, when he heard the news of the insurrection, fell

into a frenzy. 'It shall cost them very dear!' he cried. 'I swear it by the soul of my father!'

The religious war, before imminent, became inevitable. The duchess, inspired by terror, proposed to fly to Mons, but was restrained by the counsels of Orange, Horn and Egmont. On August 25 came the crowning act of what the reformers considered their most complete triumph and the regent her deepest degradation.

It was then found necessary, under the alarming aspect of affairs, that liberty of worship, in places where it had been already established, should be freely accorded to the new religion. Articles of agreement to this effect were drawn up and exchanged between the government and Louis of Nassau and fifteen others of the confederacy.

A corresponding pledge was signed by them, that as long as the regent was true to her engagement they would consider their previously existing league annulled and would cordially assist in maintaining tranquillity and supporting the authority of his majesty. The important 'Accord' was then duly signed by the duchess. It declared that the Inquisition was abolished,

that his majesty would soon issue a new general edict, expressly and unequivocally protecting the nobles against all evil consequences from past transactions, and that public preaching according to the forms of the new religion was to be practised in places where it had already taken place.

Thus, for a fleeting moment, there was a thrill of joy throughout the Netherlands. But it was all a delusion. While the leaders of the people were exerting themselves to suppress the insurrection and to avert ruin, the secret course pursued by the government may be condensed into

the formula—dissimulation, procrastination and again dissimulation.

The 'Accord' was revoked by the duchess, and peremptory prohibition of all preaching within or without city walls was proclaimed. Further, a new oath of allegiance was demanded from all functionaries. The Prince of Orange spurned the proposition and renounced all his offices, desiring no longer to serve a government whose policy he did not approve and a king by whom he was suspected. Terrible massacres of Protestant heretics took place in many cities.

IV—*Alva the Terrible*

IT was determined at last that the Netherland heresy should be conquered by force of arms, and an army of 10,000 picked and veteran troops was dispatched from Spain under the Duke of Alva. The Duchess Margaret made no secret of her indignation at being superseded when Alva produced his commission appointing him captain-general and begging the duchess to co-operate with him in ordering all the cities of the Netherlands to receive the garrisons which he would send them.

In September 1567 the Duke of Alva established a new court for the trial of crimes committed 'during the recent period of troubles.' It was called the 'Council of Troubles,' but will be for ever known in history as the 'Blood Council.' It superseded all other institutions.

So well did this new and terrible engine perform its work that in less than three months 1,800 of the highest, the noblest and the most virtuous men in the land, including Count Egmont and Admiral Horn, suffered death. Further than that, the whole country became a charnel-house; columns and stakes in every street, the doorposts of private houses, the fences in the fields were laden with human carcasses, strangled, burnt, beheaded. Within a few months after the arrival of Alva the spirit of the nation seemed hopelessly broken.

The Duchess of Parma, who had demanded her release from the odious position of a cipher in a land where she had so lately been sovereign, at last obtained it and took her departure in December for

Parma, thus finally closing her eventful career in the Netherlands. The Duke of Alva took up his position as governor-general, and amongst his first works was the erection of the celebrated citadel of Antwerp, not to protect, but to control the commercial capital of the provinces.

Events marched swiftly. On February 16, 1568, a sentence of the Inquisition condemned all the inhabitants of the Netherlands to death as heretics. From this universal doom only a few persons, especially named, were excepted; and a proclamation of the king, dated ten days later, confirmed this decree of the Inquisition and ordered it to be carried into instant execution, without regard to age, sex or condition. This is probably the most concise death warrant ever framed. Three millions of people, men, women and children, were sentenced to the scaffold.

THE Prince of Orange at last threw down the gauntlet and published a reply to the active condemnation which had been pronounced against him in default of appearance before the Blood Council. It would, he said, be both death and degradation to acknowledge the jurisdiction of the infamous 'Council of Blood,' and he scorned to plead before he knew not what base knaves, not fit to be the valets of his companions and himself.

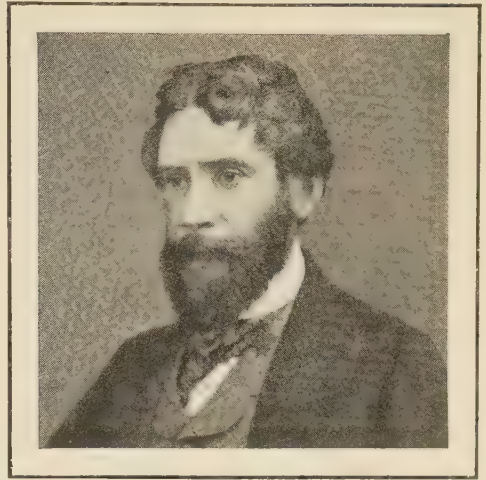
Preparations were at once made to levy troops and wage war against Philip's forces in the Netherlands. Then followed the long, ghastly struggle between the armies raised by the Prince of Orange and his brother, Count Louis of Nassau, who

lost his life mysteriously at the battle of Mons, and those of Alva and the other governors-general who succeeded him—Don Louis de Requesens, the 'Grând Commander,' Don John of Austria, the hero of Lepanto, and Alexander Farnese, Duke of Parma.

The records of butcheries and martyrdoms, including those during the sack and burning of Antwerp by the mutinous Spanish soldiery, are only relieved by the heroic exploits of the patriotic armies and burghers in the memorable defences of Haarlem, Leyden, Alkmaar and Mons.

At one time it seemed that the Prince of Orange and his forces were about to secure a complete triumph; but the news of the massacre of St. Bartholomew in Paris brought depression to the patriotic army and corresponding spirit to the Spanish armies, and the gleam faded. The most extraordinary feature of Alva's civil administration were fiscal decrees, which imposed taxes that destroyed the trade and manufactures of the country.

There were endless negotiations inspired by the States-General, the German Emperor and the governments of France and England to secure a settlement of the



JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY, historian and diplomatist, was born at Dorchester, Massachusetts, April 15, 1814. Graduating at Harvard, 1837, he then went to Europe to study at Berlin and Göttingen. On his return to America he published two novels which had no great success, and Motley accordingly directed his energies to the study of history, publishing his great *Rise of the Dutch Republic* in 1856. In 1861 he was appointed American minister to Austria, where he remained until 1867; and in 1869 General Grant sent him to represent the United States in England. Motley died May 29, 1877, at the Dorsetshire house of his daughter, near Dorchester. He was author also of *The History of the United Netherlands*.

Netherlands affairs, but these, owing to insincere diplomacy, were ineffective.

V—The Union of the Provinces

IN the meantime, the union of Holland and Zeeland had been accomplished, with the Prince of Orange as sovereign. The representatives of various provinces met with deputies from Holland and Zeeland in Utrecht in January 1579, and agreed to a treaty of union which was ever regarded as the foundation of the Netherlands Republic.

The contracting provinces agreed to remain eternally united, while each was to retain its particular privileges, liberties, customs and laws.

For two years there were a series of desultory military operations. The assembly of the united provinces met at The Hague on July 26, 1581, and solemnly declared their independence of Philip and renounced their allegiance for ever. This act, however, left the country divided into three portions—the Walloon or reconciled provinces; the united provinces under Anjou; and the northern provinces under Orange.

Early in February 1582 the Duke of Anjou arrived in the Netherlands from England with a considerable train. The articles of the treaty under which he was elected sovereign as Duke of Brabant made as stringent and as sensible a constitutional compact as could be desired by any Netherlands patriot. Taken in connexion with the ancient charters, which they expressly upheld, they left to the new sovereign no arbitrary power. He was the hereditary president of a representative republic.

The Duke of Anjou, however, became discontented with his position. Many nobles of high rank came from France to pay their homage to him, and in January 1583 he entered into a conspiracy to take possession of the principal cities in Flanders. He reserved to himself the capture of Antwerp, and concentrated his French troops at Borgehout, a village close to the walls of Antwerp.

A night attack was made on the city, but the burghers flew to arms and the force

was either dead or captured. The enterprise, known as the 'French Fury,' was an absolute and disgraceful failure, and the duke fled to Berghem. Negotiations for

reconciliation were entered into with the Duke of Anjou, who, however, left for Paris in June, never again to return to the Netherlands.

VI—*The Assassination of William of Orange*

THE Princess Charlotte having died on May 5, 1582, the Prince of Orange was married for the fourth time on April 21, 1583, on this occasion to Louisa, daughter of the illustrious Coligny. In the summer of 1584 the prince and princess took up their residence at Delft, where Frederick Henry, afterwards the celebrated stadtholder, was born to them. During the previous two years no fewer than five distinct attempts to assassinate the prince had been made, and all of them with the privity of the Spanish government or at the direct instigation of King Philip or the Duke of Parma.

A sixth and successful attempt was now to be made. On Sunday morning, July 8, the Prince of Orange received news of the death of Anjou. The courier who brought the despatches was admitted to the prince's bedroom. He called himself Francis Guion, the son of a martyred Calvinist, but he was in reality Balthazar Gérard, a fanatical Catholic who had for years formed the design of murdering the Prince of Orange.

The interview was so entirely unexpected that Gérard had come unarmed and had formed no plans for escape. He pleaded to the officer on duty in the prince's house that he wanted to attend divine service in the church opposite, but that his attire was too shabby and travel-stained and that, without new shoes and stockings, he was unfit to join the congregation. Having heard this, the prince ordered instantly a sum of money to be given to him. With this fund Gérard the following day bought a pair of pistols and ammunition.

On Tuesday, July 10, the prince, his wife, family, and the burgomaster of Leewarden dined as usual, at mid-day. At two o'clock the company rose from table, the prince leading the way, intending to pass to his private apartments upstairs. He had reached the second stair when Gérard, who had obtained admission to the house on the plea that he wanted a passport, emerged from a sunken arch and, standing

within a foot or two of the prince, discharged a pistol full at his heart. He was carried to a couch in the dining-room, where in a few minutes he died in the arms of his wife and sister.

The murderer succeeded in making his escape through a side door, and sped swiftly towards the ramparts, where a horse was waiting for him at the moat, but was followed and captured by several pages and halberdiers. He made no effort to deny his identity, but boldly avowed himself and his deed. Afterwards he was subjected to excruciating tortures and executed on July 14 with execrable barbarity.

The reward promised by Philip to the man who should murder Orange was paid to the father and mother of Gérard. The excellent parents were ennobled and enriched by the crime of their son, but, instead of receiving the 25,000 crowns promised in the ban issued by Philip in 1580 at the instigation of Cardinal Granvelle, they were granted three seignories in the Franche Comté and took their place at once among the landed aristocracy.

THE prince was entombed on August 3 at Delft amid the tears of a whole nation. Never was a more extensive, unaffected and legitimate sorrow felt at the death of any human being. William the Silent had gone through life bearing the load of a people's sorrows upon his shoulders with a smiling face. The people were grateful and affectionate, for they trusted the character of their 'Father William,' and not all the clouds which calumny could collect ever dimmed to their eyes the radiance of that lofty mind to which they were accustomed in their darkest calamities to look for light.

The life and labours of Orange had established the emancipated commonwealth upon a secure foundation, but his death rendered hopeless the union of all the Netherlands at that time into one republic.

CHARLOTTE BRONTE

VILLETTE

VILLETTE is Brussels, and the experiences of the heroine, Lucy Snowe, in travelling there and teaching there are based on the journeys and the life of Charlotte Brontë when she was a teacher in the Pensionnat Héger. The principal characters in the story have been identified, more or less completely, with people whom the writer knew. M. Paul Emanuel, for example, resembles M. Héger in many ways, and Mme. Beck is a severe portrait of Mme. Héger. Lucy Snowe is Jane Eyre, otherwise Charlotte Brontë, placed amid different surroundings. The materials used in *Villette* were taken, in part, from an earlier work, *The Professor*, which suffered rejection nine times at the hands of the publishers. Though there was similarity of scene, and in some degree of subject, the two books are in no way identical. *Villette* was published on January 24, 1853, and achieved an immediate success. It has more movement than *Shirley*, and less of the crudeness that accompanied the strength of *Jane Eyre*.

I—Little Miss Caprice



MY godmother lived in a handsome house in the ancient town of Bretton—the widow of a Bretton of Bretton—and there I, Lucy Snowe, visited her about twice a year, and liked the visit well, for time flowed smoothly for me at her side, like the gliding of a full river through a verdant plain.

During one of my visits I was told that the little daughter of a distant relation of my godmother was coming to be my companion, and well do I remember the rainy night when, outside the opened door, we saw the servant Warren with a shawled bundle in his arms and a nurse-girl by his side.

"Put me down, please," said a small voice. "Take off the shawl; give it to Harriet and she can put it away."

The child who gave these orders was a tiny, neat little figure, delicate as wax, and like a mere doll, though she was six years of age.

Mrs. Bretton drew the little stranger to her when they had entered the drawing-room, kissed her, and asked: "What is my little one's name?"

"Polly, papa calls her," was the reply.

"And will Polly be content to live with me?"

"Not always; but till papa comes home." Her eyes filled with tears and, drawing away from Mrs. Bretton, she added: "I can sit on a stool."

Her emotion at finding herself among strangers was, however, only expressed by the tiniest occasional sniff and presently the managing little body remarked:

"Harriet, I must be put to bed. Ask if you sleep with me."

"No, missy," said the nurse; "you are to share this young lady's room"—designating me.

"I wish you, ma'am, good-night," said the little creature to Mrs. Bretton; but she passed me mute.

"Good-night, Polly," I said.

"No need to say good-night, since we sleep in the same room," was the reply.

Pauline Home's father was obliged to travel to recruit his health and, her mother being dead, Mrs. Bretton had offered to take temporary charge of the child.

During the two months Paulina stayed with us, the one member of the household who reconciled her to absence from her father was John Graham Bretton, Mrs. Bretton's only child, a handsome, whimsical youth of sixteen. He began by treating her with mock seriousness as a person of consideration, and before long was more than the Grand Turk in her estimation; indeed, when a letter came from her father on the Continent, asking that his little girl might join him there, we wondered how she would take the news. I found her engaged with a picture book.

"Miss Snowe," said she, "this is a wonderful book. It was given me by Graham. It tells of distant countries."

"Polly," I interrupted, "should you like to travel?"

"Not just yet," was the prudent answer; "but perhaps when I am grown a woman I may travel with Graham."

"But would you like to travel now if your papa was with you?"

"What is the good of talking in that silly way?" said she. "What is papa to you? I was just beginning to be happy."

Then I told her of the letter, and the tidings kept her serious the whole day. When Graham came home in the evening, she whispered, as she heard him in the hall:

"Tell him by-and-by; tell him I am going."

But Graham, who was preoccupied about some school prize, had to be told twice before the news took proper hold of his attention. "Polly going?" he said. "What a pity! Dear little Mousie, I shall be sorry to lose her; she must come to us again."

II—*Madame Beck's School*

THE next eight years of my life brought changes. My own household and that of the Brettons suffered wreck. My friends went abroad and were lost sight of and I, after a period of companionship with a woman of fortune, found myself, at her death, with fifteen pounds in my pocket looking out for a new place. Then it was that I saw mentally within reach what I had never yet beheld with my bodily eyes—I saw London.

When I awoke there next morning, my spirit shook its always fettered wings half loose. I had a feeling as if I were at last about to taste life. In that morning my soul grew as fast as Jonah's gourd. I wandered whither chance might lead in a still ecstasy of freedom and enjoyment.

That evening I formed a project of crossing to a continental port and, finding a vessel was about to start, I joined her at once in the river. When the packet sailed at sunrise, I found the only passenger on board to whom I cared to speak—and who, indeed, insisted on speaking to me—was a girl of seventeen on her way to school in the city of Villette. Miss Ginevra Fanshawe carelessly ran on with a full

On going to bed, I found the child wide awake, and in what she called 'dreadful misery!'

"Pauline," I said, "you should not grieve that Graham does not care for you so much as you care for him. It must be so."

Her questioning eyes asked why.

"Because he is a boy and you are a girl; he is sixteen and you are only six; his nature is strong and gay and yours is otherwise."

"But I love him so much. He should love me a little."

"He does. He is fond of you; you are his favourite."

"Am I Graham's favourite?"

"Yes, more than any little child I know."

The assurance soothed her, and she smiled in her anguish. As I warmed the shivering, capricious little creature in my arms I wondered how she would battle with life and bear its shocks, repulses and humiliations.

account of herself, her school at Madame Beck's, her poverty at home, her education by her godfather, de Bassompierre, who lived in France, her want of accomplishments and the need for her to marry a rather elderly gentleman with cash.

It was this irresponsible talk, no doubt, that led me, in the absence of any other leading, to make Villette my destination. On my arrival there, an English gentleman, young, distinguished and handsome, observing my inability to make myself understood at the bureau where the diligence stopped, inquired kindly if I had any friends in the city and, on my replying that I had not, gave me the address of such an inn as I wanted and personally directed me part of the way. Even then, however, I failed in the gloom to find the inn, and was becoming quite exhausted, when over the door of a house, loftier by a storey than those around it, I saw a brass plate with the inscription, 'Pensionnat de Demoiselles,' and, beneath, the name, 'Madame Beck.' Providence said: 'Stop here; this is your inn.' I rang the door-bell.

"May I see Madame Beck?" I inquired of the servant who opened the door. As I

spoke in English I was admitted without a moment's hesitation.

I sat, turning hot and cold, in a glittering salon for a quarter of an hour, and then a voice said: "You ayre Engliss?"

The question came from a motherly, dumpy little woman in a large shawl, a wrapping gown, a clean, trim nightcap, and shod with the shoes of silence.

As I told my story, through a mistress who had been summoned to translate the speech of Albion, I thought the tale won madame's ear, though never a gleam of sympathy crossed her countenance. A man's step was heard in the vestibule, hastily proceeding to the outer door.

"Who goes out now?" demanded Madame Beck, listening to the tread.

"M. Paul Emanuel," replied the teacher.

"The very man! Call him."

He entered: a small, dark and square man, in spectacles.

"*Mon cousin,*" began madame, "read that countenance."

The little man fixed on me his spectacles, a gathering of the brows seeming to say that a veil would be no veil to him.

"Do you need her services?" he asked.

"I could do with them," said Madame Beck.

"Engage her." And with a *bon soir* this sudden arbiter of my destiny vanished.

Madame Beck possessed high administrative powers. She ruled a hundred and twenty pupils, four teachers, eight masters, six servants and three children, and managed the pupils' parents and friends to perfection, without apparent effort. 'Surveillance,' 'espionage'—these were the watchwords of her system. She knew what honesty was, and liked it—when it did not obtrude its clumsy scruples in the way of her will and interest. Wise, firm, faithless, secret, crafty, passionless, watchful and inscrutable—withal perfectly decorous—what more could be desired?

Not a soul in all Madame's Beck's house, from the scullion to the directress herself, but was above being ashamed of a lie; they thought nothing of it.

Here Miss Ginevra Fanshawe was a thriving pupil. She had a considerable range of acquaintances outside the school, for Mrs. Cholmondeley, her chaperon, a

gay, fashionable lady, took her to evening parties at the houses of her acquaintances. Soon I discovered by hints that ardent admiration, perhaps genuine love, was at the command of this pretty and charming, but by no means refined, girl. She called her suitor 'Isidore,' and bragged about the vehemence of his attachment. I asked her if she loved him in return.

"He is handsome; he loves me to distraction; and so I am well amused," was the reply.

"But if he loves you, and it comes to nothing in the end, he will be miserable."

"Of course he will break his heart. I should be disappointed if he didn't."

"Do try to get a clear idea of the state of your own mind," I said, "for to me it really seems as chaotic as a rag-bag."

"It is something in this fashion. He thinks far more of me than I find it convenient to be, while I am more at ease with you, you old cross-patch, who know me to be coquettish and ignorant and fickle."

"You love M. Isidore far more than you think or will avow."

"No. I danced with a young officer the other night whom I love a thousand times more than he. Colonel Alfred de Hamal suits me far better. *Vive les joies et les plaisirs!*"

It was as English teacher that I was engaged at Madame Beck's school, but the annual fête brought me into prominence in another capacity. The programme included a dramatic performance, with pupils and teachers for actors, and this was given under the superintendence of M. Paul Emanuel. I was dressed a couple of hours before anyone else, and reading in my class-room, when the door was flung open and in came M. Paul with a burst of execrable jargon: "Mees, play you must; I am planted here."

"What can I do for you?" I inquired. "Play you must. I will not have you shrink, or frown, or make the prude. Let us thrust to the wall all reluctance."

What did the little man mean?

"Listen!" he said. "The case shall be stated, and you shall answer me 'Yes' or 'No.' Louise Vanderkelkov has fallen ill—at least, so her ridiculous mother asserts. She is charged with a rôle; with-

out that rôle the play is stopped. English-women are either the best or the worst of their sex. I apply to an Englishwoman. What is her answer—"Yes," or "No"?"

Seeing in his vexed, fiery and searching eye an appeal behind its menace, my lips dropped the word 'Oui.'

His rigid countenance relaxed with a quiver of content; then he went on:

"Here is the book. Here is your rôle. You must withdraw." He convoyed me to the attic, locked me in and took away the key.

What I felt that successful night, and what I did, I no more expected to feel and do than to be lifted in a trance to the seventh heaven. A keen relish for dramatic expression revealed itself as part of my nature. But the strength of longing must be put by; and I put it by and

fastened it in with the lock of a resolution which neither time nor temptation has since picked.

It was at this school fête that I discovered the identity of Miss Fanshawe's M. Isidore. She whispered to me, after the play: "Isidore and Alfred de Hamal are both here!" The latter I found was a straight-nosed, correct-featured little dandy, nicely dressed, curled, booted and gloved; and Isidore was the manly English Dr. John, who attended the pupils of the school, and was none other than the gentleman whose directions to an hotel I had failed to follow on the night of my arrival in Villette. And the puppet, the manikin—a mere lackey for Dr. John, his valet, his foot-boy, was the favoured admirer of Ginevra Fanshawe!

III—Old Friends are Best

DURING the long vacation I stayed at the school and, in the absence of companionship and the sedative of work, suffered such agonising depression as led to physical illness, until one evening, after wandering aimlessly in the city, I fell fainting as I tried to reach the porch of a great church. When I recovered I found myself in a room that smiled 'Auld Lang Syne' out of every nook.

Where was I? The furniture was that with which I had been so intimate in the drawing-room of my godmother's house at Bretton. Nay, there, on the linen of my bed, were my godmother's initials 'L. L. B.'; and there was the portrait that used to hang in the breakfast room at Bretton. I audibly pronounced the name—"Graham!"

"Graham!" echoed a sudden voice at my bedside. "Do you want Graham?"

She was little changed; something sterner, something more robust, but it was my godmother, Mrs. Bretton.

"How was I found, madam?"

"My son shall tell you by and by," said Mrs. Bretton. "I am told you are an

English teacher in a foreign school here."

Before evening I was downstairs, and seated in a corner, when Graham arrived home and entered with the question: "How is your patient, mamma?"

At Mrs. Bretton's invitation, I came to speak for myself where he stood, a figure justifying his mother's pride.

"Much better," I said calmly; "much better, I thank you, Dr. John."

For this tall young man, this host of mine, was Dr. John, and I had been aware of his identity for some time.

Ere we had sat ten minutes I caught the eye of Mrs. Bretton fixed steadily on me, and at last she asked, "Tell me, Graham, of whom does this young lady remind you."

"Dr. John has had so much to do and think of," said I, seeing how it must end, "that it never occurred to me as possible that he should recognize Lucy Snowe."

"Lucy Snowe! I thought so! I knew it!" cried Mrs. Bretton, as she stepped across the hearth and kissed me. And I wondered if Mrs. Bretton knew at whose feet her idolised son had laid his homage.

IV—A Cure for First Love

THE Brettons, who had regained some of their fortune, lived in a château outside Villette, a course further warranted by Dr. John's professional

success. In the months that followed I heard much of Ginevra. He thought her so fair, so good, so innocent, and yet, though love is blind, I saw sometimes a subtle

ray sped sideways from his eye that half led me to think his professed persuasion of Miss Fanshawe's naiveté was in part assumed.

One morning my godmother decreed that we should go with Graham to a concert that night, at which the most advanced pupils of the conservatoire were to perform. There, in the suite of the British embassy, was Ginevra Fanshawe, seated by the daughter of an English peer. I noticed that she looked quite steadily at Dr. John and then raised a glass to examine his mother, and a minute or two afterwards laughingly whispered to her neighbour.

"Miss Fanshawe is here," I whispered. "Have you noticed her?"

"Oh, yes," was the reply; "and I happen to know her companion, who is a proud girl, but not in the least insolent ;

and I doubt whether Ginevra will have gained ground in her estimation by making a butt of her neighbours."

"What neighbours?"

"Myself and my mother. As for me, it is very natural; but my mother! I never saw her ridiculed before. Through me she could not in ten years have done what in a moment she has done through my mother."

Never before had I seen so much fire and so little sunshine in Dr. John's blue eyes.

"My mother shall not be ridiculed with my consent, or without my scorn," he added. "Mother," said he to her later, "you are better to me than ten wives." And when we were out in the keen night air, he said to himself: "Thank you, Miss Fanshawe. I am glad you laughed at my mother. That sneer did me a world of good."

V—Reunion Completed

ONE evening in December Dr. Bretton called to take me to the theatre in place of his mother, who had been prevented by an arrival. In the course of the performance a cry of 'Fire!' rang out, and a panic ensued. Graham remained quite cool until he saw a young girl struck from her protector's arms and hurled under the feet of the crowd. Then he rushed forward, thrust back the throng with the assistance of the gentleman—a powerful man, though grey-haired—and bore the girl into the fresh night. I followed him closely.

"She is very light," he said; "like a child."

"I am not a child! I am a person of seventeen!" responded his burden, demurely.

Her father's carriage drove up, and Graham, having introduced himself as an English doctor, we drove to the hotel where father and daughter were staying in handsome apartments. The injuries were not dangerous and the father, after earnestly expressing his obligations to Graham, asked him to call the next day.

When next I visited the Brettons' château I found an intruder in the room I had occupied during my illness.

"Miss de Bassompierre," I pronounced, recognizing the rescued lady, whose name I

had heard on the night of the accident.

"No," was the reply. "Not Miss de Bassompierre to you." Then, as I seemed at fault, she added: "You have forgotten, then, that I have sat on your knee, been lifted in your arms, even shared your pillow. I am Paulina Mary Home de Bassompierre."

I often visited Paulina de Bassompierre with pleasure. That young lady had different moods for different people. With her father she was even now a child. With me she was serious and womanly. With Mrs. Bretton she was docile and reliant. With Graham she was shy—very shy. At moments she tried to be cold and, on occasion, she endeavoured to shun him. Even her father noticed this demeanour in her and asked her what her old friend had done.

"Nothing," she replied; "but we are grown strange to each other."

I BECAME apprised of the return of M. de Bassompierre and Paulina, after a few weeks' absence in Paris, by seeing them riding before me in a quiet boulevard with Dr. Bretton. How animated was Graham's face! How true, yet how retiring the joy it expressed!

They parted. He passed me at speed, hardly feeling the earth he skimmed

and seeing nothing on either hand.

It was after this that she made me her confession of love, and of fear lest her father should be grieved.

"I wish papa knew! I do wish papa knew!" began now to be her anxious murmur; but it was M. de Bassompierre

who first broached the subject of his daughter's affections, and it was to me that he introduced it. She came into the room while we talked, and Graham followed.

"Take her, John Bretton," he said, "and may God deal with you as you deal with her!"

VI—A Professor's Love Story

THE pupils from the schools of the city were assembled for the yearly prize distribution—a ceremony that was always followed by an oration from one of the professors. I think I was glad when M. Paul appeared behind the crimson desk, fierce and frank, dark and candid, testy and fearless, for then I knew that neither formalism nor flattery would be the doom of the audience.

On Monsieur's birthday it was the habit of the scholars to present him with flowers, and I had worked a beaded watch-chain, and enclosed it in a sparkling shell-box, with his initials graved on the lid. He entered that day in a mood that made him as good as a sunbeam, and each pupil presented her bouquet, till he was hidden at his desk behind a pile of flowers. I waited. Then he demanded thrice, in tragic tones: "Is that all?" The effect was ludicrous, and the time for my presentation had passed. Thereupon he fell, with furious abuse, upon the English, and particularly English women. But I presented the chain to him later, and that day closed for us both with a wordless content, so full was he of friendliness.

The professor's care for me took curious forms. He haunted my desk with unseen gift-bringing—the newest books, the correction of exercises, the concealment of bonbons, of which he was fond.

One day he asked me whether, if I were his sister, I should always be content to stay with a brother such as he. I said I believed I should. He continued: "If I were to go beyond seas for two—three years, should you welcome me on my return?"

"Monsieur, how could I live in the interval?" was my reply.

The explanation of that question soon came. He had, it seemed, to sail to Basse-terre, in Guadeloupe, to attend to a friend's business interests. For what I felt

there was no help, and how could I help feeling?

Of late he had spent hours with me, with temper soothed, with eye content, with manner home-like and mild. The mutual understanding was settling and fixing. And then the time came for him to say good-bye. We rambled forth into the city. He talked of his voyage. What did I propose to do in his absence? He did not like leaving me at Madame Beck's—I should be desolate.

We were now returning from our walk, when, passing a small but pleasant and neat abode in a clean *faubourg*, he took a key from his pocket, opened and entered. "*Voici!*" he cried, and put a prospectus in my hand. "*Externat de demoiselles. Numéro 7, Faubourg Clotilde. Directrice, Mademoiselle Lucy Snowe.*"

"Now," said he, "you shall live here and have a school. You shall employ yourself while I am away; you shall think of me; you shall mind your health and happiness for my sake, and when I come back——"

I touched his hand with my lips. Royal to me had been its bounty.

AND now three years are past. M. Emanuel's return is fixed. He is to be with me ere the mists of November come. My school flourishes; my house is ready.

But the skies hang full and dark—a wrack sails from the west. Peace, peace, Banshee—'keening' at every window. The storm did not cease till the Atlantic was strewn with wrecks. Peace, be still! Oh, a thousand weepers, praying in agony on waiting shores, listened for that voice; but when the sun returned, his light was night to some!

Here pause. Enough is said. Trouble no kind heart. Leave sunny imaginations hope. Let them picture union and a happy life.

HOMER

ODYSSEY

OF the *Odyssey* it may be said with certainty that its composition was later than that of the *Iliad* (see page 943), but it cannot be affirmed that both poems were not composed within the lifetime of one man. It may be claimed that the best criticism declines to reject the identity of the authorship of the poet of the *Iliad* and the poet of the *Odyssey*, while admitting the probability that the work of other poets was incorporated in his. As in the case of the *Iliad*, we give our readers the translation by George Chapman, Shakespeare's contemporary, as being more akin in spirit to the original than any other that is extant. It is a matter of some regret that Chapman did not in the *Odyssey* retain the swinging ballad metre which he employed to such admirable purpose in his translation of the *Iliad*: yet there is uncommon beauty in the form he uses. The poem relates the adventures of Odysseus (the name was latinised in the form Ulysses) on his homeward voyages, after the fall of the city of Troy.

I—How Ulysses Came to Phaeacia, and of Nausicaa



YEARS had passed since the fall of Troy, yet alone Ulysses came not to his home in Ithaca. Therefore many suitors came to woo his wife Penelope, devouring his substance with riotous living,

sorely grieving her heart and that of her young son, Telemachus.

But Ulysses the nymph Calypso had held for seven years an unwilling guest in the island of Ogygia. And now the gods were minded to bring home the man—]

That wandered wondrous far, when he the town
Of sacred Troy had sacked and shivered down;
The cities of a world of nations
With all their manners, minds and fashions
He saw and knew; at sea felt many woes,
Much care sustained to save from overthrows
Himself and friends in their retreat for home;
But so their fates he could not overcome.

[Then came Pallas Athene to Telemachus and bade him take ship that he might get tidings of his sire. And he spake words of reproach to the company of suitors. To whom]

Antinous only in this sort replied:
'High spoken, and of spirit unpacified,
How have you shamed us in this speech of yours!
Will you brand us for an offence not ours?
Your mother, first in craft, is first in cause.
Three years are past, and near the fourth now
draws,
Since first she mocked the peers Achaian;
All she made hope, and promised every man.'

[The suitors suffered Telemachus to depart, though they repented after; and he came with Athene, in disguise of Mentor, to Nestor at Pylos, and thence to Menelaus at Sparta, who told him how he had laid hold on Proteus, the seer, and learnt from him first of the slaying of his own

brother Agamemnon; and, secondly, concerning Ulysses]

Laertes' son; whom I beheld
In nymph Calypso's palace, who compell'd
His stay with her, and since he could not see
His country earth, he mourned incessantly.

[Laden with rich gifts, Telemachus set out on his return home, while the suitors sought to way-lay him. And, meantime, Calypso, warned by Hermes, let Ulysses depart from Ogygia on a raft. Which, being overwhelmed by storms, he yet made shore on the isle of Phaeacia; where, finding shelter, he fell asleep. But Pallas visited the Princess Nausicaa in a dream.]

Straight rose the lovely morn, that up did raise
Fair-veiled Nausicaa, whose dream her praise
To admiration took.

[She went with her maidens, with raiment for cleansing, to the river, where, having washed the garments,]

They bathed themselves, and all with glittering
oil
Smoothed their white skins, refreshing then their
toil

With pleasant dinner. Then Nausicaa,
With other virgins did at stool-ball play,
Their shoulder-reaching head-tires laying by.
Nausicaa, with the wrists of ivory,
The liking stroke struck, singing first a song,
As custom ordered, and, amidst the throng,
Nausicaa, whom never husband tamed,
Above them all in all the beauties flamed.
The queen now for the upstroke, struck the ball
Quite wide off th' other maids, and made it fall
Amidst the whirlpools. At which, out-shrieked
all,

And with the shriek did wise Ulysses wake;
Who, hearing maidish voices, from the brake
Put hasty head out; and his sight did press

The eyes of soft-haired virgins. . . . Horrid
was

His rough appearance to them; the hard pass
He had at sea stuck by him. All in flight
The virgins scattered, frightened with this sight.
All but Nausicaa fled; but she fast stood;
Pallas had put a boldness in her breast,
And in her fair limbs tender fear compress'd.
And still she stood him, as resolved to know
What man he was, or out of what should grow
His strange repair to them. Then thus spake he:
'Let me beseech, O queen, this truth of thee,
Are you of mortal or the deified race?
If of the gods, that th' ample heavens embrace,
I can resemble you to none above
So near as Cynthia, chaste-born birth of Jove.
If sprung of humans that inhabit earth,
Thrice blest are both the authors of your birth;
But most blest he that hath the gift to engage
Your bright neck in the yoke of marriage.'

[He prayed her then for some garment, and
that she would show him the town. Then she,
calling her maidens, they brought for him food
and oil and raiment, and went apart while he
should cleanse and array himself.]

And Pallas wrought in him a grace full great
From head to shoulders, and ashore did seat

II—Ulysses Tells of His Wanderings

AFTER many wanderings, we came to the isle
of the Cyclops, and I, with twelve of
my men, to his cave. He coming home
bespoke us.]

'Ho! guests! What are ye! Whence sail ye
these seas?

Traffic or rove ye, and, like thieves, oppress
Poor strange adventurers, exposing so
Your souls to danger, and your lives to woe?'

'Reverence the gods, thou greatest of all that
live, [he,
We suppliants are.' 'O thou fool,' answered
'To come so far, and to importune me
With any god's fear or observed love!
We Cyclops care not for your goat-fed Jove
Nor other blest ones; we are better far.
To Jove himself dare I bid open war.'

[The Cyclop devoured two sailors, and slept. I
slew him not sleeping—]

For there we all had perished, since it past
Our powers to lift aside a log so vast
As barred all outspace.

[At morn, he drove forth the flocks, but barred
the entry again, having devoured two more of
my comrades. But we made ready a great
stake for thrusting out his one eye. And when
he came home at night, driving in all his sheep,]

Two of my soldiers more
At once he snatched up, and to supper went.
Then dared I words to him, and did present
A bowl of wine with these words: 'Cyclop! take

His goodly presence. As he sat apart,
Nausicaa's eyes struck wonder through her heart;
He showed to her till now not worth the note;
But now he seemed as he had godhead got.

[Then, fearing the gossip of the market place,
she bade him follow afoot with her maidens,
giving him direction how he should find her
father's palace, which entering,]

'Address suit to my mother, that her mean
May make the day of your redition seen.
For if she once be won to wish you well,
Your hope may instantly your passport seal,
And thenceforth sure abide to see your friends,
Fair house, and all to which your heart contends.'

[Nausicaa and her maidens went forward,
Ulysses following after a time; whom Pallas met,
and told him of the King Alcinous and the Queen
Arete. Then he, being wrapped in a cloud which
she had set about him, entered unmarked; and,
the cloud vanishing, embraced the knees of Arete
in supplication, as one distressed by many labours.
And they all received him graciously. Now, as
they sat at meat, a bard sang of the fall of Troy;
and Alcinous, the king, marked how Ulysses wept
at the tale; and then Ulysses told them who he
was, and of his adventures, on this wise:]

A bowl of wine.' 'Thy name, that I may make
A hospitable gift; for this rich wine
Fell from the river, that is mere divine,
Of nectar and ambrosia.' 'Cyclop, see,
My name is No-Man.' Cruel answered he,
'No-Man! I'll eat thee last of all thy friends.'
He slept; we took the spar, made keen before,
And plunged it in his eye. Then did he roar
In claps like thunder.

[Other Cyclops gathered, to inquire who had
harmed him; but he]

'by craft not might [right,
No-Man hath given me death.' They then said
'If no man hurt thee, and thyself alone,
That which is done to thee by Jove is done.'
Then groaning up and down, he groping tried
To find the stone, which found, he put aside,
But in the door sat, feeling if he could,
As the sheep issued, on some man lay hold.

[But we, ranging the sheep three abreast, were
borne out under their bellies, and drove them in
haste down to our ship; and having put out, I
cried aloud:]

'Cyclop! if any ask thee who imposed
Th' unsightly blemish that thine eye enclosed,
Say that Ulysses, old Laertes' son,
Whose seat is Ithaca, and who hath won
Surname of city-razer, bored it out.'
At this he brayed so loud that round about
He drove affrighted echoes through the air
In burning fury; and the top he tare
From off a huge rock, and so right a throw



NAUSICAA AND HER MAIDENS PLAYING AT BALL

From the painting by Abel Boyé

Made at our ship that just before the prow
It overflow and fell, missed mast and all
Exceeding little ; but about the fall
So fierce a wave it raised that back it bore
Our ship, so far it almost touched the shore.

[So we escaped ; but the Cyclop stirred up
against us the wrath of his father Neptune.
Thereafter we came to the caves of Aeolus, lord
of the winds, and then to the land of the giants
called Laestrygones, whence there escaped but
one ship of all our company.]

Then to the isle of Aeaea we attained,
Where fair-haired, dreadful, eloquent Circe
reigned.

[Then I sent a company, led by Eurylochus, to
search the land.]

These in a dale did Circe's house descry ;
Before her gates hill-wolves and lions lie ;
Which, with her virtuous drugs, so tame she made
That wolf nor lion would no man invade
With any violence, but all arose, [close.
Their huge, long tails wagged, and in fawns would
As loving dogs. Amaz'd they stay'd at gate,
And heard within the goddess elevate
A voice divine, as at her web she wrought,
Subtle and glorious and past earthly thought.

[She called them in, but Eurylochus, abiding
without, saw her feast them, and then turn them
with her wand into swine. From him hearing
these things I hastened thither. But Hermes

met me, and gave me of the herb Moly, to be a
protection against her spells, and wise counsel
withal. So when she had feasted me she touched
me with her wand.]

I drew my sword, and charged her, as I meant
To take her life. When out she cried, and bent
Beneath my sword her knees, embracing mine,
And full of tears, said, ' Who, of what high line
Art thou ? Deep-souled Ulysses must thou be.'
Then I, ' O Circe, I indeed am he.
Dissolve the charms my friends' forced forms
enchain,
And show me here my honoured friends like men.'

[Now she restored them and, knowing the will of
the gods, made good cheer for us all, so that we
abode with her for one year. Nor might we
depart hence till I had made journey to the abode
of Hades to get speech of Tiresias the Seer.
Whereby I saw many shades of famous folk,
past recounting. Thence returning Circe suffered
us to be gone ; with warnings of perils before
us, and of how we should avoid them.]

First to the Sirens. Whoso hears the call
Of any Siren, he will so despise
Both wife and children, for their sorceries,
That never home turns his affection's stream,
Nor they take joy in him nor he in them.
Next, monstrous Scylla. Six long necks look out
Of her rank shoulders ; every neck doth let
A ghastly head out ; every head, three set,
Thick thrust together, of abhorred teeth,
And every tooth stuck with a sable death ;

Charybdis, too, whose horrid throat did draw
The brackish sea up. These we saw

[And escaped only in part. Then came we to

the island where are fed the Oxen of the Sun ;
and because my comrades would slay them,
destruction came upon us, and I alone came
alive to the isle of Calypso.]

III—How Ulysses Came Back to Ithaca

Now, when Ulysses had made an end, it pleased Alcinous and all the Phaeacians that they should speed him home with many rich gifts. So they set him in a ship, and bore him to Ithaca, and laid him on the shore, yet sleeping, with all the goodly gifts about him, and departed. But he, waking, wist not where he was till Pallas came to him. Who counselled him how he should deal with the Wooers, and disguised him as a man ancient and worn.

Then Ulysses sought and found the faithful swine-herd Eumaeus, who made him welcome, not knowing who he was, and told him of the ill doing of the suitors. But Pallas went and

brought back Telemachus from Sparta, evading the Wooers' ambush.]

Out rushed amazed Eumaeus, and let go
The cup to earth, that he had laboured so,
Cleansed for the neat wine, did the prince surprise,
Kissed his fair forehead, both his lovely eyes,
And wept for joy. They entering, from his seat
His father rose to him ; who would not let
The old man remove, but drew him back, and prest
With earnest terms his sitting, saying, ' Guest,
Take here your seat again.'

[Eumaeus departing, Pallas restored Ulysses to his own likeness, and he made himself known to Telemachus, and instructed him.]

' Go thou for home, and troop up with
the Wooers,
Thy will with theirs joined, power with
their rude powers ;
And after shall the herdsman guide
to town
My steps, my person wholly overgrown
With all appearance of a poor old swain,
Heavy and wretched. If their high
disdain
Of my vile presence makes them my
desert
Affect with contumelies, let thy loved
heart
Beat in fixed confines of thy bosom still,
And see me suffer, patient of their ill.
But when I give the sign, all th' arms
that are
Aloft thy roof in some near room
prepare—
Two swords, two darts, two shields,
left for us twain.
But let none know Ulysses near again.'
But when air's rosy birth, the morn,
arose

Telemachus did for the town dispose
His early steps ; went on with spritely
pace,
And to the Wooers studied little
grace . . .
And now the king and herdsman from
the field
Drew nigh the town ; when in the yard
there lay
A dog called Argus, which, before his way
Assumed for Ilion, Ulysses bred,
Yet stood his pleasure then in little stead,
As being too young, but, growing to
his grace,
Young men made choice of him for
every chase,
Or of their wild goats, of their hares,
or harts ;



CIRCE TEMPTING ULYSSES IN AEAEA

From the painting by T. R. Spence



THE COMPANIONS OF ULYSSES, CHANGED INTO SWINE BY CIRCE

From the painting by Briton Riviere, R.A.

But, his king gone, and he, now past his parts,
Lay all abjectly on the stable's store
Before the ox-stall, and mules' stable-door,
To keep the clothes cast from the peasants' hands
While they laid compass on Ulysses' lands ;
The dog, with ticks (unlook'd to) overgrown.
But by this dog no sooner seen but known
Was wise Ulysses ; who new enter'd there.
Up went his dog's laid ears, and, coming near,
Up he himself rose, fawned, and wagged his
stern,

Couch'd close his ears, and lay so ; nor discern
Could ever more his dearly-loved lord again.
Ulysses saw it, nor had power t' abstain
From shedding tears ; but (far-off seeing his
swain)

His grief dissembled. . . . Then they entered in,
And left poor Argus dead ; his lord's first sight
Since that time twenty years bereft his sight.

[Telemachus welcomed the wayworn suppliant;
the feasting Wooers, too, sent him portions of
meat, save Antinous, who]

Rapt up a stool, with which he smit

The king's right shoulder, 'twixt his neck and it.
He stood him like a rock. Antinous' dart
Stirred not Ulysses, who in his great heart
Deep ills projected.

[The very Wooers were wroth. Which clamour
Penelope hearing, she sent for Eumaeus, and
bade him summon the stranger to her ; but he
would not come till evening, by reason of the
suitors, from whom he had discourteous treat-
ment.

Now Ulysses, coming to Penelope, did not
discover himself, but told her made-up tales of
his doings ; as, how he had seen Ulysses, and of
a robe he had worn which Penelope knew for
one she had given him ; so that she gave credence
to his words. Then she bade call the ancient
nurse Euryclea, that she might wash the stranger's
feet. But by a scar he came to be discovered
by the aged dame. Her he charged with silence
and to let no ear in all the court more know his
being there. As for Penelope, she told him of
her intent to promise herself to the man who
could wield Ulysses' bow, knowing well that none
had the strength and skill.]

IV—Of the Doom of the Suitors

ON the morrow came Penelope to the Wooers,
bearing the bow of her lord.]

[spake :
Her maids on both sides stood ; and thus she
' Hear me, ye Wooers, that a pleasure take
To do me sorrow, and my house invade
To eat and drink, as if 'twere only made
To serve your rapines, striving who shall frame
Me for his wife. And since 'tis made a game,
I here propose divine Ulysses' bow
For that great master-piece, to which ye vow.
He that can draw it with least show to strive,
And through these twelve axe-heads an arrow
drive,

Him will I follow, and this house forego.'
Whereat the herd Eumaeus wept for woe.

[Then Telemachus set up the axe-heads, and
himself made vain essay, the more to tempt the
Wooers. And while they after him strove all
vainly, Ulysses went out and bespake Eumaeus
and another herd, Philoetius.]

' I am your lord ; through many a sufferance
tried
Arrived now here, whom twenty years have held
Forth from my home. Of all the company
Now serving here besides, not one but you

Mine ear hath witness willing to bestow
 Their wishes of my life, so long held dead.
 The envious Wooers will by no means give
 The offer of the bow and arrow leave
 To come at me ; spite then their pride, do thou,
 My good Eumaeus, bring both shaft and bow
 To my hand's proof ; and charge the maids
 before
 That instantly they shut in every door.
 Do thou, Philoetius, keep their closure fast.'

[Then Ulysses claiming to make trial of the bow, the Wooers would have denied him ; but Penelope would not ; whereas Telemachus made a vow that it was for himself and none other to decide, and the guest should make trial.]

But when the wise Ulysses once had laid
 His fingers on it, and to proof survey'd
 The still sound plight it held, as one of skill
 In song, and of the harp, doth at his will,
 In tuning of his instrument, extend
 A string out with his pin, touch all, and lend
 To every well-wreath'd string his perfect sound,
 Strook all together ; with such ease drew round
 The king the bow. Then twang'd he up the
 string,
 That as a swallow in the air doth sing,
 So sharp the string sung when he gave it touch,
 Once having bent and drawn it. Which so much
 Amazed the Wooers, that their colours went
 And came most grievously. And then Jove rent
 The air with thunder ; which at heart did cheer
 The now-enough-sustaining traveller.
 Then through the axes at the first hole flew
 The steel-charged arrow. Straightway to him
 drew
 His son in complete arms. . . .

' Now for us
 There rests another mark more hard to hit,
 And such as never man before hath smit ;
 Whose full point likewise my hands shall assay,
 And try if Phoebus will give me his day.'
 He said, and off his bitter arrow thrust
 Right at Antinous, that struck him just
 As he was lifting up the bowl, to show
 That 'twixt the cup and lip much ill may grow.

[Then the rest cried out upon him with threats, while they made vain search for weapons in the hall.]

He, frowning, said, ' Dogs, see in me the man
 Ye all held dead at Troy. My house it is
 That thus ye spoil, and thus your luxuries
 File with my women's rapes ; in which ye woo
 The wife of one that lives, and no thought show
 Of man's fit fear, or gods', your present fame,
 Or any fair sense of your future name ;
 And, therefore, present and eternal death
 Shall end your base life.'

[Then the Wooers made at Ulysses and Telemachus, who smote down first Eurymachus and then Amphinomus. But way to the armoury having been left, the Wooers got arms by aid of a traitor ; whom Eumaeus and Philoetius smote, and then came to Ulysses and his son. Moreover,

Pallas also came to their help ; so that the Wooers, being routed—]

Ulysses and his son the flyers chased
 As when, with crooked beaks and seres, a cast
 Of hill-bred eagles, cast off at some game,
 That yet their strengths keep, but, put up, in
 flame

The eagle stoops ; from which, along the field
 The poor fowls make wing this and that way
 yield

Their hard-flown pinions, then the clouds assay
 For 'scape or shelter, their forlorn dismay
 All spirit exhaling, all wings' strength to carry
 Their bodies forth, and truss'd up, to the quarry
 Their falconers ride in, and rejoice to see
 Their hawks perform a flight so fervently ;
 So in their flight Ulysses with his heir
 Did stoop and cuff the Wooers, that the air
 Broke in vast sighs, whose heads they shot and
 cleft,

The pavement boiling with the souls they reft.

[Now all the Wooers were slain, and they of the household that were their accomplices ; and the chamber was purified. Then the servants hastened to report all these things to Penelope who could hardly accord credence until Ulysses made himself known to her by undeniable proofs.]

Then first did tears ensue
 Her rapt assurance ; then she ran and spread
 Her arms about his neck, kiss'd oft his head.
 He wept for joy, t'enjoy a wife so fit
 For his grave mind, that knew his depth of wit.

[But as for the Wooers, Hermes gathered the souls of them together, and, as bats gibbering in a cavern rise, so came they forth gibbering and went down to the House of Hades.]

Cyllenian Hermes with his golden rod,
 The Wooers' souls, that yet retain'd abode
 Amidst their bodies, call'd in dreadful rout [out.
 Forth to th' Internals ; who came murmuring
 And as amidst the desolate retreat
 Of some vast cavern, made the sacred seat
 Of austere spirits, bats with breasts and wings
 Clasp fast the walls, and each to other clings,
 But, swept off from their coverts, up they rise
 And fly with murmurs in amaze of guise
 About the cavern ; so these, grumbling, rose
 And flocked together. Down before them goes
 None-hurting Mercury to Hell's broad ways,
 And straight to those straits where the ocean
 stays

His lofty current in calm deeps, they flew.
 Then to the snowy rock they next withdrew,
 And to the close of Phoebus' orient gates.
 The nation then of dreams, and then the states
 Of those souls' idols that the weary dead
 Gave up in earth, which in a flow'ry mead
 Had habitable situation.

And there they saw the soul of Thetis' son,
 Of good Patroclus, brave Antilochus,
 And Ajax, the supremely strenuous
 Of all the Greek host next Peleion
 All which assembled about Maia's son.

SIR AUSTEN HENRY LAYARD

NINEVEH AND ITS REMAINS

UNTIL 1820, when Mr. Rich, political Resident of the East India Co. at Bagdad, carried out some examination of the ruins of Babylon, nothing was known of the art or architecture of Nineveh and Assyria and scarcely anything of their history or site. Twenty years later, as told in the following outline of his unforgettable narrative, Sir Austen Layard began that series of excavations of the mysterious mounds on the great plains of the Tigris and the Euphrates which resulted in what rank among the most sensational discoveries of modern times. For he unearthed the remains of the long buried city of Nineveh. The resulting book, *Nineveh and Its Remains*, was published in two volumes in 1848 and was followed in 1850 by *Monuments of Nineveh*, both works being almost unique records of enterprise and skill. The sculptures with which he enriched the galleries of the British Museum are the finest collection of the kind in the world. A cheap edition of *Nineveh and Its Remains* at 7s. 6d. is published by John Murray.

I—Mosul and Its Hidden Mysteries



DURING the autumn of 1839, and winter of 1840, I had been wandering through Asia Minor and Syria, scarcely leaving untrod one spot hallowed by tradition, or unvisited one spot consecrated by history. I was accompanied by one no less curious and enthusiastic than myself—Edward Ledwich Mitford, afterwards engaged in the civil service in Ceylon. We were both equally careless of comfort and unmindful of danger. We rode alone; our arms were our only protection; and we tended our own horses, except when relieved from the duty by the hospitable inhabitants of a Turcoman village or an Arab tent.

We left Aleppo on March 18, took the road through Bir and Orfa and, traversing the low country at the foot of the Kurdish hills, reached Mosul on April 10.

During a short stay in the town we visited the great ruins on the east bank of the river which have been generally believed to be the remains of Nineveh. We rode into the desert and explored the mound of Kalah Shergat, a vast, shapeless mass, covered with grass, with remains of ancient walls laid open where the winter rains had formed ravines.

A few fragments of ancient pottery and inscribed bricks proved that it owed its construction to the people who had founded the city of which the mounds of

Nimroud are the remains. These huge mounds of Assyria made a deeper impression upon me than the temples of Baalbec and the theatres of Ionia. My curiosity had been greatly excited, and I formed the design of thoroughly examining, whenever it might be in my power, the ruins of Nimroud.

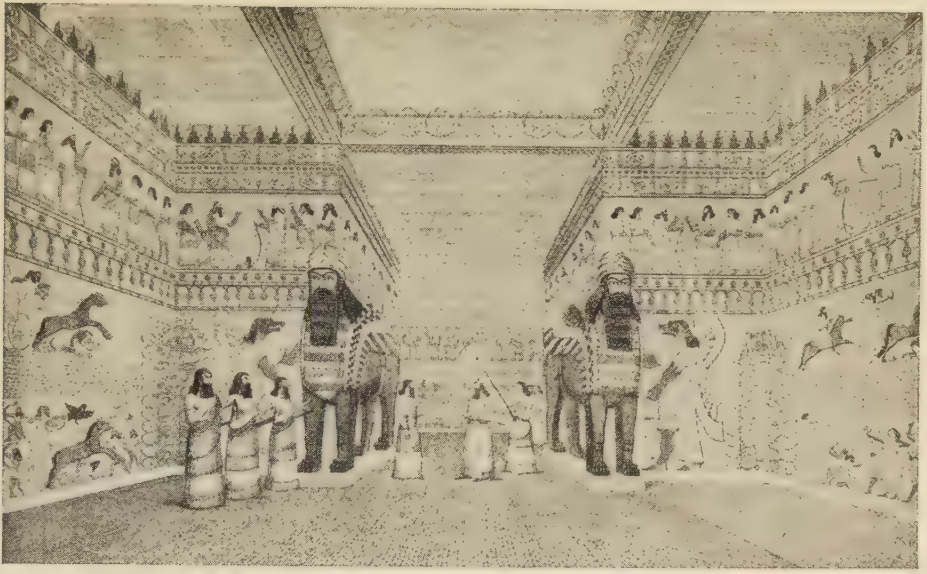
It was not till the summer of 1842 that I again passed through Mosul on my way to Constantinople. I found that M. Botta had, since my first visit, commenced excavations on the opposite side of the Tigris in the large mound of Kouyunjik, and in the village of Khorsabad. To him is due the honour of having found the first Assyrian monument. He uncovered an edifice belonging to the age preceding the conquests of Alexander. This was a marvellous and epoch-making discovery.

My first step on reaching Mosul was to present my letters to Mohammed Pasha, governor of the province. His appearance matched his temper and conduct, and thus was not prepossessing. Nature had placed hypocrisy beyond his reach. He had one eye and one ear, was short and fat, deeply marked by smallpox, and uncouth in gestures and harsh in voice. At the time of my arrival the population was in despair at his exactions and cruelties.

The appearance of a stranger led to hopes, and reports were whispered about the town that I was the bearer of the news of the disgrace of the tyrant. But his



MAJESTIC PALACES OF NINEVEH AS IT WAS TWENTY-FIVE CENTURIES AGO
After the restoration by Sir Austen Henry Layard



ARCHITECTURE OF ANCIENT NINEVEH: A KING'S HOUSE THAT WAS

After the restoration by Sir Austen Henry Layard

vengeance speedily fell on the principal inhabitants, for such as had hitherto escaped his rapacity were seized and stripped of their property, on the plea that they had spread reports detrimental to his authority.

Such was the pasha to whom I was introduced two days after my arrival by the British vice-consul, M. Rassam. I understood that my plans must be kept secret, though I was ready to put them into operation. I knew that from the authorities and people of the town I could only look for the most decided opposition. On November 8, having secretly procured a few tools, I engaged a mason at the moment of my departure and, carrying with me a variety of guns, spears and other formidable weapons, declared that I was going to hunt wild boars in a neighbouring village, and floated down the Tigris on a small raft, accompanied by Mr. Ross, a British merchant at Mosul, my cavass, and a servant.

At this time of year nearly seven hours are required to descend the Tigris, from Mosul to Nimroud. It was sunset before we reached the Awai, or dam, across the river. We landed and walked to a small hamlet called Naifa. We had entered a

heap of ruins, but were welcomed by an Arab family crouching round a heap of half extinguished embers. The half naked children and the women retreated into a corner of the hut. The man, clad in ample cloak and white turban, being able to speak a little Turkish, and being active and intelligent, seemed likely to be of use.

I acquainted him with the object of my journey, offering him regular employment in the event of the experiment proving successful, and assigning him fixed wages as superintendent of the workmen. He volunteered to walk, in the middle of the night, to Selamiyah, a village three miles distant, and to some Arab tents in the neighbourhood, to procure men to assist in the excavations. I slept little during the night. Hopes long cherished were now to be realized, or were to end in bitter disappointment.

Visions of palaces under ground, of gigantic monsters, of sculptured figures and endless inscriptions floated before me. In the morning I was roused and informed that six workmen had been secured. Twenty minutes' walk brought us to the principal mound. Broken pottery and fragments of brick, inscribed with cuneiform characters, were strewn on all sides.



PLASTIC ART THAT CAME NEAR PERFECTION: THE KING GOES A-HUNTING
Bas-reliefs from the palace of Ashurbanipal now in the British Museum

With joy I found the fragment of a bas-relief. Convinced that sculptured remains must still exist in some parts of the mound, I sought for a place where excavations might be commenced with some prospects of success. Awad led me to a piece of alabaster which appeared above the soil. We could not remove it, and on digging downward it proved to be the upper part of a large slab, I ordered the men to work around it, and shortly we uncovered a second slab.

One after another, thirteen slabs came to light, the whole forming a square, with a slab missing at one corner. We had found a chamber, and the gap was at its entrance. I now dug down the face of one of the stones, and a cuneiform inscription was soon exposed to view. Leaving half the workmen to remove the rubbish from the chamber, I led the rest to the south-west corner of the mound, where I had observed many fragments of calcined alabaster.

A trench, opened in the side of the mound, brought me almost immediately to a wall, bearing inscriptions in the same character. Next day, five more workmen having joined, before evening the work of the first party was completed, and I found myself in a room panelled with slabs about eight feet high, and varying from six to four feet in breadth.

Some objects of ivory, on which were traces of gold leaf, had been found by Awad in the ruins, and these I told him to keep, much to his surprise. But word

had already been sent to the pasha of all details of my doings. When I called on him he pretended at first to be ignorant of the excavations, but presently, as if to convict me of prevarication in my answers to his questions as to the amount of treasure discovered, pulled out of his writing-tray a scrap of paper in which was an almost invisible particle of gold leaf. This, he said, had been brought to him by the commander of the irregular troops at Selamiyah, who had been watching my proceedings.

I suggested that he should name an agent to be present as long as I worked at Nimroud, to take charge of all the precious metals that might be discovered. He promised to write on the subject to the chief of the irregulars, but offered no objection to the continuation of my researches. I returned to Nimroud on the 19th, and increased my workmen to thirty.

THE excavations were actively carried on, and an entrance, or doorway, leading into the interior of the mound, being cleared, rich results soon rewarded our efforts. In a chamber that the Arabs unearthed were found two slabs on which were splendid bas-reliefs, depicting on each a battle scene. In the upper part of the largest were represented two chariots, each drawn by richly caparisoned horses at full speed, and containing a group of three warriors, the principal of which was beardless and evidently a eunuch, grasping a bow at full stretch.

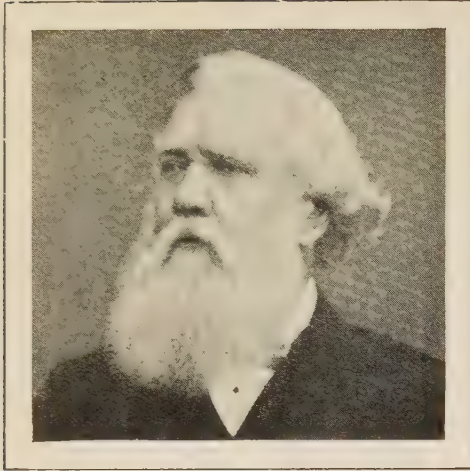
II—*'They Have Found Nimrod Himself'*

MOHAMMED PASHA was deposed, and on my return to Mosul, in the beginning of January, I found Ismail Pasha installed in the government. My fresh experiments among the ruins speedily led to the discoveries of extraordinary bas-reliefs. The most perfect of these represented a king, distinguished by his high, conical tiara, raising his extended right hand and resting his left on a bow. At his feet crouched a warrior, probably a captive or rebel. A eunuch held a fly-flapper over the head of the king, who appeared to be talking with an officer standing in front of him, probably his vizir.

The digging of two long trenches led to the discovery of two more walls with

sculptures not well preserved. I abandoned this part of the mound and resumed excavations in the north-west ruins near the chamber first opened, where the slabs were uninjured. In two days the workmen reached the top of an entire slab, standing in its original position. In a few hours the earth was completely removed, and there stood to view, to my great satisfaction, two colossal human figures, carved in low relief and in admirable preservation.

The figures were back to back, and from the shoulders of each sprang two wings. They appeared to represent divinities, presiding over seasons. One carried a fallow deer on his right arm, and in his left a branch bearing five flowers. The



AUSTEN HENRY LAYARD. British diplomatist and famous Assyriologist, was born in Paris, March 5, 1817, of Huguenot descent. After studying law in London, he travelled in Persia in 1839, and in 1845-47 explored Nimroud and Kouyunjik. In 1849 he was appointed attaché at Constantinople, and later carried out explorations in Babylon. After a period of varied political work in London he went in 1869 as minister to Madrid, and in 1877 became ambassador at Constantinople. Retiring in 1880, he became first president of the Huguenot Society of London in 1885, and he died in London, July 5, 1894.

other held a square vessel or basket in the left hand, and an object resembling a fir cone in his right.

On the morning following these discoveries some of the Arab workmen came

III—Unearthing the Palaces of Assyria

As the discoveries proceeded in several successive seasons, they threw vivid light on the manners and customs of the Assyrians. My working parties were distributed over the mound, in the ruins of the north-west and south-west palaces; near the gigantic bulls in the centre; and in the south-east corner, where no traces of buildings had as yet been discovered.

I was anxious to pack some of the slabs, which were of the highest interest, to England. They represented the wars of the king and his victories over foreign nations. Above him was the emblem of the supreme deity, represented, as at Persepolis, by a winged man within a circle and wearing a horned cap resembling that of the human-headed lions.

Four bas-reliefs, representing a battle, were especially illustrative of Assyrian customs. A eunuch is seen commanding

towards me in the utmost excitement, exclaiming: "Hasten to the diggers, for they have found Nimrod himself! Wallah! it is wonderful, but we have seen him with our own eyes. There is no God but God." On reaching the trench I found unearthed an enormous human head sculptured out of the alabaster of the country.

They had uncovered the upper part of a figure, the remainder of which was still buried in the earth. I saw at once that the head must belong to a winged bull or lion, similar to those at Khorsabad and Persepolis. It was in admirable preservation. I was not surprised that the Arabs had been amazed and terrified at this apparition. They declared that this was one of the giants whom Noah cursed before the flood, and was not the work of men's hands at all. By the end of March I unearthed several other such colossal figures. They were about twelve feet high and twelve feet long.

I used to contemplate for hours these mysterious emblems, and muse over their intent and history. What more noble forms could have ushered the people into the temples of their gods? They formed the avenue to the portals. For twenty-five centuries they had been hidden from the eye of man, and now they stood forth once more in their ancient majesty.

in war, as we have before seen him ministering to the king at religious ceremonies, or waiting on him as his arms-bearer during peace. Judging from the slabs, cavalry must have formed a large and important portion of the Assyrian armies.

The lower series of bas-reliefs contained three subjects; the siege of a castle, the king receiving prisoners, and the king with his army crossing a river. To the castle the besiegers had brought a battering-ram, which two warriors were seeking to hold in its place by hooks, this part of the bas-relief illustrating the account in the Book of Chronicles and in Josephus of the machine for battering walls, instruments to cast stones and grappling-irons made by Uzziah.

A cargo of sculptures had already been sent to the British Museum, and by the middle of December a second was ready to be dispatched on the river to Bagdad.

When the excavations were recommenced after Christmas eight chambers had been discovered. There were now so many outlets and entrances that I had no trouble in finding new chambers, one leading into another. By the end of April I had uncovered almost the whole building and had opened twenty-eight halls and rooms cased with alabaster slabs.

The colossal figure of a woman with four wings, carrying a garland, now in the British Museum, was discovered in a chamber on the south side of the palace, as was also the fine bas-relief of the king leaning on a wand, one of the most highly finished specimens of Assyrian sculpture in the national collection.

In the centre of the palace was a great

hall, or rather court, for it had probably been without a roof and open to the air, with entrances on the four sides, each formed by colossal human-headed lions and bulls. To the south of this hall was a cluster of small chambers. At the entrance to one of them were two winged human figures wearing garlands and carrying a wild goat and an ear of corn.

In another chamber were discovered a number of beautiful ivory ornaments, now in the British Museum. On two slabs, forming an entrance to a small chamber in this part of the building, were inscriptions containing the name of Sargon, the king who built the Khorsabad palace. They had been cut above the standard inscription, to which they were evidently posterior.

IV—*Kouyunjik*

HAVING finished my work at Nimroud, I turned my attention to Kouyunjik.

The term means in Turkish 'the little sheep.' The great mound is situated on the plain near the junction of the Khauser and the Tigris, the former winding round its base and then making its way into the great stream.

The French consul had carried on desultory excavations some years at Kouyunjik, without finding any traces of buildings. I set my workmen commencing operations by the proper method of digging deep trenches. One morning, as I was at Mosul, two Arab women came to me and announced that sculptures had been discovered.

I rode to the ruins and found that a wall and the remains of an entrance had been reached. The wall proved to be one side of a chamber. By following it, we reached an entrance formed by winged human-headed bulls, leading into a second hall. In a month nine halls and chambers had been explored. In its architecture the newly discovered edifice resembled the palaces of Nimroud and Khorsabad. The halls were long and narrow, the walls of unbaked brick and panelled with sculptured slabs.

The king whose name is on the sculptures and bricks from Kouyunjik was the father of Esarhaddon, the builder of the south-west palace at Nimroud, and the son of Sargon, the Khorsabad king, and is now generally admitted to be Sennacherib.

This was the extent of my discoveries at Kouyunjik. The ruins were evidently those of a palace of great extent and magnificence. From the size of the slabs and the number of the figures, the walls, when entire and painted, as they no doubt originally were, must have been of considerable beauty, and the dimensions of the chambers must have added greatly to the general effect. At that time the palace rose above the river, which swept round the foot of the mound. Then also the edifice, now covered by the village of Nebbi Yunus, stood entire above the stream, and the whole quadrangle was surrounded by lofty walls cased with stone, their towers adorned with sculptured alabaster, and their gateways formed by colossal bulls. The position of the ruins proves that at one time this was one of the most important parts of Nineveh; and the magnificence of the remains that the edifices must have been founded by one of the greatest of the Assyrian monarchs.

By the middle of the month of June my labours in Assyria drew to a close. The time assigned for the excavations had been expended and further researches were not contemplated for the present. I prepared, therefore, to turn my steps homeward after an absence of many years. The ruins of Nimroud had been again covered up; its palaces were once more hidden from the eye.

MARY SHELLEY FRANKENSTEIN

THE first of Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley's books, *Frankenstein or The Modern Prometheus*, was published in 1818, and is a most remarkable performance, for the work was completed before the author was twenty-one years old. *Frankenstein* owed its origin to a wet, ungenial summer spent by the Shelleys on the shores of the Lake of Geneva, where Byron was their neighbour. To pass away an evening Byron proposed that each member of the party should write a ghost story. The suggestion found favour, and Mary Shelley's contribution was developed until at length *Frankenstein* was written. Dr. Polidori's *The Vampyre* was a result of the same suggestion. *Frankenstein*—a ghostly tale of unnatural vitalisation—is a most impressive achievement. The influence of Mrs. Shelley's father, William Godwin, is apparent throughout the book; but probably the author was influenced in the main by the old German tales of the supernatural. Many reprints of *Frankenstein* have been made at different times, and the work may now be obtained in a volume of Everyman's Library.

I—Robert Walton's Letter



AUGUST 5, 17—. My dear Sister, — This letter will reach England by a merchantman now on its homeward voyage from Archangel; more fortunate than I, who may not see my native land, perhaps, for many years. We have already reached a very high latitude, and it is the height of summer; but last Monday (July 31) we were nearly surrounded by ice, which closed in the ship on all sides.

A strange sight suddenly attracted our attention. We perceived a low carriage, fixed on a sledge and drawn by dogs, pass on towards the north. A being which had the shape of a man, but apparently of gigantic stature, sat in the sledge and guided the dogs. We watched the rapid progress of the traveller until he was lost among the distant inequalities of the ice. Before night the ice broke and freed our ship.

In the morning, as soon as it was light, I went upon deck, and found all the sailors apparently talking to someone in the sea. It was, in fact, a sledge like that we had seen before, which had drifted towards us in the night, on a large fragment of ice. Only one dog remained alive, but there was a human being whom the sailors were persuading to enter the vessel. On perceiving me, the stranger addressed me in English.

"Before I come on board your vessel,"

said he, "will you have the kindness to inform me whither you are bound?"

I replied that we were on a voyage of discovery and were bound towards the Northern Pole.

Upon hearing this, he consented to come on board. His limbs were nearly frozen and his body dreadfully emaciated. I never saw a man in so wretched a condition, and I often feared that his sufferings had deprived him of understanding.

Once the lieutenant asked: Why had he come so far upon the ice in so strange a vehicle? He replied, "To seek one who fled from me."

"And did the man whom you pursued travel in the same fashion?"

"Yes."

"Then I fancy we have seen him, for the day before we picked you up we saw some dogs drawing a sledge, with a man in it."

From this time a new spirit of life animated the decaying frame of the stranger. He manifested the greatest eagerness to be upon deck to watch for the sledge.

August 19, 17—. Yesterday the stranger said to me: "You may easily perceive, Captain Walton, that I have suffered great and unparalleled misfortunes. My fate is nearly fulfilled. I wait but for one event, and then I shall repose in peace. Listen to my history, and you will perceive how irrevocably my destiny is determined."

II—Frankenstein's Story

I AM by birth a Genevese, and my family is one of the most distinguished of that republic. My father has filled several public situations with honour and reputation.

When I was about five years old my mother brought to our house a child fairer than a cherub, an orphan whom she found in a peasant's hut, the infant daughter of a nobleman who had died fighting for Italy. Thus Elizabeth became the inmate of my parents' house. Everyone loved her, and I looked upon Elizabeth as mine to protect and love and cherish.

When I had attained the age of seventeen my parents resolved that I should become a student at the University of Ingolstadt.

Before the day of my departure arrived the first misfortune of my life occurred—an omen of my future misery. My mother attended Elizabeth in an attack of scarlet fever. Elizabeth was saved, but my mother sickened and died. On her death-bed she joined the hands of Elizabeth and myself. "My children," she said, "my firmest hopes of future happiness were placed on the prospect of your union. This expectation will now be the consolation of your father."

The day of my departure for Ingolstadt, deferred for some weeks by my mother's death, at length arrived. I reached the town after a long and fatiguing journey, delivered my letters of introduction and visited some of the principal professors.

M. Krempe, professor of natural philosophy, was an uncouth man. He asked me several questions concerning my progress in different branches of science, and informed me I must begin my studies entirely anew.

M. Waldman was very unlike his colleague; his voice was the sweetest I had ever heard. Partly from curiosity, and

partly from idleness, I entered his lecture-room, and his panegyric upon modern chemistry I shall never forget.

"The ancient teachers of this science," said he, "promised impossibilities and performed nothing. The modern masters promise very little and have indeed performed miracles. They have acquired new and almost unlimited powers; they can command the thunders of heaven, mimic the earthquake and even mock the invisible world with its own shadows."

"So much has been done!" exclaimed the soul of Frankenstein. "More, far more, will I achieve; I will pioneer a new way, explore unknown powers and unfold the deepest mysteries of creation."

I became acquainted with the science of anatomy, and often asked myself: Whence did the principle of life proceed? I analysed all the *minutiae* of causation in the change from life to death and death to life, until from the midst of this darkness a sudden light broke in upon me. I became dizzy with the prospect, and surprised that I alone should be reserved to discover so astonishing a secret.

Although I possessed the capacity of bestowing animation, yet to prepare a frame for the reception of it remained a work of inconceivable difficulty and labour. I collected bones from charnel-houses, and the dissecting room and the slaughter house furnished many of my materials of creation.

Often my nature turned with loathing from my occupation, but the thought that if I could bestow animation upon lifeless matter I might in process of time renew life where death had apparently devoted the body to corruption supported my spirits. In a chamber at the top of the house I kept my workshop of creation. Winter, spring and summer passed away before my work drew to a close.

III—Frankenstein's Creation

It was on a dreary night of November that I beheld the accomplishment of my toils. I collected my instruments of life, and soon I saw the dull, yellow eye of the creature open; it breathed hard and a convulsive motion agitated its limbs.

How can I delineate the wretch whom with such infinite pains and care I had endeavoured to form? His yellow skin scarcely covered the work of muscles and arteries beneath; his hair was of a lustrous black, and flowing; his teeth of a



MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT SHELLEY was born in London, August 30, 1797, a daughter of William Godwin and Mary Wollstonecraft. In 1814 she met the poet Shelley, then alienated from Harriet Westbrook, and with him left England to live on the Continent. She became his wife after the death of Harriet Westbrook, in 1816. *Frankenstein*, her first book, appeared in 1818, and was followed by *Valperga*, also very successful, in 1823. *The Last Man* (1826), *The Fortunes of Perkin Warbeck* (1830) and *Lodore* (1835) are among her best-known works. After the death of her husband Mary Shelley returned to England, where she lived until her death in 1851. This portrait, by Rothwell, is in the National Portrait Gallery.

pearly whiteness; but his watery eyes seemed almost of the same colour as the dull white sockets in which they were set.

Now that I had succeeded, breathless horror and disgust filled my heart. Unable to endure the aspect of the being I had created, I rushed out of the room. I tried to sleep, but, disturbed by the wildest dreams, I started up. By the dim and yellow light of the moon I beheld the miserable monster whom I had created. He held up the curtain of the bed, and his eyes were fixed on me. One hand was stretched out, seemingly to detain me, but I escaped and rushed downstairs.

No mortal could support the horror of that countenance. I had gazed on him while unfinished; he was ugly then, but with those muscles capable of motion no mummy could be so hideous.

I took refuge in the courtyard and passed the night wretchedly.

For several months I was confined by a nervous fever, and on my recovery was filled with a violent antipathy even to the name of natural philosophy.

A letter from my father, telling me that

my youngest brother, William, had been found murdered, and bidding me return and comfort Elizabeth, made me decide to hasten home. It was completely dark when I arrived in the environs of Geneva. The gates of the town were shut and I was obliged to pass the night at a village outside. A storm was raging on the mountains and I wandered out to watch it, and resolved to visit the spot where my poor William had been murdered.

Suddenly I perceived in the gloom a figure which stole from behind a clump of trees near me. I could not be mistaken. A flash of lightning illuminated the object and discovered its shape plainly to me. Its gigantic stature and the deformity of its aspect, more hideous than belongs to humanity, instantly informed me that it was the wretch to whom I had given life. What did he there? Could he be the murderer of my brother? No sooner did that idea cross my imagination than I became convinced of its truth. The figure passed me quickly and I lost it in the gloom. I thought of pursuing, but another flash discovered him to me hanging among the rocks and he soon reached the summit and disappeared.

It was about five in the morning when I entered my father's house. It was a house of mourning, and from that time I lived in daily fear lest the monster I had created should perpetrate some new wickedness. I wished to see him again that I might avenge the death of William.

My wish was soon gratified. I had wandered off alone up the valley of Chamonix, and was resting on the side of the mountain when I beheld the figure of a man advancing towards me over the crevices in the ice, with superhuman speed. He approached; his countenance bespoke bitter anguish—it was the wretch whom I had created.

"Devil!" I exclaimed. "Do you dare to approach me? Begone, vile insect—or, rather stay, that I may trample you to dust!"

"I expected this reception," said the monster. "All men hate the wretched; how then must I be hated who am miserable beyond all living things! You purpose to kill me. Do your duty towards me and I

will do mine towards you and the rest of mankind. If you will comply with my conditions, I will leave them and you at peace; but if you refuse I will glut the man of death with the blood of your remaining friends."

My rage was without bounds, but he easily eluded me, and said: "Have I not suffered enough, that you seek to increase my misery? Remember, that I am thy creature. Everywhere I see bliss, from which I alone am excluded. I was benevolent and good; misery made me a fiend. I have assisted the labours of man, and I have saved human beings from destruction, and I have been stoned and shot at as a recompense. Mankind spurns and hates me. Shall I not hate them who abhor me? Listen to me, Frankenstein. I have wandered through these mountains consumed by a burning passion which you alone can gratify. You must create a female for me with whom I can live. I am alone and miserable, man will not associate with me; but one as deformed and horrible

as myself would not deny herself to me. What I ask of you is reasonable and moderate. If you consent, neither you nor any other human being shall ever see us again. I will go to the vast wilds of South America. We will make our bed of dried leaves; the sun will shine on us as on man and will ripen our food. My life will flow quietly away, and in my dying moments I shall not curse my maker."

His words had a strange effect on me. I compassionated him, and concluded that the justice due both to him and to my fellow-creatures demanded of me that I should comply with his request.

"I consent to your demand," I said, "on your solemn oath to quit Europe for ever."

"I swear," he cried, "that if you grant my prayer, while they exist you shall never behold me again. Depart to your home and commence your labours. I shall watch their progress with unutterable anxiety."

Saying this, he quitted me, fearful, perhaps, of change in my sentiments.

IV—The Doom of Frankenstein

I TRAVELLED to England with my friend Henry Clerval, and we parted in Scotland. I had fixed on one of the remotest of the Orkneys as the scene of my labours.

Three years before I was engaged in the same manner, and had created a fiend whose barbarity had desolated my heart. I was now about to form another being, of whose dispositions I was alike ignorant. He had sworn to quit the neighbourhood of man and hide himself in deserts, but she had not. They might even hate each other, and she might quit him. Even if they were to leave Europe, a race of devils would be propagated upon the earth who might make the very existence of man full of terror.

I was alone on a solitary island when, looking up, the monster whom I dreaded appeared. My mind was made up. I would never create another like to him.

"Begone!" I cried. "I break my promise. Never will I create your equal in deformity and wickedness. Leave me! I am inexorable."

The monster saw my determination in my face, and gnashed his teeth in anger.

"Shall each man," cried he, "find a wife for his bosom, and each beast have

his mate, and I be alone? Are you to be happy, while I grovel in the intensity of my wretchedness? I go, but remember, I shall be with you on your wedding night."

I started forward, but he quitted the house with precipitation.

The next day I set off to rejoin Clerval and return home. But I never saw my friend again. The monster murdered him, and for a time I lay in prison on suspicion of the crime. On my release one duty remained to me. It was necessary that I should hasten without delay to Geneva, there to watch over the lives of those I loved, and to lie in wait for the murderer.

Soon after my arrival my father spoke of my long-contemplated marriage with Elizabeth. I remembered the fiend's words, "I shall be with you on your wedding night," and if I had thought what might be the devilish intention of my adversary, I would never have consented.

Elizabeth seemed happy and I was tranquil. In the meantime I took every precaution, carrying pistols and dagger, lest the fiend should openly attack me.

After the ceremony was performed a large party assembled at my father's and

it was agreed that Elizabeth and I should proceed immediately to the shores of Lake Como. That night we stopped at an inn. I reflected how fearful the combat which I expected would be to my wife, and earnestly entreated her to retire. She left me, and I walked up and down the passages of the house, inspecting every corner that might afford a retreat to my adversary.

Suddenly I heard a shrill and dreadful scream. It came from the room into which Elizabeth had retired. I rushed in. There, lifeless and inanimate, thrown across the bed, her head hanging down, and her pale features half covered with her hair, was the purest creature on earth, my love, my wife, so lately living, and so dear.

And at the open window I saw a figure, the most hideous and abhorred. A grin was on the face of the monster as, with his fiendish finger, he pointed towards the corpse. Drawing a pistol, I fired; but he eluded me and, running with the swiftness of lightning, plunged into the lake.

The report of the pistol brought a crowd into the room. I pointed to where he had disappeared and we followed the track with boats. Nets were cast, but in vain.

On my return to Geneva my father sank under the tidings I bore, for Elizabeth had been to him more than a daughter, and in a few days he died in my arms.

Then I decided to tell my story to a criminal judge in the town, and beseech him to exert his whole authority for the

apprehension of the murderer. This Genevan magistrate treated my tale as the effects of delirium.

I broke from the house angry and disturbed, and soon quitted Geneva, hurried away by fury. Revenge has kept me alive. For many months this has been my task. Guided by a slight clue, I followed the windings of the Rhône, but vainly. The blue Mediterranean appeared and, by a strange chance, I saw the fiend hide himself in a vessel bound for the Black Sea. Amidst the wilds of Tartary and Russia, although he still evaded me, I have ever followed in his track. Sometimes the peasants informed me of his path,

My life, as it passed thus, was indeed hateful to me, and it was during sleep alone that I could taste joy.

As I still pursued my journey to the northward the snows thickened and the cold increased in a degree almost too severe to support. I found the fiend had pursued his journey across the frost-bound sea in a direction that led to no land, and, exchanging my land-sledge for one fashioned for the frozen ocean, I followed.

I cannot guess how many days have passed since then. I was about to sink under the accumulation of distress when you took me on board. But I had determined, if you were going southward, still to trust myself to the mercy of the seas rather than abandon my purpose.

V—Walton's Letter Continued

A WEEK has passed away while I have listened to the strangest tale that ever imagination formed.

The only joy that Frankenstein can now know will be when he composes his shattered spirit to peace and death.

SEPTEMBER 12. I am returning to England. I have lost my hopes of utility and glory. On September 9 the ice began to move and we were in the most imminent peril. I had promised the sailors that, should a passage open to the south, I would not continue my voyage, but would instantly direct my course southward. On the 11th a breeze sprang from the west and the passage towards the south became perfectly free. Frankenstein bade me farewell when he heard

my decision, and died pressing my hand.

At midnight I heard the sound of a hoarse human voice in the cabin where the remains of Frankenstein were lying. I entered, and there over the body hung a form gigantic, but uncouth and distorted, and with a face of awful hideousness. The monster uttered wild self-reproaches.

"He is dead who called me into being," he cried, "and the remembrance of us both will speedily vanish. Soon I shall die, and what I now feel be no longer felt."

He sprang from the cabin window as he said this upon the ice-raft which lay close to the vessel, and was borne away by the waves and lost in darkness and distance.

ERNEST RENAN

THE LIFE OF JESUS

A NEW TESTAMENT and a copy of Josephus formed the entire library of reference employed by Ernest Renan while he was writing his *La Vie de Jésus*, first published in 1863, the book by which his name is established upon the roll of the immortals. The book was begun, it is said, at the behest of Renan's sister Henriette, with whom the author was travelling in Syria and Palestine when she was struck with a fever and died. The Life of Jesus certainly bears the imprint of its origin—it is replete with the atmosphere of the East. It is the product of a brain stocked with the lore of the Bible and knowledge of theological systems, and no less acquainted with the monuments, the people and the topography of Syria. Everybody read the book when it appeared, and all seemed at first to disagree with the author: the orthodox rejected his opinions and the unorthodox his sentiments. But his book survived these disputes and served to open a new epoch in religious criticism. An edition of the French text is published by Nelson at 2s. 6d., and in English a cheap edition at 1s. is issued by Watts.

The Hour and the Man



THE principal event in the history of the world is the revolution by which the noblest portions of humanity have forsaken the ancient religions of paganism for a religion founded on the Divine Unity, the Trinity and the Incarnation of the Son of God.

Nearly a thousand years were required to achieve this conversion. The new religion itself took at least 300 years in its formation. But the origin of the revolution is an historical event which happened in the reigns of Augustus and Tiberius. At that time there lived upon the earth a man of supreme personality, who, by his bold originality and by the love which he was able to inspire everywhere, became the object, and settled the direction, of the future faith of mankind.

The great empires which succeeded each other in Western Asia annihilated all the hopes of the Jewish race for a terrestrial kingdom, and cast it back on religious dreams, which it cherished with a kind of sombre passion. The establishment of the Roman empire exalted men's imaginations, and the great era of peace on which the world was entering gave birth to illimitable hopes.

This confused medley of dreams found at length an interpretation in the peerless man to whom the universal conscience has decreed the title of Son of God. And

that title has been conferred upon him with justice, since he gave religion an impetus greater than that which any other man has been capable of giving—an impetus with which, in all probability, no further advance will be comparable.

Jesus was born at Nazareth, a small town in Galilee, which before his time was not known to fame. The precise date of his birth is unknown. It took place in the reign of Augustus, probably some years before the year 1 of the era which all civilized peoples date from the day of his birth. Jesus came from the ranks of the common folk. His father, Joseph, and his mother, Mary, were people who were born in humble circumstances, artisans living by their handiwork in the state, so usual in the East, which is neither ease nor poverty.

The family was somewhat large. Jesus had brothers and sisters, who seem to have been younger than he. They all remained obscure. The four men who were called his brothers, and among whom one at least, James, became of great importance in the early years of the development of Christianity, were his cousins-german. The sisters of Jesus were married at Nazareth, and there he spent the early years of his youth.

The town must have presented the poverty-stricken aspect still characteristic of villages in the East. We see to-day the streets where Jesus played as a child in the

stony paths or little lanes which separate the dwellings from each other. No doubt the house of Joseph much resembled those poor domiciles, lighted only by the doorway, serving at once as workshop, kitchen and bedroom, and having for furniture a mat, some cushions on the ground, one or two clay pots and a painted chest.

But the surroundings are charming, and no place in the world could be so well adapted for dreams of perfect happiness. If we ascend to the plateau, swept by a perpetual breeze, above the highest houses, the landscape is magnificent. An enchanted circle, cradle of the kingdom of God, was for years the horizon of Jesus, and, indeed, during his whole life he went but little beyond these, the familiar bounds of his childhood.

No doubt he learnt to read and write according to the Eastern method, but it is doubtful if he understood the Hebrew

writings in their original tongue. No element of secular teaching reached him. He was ignorant of all Judaism ; his mind kept that free innocence which an extended and varied culture always weakens.

Happily, he was also ignorant of the grotesque scholasticism which was taught at Jerusalem, and which was soon to constitute the Talmud. The reading of the books of the Old Testament made a deep impression on him, especially the Book of Daniel, and the religious poetry of the Psalms was in marvellous accordance with his lyrical soul and throughout his life was his sustenance and support.

That he had no knowledge of the general state of the world is evident from every feature of his most authentic discourses, and he never conceived of aristocratic society, save as a young villager who sees the world through the prism of his simplicity.

The Kingdom of God

A MIGHTY dream haunted the Jewish people for centuries, constantly renewing its youth. Judea believed that she possessed divine promises of a boundless future. In combination with the belief in the Messiah and the doctrine of an approaching renewal of all things, the dogma of the resurrection had emerged and produced a great fermentation from one end of the Jewish world to the other. Jesus, as soon as he had any thought of his own, entered into the burning atmosphere created in the country of Palestine by these great ideas, and his soul was soon filled with them.

A beautiful natural environment imprinted a charming and idyllic character on all the dreams of Galilee. In no country in the world do the mountains extend with more harmonious outlines, or inspire higher thoughts. Jesus seems to have had an especial love for them. The most important events of his divine career took place upon the mountains. This beautiful country in his time was filled with prosperity and gaiety. There Jesus lived and grew up.

Jesus followed the trade of his father, which was that of a carpenter. In this there was nothing irksome or humiliating. The Jewish custom required that a man

devoted to intellectual work should learn a handicraft. Jesus never married. His whole capacity for love was concentrated upon that which he felt was his heavenly vocation. He was, no doubt, more beloved than loving.

Thus, as often happens in very lofty natures, tenderness of heart was in him transformed into an infinite sweetness, a vague poetry, a universal charm.

Through what stages did the ideas of Jesus progress during this obscure, early period of his life ? A high conception of the Divinity, the creation of his own great mind, was the guiding principle to which his power was due. God did not speak to him as one outside of himself ; God was in him ; he felt himself with God, and from his own heart drew all he said of his Father.

THE highest consciousness of God that ever existed in the heart of man was that of Jesus, but he never once gave utterance to the sacrilegious idea that he was God. From the first he looked upon his relationship with God as that of a son with his father. Herein was his great originality ; in this he had nothing in common with his race. Neither Jew nor Mussulman has understood this sweet theology of love.

The God of Jesus is our Father. He is the God of humanity. The Jesus who founded the true kingdom of God, the kingdom of the humble and meek, was the Jesus of early life—of those chaste and simple days of boyhood and youth when the voice of his Father re-echoed within him in clearer tones. It was then, for some months—perhaps a year—that God truly dwelt on earth.

An extraordinary man, whose position remains to some extent enigmatical, appeared about this time, and unquestionably had some intercourse with Jesus. About the year 28 of our era there spread through the whole of Palestine the reputation of a certain John, a young ascetic, full of fervour and passion. The fundamental practice which characterised his sect was baptism; but baptism with John was only a sign to impress the minds of the people and prepare them for some great movement. There can be no doubt he was possessed in the highest degree with hope for the coming of the Messiah.

He was of the same age as Jesus, and the two young enthusiasts, full of the same hopes and the same hatreds, were able to lend each other mutual support, Jesus recognizing John as his superior and only timidly developing his own individual genius. John was soon cut short in his prophetic career, and cast into prison,

from which, however, he still exercised a wide influence.

Jesus returned from the neighbourhood of the Dead Sea and the Jordan to Galilee, his true home, ripened by intercourse with a great man of very different nature, and having acquired full consciousness of his own originality. From that time he preached with greater power and made the multitude feel his authority. The persuasion that he was to make God reign upon earth took absolute possession of his spirit. He looked upon himself as the universal reformer. He aimed at founding the Kingdom of God, or, in other words, the kingdom of the soul.

JESUS was, in some respects, an anarchist, for he had no idea of civil government. He never showed any desire to put himself in the place of the rich and mighty. The idea of being all-powerful by suffering and resignation, and of triumphing over force by purity of heart was his peculiar idea. The founders of the kingdom of God are the simple. Not the rich, not the learned, not priests; but women, common folk, the humble and the young.

He now boldly announced 'the good tidings of the Kingdom of God,' and himself as that 'Son of Man' whom Daniel in his vision had beheld as the divine herald of the last and supreme revelation.

A Gospel for the Poor

THE success of the new prophet's teaching was decisive. A group of men and women, all characterised by the same spirit of childish frankness and simple innocence, adhered to him, and said, 'Thou art the Messiah.' The centre of his operations was the little town of Capernaum, on the shore of the Lake of Genesareth. Jesus was much attached to the town, and made it a second home.

He had attempted to begin his work at Nazareth, but without success. The fact that his family, which was of humble rank, was known in the district lessened his authority too much; and it is, moreover, remarkable that his family were strongly opposed to him and flatly declined to believe in his mission.

In Capernaum he was much more favourably received, and it became 'his

own city.' These good Galileans had never heard preaching so well adapted to their cheerful imaginations. They admired him, they encouraged him, they found that he spoke well, and his reasons were convincing. The almost poetical harmony of his discourses won their affections. The authority of the young Master increased day by day, and naturally the more that people believed in him, the more he believed in himself. Four or five large villages, lying at half an hour's journey from one another, formed the little world of Jesus at this time.

In this earthly paradise lived a population in perfect harmony with the land itself, active, honest, joyous and tender of heart, and here Jesus became the centre of a little circle which adored him. In this friendly group he evidently had his



ECCE HOMO! PILATE PRESENTS JESUS TO THE JEWS

From the painting by Ciseri, in the Modern Art Gallery, Rome

favourites. Peter, for whom his affection was very deep, James, son of Zebedee, and John his brother, formed a sort of privy council.

Jesus owed his conquests to the infinite charm of his personality and speech. Everyone thought that he lived in a sphere higher than that of humanity. The aristocracy of the group was represented by a customs officer and by the wife of one of Herod's stewards. The rest were fishermen and common folk.

Jesus lived with his disciples almost always in the open air, the faithful band leading a vigorous, wandering life and gathering the inspirations of the Master in their first bloom. His preaching was soft and gentle, inspired with a feeling for nature and the perfumes of the fields. It was, above all, in parable that the Master excelled. There was nothing in Judaism to give him a model for this delightful feature—he created it.

Jesus very soon understood that the official world of his time would by no

means lend its support to his kingdom. He took his resolution with extreme daring. Leaving the world, with its hard heart and narrow prejudices, on one side, he turned towards the simple. A vast rearrangement of classes was to take place. The Kingdom of God was made for children and those like them; for the world's outcasts, victims of that social arrogance which repulses the good but humble man; for heretics and schismatics, publicans, Samaritans and the pagans of Tyre and Sidon.

That the reign of the poor is at hand was the doctrine preached by Jesus. This exaggerated taste for poverty could not last very long, but although it quickly passed, poverty remained an ideal from which true descendants of Jesus were never afterwards separated.

Like all great men, Jesus was fond of common folk and felt at his ease with them. He particularly esteemed all those whom orthodox Judaism disdained. Love of the people, pity for their powerlessness, the

feeling of the democratic leader who has the spirit of the multitude quick within him, reveal themselves at every instant in his acts and sayings.

He had no external affectation, and made no display of austerity. He did not shun pleasure; but went willingly to marriage feasts. His gentle gaiety found constant expression in amiable pleasantries. When he entered a house it was considered a joy and a blessing. Children and women adored him.

The children, indeed, were like a young guard that stood about him for the inauguration of his innocent kingship, and gave him little ovations. It was childhood,

in fact, in its divine spontaneity, in its simple bewilderment of joy, that took possession of the earth.

How long did this intoxication last? We cannot tell. But whether it filled years or months, the dream was so beautiful that humanity has lived upon it ever since. Happy he to whom it has been granted to behold with his own eyes this divine blossoming and to share, if but for one day, the incomparable illusion! But yet more happy, Jesus would tell us, shall be he who, by the uprightness of his will and the poetry of his soul, shall be able to create anew in his own heart the true Kingdom of God.

The Priest in the Path

NEARLY every year Jesus went to Jerusalem for the feast of the Passover. It was, it appears, in the year 31 that the most important of these visits took place. Jesus felt that to play a leading part he must leave Galilee and attack Judaism in its stronghold, Jerusalem.

There the little Galilean community was far from feeling at home. Jerusalem was a city of pedantry, acrimony, disputation, hatreds and pettiness of mind. All the religious discussions of the Jewish schools, all the canonical instruction, even the legal business and civil actions—in a word, all forms of national activity were concentrated in the Temple.

It was in the Temple that Jesus spent his days during his sojourn at Jerusalem, and all that he saw aroused his aversion. These old Jewish institutions displeased him, and the necessity of conforming to them gave him pain. He who gave forgiveness to all men, provided they loved him, could find nothing congenial in vain disputations and obsolete sacrifices, and apparently he brought from Jerusalem one idea thenceforth rooted in his mind—that there was no understanding possible between him and the ancient Jewish religion. He no longer took his stand as a Jewish reformer, but as a destroyer of Judaism.

In other words, Jesus is no longer a Jew. He is, in the highest degree, a revolutionary; he calls all men to a worship founded solely on the ground of their

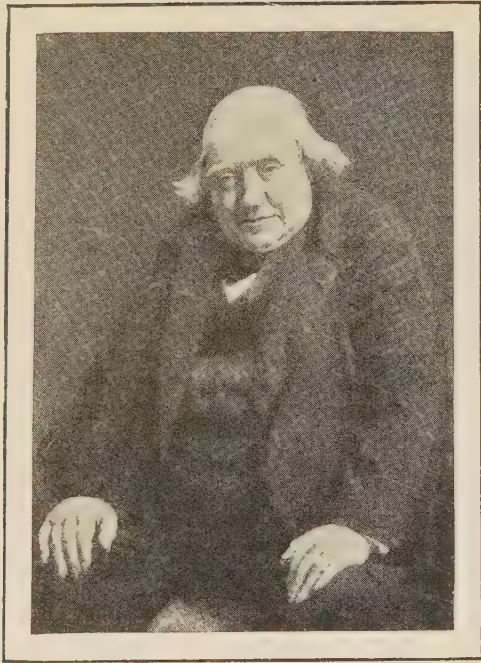
being children of God. Love of God, charity and mutual forgiveness—in these consisted his whole law. Nothing could be less sacerdotal.

It was on his return from Jerusalem, as he passed near Shechem, and when talking with a Samaritan woman, that Jesus gave utterance to the saying upon which will rest the edifice of eternal religion—‘Believe me, the hour cometh when neither in this mountain nor in Jerusalem shall ye worship the Father . . . but the hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth.’

On the day when he said these words he was truly Son of God.

JESUS returned to Galilee full of revolutionary ardour. His innocent aphorisms and beautiful moral precepts now culminated in a decided policy. The law is to be abolished, and it is he that will abolish it. The Messiah is come, and it is he that is the Messiah. The Kingdom of God is about to be revealed, and it is he that will reveal it. He knew well that he would be the victim of his own audacity, but it was by cries and the rending of hearts that the kingdom had to be established.

The proposition ‘Jesus is the Messiah,’ was followed by the proposition, ‘Jesus is the Son of David,’ and, by an entirely spontaneous conspiracy, fictitious genealogies arose in the imaginations of his partisans while he was still alive, to prove



ERNEST RENAN, the most widely read religious historian of his day when *The Life of Jesus*, his most popular work, appeared as the first volume of a history of the Origins of Christianity. He was born at Tréguier, in Brittany, February 27, 1823, a Breton through his father and a Gascon through his mother. Educated for the Church under priestly tutelage, he specialised in Oriental languages, and found eventually that he could not accept the traditional views of Christian history. He became professor of Hebrew in the Collège de France, but was deposed. His works include a *History of Semitic Languages* and a *History of the People of Israel*, as well as many books of essays and criticism. Renan died October 2, 1892.

his royal descent. We cannot tell whether he knew anything of these legends. He never designated himself Son of David.

That he ever dreamt of making himself pass for an incarnation of God is a matter about which no doubt can exist. Such an idea was entirely foreign to the Jewish mind.

He believed himself to be more than an ordinary man, but separated by an infinite distance from God. He was the Son of God; but all men are, or may become so, in diverse degrees. Jesus apparently remained a stranger to the theological

subtleties which were soon to fill the world with sterile disputations.

During the eighteen months between the return from the Passover of the year 31 and his journey to the feast of Tabernacles in the year 32 all that was within Jesus developed with an ever increasing degree of power and audacity. The fundamental idea of Jesus from his earliest days was the establishment of the Kingdom of God. This kingdom he appears to have understood in diverse senses. At times it is the literal consummation of apocalyptic visions relating to the Messiah. At other times it is the spiritual kingdom, and the deliverance at hand is the deliverance of the soul.

The revolution desired by Jesus in this last sense is the one which has really taken place. That the coming of the end of the world and the appearance of the Messiah in judgement were taken literally by the disciples, and at certain moments by the Master himself, appears absolutely clear. These formal declarations absorbed the minds of the Christian family for nearly seventy years.

The world has not ended, as Jesus announced, and as his disciples believed it would end. But it has been renewed, and in one sense renewed as Jesus desired. By the side of the false, cold, impossible idea of an ostentatious advent he conceived the real City of God—the raising up of the weak, the love of the people, esteem for the poor, and the restoration of all that is humble and true and simple.

This restoration he has depicted as an incomparable artist, in touches which will last for eternity. His Kingdom of God was doubtless the apocalypse which was soon to be unfolded in the heavens. But besides this, and probably above all, was the soul's kingdom, founded on freedom and on the feeling of worship which the good man knows in his rest on the bosom of his Father. This is what was destined to live.

The Clash of Old and New

THROUGHOUT the first epoch of his career it seemed as though Jesus met with no serious opposition; but when he entered upon a path brilliant with public successes, the first mutterings of

the storm began to make themselves heard.

He recognized only the religion of the heart, while the religion of the Pharisees almost exclusively consisted in observ-

ances. As his mission proceeded his conflicts with official hypocrisy became incessant. His goal was in the future, not in the past. He was more than the reformer of an obsolete religion; he was the creator of the eternal religion of humanity. A hatred which death alone could satisfy was the consequence of these controversies. The war was to the death.

Judea drew him as by a charm; he wished to attempt one last effort to win the rebellious city, and seemed anxious to fulfil the proverb that a prophet ought not to die outside Jerusalem.

At the Feast of Tabernacles of the year 32, his relatives, always malevolent and sceptical, pressed him to go there. He set out on the journey unknown to everyone, and almost alone, and never again saw his beloved northern land.

In Jerusalem Jesus was a stranger. There he felt a wall of resistance he could not penetrate. At every step he met with obstinate scepticism. The arrogance of the priests made the courts of the Temple disagreeable to him, and his criticisms naturally exasperated the sacerdotal caste.

Jesus spent the autumn and part of the winter in Jerusalem. In the new year he undertook a journey to the banks of the Jordan, the district he had visited when he followed the school of John. After this pilgrimage he returned to Bethany, a place he especially loved, and where he knew a family whose friendship had a great charm for him.

In impure and depressing Jerusalem Jesus was no longer himself. His mission weighed him down, and he let himself be carried away by the torrent. The contrast

between his ever increasing exaltation and the indifference of the Jews became wider day by day. At the same time the public authorities began to be acutely embittered against him.

In February, or early in March, the council of the chief priests asked clearly the question: 'Can Jesus and Judaism exist together?' The high priest was Joseph Kaiapha, but beside and behind him we always see another man, Hanan, his father-in-law. He had been high priest, and in reality kept all the authority of the office. During fifty years the pontificate remained in his family almost without interruption. The family spirit was haughty, bold and cruel. It was Hanan, his family, and the party he represented who really put Jesus to death.



THE DESCENT FROM THE CROSS

From the painting by Peter Paul Rubens

After his death was decided Jesus withdrew to an obscure town, Ephron, and let the storm pass over; but when the feast of the Passover drew nigh, he set out to see for the last time the unbelieving city.

Victory Through Defeat

IT was in the Garden of Gethsemane that the guards of the Temple, supported by a detachment of Roman soldiers, executed the warrant of arrest. The course which the priests had determined to take against Jesus was in perfect conformity with the established law. The warrant of arrest probably came from Hanan, and before this powerful man Jesus was first brought for examination as to his doctrine. Jesus, with just pride, declined to enter into long explanations—he asked the ex-high priest to question those who had listened to him. Hanan then sent him to his son-in-law, Kaiapha, at whose house the Sanhedrim was assembled. It is probable that here, too, he kept silence. The sentence was already decided, and they only sought for pretexts. With one voice the assembly declared him guilty of a capital crime. The point now was to get Pilate to ratify the sentence.

On being informed of the accusation, Pilate showed his annoyance at being mixed up in the matter and called upon to play a cruel part for the sake of a law he detested. Perhaps the dignified and calm attitude of the accused made an impression on him.

To excite the suspicions of the Roman authorities, the charges now made were those of sedition and treason against the government. Nothing could be more unjust, for Jesus had always recognized the Roman government as the established power. Asked by Pilate if he really were the King of the Jews, Jesus avowed his kingship, but uttered at the same time the profound saying: 'My kingdom is not of this world.'

Of this lofty idealism Pilate understood nothing. No doubt, Jesus impressed him as being a harmless dreamer. When, however, the people began to denounce Pilate's lack of zeal, in protecting an enemy of Caesar, he surrendered, throwing on the Jews the responsibility for what was about to take place.

His followers all believed that the Kingdom of God was about to be realized. As to Jesus, he grew confirmed in the conviction that he was about to die, but that his death would save the world.

It was not Pilate who condemned Jesus. It was the old Jewish party; it was the Mosaic Law. Intolerance is a Jewish characteristic. It was, however, the chimerical 'King of the Jews,' not the heterodox dogmatist, who was punished and the execution took the Roman form of crucifixion, carried out by Roman soldiers.

The horrors of that ignominious death were suffered by Jesus in all their atrocity. For a moment, according to certain narratives, his heart failed him, a cloud hid from him the face of his Father. But his divine instinct again sustained him. In measure as the life of the body flickered out, his soul grew serene and by degrees returned to its heavenly source. He regained the idea of his mission; in his death he saw the salvation of the world; the hideous spectacle spread at his feet melted from his sight and, united to his Father, he began upon the gibbet the divine life which he was to live in the heart of humanity through infinite ages.

REST thou in thy glory, noble pioneer! Thy work is achieved, thy divinity established. At the price of a few hours of suffering, which have not even touched thy mighty soul, thou hast purchased the fullest immortality. For thousands of years the world will depend upon thee! A thousand times more alive, a thousand times more loved since thy death than thou wast during the days of thy pilgrimage here below, thou shalt become so truly the corner-stone of humanity that to tear thy name from this world were to shake it to its foundations.

Whatever the unexpected phenomena of the future, Jesus will never be surpassed. His worship will constantly renew its youth; the legend of his life will bring ceaseless tears; his sufferings will soften the best hearts; all the ages will proclaim that amongst the sons of men none has been born who is greater than Jesus.

PEDRO CALDERON DE LA BARCA

THE MAYOR OF ZALAMEA

LIKE many other dramatic authors of Spain, Calderon wrote too much, and a great proportion of his plays bear the mark of hasty and, at times, careless finishing : and in such plays as *Saber del Mal y del Bien*, *Selva Confusa* and *Cabellos de Absalon*, he was content to offer a rechauffé of the work of his predecessors. In *El Alcalde de Zalamea* he takes one of the rapidly finished works of Lope de Vega and transforms it by his individual method into an unexcelled masterpiece. The Mayor of Zalamea shows Calderon to be a master of dialogue, of interesting situations and of the technique of the mechanical resources of the stage. He had, of course, the defects of his qualities : his ingenuity at times becomes mere useless adornment and his exquisitely beautiful style degenerates on occasion into obvious preciousness. Several cheap editions of this play are on sale and translations are also available.

PERSONS IN THE PLAY

King Philip II	Pedro Crespo, a farmer of Zalamea
Don Lope de Figuerra	Juan, his son
Don Alvaro de Ataide, a captain	Isabel, his daughter
Rebolledo, a soldier	Ines, his niece
Sergeant	Labourers
Notary	Constables, etc.
Soldiers	

First Act

SCENE I.—Country near Zalamea. Enter Rebolledo and Soldiers.



REBOLLEDO : Confound, say I, these forced marches from place to place ; and that infernal drum !

First Soldier : Come, Rebolledo, we shall soon be at Zalamea.

Reb. : And where's the good of that if I'm dead before I get there ? And if not, 'twill only be from bad to worse. Up comes Mr. Mayor. A little conversation with Mr. Commissary ; a little pocket persuasion, then Mr. Commissary says, 'Gentlemen, I'm very sorry, but orders have come for us to march forward, and immediately.' Well, I swear that if I do get to Zalamea to-day, I'll not leave it this side of sunrise. It won't be the first time in my life I've given them the slip.

First Sold. : Nor the first time a poor fellow has had the slip given him for doing so. And it seems to me to be more likely than ever now, for they say everywhere that Don Lope de Figuerra, who has taken over the command, is a devil of a Tartar.

Reb. : By heaven, I'll be beforehand with him !

Second Sold. : Come, come, a soldier shouldn't talk so ! Let's have a song.

[*They sing.*]

[*Enter Captain Don Alvaro de Ataide and Sergeant.*]

Captain : Good news, gentlemen ; we halt at Zalamea till Don Lope joins with the rest of the regiment from Llerena.

Reb. and Soldiers : Hurrah for our captain !
[*Exeunt Rebolledo and Soldiers.*]

Capt. : Well, sergeant, where am I billeted ?

Sergeant : With the richest man in Zalamea. A farmer, as proud as Lucifer's heir-apparent, whose daughter is, they say, the prettiest woman in Zalamea.

Capt. : Pooh ! A pretty peasant ! Splay hands and feet. I can't call a woman a woman unless she's clean about the hands and otherwise well appointed—a lady, in short. Well, carry my kit to quarters, and then come and tell me when all's ready.

SCENE II.—Zalamea, before Crespo's house. Enter, severally, Crespo with Juan and the Sergeant.

SERGEANT : Pray, does one Pedro Crespo live hereabout ?

Crespo : Have you any commands for him if he does ?

Serg. : To let him know that Don Alvaro de Ataide, captain of the troop that has just marched in, has been quartered upon him.

Cres. : Say no more ; my house and all I have are ever at the service of the king. I will see his room is got ready directly.

[*Exit Sergeant.*]

Juan : I wonder, father, that, rich as you are, you don't avoid these nuisances by buying a patent of gentility.

Cres. : A patent of gentility ? Upon thy life, now, dost think there's a soul who doesn't know that I'm no gentleman at all, but just a plain farmer ? If a fellow's been bald ever so long and buys a fine wig, will his neighbours think it's his own hair ? They'll know his bald pate is safe under it all the while. No ; my grandfather was a farmer, so was my father, so is yours, and so shall you be after him.

[*Enter Isabel and Ines.*]

Ah, daughter, some of the soldiers are quartered here to-day. Is it not well that you should be out of the way ?

Isabel : Sir, 'twas for this I came to you. My cousin and I can go up to the garret, and there keep so close the very sun shall not know of our whereabouts.

[*Exeunt. Enter Captain and Sergeant.*]

Serg. : This is the house, sir.

Capt. : Is my kit come ?

Serg. : Yes, sir. [*Exit.*]

Juan : Welcome, sir, to our house ; we count it a great honour to have such a cavalier as yourself for a guest, I assure you. May I go and see that your chamber's got ready for you ?

Capt. : Thank you, thank you.

Juan : Your servant, sir.

[*Exit. Enter Sergeant.*]

Capt. : Well, sergeant, where's the Dulcinea you told me of ?

Serg. : I can't find her anywhere, but a serving wench tells me that she's locked up in the attic, with strict orders not to look out so long as we are in the place.

Capt. : Ah, these clodpoles are all so jealous ! And what is the upshot ? Why, I who didn't care a pin to see her before, shall never rest till I get at her now.

[*Enter Rebolledo.*]

Ah, Rebolledo ! The very man ! I want you to help me in a little plan I have. Now I want to get into that attic there. Look here, you and I will pretend to quarrel. I draw my sword, and you run away upstairs and I after you to the attic.

[*They quarrel, the Captain draws his sword. Rebolledo runs out, pursued by the Captain.*]

SCENE III.—*Garret. Isabel and Ines.*

ISABEL : What noise is that on the stairs ?

[*Enter Rebolledo.*]

Rebolledo : Sanctuary ! Sanctuary !

[*Enter Captain.*]

Captain : Where is the rascal ?

Isab. : A moment, sir ! This poor man has flown to our feet for protection. I appeal to you for it.

Capt. : I swear that no other arm than that of beauty, and beauty such as yours, could have withheld me. (*To Rebolledo*) You may thank the gods that have saved you, rascal !

Isab. : And I thank you, sir.

Capt. : And yet ungratefully slay me with your eyes in return for sparing him with my sword.

[*Kneels. Enter Crespo and Juan with swords.*]

Crespo : How is this, sir ? I am alarmed by cries of murder—am told that you have pursued a poor man up to my daughter's room ; and when I come up, expecting to find you killing a man, I find you courting a woman.

Capt. : Nay, my sword, justly raised against this man, as justly fell at this lady's bidding.

Juan (*aside*) : All a trick to get at her. (*Aloud*) I think you might have seen enough of my father's desire to serve you to prevent you requiting him by such an affront as this.

Cres. : And pray who bid thee meddle, boy ?

Capt. : Young man, you had best consider before you impute ill intentions to an officer. It is only out of regard for him that I do not

chastise you. [*They quarrel. Enter Don Lope.*]

Lope : How now ? A riot the very first thing I find on joining the regiment ! What is it all about ?

Cres. : Nothing ; nothing at all, sir. [*nothing.*]

Lope : Nothing ? Swords aren't drawn for

Capt. : Well, the simple fact is this. This soldier insulted me so grossly that I drew my sword on him ; he ran up here, where it seems these two girls live, and I, meaning no harm, after him. At which these men take affront.

Lope (*pointing to Rebolledo*) : Is this the man ? Handcuff him !

Capt. (*aside to Rebolledo*) : Don't blab, I'll bear you harmless.

Reb. : Oh, I dare say ! Noble commander, 'twas the captain's own doing ; he made me pretend a quarrel that he might get up here to see the women.

Cres. : I had some cause for quarrel, you see.

Lope : Not enough to peril the peace of the town for. To prevent further ill blood, do you (*to the Captain*) quarter yourself elsewhere till we march. I'll stop here.

Second Act

SCENE I.—*In Zalamea. Captain, Sergeant and Rebolledo.*

CAPTAIN : I tell you my love is not a fancy, but a passion, a tempest, a volcano. Ah ! Rebolledo, could you get me but one more sight of her.

Rebolledo : Well, now. Let's serenade at the girl's window. She must, in courtesy or curiosity, look out ; and then—

Capt. : But Don Lope is there, and we mustn't wake him.

Reb. : Well, you can mix along with us in disguise. So at least you won't come into it.

Capt. : Well, there is but this chance, if it be but faint ; for if we should march to-morrow ! Come, let us set about it. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A trellis of vines in Crespo's garden.*

Don Lope, Crespo, Juan, Isabel and Ines seated at supper. A guitar is heard off.

LOPE : Music, too !

Crespo : None of ours. It must be some of your soldiers, Don Lope.

Lope : Ah, Crespo, the troubles and dangers of war must have a little to sweeten them betimes. The uniform sets very tight, and must be let out now and then.

Juan : Yet, 'tis a fine life.

Lope : Would you like to follow it ?

Juan : If I might at your excellency's side.

[*A song is heard off, in which the name of Isabel constantly recurs.*]

Lope (*aside*) : Pebbles thrown at the window, too ; but I'll say nothing, for all sakes. (*Aloud*) I can eat no more, and will to bed.

Cres. : Very good ; so will I.

Lope : Good-night to you all.

Juan : Good-night, sir.

Lope (*aside*) : I'll see to them. [*Exeunt.*]

Cres. (*aside*) : I'll shut the girls up, and then look after 'em. [*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE III.—*Outside Crespo's house. The Captain, Sergeant, Rebollo, etc. with guitars. It is dark. They sing. During chorus Don Lope and Crespo enter at different sides, with swords, and begin to lay about them. The soldiers are driven off. Enter Juan, with sword and torch.*

JUAN : Where is Don Lope ?

Lope : Crespo !

Crespo : Don Lope !

Lope : Didn't you say you were going to bed ?

Cres. : And didn't you ?

Lope : This was my quarrel, not yours.

Cres. : Very well, and I came out to help you in it.

[*Re-enter Captain and Soldiers, with swords.*

Captain : Don Lope !

Lope : Yes, Don Lope. What is all this, sir ?

Capt. : The soldiers were singing and playing in the streets, sir, doing no offence to anyone; but were set on by some of the townspeople, and I came to stop the riot.

Lope : You have done well. Now order the regiment to march to-morrow, and let me hear of no such disgraceful riots hereafter.

SCENE IV.—*Outside Zalamea. Captain, Sergeant, Rebollo.*

CAPTAIN : March you on, sergeant, with the troop. At sundown I shall steal back to Zalamea for my last chance.

Rebollo : Where you have one enemy the less. Don Lope and Isabel's brother took a fancy to each other, and have persuaded the old man to let him go for a soldier. I have only just met him, as proud as a peacock.

Capt. : All works well. Don Lope has already set off to Guadalupe, as the king is by now on the road. You shall come with me.

SCENE V.—*Crespo's garden porch. Crespo, Juan, Isabel and Ines.*

CRESPO : And now, Juan, before going let me give thee a word of advice.

[*Takes him aside. After a while they come forward again.*]

Juan : Your words will live in my heart, sir, so long as it lives. (*He kisses his father's hand.*) Sister ! (*He embraces her.*)

Isabel : Would that I could hold you back in my arms !

Cres. : Be off, else I shall never let thee go— and my word is given.

Juan : God bless you all !

Isab. : Come, cousin, let us go in.

Ines : No, no ; let us have a little fresh air now the soldiers are gone.

[*As they talk, the Captain, Sergeant and Rebollo steal in. The Captain seizes and carries off Isabel, the Sergeant and Rebollo seize Crespo.*]

Isab. (*off*) : My father ! My father !

Cres. : Villains ! A sword ! A sword !

Reb. : We must carry him off with us, or his cries will rouse the town.

[*Exeunt, carrying Crespo.*

Third Act

SCENE I.—*A wood near Zalamea. It is dark. Enter Isabel.*

ISABEL : Oh, horror ! What shall I do ? Whither turn my tottering feet ? Back to my aged father, whose only joy it was to see his own spotless honour spotlessly reflected in mine— And yet, if I return not, I leave calumny to make my innocence accomplice in my own shame.

Crespo (*off*) : Oh, in pity, slay me at once !

Isab. : One calling for death like myself ?

Cres. : Whoever thou art —

Isab. : That voice ! [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*Another place in the wood. Crespo tied to a tree. Enter to him Isabel.*

ISABEL : My father !

Crespo : Isabel ! Unbind these cords, my child.

Isab. : I dare not, lest you kill before you hear my story ; and you must needs hear that. You know how he who had feigned that quarrel in our house carried me off ; till here, where out of reach of pursuit, the wretch began with passionate lies to excuse his violence by his love— his love ! Amid my shrieks, entreaties, imprecations, I heard a rustle in the leaves ; it was my brother—who in the twilight understood all without a word—drew the sword you had just given him—they fought—and I, blind with terror, shame and anguish, fled—till at last I fell before your feet, my father, to tell you my story before I die !

Cres. : Rise, Isabel, my child. God has chosen thus to temper the cup that else had been too sweet. Come, we will home, my Isabel. (*Aside*) 'Fore Heaven, if I catch that captain !

Voice (*off*) : Crespo ! Peter Crespo !

Cres. : Who calls ?

[*Enter Notary.*]

Notary : Oh, here you are at last. Come, a largess for my news. The corporation have elected you mayor.

Cres. : Me !

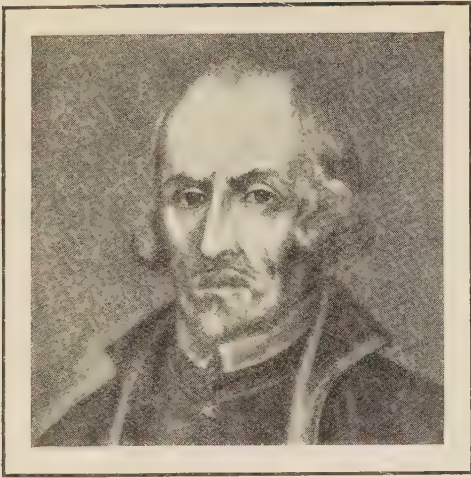
Not. : Indeed ! And already you are wanted. The king is expected almost directly ; and, beside that, the captain who disturbed us all so yesterday has been brought back wounded, no one knows by whom. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A room in Zalamea. The Captain, wounded, the Sergeant and Rebollo. Enter Crespo, with wand of office, constables, etc.*

CRESPO : (*to Captain*) : I am come to have a few words with you, and, if you please, alone. [*Exeunt the others.*]

Captain : Well, sir ?

Cres. : Till last night I knew not, except perhaps my humble birth, a single thing fortune had left me to desire. I had a daughter, too, virtuously and modestly brought up, whether fair— But I will leave what I may to silence ; would God I could leave all ! But it may not be—you must help me to redress a wound so



PEDRO CALDERON DE LA BARCA, the most typical Spanish dramatist, was born at Madrid, January 17, 1600, and studied law and philosophy at Salamanca. In 1625 he entered the army, but it is not on record that he gained any distinction there. In the meantime he had produced a number of dramas which were presented with considerable success, winning for him the praises of Lope de Vega : and at the latter's death Calderon succeeded him as master of revels to Philip IV. He entered the priesthood later, having achieved enormous popularity as a dramatic writer, and died May 25, 1681.

great as to make cry a heart not used to overflow. You shall forthwith take all my substance, without reserve of a single farthing—if only you will with it take my daughter to wife, and restore the honour you have robbed.

Capt. : As to the wrong you have talked of, if you would arrange it by force, I have little to fear. As to your magistrate's stick there, it does not touch my profession at all.

Cres. : I do but ask back my own at the hands of him that robbed me.

Capt. : Nonsense !

Cres. : You shall pay for this ! Ho ! [*Enter Constables, etc.*] Take this captain to prison. [*Constables carry him off.*]

SCENE IV.—*A room in Crespo's house.* **Juan.**
Enter Crespo.

CRESPO : How come you here ?

Juan : Sent back by Don Lope last night, to see after some missing soldiers. On approaching the town I heard some cries——

Cres. : And drew your sword on your officer, whom you wounded, and are now under arrest from me for doing it. Within there ! (*Enter Constables.*) Take him to prison !

Juan : Your own son, sir ?

Cres. : Ay, sir, my own father, if he transgressed the law I am made guardian of. (*They carry off Juan.*) Who's that calling without ? (*Enter Don Lope.*) Don Lope ! What makes you back, sir, so suddenly.

Lope : A most disgraceful affair. One of my soldiers overtook me on the road, flying at full speed, and told me that the mayor got hold of a captain in my regiment, and put him in prison.

Here I am, and, by heaven, I'll thrash this trumpery little jack-in-office of a mayor within an inch of his life. Where can I find him ?

Cres. : Oh, close here.

Lope : And who is he ?

Cres. : Peter Crespo.

Lope : Well, Crespo, what's said is said.

Cres. : And, Don Lope, what's done is done.

Lope : I tell you, I want my captain.

Cres. : And I tell you, I've got him.

Lope : Do you know he's the king's officer ?

Cres. : Do you know I tried first to get him to do me justice with no authority at all, but the offer of all my estate ?

Lope : I tell you, once and for all, I must have my man. Within there ! (*Enter Orderly.*) Have the regiment to the market-place directly, under arms. [*Exit.*]

Cres. : And I—— Hark ye !

[*Exit, whispering to a constable.*]

SCENE V.—*Before the prison in Zalamea.* *Enter on one side, Don Lope with troops ; on the other, before the prison, Constables, Labourers, etc., armed, and afterwards Crespo. The soldiers prepare to attack the prison. Trumpets (off) and shouts of ' God save the King ! '*

[*Enter King Philip II, with retainers, etc.*]

KING : What's all this ?

Lope : The mayor has had the impudence to seize a captain in your majesty's service.

King : Well, Mr. Mayor, what is your defence ?

Crespo : These papers, my liege, in which this captain is clearly proved guilty, on the evidence of his own soldiers, of carrying off a maiden, and refusing her the satisfaction of marriage though peaceably entreated to it by her father, with the offer of all his substance.

King (after reading) : I see not but the charge is substantiated, and 'tis indeed a heavy one. But *you* have no authority to punish it.

Cres. : You must send for him, then, please your majesty. In little towns like this the deliberative is forced sometimes to be the executive also.

King : How mean you ?

Cres. : Your majesty will see.

[*The prison gates open, and the Captain is seen within, garrotted in a chair.*]

King : And you have dared, sir !

Cres. : Your majesty said the sentence was just, and what is well said cannot be ill done.

King : Don Lope, the thing is done ; and if unusually, not unjustly. For you (*to Crespo*) what is your name ?

Cres. : Peter Crespo, please your majesty.

King : Peter Crespo, then I appoint you perpetual Mayor of Zalamea. And so farewell.

[*Exit.*]

Lope : Come now, wouldn't it have been better to have given up the prisoner, who, at my instance, would have married your daughter, and made her the wife of a Hidalgo ?

Cres. : Thank you, Don Lope. She has chosen to enter a convent, and to be the bride of One who is no respecter of Hidalgos.

[*Exeunt.*]

TOBIAS SMOLLETT

THE ADVENTURES OF PEREGRINE PICKLE

SECOND of Smollett's novels, *The Adventures of Peregrine Pickle*: in Which are Included the Memoirs of a Lady of Quality was published in 1751 in four duodecimo volumes. It was written in more congenial circumstances than *Roderick Random* (see page 1297 of *The World's Great Books*), but the hero is not a moral improvement on his predecessor, showing as he does a savage propensity in the pleasure he takes in tormenting others by practical jokes and a low and ungentlemanly way of thinking. The real interest of the story lies in the character of old Commodore Trunnion. Thackeray declared Trunnion to be equal to Fielding's Squire Western. If in *Peregrine Pickle* Smollett exhibits a tendency to secure variety by extravagant caricature, it is certain that in none of his works and in none of those of any of his contemporaries does a richer and more various crowd of personalities appear—a crowd at once quaint and amusing, disgusting and contemptible. The book is published now in several cheap editions.

I—Peregrine's Parentage



IN a certain county of England, bounded on one side by the sea, and at the distance of one hundred miles from the metropolis, lived Gamaliel Pickle, Esq., the son of a London merchant, who, from small beginnings, had acquired a plentiful fortune. On the death of his father Mr. Pickle exerted all his capacity in business, but, encumbered by a certain indolent sluggishness that prevailed over every interested consideration, he found himself at the end of fifteen years £5,000 worse than he was when he first took possession of his father's effects. Convinced by the admonitions of his only sister, Miss Grizzle, then in the thirtieth year of her maidenhood, he withdrew his money from trade and removed to a house in the country which his father had built near the seaside.

Here, then, Mr. Pickle fixed his habitation for life, in the six-and-thirtieth year of his age, and before he had been three months settled the indefatigable zeal of Miss Grizzle had arranged and seen carried out a match for her brother with a fair Miss Appleby, daughter of a gentleman who lived in the next parish.

In due time a fine boy was born, who was christened by the name of Peregrine, Commodore Trunnion, a retired seaman, assisting at the ceremony as godfather.

On Mrs. Pickle assuming the management of household affairs, Miss Grizzle

directed her operations upon the commodore, whom she was resolved to captivate and enslave, in spite of his well known distrust of matrimony.

Mr. Pickle had early learnt the singular character of his neighbour Trunnion from a loquacious publican at whose house he was accustomed to call.

"The commodore and your worship," said he, "will in a short time be hand in glove. He has a power of money and spends it like a prince, though, to be sure, he is a little humoursome and swears woundily, though I'll be sworn he means no more harm than a sucking babe. Lord have mercy upon us! He has been a great warrior in his time, and lost an eye and a heel in the service. Then he does not live like any other Christian landsman; but keeps garrison in his house as if he were in the midst of his enemies, and makes his servants turn out in the night, watch and watch, as he calls it, all the year round. His habitation is defended by a ditch, over which he has laid a drawbridge, and planted his courtyard with peteroes continually loaded with shot, under the direction of one Mr. Hatchway, who had one of his legs shot away while he acted as lieutenant on board the commodore's ship, and now, being on half-pay, lives with him as his companion. The lieutenant is a very brave man, a great joker, and as the saying is, hath got the length of his commander's foot, though he has another favourite in the house called

Tom Pipes that was his boatswain's mate, and now keeps the servants in order. Tom is a man of few words, but an excellent hand at a song concerning the boatswain's whistle, hussle-cap and chuck-farthing—there is not such another pipe in the country. So that the commodore lives very happy in his own manner, though he be sometimes thrown into perilous passions and quandaries, and exceedingly afflicted with goblins that disturb his rest. Bless your honour's soul, he is a very oddish kind of a gentleman. I don't think he would marry the Queen of Sheba."

However, Hatchway entered spiritedly into Miss Grizzle's cause by working on the fears of the commodore. He prevailed upon Pipes to get upon the top of the chimney belonging to the commodore's chamber at midnight, and to halloo

through a speaking-trumpet, "Trunnion! Trunnion, turn out and be spliced, or lie still and be d——!"

By this and other stratagems Trunnion's obstinacy was overcome. He wiped the sweat from his forehead and, heaving a piteous groan, yielded to the remonstrances of Hatchway in these words, "Well, since it must be so, I think we must e'en grapple. But 'tis a hard case that a fellow of my years should be compelled, d'ye see, to beat up to windward all the rest of his life, against the current of his own inclination."

Things being brought to this bearing, Miss Grizzle's heart dilated with joy. The parson was persuaded to perform the ceremony in the garrison, which all that day was adorned with flags and at night illuminated by the direction of Hatchway.

II—The Commodore Takes Peregrine Under His Own Care

THE commodore, through his friendly intercourse with Mr. Gamaliel, contracted a liking for Peregrine, who by this time entered the third year of his age and was a very handsome, healthy and promising child, with a certain oddity of disposition, for which he had been remarkable even from his cradle. Almost all his little childish satire was levelled against the commodore, but in this he might have been influenced by the example of Mr. Hatchway, who delighted in superintending the first essays of his genius.

A few years later, when Mrs. Pickle decided to send Peregrine to a boarding-school, her husband not venturing to make the least objection, the commodore interested himself so much in behalf of his favourite as to fit him out at his own charge and accompany him in person to the place of his destination. In less than a twelvemonth the boy was remarkable for his brightness, and the commodore received with transport an account of his proficiency and forthwith communicated the happy tidings to the parents.

Mr. Gamaliel Pickle heard them with a sort of phlegmatic satisfaction, and the child's mother observed that the truth was always exaggerated by schoolmasters. Mrs. Pickle being, by this time, blessed with a daughter, her affection was otherwise engrossed.

A change of master at the school made the commodore resolve to fetch the boy away. He went directly to visit Mrs. Pickle and desired she would permit him to take his godson under his own care.

This lady, whose family was now increased by another son, had not seen Perry during a course of four years, and with regard to him was perfectly weaned of maternal fondness; she therefore consented to the commodore's request with great condescension and a polite compliment on the concern he had all along manifested for the welfare of the child.

Trunnion, having obtained this permission, that very afternoon despatched the lieutenant in a postchaise to the school, from whence, in two days, he returned with our young hero; who being now in the eleventh year of his age was remarkable for the beauty of his person. His godfather was transported at his arrival, and in the afternoon conducted him to the house of his parents.

Strange to tell, no sooner was Peregrine presented to his mother than she eyed him with tokens of affliction and surprise and, bursting into tears, exclaimed that her child was dead and this was no other than an impostor whom they had brought to defraud her sorrow. Trunnion was confounded at this unaccountable passion, which had no other foundation than caprice

and whim ; and Gamaliel himself was so disconcerted and unsettled in his own belief, which began to waver, that he knew not how to behave towards the boy, whom his godfather immediately carried back to the garrison, swearing all the way

that Perry should never cross their threshold again with his good will.

Thus exiled from his father's house, the young gentleman was left entirely to the disposal of the commodore, whose affection and care for him daily increased.

III—First Acquaintance with Miss Emilia Gauntlet

AT the age of twelve Peregrine was sent to Winchester School. A clergyman named Jacob Jolter was engaged as tutor to superintend the boy's education, and Tom Pipes, at his own petition, put into livery and appointed footman to the young squire. Mr. Pickle approved of the plan, though he durst not venture to see the boy ; so much was he intimidated by his wife, whose aversion from her first born became every day more inveterate and unaccountable. Her second son, Gam, now in the fourth year of his age, had been ricketty from the cradle, and as the deformity increased the mother's fondness was augmented. Though she no longer retained the notion of Perry being an impostor, she would not suffer him to approach his father's house, and broke off all commerce with her sister-in-law and the commodore because they favoured the poor child.

At school, Peregrine, after two years of mischievous pranks, fixed his view upon objects which he thought more worthy of his attention than practical joking. Having contracted intimacies with several youths older than himself, they, pleased with his address, introduced him into parties of gallantry ; Peregrine soon found he was by nature particularly adapted for succeeding in adventures of this kind.

Being one evening at the ball which is always given at the time of the races, Peregrine was struck with admiration at the beauty of a young lady, who seemed to be of his own age. He begged she would do him the honour to walk a minuet with him and she frankly complied with his request. If he was charmed with her appearance he was quite ravished with her discourse, which was sensible, spirited and gay. Her mother, who was present, thanked him for his civility, and he received a compliment of the same nature from the young lady's brother.

When the company broke up Peregrine obtained permission to visit her at her habi-

tation, about sixteen miles from Winchester, and was also informed by her mother that her name was Miss Emilia Gauntlet. He assured Mrs. Gauntlet that he should not neglect this invitation, and having learnt that his Emilia (for so he already called her) was the only daughter of a deceased field officer, he set out early one morning for the village where his charmer lived. He was received with demonstrations of regard and affection by Emilia and her mother ; but his absence produced great disturbance at Winchester, and finally, the commodore, having been informed of his nephew's disappearance, despatched Hatchway, who traced the truant to the village and persuaded him to return to the school.

Shortly afterwards Peregrine was summoned to attend his uncle, and in a few days arrived with Mr. Jolter and Pipes at the garrison, which he filled with joy and satisfaction. From a comely boy he was now become a most engaging youth, already taller than a middle-sized man.

THE commodore, who assumed justly the whole merit of his education, was as proud of the youth's improvements as if he had actually been his own offspring. But Peregrine could not help feeling the injury he suffered from the caprice of his mother and, foreseeing the disagreeable situation he would find himself in if any sudden accident should deprive him of the commodore, he therefore accompanied his uncle one evening to the club and presented himself to his father, begging to know how he had incurred his displeasure.

Mr. Gamaliel was never so disconcerted as at this encounter. His own disposition was perfectly neutral, but he was so strongly impressed with the terror of his wife that he answered, in a peevish strain, " Why, good now, child, what would you have me to do ? Your mother can't abide you."

"If my mother is so unkind, I hope you will not be so unjust," said Peregrine, tears of indignation starting from his eyes. Before Mr. Pickle could reply the commodore interposed, and Gamaliel at length surrendered. He acquiesced in the justice of his friend's observations and, taking his son by the hand, promised to favour him for the future with his love and fatherly protection.

But this laudable resolution did not last. Mrs. Pickle, having made him disclose what had happened, he sustained a most severe rebuke for his simplicity and indiscretion, and humbled himself so far as to promise to annul the condescensions he had made, and for ever renounce the ungracious object of her disgust. This undertaking was punctually performed in a letter to the commodore, which Mrs. Pickle herself dictated :

IV—Peregrine is Left an Orphan, and Marries

FROM the university Peregrine went on a grand tour in Europe, and was only summoned home by a letter from Lieutenant Hatchway representing the dangerous situation of the commodore.

Our hero arrived at the garrison about four o'clock in the morning and found his generous uncle in extremity. Though the commodore's speech was difficult, he still retained the use of his senses and, when Peregrine approached, stretched out his hand with manifest signs of satisfaction. In spite of all his endeavours, the tears gushed from the young man's eyes ; and the commodore, perceiving his distress, made a last effort and consoled him in these words :

"Swab the spray from your bowsprit, my good lad, and coil up your spirits. Many a better man has foundered before he has made half my way ; though I trust, by the mercy of God, I shall be sure in port in a very few glasses, and fast moored in a most blessed riding ; for my good friend Jolter hath overhauled the journal of my sins, and by the observation he hath taken of the state of my soul, I hope I shall happily conclude my voyage and be brought up in the latitude of heaven.

"Now while the sucker of my wind pipe will go, I would willingly mention a few things which I hope you will set down

'SIR,—Whereas my good nature being last night imposed upon, I was persuaded to promise I know not what to that vicious youth whose parent I have the misfortune to be, I desire you will take notice that I revoke all such promises, and shall never look upon that man as my friend who will henceforth in such a cause solicit

'Yours, etc.,

'GAM. PICKLE.'

Truncheon was incensed by this absurd renunciation ; nor did Peregrine bear with patience the injurious declaration.

Meanwhile, great preparations were being made for the youth's departure to the university, and in a few weeks Peregrine set out to Oxford, in the seventeenth year of his age, accompanied by Mr. Jolter and the faithful Tom Pipes.

in the log book of your remembrance, d'ye see. There's your aunt sitting whimpering by the fire ; I desire you will keep her tight, warm and easy in her old age. Jack Hatchway, I believe she has a kindness for you ; whereby, if you two will grapple in the way of matrimony, I do suppose that my godson, for love of me, will allow you to live in the garrison all the days of your life. I need not talk of Pipes, because I know you'll do for him without any recommendation. But I hope you'll take care of the rest of my crew, and not disrate them after I am dead, in favour of new followers.

"As soon as the breath is out of my body, let minute guns be fired till I am safe under ground. Let my pistols, cutlass and pocket compass be laid in the coffin along with me. And now I have no more to say, but God in heaven have mercy upon my soul, and send you all fair weather, wheresoever you may be bound."

The commodore's voice sunk as low as not to be distinguished and, having lain about an hour without moving, he gave up the ghost with a groan.

Peregrine having performed his wishes with the most pious punctuality, examined the will and, being sole executor, took an account of the estate to which he had succeeded, which amounted to £30,000.

His domestic affairs being settled, Hatchway remaining in command at the garrison, Peregrine was visited by almost all the gentlemen of the country, who endeavoured to effect a reconciliation betwixt his father and him. Old Gamaliel, at their entreaties, seemed very well disposed to any recommendation; but his favourable disposition was rendered altogether ineffectual by his implacable wife, and our hero resigned all expectation of being reunited to his father.

Peregrine then took leave of all his friends and repaired to London, where he made a remarkable appearance among the people of fashion. His own follies made Mrs. Gauntlet and Emilia hold aloof from him, and landed him for a time in the Fleet Prison. From this place the good offices of Emilia's brother, Godfrey Gauntlet, and of Hatchway released him, and the news of his father's death, who had died without making a will, hastened his departure. Peregrine, having thus succeeded to his father's estate, set off at once for the country and rode straightway to his father's house, accompanied by Hatchway and Pipes.

NO servants appearing to receive him, Peregrine advanced into the hall and made immediate application to a bell-rope. This brought two footmen into his presence, and one of them, in reply to a stern reprimand, said sullenly that they had been in the service of old Mr. Pickle and, now that he was dead, thought themselves bound to obey nobody but their lady and her son Mr. Gamaliel. Our hero ordered them to decamp without further preparation, and as they continued restive they were kicked out of doors by Hatchway. Young Gamaliel flew to the assistance of his adherents and discharged a pistol at his brother, who, luckily, escaped the shot, and turned him also out into the courtyard.

The noise of the pistol alarmed Mrs. Pickle, who, running downstairs, would have assaulted our hero had she not been restrained. The exercise of her tongue not being hindered, she wagged against him with all the virulence of malice. She asked if he was come to butcher his brother, to insult his father's corpse, and triumph in

her affliction, and bestowed upon him the epithets of spendthrift, gaol-bird and unnatural ruffian.

Peregrine calmly replied that if she did not quietly retire to her chamber he should insist upon her removing to another lodging; for he was determined to be master in his own house.

Next morning the house was supplied with some servants from the garrison and preparations were made for the funeral of the deceased.

Gamaliel, having taken lodgings in the neighbourhood, was speedily followed by his mother, to whom Peregrine sent word that a regular provision should be settled upon her.

No will having been made in favour of the second son, all Mr. Pickle's property, amounting to more than £80,000, fell to Peregrine, the widow being entitled to a jointure of £500 a year.

ON Peregrine's return to London, Godfrey Gauntlet, knowing his sister's affections still undiverted from her earliest love, arranged for his friend to call with him at Emilia's lodgings. Rushing into her presence, Peregrine was at first so dazzled with her beauty that his speech failed and all his faculties were absorbed in admiration. Then he circled the charmer in his arms, without suffering the least frown or symptom of displeasure. Observing Mrs. Gauntlet, he asked pardon for his neglect, and was forgiven in consideration of the long exile which he had suffered.

"I ought to punish you with the mortification of a twelve months' trial," said Emilia; "but it is dangerous to tamper with an admirer of your disposition and therefore I think I must make sure of you while it is in my power."

"You are willing, then, to take me for better, for worse, in presence of heaven and these witnesses?" cried Peregrine, kneeling, and applying her hand to his lips. She darted a side glance, while her answer was, "Why, heaven grant me patience to bear the humours of such a yoke-fellow."

"And may the same powers," replied the youth, "grant me life and opportunity to manifest the immensity of my love."

Matters being thus happily matured, the marriage was solemnised without delay.

MISS MITFORD

OUR VILLAGE

THOUGH her published works show her to have been accomplished in many departments of literary activity, it is as a portrayer of country life in exquisite little vignettes gracefully adorned with understanding and no small wit that Mary Russell Mitford will be remembered by posterity. These sketches were collected, under the expressive title of *Our Village*, into five volumes which appeared between 1824 and 1832. A cheerful optimism pervades the book; 'Christopher North' said of the author that she 'has neither the pathos nor humour of Washington Irving; but she excels him in vigorous conception of character and in the truth of her pictures of English life and manners. Her writings breathe a sound, pure and healthy morality, and are pervaded by a genuine rural spirit—the spirit of Merry England. Every line bespeaks the lady.' Many cheaply priced editions of the book are obtainable.

I—Some of the Inhabitants



WILL you walk with me through our village, courteous reader? The journey is not long. We will begin at the lower end, and proceed up the hill.

The tidy, square, red cottage on the right hand, with the long, well stocked garden by the side of the road, belongs to a retired publican from a neighbouring town; a substantial person with a comely wife—one who piques himself on independence and idleness, talks politics, reads the newspapers, hates the minister and cries out for reform. He hangs over his gate and tries to entice passengers to stop and chat. Poor man! He is a very respectable person, and would be a very happy one if he would add a little employment to his dignity. It would be the salt of life to him.

The first house on the opposite side of the way is the blacksmith's—a gloomy dwelling, where the sun never seems to shine; dark and smoky within and without, like a forge. The blacksmith is a high officer in our little state, nothing less than a constable; but alas, alas! when

tumults arise, and the constable is called for, he will commonly be found in the thickest of the fray. Lucky would it be for his wife and her eight children if there were no public house in the land.

Then comes the village shop, like other village shops, multifarious as a bazaar—a repository for bread, shoes, tea, cheese, tape, ribbons and bacon; for everything, in short, except the one particular thing which you happen to want at the moment, and will be sure not to find.

Divided from the shop by a narrow yard is a habitation of whose inmates I shall say nothing. A cottage—no, a miniature house, all angles, and of a charming in-and-outness; the walls, old and weather-stained, covered with hollyhocks, roses, honeysuckles and a great apricot tree; the casements full of geraniums (oh, there is our superb white cat peeping out from among them!); the closets (our landlord has the assurance to call them rooms) full of contrivances and corner cupboards; and the little garden behind full of common flowers. That house was built to show in what a small compass comfort may be packed.

The next tenement is a place of importance, the Rose Inn—a whitewashed building, retired from the road behind its fine swinging sign, with a little bow window room coming out on one side and forming, with our stable on the other, a sort of open square, which is the constant resort of carts, waggons and return chaises.



Next door lives a carpenter, 'famed ten miles round, and worthy all his fame,' with his excellent wife and their little daughter Lizzy, the plaything and queen of the village—a child three years old according to the register, but six in size and strength and intellect, in power and self-will. She manages everybody in the place; makes the lazy carry her, the silent talk to her and the grave romp with her. Her chief attraction lies in her exceeding power of loving, and her firm reliance on the love and the indulgence of others.



How pleasantly the road winds up the hill, with its broad, green borders and hedgerows so thickly timbered! How finely the evening sun falls on that sandy, excavated bank, and touches the farmhouse on the top of the eminence!

II—Hannah Bint

THE shaw leading to Hannah Bint's habitation is a very pretty mixture of wood and coppice. A sudden turn brings us to the boundary of the shaw, and there, across the open space, the white cottage of the keeper peeps from the opposite coppice; and the vine-covered dwelling of Hannah Bint rises from amidst the pretty garden, which lies bathed in the sunshine around it.

My friend Hannah Bint is by no means an ordinary person. Her father, Jack Bint (for in all his life he never arrived at the dignity of being called John), was a drover of high repute in his profession. No man between Salisbury Plain and Smithfield was thought to conduct a flock of sheep so skilfully through all the difficulties of lanes and commons, streets and high-roads, as Jack Bint, aided by Jack Bint's famous dog, Watch.

No man had a more thorough knowledge of the proper night stations, where good feed might be procured for his charge and good liquor for Watch and himself; Watch, like other sheepdogs, being accustomed to live chiefly on bread and beer, while his master preferred gin.

But when a rheumatic fever came one hard winter and finally settled in Jack Bint's limbs, reducing the most active and handy man in the parish to the state of a confirmed cripple, poor Jack, a thoughtless but kind creature, looked at his three motherless children with acute misery. Then it was that he found help where he least expected it—in the sense and spirit of his young daughter, a girl of twelve years old.

Hannah was a quick, clever lass of a high spirit, a firm temper, some pride and a horror of accepting parochial relief—that surest safeguard to the sturdy independence of the English character. So when her father talked of giving up their comfortable cottage and removing to the workhouse, while she and her brothers must move to service, Hannah formed a bold resolution and proceeded to act at once on her own plans and designs.

She knew that the employer in whose service her father's health had suffered so severely was a rich and liberal cattle-dealer in the neighbourhood, who would willingly aid an old and faithful servant. Of Farmer Oakley, accordingly, she asked, not money, but something much more in his own way—a cow! And, amused and interested by the child's earnestness, the wealthy yeoman gave her a very fine young Alderney.

She then went to the lord of the manor and, with equal knowledge of character, begged his permission to keep her cow on the shaw common. He, too, half from real good nature, and half not to be outdone in liberality by his tenant, not only granted the requested permission, but reduced the rent so much that the produce of the vine seldom failed to satisfy their kind landlord.

Now Hannah showed great judgement in setting up as a dairy woman. One of the most provoking of the petty difficulties which beset a small establishment in this neighbourhood is the trouble, almost the impossibility, of procuring the pastoral luxuries of milk, eggs and butter. Hannah's Alderney restored us to our rural

privilege. Speedily she established a regular and gainful trade in milk, eggs, butter, honey and poultry—for poultry they had always kept.

In short, during the five years she has ruled at the shaw cottage the world has gone well with Hannah Bint. She has even taught Watch to like buttermilk as well as strong beer, and has nearly persuaded her father to accept milk as a substitute for gin.

Not but that Hannah hath had her enemies as well as her betters. The old woman at the lodge, who always piqued herself on being spiteful, and crying down new ways, foretold that she would come to no good; nay, even Ned Miles, the keeper, her next neighbour, who had whilom held entire sway over the shaw common, as well as its coppices, grumbled as much as so good-natured and genial a person could grumble when he found a little girl sharing his dominion, a cow



grazing beside his pony, and vulgar cocks and hens hovering around the buckwheat destined to feed his noble pheasants.

Few damsels of twelve years old, gener-

ally a very pretty age, were less pretty than Hannah Bint. Short and stunted in her figure, thin in face, sharp in feature, with a muddled complexion, wild, sunburnt hair, and eyes whose very brightness had in them something startling, over-informed, too clever for her age; at twelve she had quite the air of a little old fairy.

Now, at seventeen, matters are mended.

Her complexion has cleared; her countenance has developed itself; her figure has shot up into height and lightness and a sort of rustic grace; her bright, acute eye is softened and sweetened by a womanly wish to please; her hair is trimmed and curled and brushed with exquisite neatness; and her whole dress arranged with that nice attention to the becoming which would be called the highest degree of coquetry if it did not deserve the better name of propriety.

There he stands, the rogue, close at her side (for he hath joined her whilst we have been telling her little story, and the milking is over); there he stands holding her milk-pail in one hand and stroking Watch with the other. There they stand, as much like lovers as may be; he smiling and she blushing; he never looking so handsome, nor she so pretty, in their lives.

There they stand, and one would not disturb them for all the milk in Christendom. I should not wonder if they were fixing the wedding day.

III—A Country Cricket Match

FOR the last three weeks our village has been in a state of great excitement, occasioned by a challenge from our north-western neighbours, the men of B—, to contend with us at cricket. Now, we have not been much in the habit of playing matches. The sport had languished until the present season, when the spirit began to revive. Half a dozen fine, active lads, of influence among their comrades, grew into men and yearned for cricket. In short, the practice recommenced and the hill was again alive with men and boys and innocent merriment. Still, we were modest and doubted our own strength.

The B— people, on the other hand, must have been braggers born. Never

was such boasting! Such ostentatious display of practice! It was a wonder they did not challenge all England. Yet we firmly resolved not to decline the combat; and one of the most spirited of the new growth, William Grey by name, and a farmer's son by station, took up the glove in a style of manly courtesy that would have done honour to a knight in the days of chivalry.

William Grey then set forth to muster his men, remembering with great complacency that Samuel Long, the very man who had bowled us out at a fatal return match some years ago at S—, our neighbours south-by-east, had luckily, in a remove of a quarter of a mile last Lady Day, crossed the boundaries of his old parish

and actually belonged to us. Here was a stroke of good fortune! Our captain instantly applied to him to play for us in the match, and he agreed at a word. We felt we had half gained the match when we had secured him.

Then James Brown, a journeyman blacksmith and a native, who, being of a rambling disposition, had roamed from place to place for half a dozen years, had just returned to our village with a prodigious reputation in cricket and gallantry. To him also went the indefatigable William Grey, and he also consented to play. Having thus secured two important auxiliaries, we began to reckon the regular forces.

Thus ran our list. William Grey, 1; Samuel Long, 2; James Brown, 3; George and John Simmons, one capital, the other so-so—an uncertain hitter, but a good fieldsman, 5; Joel Brent, excellent, 6; Ben Appleton—here was a little pause, for Ben's abilities at cricket were not completely ascertained, but then he was a good fellow, so full of fun and wagery! No doing without Ben. So he figured in the list as 7. George Harris—a short halt there too—slowish, but sure, 8; Tom Coper—oh, beyond the world Tom Coper, the red-headed gardening lad, whose left-handed strokes send *her* (a cricket-ball is always of the feminine gender), send her spinning a mile, 9; Harry Willis, another blacksmith, 10.

We had now ten of our eleven, but the choice of the last occasioned some demur. John Strong, a nice youth—everybody likes John Strong—was the next candidate, but he is so tall and limp that we were all afraid his strength, in spite of his name, would never hold out. So the eve of the match arrived and the post was still vacant, when a little boy of fifteen, David Willis, brother to Harry, admitted by accident to the last practice, saw eight of them out, and was voted in by acclamation.

Morning dawned. On calling over our roll, Brown was missing; and it transpired that he had set off at four o'clock in the morning to play in a cricket match at M—, a little town twelve miles off, which had been his last residence. Here was desertion! Here was treachery! How we cried him down! We were well rid of him, for he was no batter compared with William Grey; not fit to wipe the shoes of Samuel Long as a bowler; the boy David Willis was worth fifty of him. So we took tall John Strong. I never saw any one prouder than the good humoured lad was at this not very flattering piece of preferment.

They began the warfare—these boastful men of B—! And what think you was the amount of their innings? These challengers—the famous eleven—how many did they get? Think! Imagine! Guess! You cannot. Well, they got twenty-two.

Then we went in. And what of our innings? Guess? A hundred and sixty-nine! We headed them by a hundred and forty-seven; and then they gave in, as well they might. William Grey pressed them to try another innings, but they were beaten sulky and would not move.

THE only drawback in my enjoyment was the failure of the pretty boy David Willis, who, injudiciously put in first, and playing for the first time in a match amongst men and strangers, was seized with such a fit of shamefaced shyness that he could scarcely hold his bat and was bowled out without a stroke, from actual nervousness. Our other modest lad, John Strong, did very well; his length told in the field, and he got good fame. William Grey made a hit which actually lost the ball. We think she lodged in a hedge a quarter of a mile off. So we parted; the players retired to supper and we to our homes, all good-humoured—except the losers.

IV—Love, the Leveller

THE prettiest cottage on our village green is the little dwelling of Dame Wilson. The dame was a respected servant in a most respectable family, which she quitted on her marriage with a man of character, and of that universality of genius which forms what is called a

handy fellow. His death, which happened ten years ago, made quite a gap in our village commonwealth.

Without assistance Mrs. Wilson contrived to maintain herself and her children in their old, comfortable home. The house had still, within and without, the



MARY RUSSELL MITFORD was first known to the world as a dramatist, with tragedy as her forte. Notable examples of her work in this medium are *Rienzi* (1828) and *Charles the First* (1830). In her later years it was in fiction that she achieved fame, with such works as *Atherton and Other Tales* (1854). But her immortality is assured by *Our Village* (1824-32). The daughter of a spendthrift father, to whom she was passionately devoted, Miss Mitford was born December 16, 1787, at Alresford, in Hampshire, and lived in her native county, almost without interruption, all her life. In her later years she received a Civil List pension. She died January 10, 1855. This portrait is in the National Portrait Gallery.

same sunshiny cleanliness, and the garden was still famous over all other gardens. But the sweetest flower of the garden, and the joy and pride of her mother's heart, was her daughter Hannah. Well might she be proud of her! At sixteen, Hannah Wilson was, beyond a doubt, the prettiest girl in the village, and the best. Her mind was like her person; modest, graceful, gentle and generous above all.

Our village beauty had fairly reached her twentieth year without a sweetheart; without the slightest suspicion of her having ever written a love letter on her own account, when, all on a sudden, appearances changed. A trim, elastic figure, not unaccompanied, was descried walking down the shady lane. Hannah had gotten a lover!

Since the new marriage act, we, who belong to the country magistrates, have gained a priority over the rest of the parish in matrimonial news. We (the privileged) see on a work-day the names which the Sabbath announces to the generality. One Saturday, walking through our little hall, I saw a fine athletic young man, the very image of health and vigour,

mental and bodily, holding the hand of a young woman, who was turning bashfully away, listening, and yet not seeming to listen, to his tender whispers. Hannah! And she went aside with me, and a rapid series of questions and answers conveyed the story of the courtship.

"William was," said Hannah, "a journeyman hatter, in B—. He had walked over to see the cricketing, and then he came again. Her mother liked him. Everybody liked him—and she had promised. Was it wrong?"

"Oh, no! And where are you to live?"

"William had got a room in B—. He works for Mr. Smith, the rich hatter in the marketplace, and Mr. Smith speaks of him, oh, so well! But William will not tell me where our room is. I suppose in some narrow street or lane, which he is afraid I shall not like, as our common is so pleasant. He little thinks—anywhere—" She stopped suddenly. "Anywhere with him!"

The wedding day was a glorious morning.

"What a beautiful day for Hannah!" was the first exclamation of the breakfast table. "Did she tell you where they should dine?"

"No, ma'am; I forgot to ask."

"I can tell you," said the master of the house, with the look of a man who, having kept a secret as long as it was necessary, is not sorry to get rid of the burthen. "I can tell you—in London."

"In London?"

"Yes. Your little favourite has been in high luck. She has married the only son of one of the best and richest men in B—, Mr. Smith, the great hatter. It is quite a romance. William Smith walked over to see a match, saw our pretty Hannah and forgot to look at the cricketers.

He came again and again, and at last contrived to tame this wild dove, and even to get the *entrée* of the cottage.



Hearing Hannah talk is not the way to fall out of love with her. So William, finding his case serious, laid the matter before his father and requested his consent to the marriage. But, having a spice of his son's romance, and finding that he had not mentioned his station in life, Mr. Smith made a point of its being kept secret till the wedding day. I hope the shock will not kill Hannah."

"Oh, no! Hannah loves her husband too well. Anywhere with him!"

And I was right. Hannah has survived the shock. She is returned to B——, and

I have been to call on her. Her reception was a charming mixture of sweetness and modesty. She is still the same Hannah, and has lost none of her old habits of kindness and gratitude. She did indeed just hint at her trouble with visitors and servants; seemed distressed at ringing the bell, and visibly shrank from the sound of a double knock. But in spite of these calamities Hannah is a happy woman. The double rap was her husband's, and the glow on her cheek, and the smile of her eyes when he appeared spoke more plainly than ever: 'Anywhere with him!'

Sanskrit Ritual Hymns and Prayers

THE VEDAS

Abridgement by Professor T. Witton Davies

WHEN, in the beginning of last century, the importance of Sanskrit was discovered, philologists attached undue importance to the age and influence of this great language. In a similar way, scholars fell into the mistake of imagining that the religion of the Vedas, the earliest faith of the Indo-Aryan, in which the worship of the powers of nature is most characteristic, is the oldest, and that it suggests, therefore, the first stage in the development of religion. Modern anthropologists have brought about a change of view, so that now it is customary to regard Vedic religion as occupying an advanced stage in the evolution of religious belief and practice, earlier forms being Animism, Fetishism and Totemism. The Vedas consist entirely of collections of Sanskrit ritual hymns and prayers in verse, though originally these were interlarded with scraps of prose explaining the origin and purpose of the stanzas introduced. It should be added that the Vedas were not written until comparatively late times, but simply handed on from generation to generation, it being a duty of the Rishis and priests to commit them to memory and to recite them on the proper occasion. From Vedism sprang Brahmanism, and through it Hinduism.

General Introduction



THE word 'veda' means literally 'knowledge,' and has the same etymology as the Greek *Foida*, corrupted to *oida*, 'know,' and the Latin *video*, 'see.'

Veda came to mean especially 'the knowledge of sacred things.'

The Rig Veda is by far the oldest, the most original and the most important of all the Vedas. The word *rig*, from the Sanskrit *rich*, denotes a laudatory stanza: we may, therefore, call the Rig Veda the Praise Veda. This Veda contains 1,017 hymns, to which must be added eleven supplementary hymns, making 1,028 in all.

The Sama Veda is derived from the word *sama*, or *saman*, which means 'chant.' The verses of this Chant Veda, as it may be called, were intoned in a low

voice by the priest when the soma plant or its juice was being offered to the gods. All the stanzas of this Veda, except 75, have been taken from the Rig Veda, though they are arranged according to the ritual of the soma sacrifice.

The Yajur Veda is derived from *yajur*, or *yajus*, 'sacrificial prayer.' This Veda borrows largely from the Rig Veda, as does the Sama Veda, though not to the same extent. It consists of: 1. stanzas borrowed, for the most part, from the Rig Veda; 2. original prose formulae.

These three Vedas were alone recognized as canonical by the ancient Hindus, since they are concerned with sacrificial ceremonial, a statement not true of the fourth, or Atharva Veda.

The Atharva Veda, or The Atharvan Veda, is next in importance to the Rig

Veda, from which about one-sixth of it is taken. It consists, as does the Rig Veda, almost entirely of metrical hymns. Judging by its language and subject matter, its date is much later, though it represents a much earlier form of religion, since it is almost entirely a manual of spells and incantations used as counter-charms, and it implies belief about spirits good and bad, and witchcraft, which are usually the marks of an earlier time.

The present writer and summariser begs to acknowledge his great indebtedness, here as elsewhere, to the invaluable and unequalled translations in the series, *The Sacred Books of the East* (published at Oxford by the Clarendon Press). The student should also make reference to the

works by Hopkins (*The Religions of India*), A. A. Macdonell (*Sanskrit Literature*), and also the still valuable treatises of Max Müller, Williams, Oldenberg, etc.

There is nothing in the Vedas themselves to indicate definitely when they were written; the only evidence to go by is internal. The Hindus have no history like other great ancient nations (Babylonians, Egyptians, Hebrews, etc.); they seem always to be living in a present. We have definite information, however, as to the birth and death of Buddha (born 557 B.C.; died 480 B.C.). Judging from this and from the history of the development of thought, the Rig Veda has been generally dated about 1000 B.C. The others are later, the Atharva Veda much later.

I—Rig Veda

THE hymns in this Veda belong to three classes:

1. Those which extol the older divinities (Agni, Indra, etc.).

2. Those that take note mostly of the sacrificial gods.

3. Those which imply pantheism or an approach to it.

In all three classes there are hymns of different ages and quality.

Most modern Sanskritists adopt the division of the Rig Veda into ten mandalas, or books, these being subdivided into mantras, or hymns. This is done by Max Müller, Bloomfield (*Sacred Books of the East*), and Ludwig (see his index, though in his translation into German he arranges this Veda according to subject matter). The French translator Langlois adopts a different classification of the vedic songs, which is also found in many of the native editions.

Mandala I

To Agni, God of Fire

PRIEST of the home: thou that presentest our sacrifices and givest health, wealth, fame and all success: thou wast adored by the seers [*rishis*] of long ago, and thou claimest our worship now; oh, thou lord of sacrifice, make thou these offerings of ours successful. Be near to us, as father to son, and guide us onward to a prosperous end.

To Indra, God of the Daylight, and to the Maruts, Gods of the Storm

All those who stand around Indra¹ at the dawn of day, harness to his chariot the sun horse. Oh, thou that bringest about the day and art surrounded by the retinue of storm gods, shine thou upon us, ride thou majestically, drawn along by the sun's steed. We ask thee, O Indra, give us help, give us sunshine, give us joy.

To Indra

We extol thee, O Indra; thou art great in extent as ocean: of all warriors thou art the chief. Thy gifts are innumerable, the resources of thy help are inexhaustible. Thou givest riches to all them that praise thee. Oh, thou lightning holder, far-famed one, thou that doest wonders, thou who holdest the heavenly kine [*i.e.* the rain], thy gifts are beyond all words of praise. By thy supernatural power thou overthrowest all bewitching powers, wise men all the world over acknowledge thee and praise thy glorious name. Oh, thou all-powerful and wise one, hear us, O Indra, and deliver us.

To Varuna

Oh, thou shining god, though day by day we disobey thee, give us not over to destruction nor let our enemies triumph

¹ Indra and Varuna are the most important gods of the Rig Veda. Varuna is described as ruling moon and stars, rivers, etc. In the Brahmanas attached to the Vedic songs in later times, Varuna is especially connected, and sometimes identified, with the nocturnal heavens. Hence the name has been made cognate with the Greek *ouranos* (heaven).

over us. By this sacred song, O Varuna, we set thee free to show mercy, just as a charioteer sets loose his fast-bound steed. Thou knowest the paths of birds, the ways of ships and the courses of the winds. Mayest thou, all-knowing, all-powerful one, prosper our enterprises and prolong our life. Thou art clothed with gold and precious jewels; thy ambassadors sit all around thee. No one can injure thee, no one can deceive thee and all plots against thee come to naught: thou hast by thy doings gained resplendent glory. My thoughts go forth to thee as eager cows seek the meadows. I bring thee now the offering which is acceptable unto thee and which thou lovest to eat. Hear this my call, O celestial one: show me pity and give me help.

To all the Gods

We worship great gods and small ones. We worship young gods and old ones. We worship all gods and, as far as our power goes, we shall continue to worship the gods of the olden time.

To Indra

O thou greatest drinker of the soma¹ juice, of whom we are unworthy, whose wealth is boundless, grant us, O Indra, thousands of beautiful cows and horses. Thou art beautiful and powerful. May thy favour be ever with us. Grant us, O Indra, thousands of beautiful cows and horses.

May all our foes sleep the eternal sleep, but may our friends be ever wakeful and alert. Grant us, O Indra, etc.

Destroy this silly foe of ours, whose praise of thee is dispraise. Grant, O Indra, etc.

May the storm, in its rapid and destructive course, be led far off into the unpeopled forests. Grant, O Indra, etc.

Destroy, O thou august one, all those that despise us; put to death all who would injure us. Grant, O Indra, etc.

To Savitar

The great sun-god Savitar comes pushing his way through the darkness, putting

to rest the mortal and immortal, on his golden chariot beholding all things; the shining one, the all-rousing god. He comes, drawn by his two golden steeds, thrusting all obstacles from before him. His beams are brilliant and defy the obstacles of darkness. He gazes upon the earth's eight elevations, the three desert stations and the seven rivers. The great arouser is come, and to all who worship him he gives wealth and happiness.

To the Maruts

Sing forth, O Kanvaites [descendants of Kanva, son of Ghora], the praises of the storm gods, resplendent in their chariots, invulnerable to all their foes. I hear their whips as they crack them in their hands. Sing forth the praises of the all-powerful Maruts. At your approach, O storm gods, men tremble and bow. The earth also quakes with fear. O Maruts, you have made the mountains to dance with terror and the most powerful of men to fear. Come fast on your quick steeds, for there are worshippers waiting to do you homage. Accept our worship, and bless us all our life.

To the Maruts

When, O gods of the storm, for whom the sacred grass has been trimmed—when will you take us, as a father his son, by both hands? On what errand are you now going? Where are your cows sporting? Where, now, do you bestow your favours? Look thou upon us; forgive us our heinous and manifold sins. Let not our transgressions any more have dominion over us. Forgive us and bless us, O ye blessed ones.

To Surya, the Sun God

Herald-like the rays of dawn lead upward and onward the great sun god, that all men may see the omniscient one. At his appearance the night flees as a thief and the stars slink off as in fear. Thou travellest on, O thou orb of day, with speed unknown to mortals. Thou createst light and causest day. With flaming locks, O Surya, thy seven ruddy mares draw thy golden chariot. Help us, thou god of gods, to ascend from earth's gloom to thine own eternal light.

To Soma

Thou, Soma, art wise, and thou guidest us in the way in which we should go. Our

¹ Soma means, first, 'the moon plant' of India, which yields very intoxicating juice. It comes then to mean the god to whom the intoxicating power of the plant is due, so that soma becomes the Indian Dionysus or Bacchus. All the hymns in the 9th mandala of the Rig Veda are dedicated to his honour. In some late vedic songs soma stands for the moon.

fathers attained to perfect bliss through thee. Thine, indeed, are the laws of King Varuna. Thou art as brilliant as Mitra. Wherever thou art, in earth or sky, in mountains, in plants, or in waters, thou art, O King Soma, the friend of men. Thou art king. All the strength that gives success comes from thee. O thou lordly plant; mayest thou cause us to live and not to die. We praise thee, for on old and young thou bestowest perfect bliss. Do thou, O Soma, defend us on every side from wrongdoers. May ours be the joys which thou givest. Wilt thou accept at our hands the song that we now sing and the sacrifice that we now present? Come thou unto us and quicken us. We magnify thee, O Soma. Have pity on us, and renew our spirits. In thee are united all stimulating juices, all the power that enables a man to conquer despondency and distraction. In war art thou unharmed. With mind divine, O Soma, inspire us with thine own lofty spirit.

To Indra

Who is the god to whom we shall sacrifice? Him we shall praise who was born lord of all, who made the earth and the sky: who gives to all living things life and strength: whom gods obey: who hides himself in immortality, and whose shadow is death: who rules over the wide universe, over men, and beasts, and things: whose arms are the spreading region of the universe: to whom earth and heaven look up with reverence, and who shines forth in the rising sun, the life and breath of gods as well as of men. O thou creator of the earth, thou righteous governor, injure us not, but bless and help.

Mandala II

To Agni

○ THOU flaming one, Agni, born out of the heavens and out of the waters, born of trees and of herbs: Thou art Indra, a bull; thou art Vishnu, the all-ruling one; thou art Varuna, Rudra, Asura, Savitar. Thou art Brahma¹, possessor of riches. By their sacrifice men secure thee to be their father, their brother and their son.

Thou protectest people in their homes; thou art lord and master over all offerings. All the immortal gods accept the offerings made to them through thee as their mouth; it is through thee that mortals taste of the good things they eat. Thou exceedest in strength, O Agni, all other gods, for by the sacrifices which thou presentest from men to them thou controllest them. All the pious present to those who recite thy praise gifts of cows and horses. Lead thou them and us to the best of abodes, so that we and our descendants may sing thy praises and offer thee sacrifice for ever and ever.

To Agni

Accept, O Agni, this sacrificial wood and the hymn of praise which we now offer thee. We worship thee, O all-powerful one; thou lover of horses, may we adore thee in acceptable words. O thou lord and giver of riches, scatter our enemies and increase our wealth. Thou givest us rain from heaven. Oh, thou youngest of the gods, their messenger, who presentest our sacrifices, do thou make our praise and sacrifices acceptable. Thou, O Agni, knowest gods and men, and canst mediate between them.

To Agni Bharata

Bring us, O Agni Bharata,¹ thou youngest and best of the gods, much desired wealth. May no evil power of god or man prevail against us. In thy power may we conquer our foes and be ever prosperous. We worship thee with heifers, bulls and cows. Oh, thou that feedest upon sacrificial wood, to whom ghee² is offered, the ancient one, the invoker of gods, hear thou us and help us.

To the Adityas

I present my offering to the sons of Aditi—Mitra, Aryman, Bhaga, the omnipresent Varuna, and the omnipotent Ansa. Be ye gracious to me and hear my song of praise. I have sinned against you. Ye are the upholders of all things, the defenders of the world, the collectors of rain, the possessors of truth, the acquitters of all my debts. Notwithstanding my sins, may I attain to the light, lingering no longer in the darkness and, through your guidance, escape the temptations in my path.

¹ Note how these many gods are regarded as but forms of Agni. We have thus a beginning of the Pantheism or Monotheism which showed itself fully in the philosophy of Upanishads.

¹ That is, Agni as the protector or the special deity of the Bharata tribe.

² A preparation of clarified butter very much used as an article of food and also as an element in sacrificial gifts.

To Savitar

Savitar grants wealth to the devout ; may he therefore bestow wealth upon the offerer of this oblation. This our great god extends his vast arms [*i.e.* the sun's rays] to the delight of all. At his command the waters hie themselves away, the winds are hushed and the night departs. Mayest thou, Savitar, the adored of men, favour us in all our attempts to gather wealth and acquire cattle. May the happiness which belongs to those that worship thee be ours, that we may unceasingly chant thy praises.

To the Aswins

Descend, O Aswins,¹ to destroy our foes and to assist all those who worship thee. Like two Brahmans repeating hymns, be present at our sacrifice. Ye move at dawn like two horses harnessed to a chariot : ye are like two lovely women : ye are like husband and wife. Come ye to us like a pair of horns, or like two hoofs ; like two vessels, bear us across the ocean of life. Convey us over the rough places of the world like the two poles of a chariot. Irresistible as two wings, quick as two rivers, come ye to our rescue as two eyes to guide us, as two hands to strengthen us, as two feet to expedite our course. Utter ye sweet words to us like two honied lips, be to us as two noses scenting evil from a distance, and like two ears for the ravishment of beautiful music ; like heaven and earth grant us rain. O ye twin gods, give us a double measure of the joy and success of life.

Mandala III**To Agni**

THOU hast made me, O Agni, priest to Soma, I seize the plant and express its juice in honour of the gods. I would propitiate them ; do thou, O Agni, stand by and make my gift acceptable. We have turned the sacrifice to the East. We magnify thee with sacrificial wood and with reverence. Agni rose from the flowing rivers with renewed vigour. From his birth he has showered blessings upon heaven and upon earth. The seven young rivers nourished and the gods all cherished Agni at his birth. He spreads himself out

in the heavens with his shining wings, being clothed with ineffable light ; and on all that worship him he bestows strength and prosperity. Vast rays of light, making ambrosia [rain] descend into the infinite ocean and surround the resplendent one, Agni. We approach thee, O benevolent one, performing those sacred acts which are the conditions of wealth, and presenting those oblations by which the gods are propitiated. May we be able to overcome the evil spirits, the enemies of gods and men.

To Indra and Agni

Influenced by my sacred songs and by my devotion to the sacred drink [soma], ye have, O Indra and Agni, presented yourselves at this my [soma] oblation. My sacrifice goes forth to you, O ye gods two ; thus invoked, come and drink this exhilarating soma juice, inspired by which I come to you. I invoke you, ye invincible ones. At one stroke ye overthrew ninety cities ; give thou to us, O all-conquering ones, the victory over every foe.

To the Ribhus

The Ribhus¹ have come, invoked by your songs and attracted by the sacrificial food which is spread before them. By their good deeds they have secured the good will and friendship of Indra, through whose favour they have become immortal. O ye forth with Indra in his gorgeous chariot, and be welcomed by the worshippers who seek your good will.

To Ushas

O thou all resourceful, all skilful Ushas², be propitiated by our praises and offerings. Thou ever young one, worshipped by many and in many ways ; thou art present when each morning thy true worshippers bow to thee and perform their morning rites. O thou divine and immortal one, riding in thy golden chariot, shine thou on, causing birds and beasts and men to utter sounds of joy. Come forth, banish the darkness, and let thy effulgence flood the world.

To Pushan, the Sun

O divine and all radiant orb of light, we laud and magnify thee. Thine is the day, thine the harvest, thine the light and life of the world. Without thee no man lives,

¹ Three lower deities are thus named, having the names Ribhu (the chief), Vaya and Vibhan. They are often invoked to be present at sacrifices and to drink the soma juice so frequently offered to the gods.

² The god of dawn. It is the same word as the Greek *eos* (dawn, and also the god of the dawn).

¹ Twin gods, said to be represented by the Dioscuri Castor and Pollux, and also by the constellation of the Gemini. They are very prominent in the Rig Veda.

nor can plant or tree grow. Let my sacred song reach to thine ear and propitiate thy favour, defend thou me and lead me on to prosperity.

To Savitar¹

We sing the praises of Savitar, the heavenly and the glorious one; may he inspire our prayer and guide our sacred rites. We come to thee, O thou resplendent one, in our lack of food and light and life, and we pray thee, O god of abundance, supply our need. Wise and holy men adore thee, O thou incomparable one, by sacred songs and sacrificial gifts.

Mandala IV

To Agni

THE gods, O Agni, have made thee their steward and allotted thee thy divine task; it is they who have brought thee forth and made thee immortal. O thou omnipresent and omniscient one, wilt thou intercede for us with the offended Varuna and turn aside his anger, so that he may come near to us with a well disposed mind? Grant unto us and to our posterity happiness and good fortune, O thou all-availing Agni. Avert from us, we earnestly entreat of thee, the anger of thy brother god Varuna; may we love others and be loved of others. By thine own intercession and sacrifices cause thou Varuna's frown to be changed into a smile.

To Ushas, the Dawn

O thou daughter of Heaven, who guidest me and conferrest benefits on all, whose bright effulgence bids the night depart; come like a shining mare, mother of kine [rays], thou, O Ushas, friend of the Aswins [horsemen], bringing weal and wealth. We awaken thee by our songs of praise, O thou destroyer of all ill will. Thy bright benevolent beams appear like cattle, thou fillest the expanse of the heavens with thy radiance. Thou banishest the darkness and fillest the whole world with thy bright lustre.

To Savitar

The divine Savitar has risen above the eastern hills and demands our songs of praise for his life-giving beams. He who distributes favours to all men will this day shower upon us his priceless boons. It is thou, O resplendent one, that bestow-

est the gift of immortality on all the gods. Thou art worthy of the sacred songs and the consecrated gifts of all men. As thou endowest the gods with the blessing of immortality, so thou grantest to man the boon of a long, enduring life. We humbly pray thee, O great one, if through our ignorance and our arrogance we have done any wrong against either gods or men, forgive us, and release us from the punishment which we well deserve. It is not allowed to any to disobey thy will and to break thy laws, O all-shining Savitar, for it is by thy commands that the universe is upheld, and that the earth brings forth.

Mandala V

To the Viswadevas¹

INDRA recovered the hidden cattle through hurling his thunderbolts at the prayers of Angirasas.² The rays of the coming dawn now spread themselves around; the sun has risen and scattered the gloom. The rivers flow with unwonted velocity. O Indra and Agni, I pray you in well selected words, such as secure the good will of the gods, deliver me and save me from all my foes. The sages of old worshipped thee with solemn hymns and abundant sacrifices. Come, let us join together in acts of piety and in deeds of daring; let us put down all our enemies, for the gods are with us.

To Parjanya

I praise Parjanya, who is ever present, and greet him, the mighty one, with these hymns. The bull pours forth his waters, irrigating the earth, causing the plants to grow and the fruit to abound. When Parjanya smites trees and evil spirits, even those who have not sinned retreat before this great god, as he thunderingly goes on his course; just as a charioteer whips his horses along, so drives he, Parjanya, his messengers of rain. When he creates the rain cloud the savage lion roars in the distance; the winds rush, making music in the forest, and the gleaming lightnings paint the world. Then spring up the herbs, and every living thing is refreshed. We bless and magnify thee, O thou friend of all, and beseech thee

¹ This verse is the most sacred in the whole of the Vedas, and forms part of the daily liturgy recited by Brahmans. It is to be compared with the Christian Paternoster and with the Moslem Fatha, or opening chapter (sura), of the Koran.

² A class of deities to whom sacrifices are daily made in Hindu homes.

³ Warrior priests, descendants or followers of Angiras. They belong to the Kshatriya caste.

leave us not, nor let our world languish for lack of thy refreshing showers.

To Varuna

I sing forth a hymn of praise unto Varuna, the universal king, who has spread the firmament as a bed for the sun. He has put the air in trees, strength in horses, milk in cows, fire in water [*i.e.* lightning], the sun in the sky, the soma plant in the mountain and intelligence in human hearts. Varuna has inverted his water barrel and blessed the world with life-giving rain. He has also made the sun to walk the heavens and smile beneficently upon the earth. O Varuna, deliver us, we beseech of thee, from the power and consequences of all our sins. If we have done wrong to brother or friend or neighbour, or if we have unconsciously sinned, do thou forgive it all, and blot it out from thy book of remembrance.

Mandala VII

To the House Dog

O GUARDIAN of this abode, be friendly with us, grant happiness to us and ours. Increase us and enlarge our wealth. May our kine and horses be free from disease. O guardian of this house, be auspicious to us.

To the Maruts

No one knows but themselves the secret birthplace of the Maruts, who are Rudra's glory. They exalt into heroism all such as acknowledge them.

To Varuna

Let me not, O Varuna, enter the house of clay: be compassionate, O all-powerful one. When I go trembling like a wind-driven cloud be compassionate.

If through weakness I have violated thy law be compassionate.

When we who are frail men commit an offence against the gods, when we ignorantly disobey thee, punish us not; pity our weakness and accept our penitence and good will. Be compassionate, O all-powerful one.

Mandala VIII

To Pushan

O FAR-FAMED Pushan, giver of wealth and happiness, for my abundance of grain and of cattle I praise thee: may

these boons continue and increase. We have received a thousand heads of cattle from Raja Kuranga. I have subsequently received 60,000 heads of cattle. See how these rishis have acquired cattle, horses and corn.

To the Aswins

Come, ye Aswins, protect us and give us the wealth that there is in the sky and among the five peoples. Oh, ye guardians of our lives and homes, come ye and give us offspring. Whether ye ride in the chariot of Indra or dwell in the abode of the wind, come and heal us by thy medicine, come and nerve us for battle and lead us to victory.

Mandala IX

To Pavamana Soma

THIS soma juice is pressed out and passed on to Indra. Placed in a chariot, soma hies him to the gods, who are delighted with its flavour and conciliated by its exhilarating power. The priests extracted the juice which brings us all-abounding joy and continuous prosperity.

To Pavamana Soma

The all-vigorous and all-invigorating liquid is pressed from the soma (moon) plant, yellow, fiery and sparkling. It penetrates into the skies, slaying on its way innumerable evil spirits. Offered on thy sacred mound, it awakes the sun and endues him with effulgent rays. When the priests have extracted the soma juice it quickly enters the vessels, from which Indra eagerly quaffs it. O thou friend of gods and men, never be thou far away from us, for without thee we languish and die.

Mandala X

To Vach, Daughter of Ambhrina

I GO forth with the Rudras and other gods: I support sun, ocean, fire and firmament. All devout ones I enrich, and I strengthen whom I choose. All seers see, all hearers hear, all eaters eat through me. On behalf of Rudra I bend the bow, so that the demon, Brahma's foe, may be slain. I war on the side of the people against their enemies. I pervade all things like a passing breeze, and I give birth to all things. Above heaven and above earth I am the great one.

To Purusha, the Soul

All that is and is to be is Purusha. He is the lord of life and of immortality. When he was offered up in sacrifice, into how many parts was he divided? What became of his mouth, arms, thighs and feet? His mouth became the Brahman [priest]; his arms the kingly knight; his thighs the husbandman; while from his feet the servile Sudras sprang.¹

To Night

The goddess Night comes apace, casting her sable mantle o'er land and sea, o'er hill and dale. Yet soon she rises, scattering the darkness and causes the dawn to follow in her train. At thy sweet bidding we retire to slumber, as birds betake themselves to their cosy nests. Keep far from us, O Night, the savage beast and the treacherous man: bring us to thy frontiers safe and sound, and then do thou, O dawn, chase away the sombre shades and let there be light.

To Paramatma, Creator of all Things

In the beginning neither being nor non-being existed. There was neither sky nor

atmosphere, neither death nor immortality, neither day nor night, neither light nor darkness. Then came the darkness, and all was gloom. The water followed; there was water in chaotic confusion everywhere.¹ Then appeared love (or desire), which united being and non-being and became the seed of mind. Below and above and pervading all things there was a universal striving to become and to be, but who can tell who caused all this, for the gods themselves came into being as the outcome of this cosmic striving.

To Vata, the Wind God

Vata, in his manifold forms, rushes through the heaven above and along the earth below, filling all space with his voice, chasing the clouds and rearing volumes of dust. He slumbers not and sleeps not. He, the first born, the sacred one, whence came he? Who created him? He who is the source of creation goes whither he lists, and who can say him nay? His whistling notes are heard, but no form of his is seen by mortal eye. Let us, by our offerings, honour Vata, the god of the wind.

II—Sama Veda

THE word 'soma' (to be carefully distinguished from *sama*, 'a chant') denotes primarily the so-called moon plant, the juice of which is highly intoxicating and is very popular in India. The word came then to denote the god to whom the intoxicating element is due. Soma comes to be, therefore, in this Veda, and in much Hindu literature besides, the equivalent of the Greek Dionysus. Though the songs of the Sama, or Chant, Veda are nearly all contained in the Rig Veda, they have been edited and altered, so as to adapt them for intonation by the priests during the sacrificial ritual. This Veda is less important than any of the others, and also later in date than the Rig and Atharva Vedas. There is an English translation of this Veda by Rev. J. Stevenson (Oriental Translation Fund, London, 1842).

To the God of the Dawn

We meditate on thee, O thou adorable parent of all. By thy shining light direct thou us in the right way. Thou manifestest thyself day by day in the resplendent morning rays. Thou givest life to the lifeless and beauty to formless masses. Heaven and earth seek refuge with thee as a child with its mother. Thou art the all-supreme father and mother who givest immortality to such as worship thee.

Extracts Referring to Soma

O Indra, this soma juice has been prepared for thy delectation, and it has now been placed for thee on the sacrificial grass. O do thou come and graciously drink of the inspiring liquid, and rejoice and be strong through it.

The bright moon plant awakes the sleepy morn and prolongs the day; it enters into human breasts, making men

¹ This song is quoted as implying the existence in Vedic times of the four castes. This conclusion has, however, been denied, as by the late Dr. K. S. Macdonald, of Calcutta. Purusha is here practically the equivalent of Brahma, the underlying metaphysical reality of which things seen are but adumbrations.

¹ Compare the place of the waters which had to be separated from the land in the Biblical account of the creation, and also in the Babylonian creation myth. According to the latter, the task of the supreme deity (Marduk) was to bring cosmos (order) out of chaos (confusion), and to isolate the dry land from the abounding waters.

wise and enlightening both gods and men. By thee we become more than a match for the demons that hover about us. Do not, O Soma, let the demons inhale thy potent fragrance or quaff thine omnipotent draughts; for then would they be strengthened in their conflict against us and the gods.

I praise thee, O Soma, who bringest food, and all treasures, who makest men immortal and causest the Avatars [incarnations] of the gods to come about. Though, O Soma, thou art heaven born, thou bestowest thy felicity on the earth. Without thee what can god do or men? We desire thy favour.

III—Yajur Veda

THIS Veda, the Veda of sacrificial formulae, as it may be designated, is probably the latest in date of all the Vedas, and may be described as the porch leading from Vedism to Brahmanism. It is characterised by attention to the outward side of religion. Sacrifices are powerful when rightly offered, regardless of motive or of the moral life of the offerer. Sacrifice and prayer are, in fact, hardly anything other than magical means by which the gods, *volentes volentes*, can be compelled to grant the agent what he is in quest of. This conception is regarded by modern anthropologists as characteristic of a low and early stage in religious development. But, unless the chronology of the Vedas is to be reversed, we must regard Vedic religion, at all events, as gradually deteriorating. And certainly the religion of the modern Hindus is on a much lower plane than that occupied by the Vedas.

This Veda has never been, so far as we are aware, completely translated. There are, however, specimen translations in the still valuable writings of that distinguished Orientalist, H. T. Colebrooke.

The following is a summary of a section devoted to the praise of fire. The fact that it makes so much of fire suggests that chronologically this part, at all events, may go back to the time when the Indo-Iranians had one religion, in which fire,

and especially the sun, formed a very prominent part.

In Praise of Fire

Fire is the first and original cause of all that is. The sun is fire, so is the air, so is the moon, and so is pure Brahma. All the divisions of time are due to his operation, yet though he is the hidden reality of all things seen, no one sees him. His glory is transcendent, yet there is no image of him on which men can gaze. He is prior to all things and above all things, creator and lord of all other beings. Whom should we adore except him? To whom should we present our offerings? I seek from thee, O thou associate of Indra, two great boons—wealth and wisdom.

From a Upanishad Attached to Yajur Veda

There exists but one supreme mind; all others are subject to it: it may move, but it cannot be moved. It pervades all worlds, yet it is above and beyond them. He who understands this will not despise the meanest creature, for it is the manifestation of the great one. Nor will a man with this knowledge have sorrow or disappointment, for he sees that the eternal thought is but realizing itself in the experiences of human life. Those who are buried in religious ceremonies are in the darkness, but in denser darkness are all such as give themselves up to barren speculations.

IV—Atharva Veda

THE word 'atharva' means in the Rig Veda 'fire priest.' In one place in this, the same, Veda the word denotes 'fire' pure and simple. Though the present Atharva Veda makes but little clear reference to fire, there must have been some original connexion between the songs of the Atharva Veda and fire worship. The important place given

in all the Vedas to the sun is, no doubt, a survival of sun worship.

The Atharvan Veda is later in date than the Rig Veda. For, by the time the Atharva Veda was written the Aryan Indians had moved further south and east. The Sama, and especially the Yajur Vedas, imply a still further movement of the same people in the same direction.

This Veda contains many of the hymns of the Rig Veda, but altered and often a good deal mixed up. The older Vedic deities reappear to a large extent, but they are often confounded and even merged into a pantheism which regards all the gods as one supreme deity, with various names and viewed under various aspects.

Many fresh gods are introduced.

In this Veda a hell of torture for the wicked is clearly recognized.

This Veda abounds with incantations for evil purposes and charms for good ones. It is divided into twenty books, though the last two (xix and xx) are not original, and are usually omitted from the best texts. These books are subdivided, as the mandalas of the Rig Veda, into *suktas* and *mantias*, or songs.

There is an excellent translation of the Atharva Veda by Whitney, edited by Charles Rockwell Lannman, published by Harvard University, U.S.A. This is complete, and is besides enriched with very valuable notes. The larger part of this Veda has been translated also by Maurice Bloomfield (*Sacred Books of the East*, Clarendon Press, vol. xlii).

Book I

Imprecations Against Sorcerers

BRING hither, O Agni, the mischief-making sorcerer, for thou, O god, when revered and worshipped, becomest the destroyer of sorcerers and demons. Make the sorcerers and the demons howl with pain. Bring them hither, O Agni, then let Indra crush them to powder with his thunderbolts.

Charm Against Lightning

We give homage to thee, O lightning, and bow to thy thunder and to thy all-destroying shaft. O thou child of the heights, be thou gracious to us. Smite not us, nor our offspring, nor our cattle. To thy missile and fire we offer this sacrifice; accept our gift. Be kind to us and ours and slay us not.

Charm Against Arrow Wounds

Let the piercing arrows miss us. All those which are hurled, and that shall be hurled, let them penetrate our enemies. All foes of ours, whether belonging to our own kith and kin, or whether they belong

to neighbours or foreigners, Rudra will enable us to pierce them with showers of arrows. We shall be protected by this charm against rivals and against all that curse and do ill.

Incantation to Secure a Woman's Love

This plant is honey-born; I use its honey juice to win thy heart. I have honey at my tongue's tip, honey at my tongue's root; mayest thou, loved one, get into my power and yield to my wish. I am sweeter than honey and more honied than the honey plant. Mayest thou seek me, and me alone, as the bee seeks honey-giving flowers. I have encompassed thee with the sugar cane, so as to keep all bitterness from thee, and to make thee well disposed towards me.

Book II

Charm Against Curses and Cursers by Means of a Certain Plant

THIS god-begotten plant, hated by all evil-doers, has washed away all curses—the curse of my rival and of my sister, as waters wash away filth. Even the curses of priests this plant will neutralise. Protect me, thou all-powerful plant, and my wife and my children and my property. May all curses return to the cursers, and may all such as intend evil suffer the evil which they intend.

Disease Caused by Demon Possession Cured by an Amulet Made of Ten Kinds of Wood

O thou amulet made from the wood of ten kinds of trees, do thou release this man from the demon who has seized him in the joints and paralysed him, and lead him forth once more to the world of living men. This man has come and has gone forth joining the company of the living, becoming father of sons.

Incantation Against Witchcraft by Means of an Amulet

O thou amulet, thou art the spoiler's spoiler, the missile's missile, the weapon's weapon. Protect me against my foe. May his bewitching power revert from me, its intended object, back upon himself. Give me power to resist all attacks.

Book III

Prayer for Health and Long Life

BY this sacrifice I set thee free from early death and from disease and pain. If thou art overtaken by a seizure,

may Indra and Agni deliver thee. Live thou now on, thriving, for a hundred autumns, a hundred winters, and a hundred springs. May Indra, Agni, Savitar and Brihaspati grant thee one hundred years more of life.

Incantation at the Building of a New House, to Secure Prosperity in it

This house of mine have I firmly built and on a strong foundation set. May I long inhabit thee, O house, O dwelling mine, and may many generations of brave heroes find peace, happiness and prosperity within thy walls. Mayest thou be for thine inmates ever bountifully supplied with horses, cattle and food. A garner of grain be thou, to which in the evening our men and animals come and find their fill of good things. May Savitar, Vayee, Indra and Brihaspati establish this dwelling for ever. May the Maruts sprinkle it with water and ghee.

Book IV

Charm Against a Poisoned Arrow

THE winged evil consumed thee first, O poison, and in him thou wroughtest no evil, but, on the contrary, becamest nourishing food. I charm away the poison at the tip of the whirring arrow. I defend thee against the poison contained in the feather socket. Thy point, O arrow, be powerless, thy poison powerless. Let all that dig the plant that yields thee be powerless, and let the mountain on whose slopes the poison plant grows be impotent.

Prayer to Varuna for Protection Against Treacherous Foes

King Varuna knows and is close at hand, and watches when treacherous foes are seeking our undoing. No one can hide from him or escape detection by him. Two men may sit together, plotting evil, but Varuna is always a third. He numbers the workings of men's eyes and manages human life as a gambler handles dice.

Book V

Imprecation Against Such as Steal and Eat the Brahman's Cow

THIS cow belongs to the Brahmins, and must not be eaten by king or ruler. If either of these has been unfortunate and lost his money by stake or dice, he may think it fitting to appropriate the

Brahman's cow. But the Brahman cow, O thou luckless ruler, will prove to thee like a poisonous adder. The Brahman is not to be thus wronged, for he who plays with the Brahman is like the child who plays with fire. Soma is the Brahman's heir and Indra his defender. The king who eats the Brahman cow will find that what he swallows has a hundred barbs. He may say as he eats the sweet morsel, 'How delicious!' but he will find in the end that he is eating death.

Book VI

Charm Against Ophthalmia

THOU plant Abayu, strong, sharp is thy juice. We eat a broth made of thee. Vihalha is thy father's name; Madaravi [intoxicated] is thy mother's. Let this eye pain depart and the sight fully return.

Charm Against a Cough

As the soul, carried away by its desires, flies swiftly to distant scenes, so fly thou forth, O cough, along the soul's course of flight. As a well sharpened arrow is hurled quickly into the distance, so fly thou forth, O cough, to the remotest parts of the earth. As the sun's rays glance into remotest space, so do thou, O cough, depart into distant ocean depths.

Book VII

Prayer for Good Luck

MAY the wind blow us good fortune; may the sun shine good fortune upon us; may each day and each night bring us good fortune; may every day's dawn inaugurate for us some fresh boon in life.

Book VIII

A Hymn to the Medicinal Properties of Magical Plants

WE invoke you, brown plants, white plants, red, speckled, sable and black plants; may ye protect this man from God-sent diseases. May the waters and the heavenly herbs drive from every limb of this man diseases due to his sin. The healing plants, the food of Agni, the offspring of the waters, fertile and strong, bearing a thousand names; all these shall be brought hither to us, and they shall protect in our home and village, man and beast. May the manifold leaves of the

manifold plants upon the earth deliver me from death and misery.

Book IX

Charm Against Various Diseases

BY this charm we expel from thee headache, head ailment, earache, anaemia—every head disease do we charm away. We charm away from thy ears ear-pains, neuralgia—every head disease, etc. We charm away deafness, blindness—every head disease, etc. We charm away pain and fever in the limbs—every head disease, etc.

Book X

The Virtues of an Amulet of Khadira Wood in the Shape of a Ploughshare

BY means of this amulet I cut off the head of my hostile rival. This ploughshare amulet will be my defence. It has come to me full of sap and lustre. This amulet shall dwell in our house. It shall give us faith, and to it we shall offer daily sacrifice. As our honoured and faithful guest, we shall set before it ghee, wine, honey and every kind of food. This amulet will prevail with the gods and secure for us ever increasing prosperity. This amulet, which Brihaspati has fastened together and Indra has strengthened, will secure for us unfailing vigour and heroic courage.

Book XI

Prayer to Sacred Serpents for Help in Battle

WE beseech thee, O Arbudi and Nyarbudi¹, help us against our enemies. May our arms, our arrows, bows, swords and axes be directed so that great slaughter may issue. By your help, O ye strong ones, who encompass the atmosphere and art the companions of Indra, I pursue the king with my army. Arise, thou divine one, O Arbudi; come to us with thine army and give us the victory. Let the land be strewn with human carcasses, so that wild beasts, insects and worms may have their fill. May the arms and the stratagems of the enemy be put to naught. Do thou pierce them, O Arbudi: then shall nothing of them remain. Do thou, O Nyarbudi, be by us and let the enemy

lie crushed and slain. May victorious spirits, having tongues of fire and crests of smoke, march forth with our army and lead us on to victory. May the hearts of our enemies burst and may their breath go out for ever. May the mouth of our enemies be parched with thirst, but may our allies have abundance of sparkling drinks.

Book XII

Self-Sacrifice of Husband and Wife

GET thee upon thy steer, bring with thee the companion of thy life, and call together all that are dear to thee. Ye two shall offer yourselves as sacrifices to the gods. Whatever age it was when ye came together, that shall be your age in the realm of Yama¹. Your sight shall be as clear, your strength as abundant, your splendour as great, your energies as vast as in the olden time. When ye have been burnt upon the altar, ye shall rise into new and higher being from what is cooked. Ye have travelled together long in this world; ye shall travel together in Yama's realm.

Book XVII

Prayer to Indra as the Sun

I CALL upon Indra, the almighty one, who secures for all power, cows, booty and heaven; Oh, may I be long lived.

I call upon Indra, etc. May I be a favourite of the gods.

I call upon Indra, etc. May I be a favourite of all living beings. Arise, O sun, shine upon me. Let him that hates me be in my power, but let me not be in his power. Do thou, O Indra, protect us about with beneficent rays, so that good fortune may ever be our lot.

Book XVIII

Funeral Verses

I TURN unto my friend, asleep in death; may he have a good voyage.

Thy friend, however, wants no friendship of thine. Truly those deceased ones pass on from life to life till immortality is reached.

The desire of Yama is come upon me. I would fain lay down my body with that of my husband; may we whirl off together like two chariot wheels.

¹Two serpent deities—probably totems.

¹The Pluto of Hindu mythology.

W. G. COLLINGWOOD
THE LIFE AND WORK
OF JOHN RUSKIN

Outlined by the Author

BORN at Liverpool, August 6, 1854, William Gershom Collingwood was one of Ruskin's earlier students during his professorship at Oxford, and afterwards was employed by him from time to time for nearly thirty years as private secretary, travelling companion, draughtsman, proof reader and general assistant. The *Life and Work of John Ruskin* was first published in 1893 at 2s. 6d. by Methuen & Co., with whose permission this epitome, prepared by Mr. Collingwood himself, has been made. Since Ruskin's death Mr. Collingwood has been known as editor to the Cumberland & Westmorland Antiquarian Society, President of the Viking Club, Vice-President of the Lake Artists' Society and Professor of Fine Art at University College, Reading. This work belongs to the useful category of biographies which in dealing with a man's activities do not ignore the man himself. It presents Ruskin as author, artist and social reformer, and is the faithful and sympathetic narrative of one of the greatest teachers of the modern world.

I—The Boy Poet



IF origin, if early training and habits of life, if tastes and character and associations fix a man's nationality, then John Ruskin must be reckoned a Scotsman. The source of his name and pedigree is obscure. Soon after the dissolution of Furness Abbey, Richerde Ruskyn and his family were landowners at Dalton-in-Furness. Other Ruskins and Ruskens are known in the North of England; one branch settled in Edinburgh.

John Ruskin, our subject's grandfather, married a gentlewoman of Galloway, Catherine Tweddale. Their son, John James Ruskin, having finished his education at the High School of Edinburgh, went to London and became a wine merchant. He married his cousin, Margaret Cox, and their only child, John Ruskin, was born at 54, Hunter Street, Brunswick Square, on February 8, 1819. Four years later they moved to Herne Hill, their home until John was grown up.

At the age of seven he began to write rhymes. He did not draw until he was twelve, but frequent travel familiarised him with scenery, and home education gave him opportunity to read for himself. At fifteen he published notes on Alpine geology, and a year later appeared his verses on Salzburg, the first of many

contributions to periodicals which seemed to promise success as a poet in the dark time before Tennyson's star arose.

Early in 1836 the quiet of Herne Hill was fluttered by a visit from the daughters of Mr. Domecq, the wealthy Spanish-Parisian partner of the wine merchant. To a romantic boy in a London suburb the apparition was dazzling. The eldest, Adèle, bewitched him at once with her graceful figure and that oval face which was so admired in those times. He was on the brink of seventeen, and fell passionately in love with her. She was a child of fifteen, and did not understand this adoration, unspoken and unexpressed except by intensified shyness; she only laughed at John. He tried to amuse her, but he tried too seriously. He wrote a story to read to her, *Leoni, a Legend of Italy*, of brigands and true lovers, the thing that was popular in the romantic period; and she only laughed the more.

When they left, he was alone with his poetry again, but all his plans were dropped for a new style of verse—the love-poems of 1836. His father approved the verses, and did not disapprove his views on the young lady. Indeed, it is plain from the correspondence of the two gentlemen that Mr. Domecq intended his partner's son to become his own son-in-law. But to Mrs. Ruskin, with her religious feelings, it was intolerable that

the son whom she had brought up in the strictest Protestantism should fix his heart on an alien in race and creed. The wonder is that their relations were not more strained. Few young men would have kept unbroken allegiance to a mother whose sympathy failed at such a crisis.

After three years he must have seen how hopeless the case was. Mr. Domecq recognized it, too, but thought, it seems, that any of his daughters would do as well. He entertained an offer from a Baron Duquesne for the hand of Adèle; but John could not think of any other girl. A fortnight after his farewell to her he was taken seriously ill. Her marriage took place in March 1840. They kept the news from him as long as they could, for he was then at Oxford, and on the eve of his final examinations. He had already won the Newdigate prize for English verse and his college tutor seemed to think he might get a First in Greats. But in May he was pronounced consumptive, and had to give up all hopes of academic distinction, and with that all the plans that had been entertained for his distinction in the Church. He was taken abroad, and dragged about from place to place in search of health, for many months in vain.

But in Italy he occupied himself with pencil and pen, and at last recovered strength among the Alps. He records that one day in church at Geneva he resolved to *do* something, to *be* something useful. He had been reading Carlyle's Heroes.

THE work he found was the defence of Turner and the exposition of modern aims in landscape. Some years earlier, before going up to Oxford, he had written a reply to the severe criticisms of Blackwood's Magazine on Turner's Juliet, and sent it to the artist, who replied pleasantly, but deprecated publication. Now, under the influence of Harding, the chief landscape teacher of the time, and with fuller knowledge of scenery and of painting, Ruskin felt that he had found a new vocation. He was not to be a poet—that was bound up with the past, which he wanted to forget—nor an artist, struggling with the rest to please a public he could teach; nor a man of science, for his botany and geology were to be the means, not the ends, of his teaching; but the mission was laid upon him to tell the world that art also had its heroes, that the main-spring of their energy was sincerity and the burden of their utterance truth.

II—The Art Critic

IN May 1843 *Modern Painters* (I) appeared. It was meant to be audacious, and naturally created a storm. The free criticisms of public favourites made an impression, not because they were put into strong language—for the tone of the press was stronger than now—but because they were backed with illustration and argument. The descriptive passages were such as had never before appeared in prose, and the obvious usefulness of the analyses of natural form and effect made many an artist read on while he shook his head.

When the secret of the 'Oxford Graduate'—Ruskin's pseudonym—leaked out, he was lionised. During the winter of 1843 he met celebrities at fashionable dinner-tables; and now that his parents were established in their grander house on Denmark Hill, they could duly return the hospitalities of the world.

On his way home from the Alps in 1844 a few days at the Louvre made him a devotee of ancient art. He determined to go to Florence and Venice and study the old religious painters. Of the volume thus produced, Sydney Smith said that it 'would work a complete revolution in the world of taste,' and his prophecy was fulfilled.

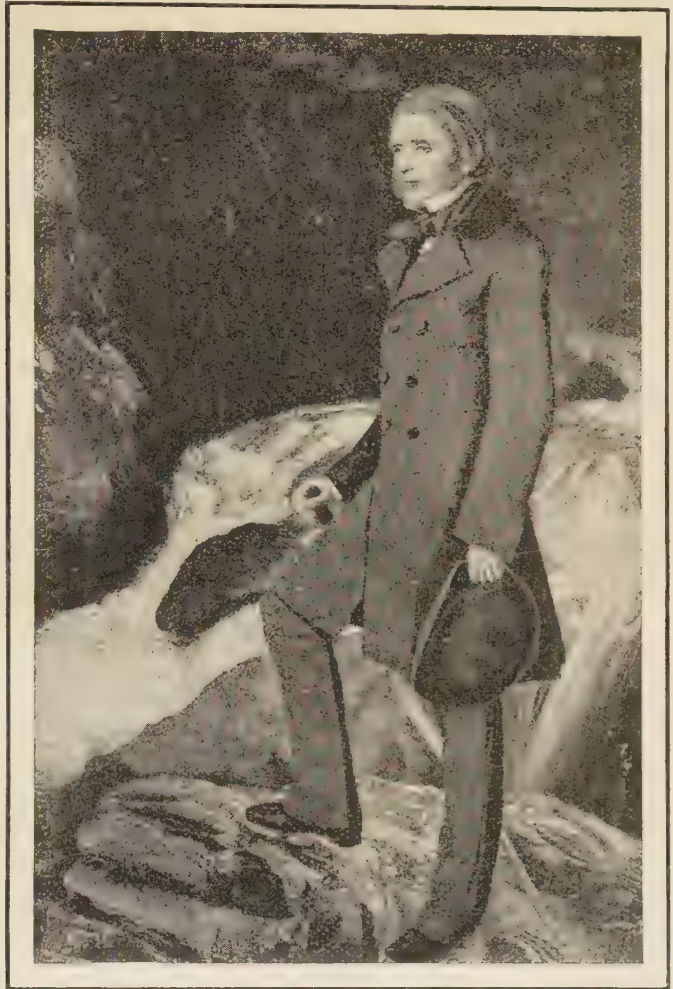
Ruskin's next work, *The Seven Lamps of Architecture*, similarly called popular attention to French and Italian Gothic architecture. *The Stones of Venice*, which followed, was undertaken as a description of medieval palaces and churches, but became, as Carlyle wrote, 'a strange, unexpected and, I believe, most true and excellent Sermon in Stones,' in which Ruskin contended that art cannot be produced except by artists. Great architecture, in his view, never arose from mechanical execution, by unintelli-

gent workmen from the working drawings of an architect's office; and as Socrates postponed the day of justice until philosophers were kings, so he looked for a time when the workman should be a true artist.

At the opening of the Working Men's College (1854) a reprint of one chapter was distributed as a statement of conclusions drawn from the study of art respecting the conditions under which the life of the workman should be regulated, and Ruskin thenceforward taught drawing at the college. His object was, as he said before the Royal Commission on National Institutions, not to create painters, but to educate the workmen. The result proved that they could be interested in art; that the capacity shown in Gothic times had not entirely died out, in spite of a century of manufacture; and the experience led him forward to wider views in the nature of art and of social economy.

His chief colleague in these drawing classes was Rossetti, who had headed the Pre-Raphaelite movement, with Millais and Holman Hunt, some years earlier. They were not originally Ruskin's pupils, but their movement was the outcome of a tendency which he, more than any man, had fostered with his advice to 'go to nature, selecting nothing, rejecting nothing and scorning nothing.' His pamphlet on Pre-Raphaelitism (1851) showed that the leading motive of the new school was that of Turner—sincerity, as opposed to mechanical academic art.

Turner died in that year, and Ruskin transferred his active sympathy to the Pre-Raphaelites, championing them in



RUSKIN AT THE WATERFALL OF GLENFINLAS

From the painting by Sir J. E. Millais, P.R.A.

his Edinburgh Lectures (1853) and annual Notes on the Royal Academy, as well as in the later volumes of *Modern Painters*. By 1854 he was already recognized as the leading authority upon taste, and trusted by the public, who had not failed to notice how completely he and his friends were winning the day.

Still a young man, he had wealth and fame and, as his readers fancied, all that could make life happy. They did not know how the labour involved in his work and the drawback of ill health made society distasteful to him and domestic life difficult. They did not witness the disillusioning of the young wife, who

found herself unequally yoked to a man with whom she had nothing in common; in habits, more than in years, her senior; taking 'small notice, or austere,' of the gayer world she preferred; and it came as a shock when she left him with apparent suddenness, and the separation ended in the annulment of the marriage.

The Art Treasures Exhibition at Manchester in 1857 and the opening of the South Kensington Museum, 1858, gave occasion for important public addresses by Ruskin, printed in his *Political Economy of Art*, and *The Two Paths*. The trend of his thought was now less and less toward technical criticism, but more toward the ethical aspects of art in its relation to the artist and the community.

Spending the summer of 1858 alone in

Switzerland for the study of local history, he noted that all the virtues of a poor and laborious people did not make them artistic, while the vices of Venice, though not, as commonly supposed, the cause of the great school of painting, were unable for some generations to degrade it. He formed the generalisation that art is the product of human happiness, created by pleasure, not for pleasure; and, as a consequence of that doctrine, he felt that the one thing needful was to seek the grounds of national well-being from which art would spontaneously arise. 'The kind of painting they most wanted in London,' he said in an address to a school of art, 'was painting cheeks red with health.' A new career opened before him, to face broader issues and sterner realities.

III—*Hermit and Heretic*

AT forty years of age Ruskin finished *Modern Painters*, and concluded the cycle of works by which he is popularly known as a writer upon art. From that time, art was sometimes his text, rarely his theme. He used it as the opportunity for teachings about life as a whole, conclusions in ethics, economics and religion, to which he sought to lead others as he was led—by the way of art. During the next few years he lived much alone among the Alps or at home, thinking out the problem; sometimes feeling more acutely than was good for clear thought the burden of the mission laid upon him.

His Alpine hermitage was at Mornex, on the Salève, near Geneva, where his chief recreation was the study of physical geology and the structure of minerals, especially agates, about which he lectured at the Royal Institution later on. But his work was political economy, or rather, the relation of economy to ethics. On this he wrote two series of papers, *Unto this Last* (*Cornhill Magazine*) and *Munera Pulveris* (*Fraser's Magazine*).

Both series came to untimely end; the outcry against the heresies they preached was too loud for editors and publishers, and the papers were stopped. Worst of all, his father strongly disapproved. Carlyle, his firm ally, wrote to the old man that 'when Solomon's temple

was building, ten thousand sparrows sitting on the trees round declared that it was entirely wrong; nevertheless it got finished.' By such advocacy the breach was healed, and at the death of his father, in 1864, all signs of difference had disappeared. His mother lived on for nearly eight years, to find in her last days his later works becoming, as she wrote, more and more what they always ought to have been to her.

The loss of his father recalled Ruskin from abroad. Under the will he received about £150,000, and was able to indulge the tastes and the generosity which in twenty years made away with his fortune, together with another £50,000 left him by his mother. For the time, he devoted himself to preaching his new doctrines on ethics and education.

THE first important publication was that of the two lectures given in Manchester in 1864 as *Sesame and Lilies*, followed by the addresses collected in *The Crown of Wild Olive*, and the talks to school-girls at *Winnington* on minerals and morals—*Ethics of the Dust*. The series of letters named *Time and Tide* in which he set forth the first sketch of his *Utopia* were written in 1867, and in that year he was invited to deliver the *Rede Lecture* at Cambridge, receiving the honorary degree of LL.D.

In the summer he revisited, after a long interval, the English lake district, and found 'the loveliest rock scenery, chased with silver waterfalls, that he ever set foot or heart upon.' But it was not yet that he abandoned his ideal of a home among the Alps for one at Coniston.

Next year he was in Ireland, and gave at Dublin the third lecture of *Sesame and Lilies*. By this time his mother had the companionship of his young cousin, Miss Agnew, afterwards Mrs. Arthur Severn, and he was able to go abroad again—to Switzerland in 1866, to Abbeville in 1868, and in 1869 to Verona and Venice, where he made acquaintance with the mystic paintings of Carpaccio.

The study of mythology as a revelation of human ideals was taking the place of other interests; the first chapter of *The*

Queen of the Air, an attempt to explain Greek nature myths, was given as a lecture at University College, London, in 1869, and the interpretation of faith as expressed in art led him into many byways of research, not always on firm ground. But it was the logical sequence of widening aims and views embracing broader issues than the connoisseurship of Modern Painters, the didacticism of *Seven Lamps*, and the historical imagination of *Stones of Venice*, though it became a contributing cause to the strange mysticism of his later period, which can hardly be understood without the key of biographical development.

On his way home from Verona he heard that he had been elected to the newly founded Slade Professorship in Fine Art at Oxford, and on February 8, 1870, gave his inaugural lecture in the Sheldonian.

IV—Professor and Prophet

RUSKIN's lectures are still fresh in the memory of many who have forgotten much else of what they saw and learnt at Oxford. It was not strictly academic the way he used to come into the room, fling off his long-sleeved master's gown and plunge into his discourse. He would begin by reading carefully written passages of rhetoric; by and by he would break off, and with quite another air extemporise the liveliest interpolations. His voice, till then artificially cadenced, became vivacious; his gestures, at first constrained, became dramatic; and the manner, as well as the matter, carried his hearers with him.

In his first three years at Oxford he delivered five courses, reconstructing his teaching upon general principles of art. In 1871 the drawing school he founded and endowed was opened; but there was no place in the undergraduate's time-table for drawing. And, indeed, Ruskin's aim was not to attract amateurs, but those who were to be thinkers and workers. As he could not make them draw, he made them dig at his Hinksey road-mending—a pretext for getting together disciples for the doctrines he was preaching in *Fors Clavigera*.

This was the series of monthly *Letters to Working Men*, carried on from this date, with some intermissions, until 1884. The

pamphlets were not regularly published, but sold by his engraver, George Allen, formerly a Working Men's College student, through whose agency Ruskin ultimately issued all his books, thus becoming his own publisher.

In *Fors* he gradually developed his suggestions for a Guild of St. George, by which he hoped to influence public opinion towards his altruistic ideals. He had begun with successful attempts, under the management of Miss Octavia Hill, to reclaim London slums, and to set an example in trade with his tea-shop in Paddington. Now he proposed an organization to promote simplicity of life, renunciation of commercial methods, and the betterment of agricultural labour—not as a charitable colony, but introducing his principles, educational, social and economic, into existing farms and factories.

As one branch of this work he founded the museum at Sheffield; as attempts in other directions, several pieces of land, and a mill at Laxey, Isle of Man, came under the guild's control, with varying fortune; the home industries of the Lake district owed their origin to the movement. But Ruskin was neither personally fitted nor, after this time, in sufficient health to manage an enterprise of this nature.

In 1876, at Venice, he showed definite signs of a great mental change. For many



RUSKIN'S HOUSE, BRANTWOOD, CONISTON

years he had been deeply attached to a young lady who had been, as a child, his pupil in drawing; estrangement, arising chiefly from religious differences, and at last her death, put an end to his romance. A medium had professed to show him her spirit, and ever since he had watched eagerly for evidences of another life. The assurance seemed to have come with the reawakening of religious feelings and the strengthening of the mysticism derived from his study of mythology. He recanted his scepticism, depreciated his former heroes and searched the Bible for hidden meanings. Under the new inspiration he wrapped the prophet's mantle more closely round him as he denounced with growing fervour the crimes of an unbelieving age.

In 1879 he retired from his professorship to the quiet of his home at Coniston. He had bought the cottage of Brantwood in 1871, with a few acres of moor and wood, fronting on the lake, and the finest view, he wrote, in Cumberland or Lancashire (Coniston being in Lancashire), 'with the sunset visible over the same.' He repaired and enlarged the dilapidated house, filled it with pictures and books, and spent his afternoons in opening paths in the woods or engineering rock gardens and reservoirs on the moor. He found new friends in the neighbourhood, and took a great interest in the village school and institute, and in the life of his rustic neighbours.

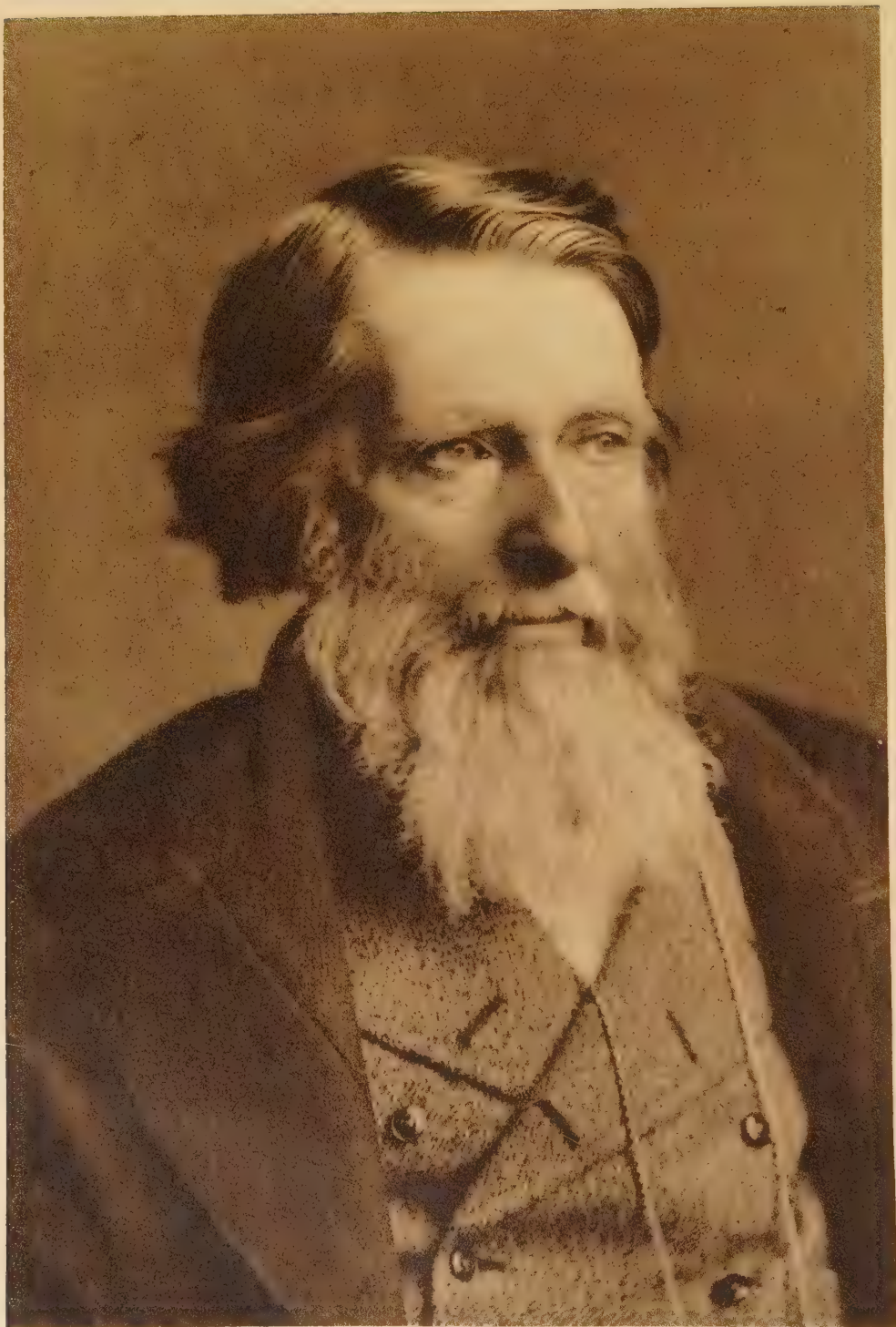
In retirement he still wrote, recasting his botanical and geological studies in

Proserpina, and Deucalion. After a tour in France in 1880 he began *The Bible of Amiens* as part of a series on old French history. A more extended tour, in 1882, to revisit old haunts in view of an autobiography (*Praeterita*), so far restored his health that he ventured once again to attempt the work of the professorship at Oxford. But the effort ended in another and more complete breakdown. His last lectures, vehement protests against modern life and thought in the strain of a

Hebrew prophet denouncing a Babylon, alarmed his strongest supporters. The action of the university in establishing a physiological laboratory meant to him the endowment of vivisection, to which he was energetically opposed. He resigned his post, feeling that he was completely out of touch with the age, and that he must give up the unequal fight.

FOR a few years more he spent intervals of comparative health in travel, in writing *Praeterita*, and in editing several works by friends; but his powers were spent. After 1889 he passed into almost entire seclusion at Coniston, affectionately tended by Mrs. Severn, and resigned to inaction.

His eightieth birthday was marked by an outburst of congratulations from many unexpected quarters, for though he had survived his strength, the influence of his work had been growing. 'You have helped many,' said the address on this occasion from Oxford University, 'to find in life more happiness than they thought it held; and we trust there is happiness in the latter years of your long life.' But as the year went on he did not regain his normal summer strength. After an attack of influenza, he passed peacefully away on January 20, 1900. A grave in Westminster Abbey was offered, but it had been his own desire to be buried at Coniston, where he lies in the village churchyard among the friends of his later years, and under the crags he loved in his childhood.



Elliott & Fry

J. Ruskin

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JOHN RUSKIN

PRAETERITA

FROM out the abundance of Ruskin's prose writing *Praeterita* has here been chosen as being, perhaps, the best adapted of all to give a general idea of his genius. Written when the famous critic-artist had reached his autumn, and when many of the asperities and dogmatisms and prejudices of his earlier manner had disappeared or been softened down, this long and intimate autobiography is full of fascination, not only for the superlative excellence of its style, but also for the light it throws on the author's real nature and character, so often misunderstood, and for the brilliant glimpses it affords of life in the Victorian age as lived and envisaged by one who was in many ways a typical Victorian in addition to being among the most notable publicists of his time. The work was originally issued in instalments during the years 1886 to 1888, and is now published in volume form by Allen & Unwin, publishers of the sole authorised editions of all

Ruskin's works, with whose permission the following free quotations have been made.

I—Early Life at Herne Hill



WHEN I was about four years old, my father (he was a wine merchant in the City, 'an entirely honest merchant,' who, beginning with no capital and 'a considerable amount of debts' bequeathed him by his father, amassed a very comfortable fortune) found himself able to buy the lease of a house on Herne Hill, a rustic eminence four miles south of the 'standard' in Cornhill; of which the leafy seclusion remains, in all essential points of character unchanged to this day (1886); certain Gothic splendours, lately indulged in by our wealthier neighbours being the only serious innovations; and these are so graciously concealed by the fine trees of their grounds that the passing visitor remains unaffected by them; and I can still walk up and down the piece of road between the Fox Tavern and the Herne Hill station, imagining myself four years old.

Our house was the northernmost of a group which stand accurately on the top or dome of the hill, where the ground is for a small space level, as the snows are (I understand) on the dome of Mont Blanc; presently falling, however, in what may be, in the London clay formation, considered a precipitous slope, to our valley of Charouni (or of Dulwich) on the east; and with a softer descent into Cold Harbour Lane on the west; on the south, no less

beautifully declining to the vale of the Effre (doubtless shortened from Effrena, signifying the 'unbridled' river; recently, I regret to say, bricked over); while on the north, prolonged indeed with slight depression some half mile or so, and receiving, in the parish of Lambeth, the chivalric title, Champion Hill, it plunges down at last to efface itself in the plains of Peckham and the rural barbarism of Goose Green.

The group, of which our house was the quarter, consisted of two precisely similar partner-couples of houses, gardens and all to match; still the two highest blocks of buildings seen from Norwood on the crest of the ridge; so that the house itself, three-storied, with garrets above, commanded, in those comparatively smokeless days, a very notable view from its garret windows, of the Norwood Hills on one side, and the winter sunrise over them; and of the valley of the Thames on the other, with Windsor telescopically clear in the distance, and Harrow, conspicuous always in fine weather to open vision against the summer sunset. It had front and back gardens in sufficient proportion to its size, the front, richly set with old evergreens, and well-grown lilac and laburnum; the back, seventy yards long by twenty wide, renowned over all the hill for its pears and apples, which had been chosen with extreme care by our predecessor (shame on me to forget the name of a man to whom I owe so much!)—and possessing

also a strong old mulberry tree, a tall, white-heart cherry tree, a black Kentish one, and an almost unbroken hedge, all round, of alternate gooseberry and currant bush; decked, in due season (for the ground was wholly beneficent) with magical splendour of abundant fruit; fresh green, soft amber and rough-bristled crimson bending the spinous branches; clustered pearl and pendant ruby joyfully discoverable under the large leaves that looked like wine.

The differences of primal importance which I observed between the nature of this garden and that of Eden, as I had imagined it, was, that in this one, *all* the fruit was forbidden—unless under defined

restrictions; and there were no companionable beasts; in other respects the little domain answered every purpose of Paradise to me; and the climate, in that cycle of our years, allowed me to pass most of my time in it—. The first joy of the year being in its snowdrops, the second, and cardinal one, was in the almond blossom—every other garden and woodland gladness following from that in an unbroken order of kindling flower and shadowy leaf; and for many and many a year to come—until, indeed, the whole of life became autumn to me—my chief prayer for the kindness of heaven, in its flowerful seasons, was that the frost might not touch the almond blossom

II—Gothic Intrusions

THE view from the Herne Hill ridge was, before railways came, entirely lovely; westward at evening, almost sublime, over softly wreathing distances of domestic wood; Thames herself not visible, nor any fields except immediately beneath; but the tops of twenty square miles of politely inhabited groves. On the other side, east and south, the Norwood Hills, partly rough with furze, partly wooded with birch and oak, partly in pure green bramble copse and rather steep pasture, rose with the promise of all the rustic loveliness of Surrey and Kent in them, and with so much of space and height in their sweep as gave them some fellowship with hills of true hill-districts. Fellowship

now inconceivable, for the Crystal Palace, without ever itself attaining any true aspect of size, and possessing no more sublimity than a cucumber frame between two chimneys, yet by its stupidity of hollow bulk dwarfs the hills at once; so that now one thinks of them no more but as three long humps of clay, on lease for building. But then, the Nor-wood, or North Wood, so called as it was seen from Croydon, in opposition to the South Wood of the Surrey downs, drew itself in sweeping crescent good five miles round Dulwich to the south, broken by lanes of ascent, Gipsy Hill and others; and, from the top, commanding views towards Dartford and over the plains of Croydon.

III—Where Ruskin Walked and Thought

CENTRAL in such amphitheatre, the crowning glory of Herne Hill was accordingly that, after walking along its ridge, southward from London, through a mile of chestnut, lilac and apple trees, hanging over the wooden palings at each side, suddenly the trees stopped on the left, and out one came on the top of a field sloping down to the south into Dulwich valley—open fields animate with cow and buttercup, and below, the beautiful meadows and high avenues of Dulwich; and beyond, all that crescent of the Norwood hills; a footpath, entered by a turnstile, going down to the left, always so warm that invalids could be sheltered there in March, when to walk

elsewhere would have been death to them; and so quiet, that whenever I had anything difficult to compose or think of, I used to do it rather there than in our own garden. The great field was separated from the path and road only by light wooden open palings, four feet high, needful to keep the cows in. Since I last composed or meditated there, various improvements have taken place; first the neighbourhood wanted a new church, and built a meagre Gothic one with a useless spire at the side of the field; then they built a parsonage behind it, the two stopping out half the view in that direction.

Then the Crystal Palace came, for ever spoiling the view through all its compass,

and bringing every show day, from London, a flood of pedestrians down the footpath, who left it filthy with cigar ashes for the rest of the week. Then the railroads came, and expatiating roughs by every excursion train, who knocked the palings about, roared at the cows and tore down what

branches of blossom they could reach over the palings. Then the residents on the enclosed side built a brick wall to defend themselves. Then the path got to be insufferably hot as well as dirty, and was gradually abandoned to the roughs, with a policeman on watch at the bottom.

IV—A Gentleman-Commoner at Oxford

ALONE, by the fireside of the little room which looked into the narrow lane, chiefly then of stabling; I sate collecting my resolution for college life.

I had not much to collect; nor, so far as I knew, much to collect it against. I had about as clear understanding of my whereabouts, or foresight of my fortune, as Davie Gellatly might have had in my place; with these farther inferiorities to Davie, that I could neither dance, sing nor roast eggs. There was not the slightest fear of my gambling, for I had never touched a card and looked upon dice as people now do on dynamite. No fear of my being tempted by the strange woman, for was not I in love? And besides, never allowed to be out after half-past nine. No fear of my running in debt, for there were no Turners to be had in Oxford, and I cared for nothing else in the world of material possession. No fear of my breaking my neck out hunting, for I couldn't have ridden a hack down the High Street; and no fear of my ruining myself at a race, for I never had been but at one race in my life, and had not the least wish to win anybody else's money.

I expected some ridicule, indeed, for these my simple ways, but was safe against ridicule in my conceit; the only thing I doubted myself in, and very rightly, was the power of applying for three years

to work in which I took not the slightest interest. I resolved, however, to do my parents and myself as much credit as I could, said my prayers very seriously, and went to bed in good hope—.

It had never entered my head to doubt a word of the Bible, though I saw well enough already that its words were to be understood otherwise than I had been taught, but the more I believed it, the less it did me any good. It was all very well for Abraham to do what angels bid him; but none had ever appeared to me that I knew of, not even Adèle, who couldn't be an angel because she was a Roman Catholic. I couldn't see that either Billiter Street and the Tower Wharf, where my father had his cellars, or the cherry-blossomed garden at Herne Hill, where my mother potted her flowers, could be places I was bound to fly from as in The City of Destruction. Without much reasoning on the matter, I had virtually concluded from my general Bible reading that, never having meant or done any harm that I knew of, I could not be in danger of hell; while I saw also that even the *crème de la crème* of religious people seemed to be in no hurry to go to heaven. On the whole, it seemed to me, all that was required of *me* was to say my prayers, go to church, learn my lessons, obey my parents and enjoy my dinner.

V—Christ Church Choir

THE first sight of college chapel disappointed me, after the large churches abroad; but its narrow vaults had very different offices.

On the whole, of important places and services for the Christian souls of England, the choir of Christ Church was at that epoch of English history virtually the navel and seat of life. There remained in it the traditions of Saxon, Norman, Elizabethan religion unbroken—the mem-

ory of loyalty, the reality of learning and, in nominal obedience at least and in the heart of them with true docility, stood every morning, to be animated for the highest duties owed to their country, the noblest of English youth. The greater number of the peers of England and, as a rule, the best of her squirealty passed necessarily through Christ Church.

The cathedral itself was an epitome of English history. Every stone, every pane

of glass, every panel of woodwork, was true, and of its time—not an accrued sham of architect's job—.

In this choir, written so closely and consecutively with indisputable British history, met every morning a congregation representing the best of what Britain had become—orderly, as the crew of a man-of-war, in the goodly ship of their temple. Every man in his place, according to his rank, age and learning; every man of sense or heart there recognizing that he was either fulfilling, or being prepared to fulfil, the gravest duties required of Englishmen. A well-educated foreigner, admitted to that morning service, might have learnt and judged more quickly and

justly what the country had been, and still had power to be, than by months of stay in court or city. There, in his stall, sat the greatest divine of England—under his commandant niche, her greatest scholar—among the tutors the present Dean Liddell, and a man of curious intellectual power and simple virtue, Osborne Gordon.

The group of noblemen gave, in the Marquis of Kildare, Earl of Desart, Earl of Evelyn and Francis Charteris, now Lord Wemyss, the brightest types of high race and active power. Henry Acland and Charles Newton among the senior undergraduates, and I among the freshmen, showed, if one had known it, elements of curious possibilities in coming days—.

VI—'Collecting' in Hall

THE influence on me of the next goodliest part of the college buildings—the hall—was of a different and curiously mixed character. Had it only been used, as it only ought to have been, for festivity and magnificence, the hall, like the cathedral, would have had an entirely salutary and beneficently solemnising effect on me, hallowing to me my daily bread, or, if our Dean Abbot had condescended sometimes to dine with us, our incidental venison. But with the extremely bad taste which, to my mind, is our cardinal modern sin, the Abbot allowed our hall to be used for 'collections.' The word is wholly abominable to my mind, whether as expressing extorted charities in church, or extracted knowledge in examination. 'Collections,' in scholastic sense, meant the college examination at the end of every term, at which the Abbot had always the worse than bad taste to be present as our inquisitor, though he had never once presided at our table as our host. Now, as my Latin writing was, I suppose, the worst in the university, it may be imagined with what sort of countenance the Dean gave me his first and second fingers to shake at our parting, or with what comfort I met the inquiries of my father and mother as to the extent to which I was, in college opinion, carrying all before me.

In the cathedral, however born or bred, I felt myself present by as good a right as its bishop. But at table, with this learned

and lordly perspective of guests, and state of worldly service, I had nothing to do; my proper style of dining was for ever, I felt, divided from this—impassably. With baked potatoes under the mutton, just out of the oven, I was myself, and in my place; but at the gentlemen-commoners' table, in Cardinal Wolsey's dining-room, I was, in all sorts of ways at once, less than myself, and in all sorts of wrong places at once, out of my place.

I may as well here record a somewhat comic incident, extremely trivial, which took place a little while afterwards; and which, in spite of its triviality, farther contributed to diminish in my own mind the charm of Christ Church Hall. I had been received as a good-humoured and inoffensive little cur, contemptuously, yet kindly, among the dogs of race at the gentlemen-commoners' table; and my tutor, and the men who read in class with me, were beginning to recognize that I had some little gift in reading with good accent, thinking of what I read, and even asking troublesome questions about it, to the extent of being one day eagerly and admiringly congratulated by the whole class the moment we got out into quad, on the consummate manner in which I had floored our tutor, I having had no more intention to floor, or consciousness of flooring, the tutor, than a babe unborn; but had only happened, to the exquisite joy of my companions, to ask him something which he didn't happen to know.

VII—Too Much Zeal

IT was an institution of the college that every week the undergraduates should write an essay on a philosophical subject, and the best was read aloud in hall on Saturday afternoon, with enforced attendance of the other undergraduates. With real interest in the task I wrote my weekly essay with all the sagacity and eloquence I possessed. And therefore, though much flattered, I was not surprised when, a few weeks after coming up, my tutor announced to me that I was to read my essay in hall next Saturday.

I read my essay, not ungracefully; and descended from the rostrum to receive—as I doubted not—the thanks of the gentlemen-commoners for this creditable presentment of the wisdom of that body. Not in envy, truly, but in fiery disdain, they explained that I had committed grossest lèse-majesté against the order of gentlemen-commoners; that no gentleman-commoner's essay ought ever to contain more than twelve lines, with four words in each; and that the impropriety of writing an essay with any meaning in it

—the thoughtlessness and audacity of writing one that would take at least a quarter of an hour to read, and then reading it all, might for this once be forgiven to such a greenhorn, but that Coventry wasn't the word for the place I should be sent to if ever I did such a thing again.

From about the third week after I came into residence, it began to be discovered that, muff or milksop though I might be, I could hold my own on occasion; and in next term, when I had to return civilities, that I gave good wine, and that of curious quality, without any bush; further, that I could take any quantity of jests, though I could not make one, and could be extremely interested in hearing conversation on topics I knew nothing of. In this second year of residence my position in college was thus alike pleasant and, satisfactorily to my parent, eminent; and I was received without demur into the Christ Church Society, on whose books were entered the names of most of the best men who had passed through Christ Church in the last ten or twelve years.

Fictional Study of an Historic Catastrophe

LORD LYTTON

THE LAST DAYS OF POMPEII

BEGUN and almost completed at Naples in the winter of 1832-3, and first published in 1834, *The Last Days of Pompeii* enjoyed an extraordinary contemporary vogue, and remains the most popular of Lytton's historical romances. The period dealt with is that of A.D. 79, during the short reign of Titus, when Rome was at its zenith and the picturesque Campanian city was a kind of Rome by the sea. Lytton wrote this novel some thirty years before the excavations of Pompeii had been begun systematically. But he brought to it the careful study which characterises all his literary work, and the pictures of the life, the luxuries, the pastimes and the gaiety of the half-Grecian colony, its worship of Isis, its trade with Alexandria, and the early struggles of Christianity with heathen superstition, are substantially true to historical fact, and are exceptionally vivid. The creation of Nydia, the blind flower girl, was suggested by the casual remark of an acquaintance that at the time of the destruction of Pompeii the sightless would have found the easiest deliverance. The novel is procurable in numerous cheap editions.

I—The Athenian's Love Story

WITHIN the narrow compass of the walls of Pompeii was contained a specimen of every gift which luxury offered to power. In its minute but glittering shops, its tiny palaces, its baths, its forum,

its theatre, its circus—in the energy yet corruption, in the refinement yet the vice, of its people, you beheld a model of the whole Roman Empire. It was a toy, a plaything, a show-box, in which the gods seemed pleased to keep the representation of the great monarchy of earth, and which



TRUE TILL DEATH: THE SENTRY OF POMPEII

From the painting by Sir E. J. Poynter, P.R.A., in the Walker Art Gallery

they afterwards hid from time, to give to the wonder of a long remote posterity—the moral of the maxim, that under the sun there is nothing new.

Crowded in the glassy bay were vessels of commerce and gilded pleasure galleys. The boats of the fishermen glided to and fro, and afar off you saw the tall masts of the fleet under the command of Pliny.

Drawing a comrade from the crowded streets, Glaucus the Greek, newly returned to Pompeii after a journey to Naples, bent his steps towards a solitary part of the beach; and the two, seated on a small crag which rose amidst the smooth pebbles, inhaled the voluptuous and cooling breeze which, dancing over the waters, kept music with its invisible feet. The scene

invited them to silence and reverie.

Clodius, the aedile, who sought the wherewithal for his pleasures at the gaming table, shaded his eyes from the burning sky and calculated the gains of the past week. He was one of the many who found it easy to enrich themselves at the expense of his companion. The Greek, leaning upon his hand, and shrinking not from that sun, his nation's tutelary deity, with whose fluent light of poesy and joy and love his own veins were filled, gazed upon the broad expanse and envied, perhaps, every wind that bent its pinions toward the shores of Greece.

Glaucus obeyed no more vicious dictates when he wandered into the dissipations of his time than the exhilarating voices of youth and health. His heart never was corrupted. Of far more penetration than Clodius and others of his companions deemed, he saw their designs on his riches and his youth; but he despised wealth save as the means of enjoyment and youth was the great sympathy that united him to them.

To him the world was one vast prison to which the sovereign of Rome was the imperial gaoler, and the very virtues which, in the free days of Athens, would have made him ambitious, in the slavery of earth made him inactive and supine.

"Tell me, Clodius," said the Athenian at last, "hast thou ever been in love?"

"Yes, very often."

"He who has loved often," answered Glaucus, "has loved never."

"Art thou, then, soberly and earnestly in love? Hast thou that feeling which the poets describe—a feeling which makes us neglect our suppers, forswear the theatre and write elegies?"

"I am not far gone enough for that," returned Glaucus, smiling. "In fact, I am

not in love ; but I could be if there were but occasion to see the object."

" Shall I guess the object ? Is it not Diomed's daughter ? She adores you, and does not conceal it. She is both handsome and rich. She will bind the door-posts of her husband with golden fillets."

" No, I do not desire to sell myself. Diomed's daughter is handsome, I grant ; and at one time, had she not been the grandchild of a freedman, I might have—yet, no—she carries all her beauty in her face ; her manners are not maiden-like, and her mind knows no culture save that of pleasure."

" You are ungrateful. Tell me, then, who is the fortunate virgin."

" You shall hear, my Clodius. Several months ago I was sojourning at Naples, a city utterly to my own heart. One day I entered the temple of Minerva to offer up my prayers, not for myself more than for the city on which Pallas smiles no longer. The temple was empty and deserted. The recollections of Athens crowded fast and meltingly upon me. Imagining myself still alone, my prayer gushed from my heart to my lips, and I wept as I prayed. I was startled in the midst of my devotions, however, by a deep sigh. I turned suddenly, and just behind me was a female. She had raised her veil also in prayer and,

when our eyes met, methought a celestial ray shot from those dark and smiling orbs at once into my soul.

" Never, my Clodius, have I seen mortal face more exquisitely moulded. A certain melancholy softened, and yet elevated, its expression. Tears were rolling down her eyes. I guessed at once that she was of Athenian lineage. I spoke to her, though with a faltering voice. ' Art thou not, too, Athenian ? ' said I. At the sound of my voice she blushed. ' My forefathers' ashes,' said she, ' repose by the waters of Ilyssus ; my birth is of Naples ; but my heart, as my lineage, is Athenian.'

" ' Let us, then,' said I, ' make our offerings together.' And as the priest now appeared, we stood side by side and so followed the ceremonial prayer. Together we touched the knees of the goddess ; together we laid our olive garlands on the altar. Silently we left the temple and I was about to ask her where she dwelt, when a youth, whose features resembled hers, took her by the hand. She turned and bade me farewell, the crowd parted us and I saw her no more ; nor, when I returned to Naples after a brief absence at Athens, was I able to discover any clue to my lost countrywoman. So, hoping to lose in gaiety all remembrance of that beautiful apparition, I hastened to plunge



FUGITIVES FLEEING FROM HERCULANEUM THE DOOMED

From the painting by Hector Le Roux

myself amidst the luxuries of Pompeii. This is all my history. I do not love, but I remember and regret."

So said Glaucus. But that very night, in a house at Pompeii, whither she had come

from Naples during his absence, Glaucus came face to face once more with the beautiful Ione, the object of his dreams. And no longer was he able to say, "I do not love."

II—*Arbaces, the Egyptian*

AMONGST the wealthy dwellers in Pompeii was one who lived apart and was at once an object of suspicion and fear. The riches of this man, who was known as Arbaces the Egyptian, enabled him to gratify to the utmost the passions which governed him—the passion of sensual indulgence and the blind force which impelled him to seek relief from physical satiety in the pursuit of that occult knowledge which he regarded as the heritage of his race.

In Naples, Arbaces had known the parents of Ione and her brother Apaecides, and it was under his guardianship that they had come to Pompeii. The confidence which, before their death, their parents had reposed in the Egyptian was in turn fully given to him by Ione and her brother.

For Apaecides the Egyptian felt nothing but contempt; the youth was to him but an instrument that might be used by him in bending Ione to his will. But the mind of Ione, no less than the beauty of her form, appealed to Arbaces. With her by his side, his willing slave, he saw no limit to the heights his ambition might soar to. He sought primarily to impress her with his store of unfamiliar knowledge. She, in turn, admired him for his learning and felt grateful to him for his guardianship.

Apaecides, docile and mild, with a soul peculiarly alive to religious fervour, Arbaces placed amongst the priests of Isis, and under the special care of a creature of his own, named Calenus. It pleased his purpose best, where Ione was concerned, to leave her awhile surrounded by the vain youth of Pompeii, so that he might gain by comparison.

It fell not within Arbaces' plans to show himself too often to his ward. Consequently it was some time before he became aware of the warmth of the friendship that was growing up between Ione and the handsome Greek. He knew not of their evening excursions on the placid sea, of their nightly meetings at Ione's dwelling,

till these had become regular happenings in their daily lives. But one day he surprised them together, and his eyes were suddenly opened. No sooner had the Greek departed than the Egyptian sought to poison Ione's mind against him by exaggerating his love of pleasure and by unscrupulously describing him as making light of Ione's love.

Following up the advantage he gained by this appeal to her pride, Arbaces reminded Ione that she had never seen the interior of his home. It might, he said, amuse her. "Devote, then," he went on, "to the austere friend of your youth one of these bright summer evenings and let me boast that my gloomy mansion has been honoured with the presence of the admired Ione."

Unconscious of the pollutions of the mansion, of the danger that awaited her, Ione readily assented to the proposal. But there was one who, by accident, had become aware of the nature of the spells cast by Arbaces upon his visitors, and who was to be the humble means of saving Ione from his toils. This was the blind flower-girl Nydia.

OF Thessalian extraction and gentle nurture, Nydia had been stolen and sold into the slavery of an ex-gladiator named Burbo, a relative of the false priest Calenus. To save her from the cruelty of Burbo, Glaucus had purchased her and, in return, the blind girl had become devoted to him—so devoted that her gentle heart was torn when he made it plain to her that his action was prompted by mere natural kindness of heart, and that it was his purpose to send her to Ione.

But she cast all feeling of jealousy aside when she heard of Ione's visit to the Egyptian, and quickly apprised Glaucus and Apaecides of the fair Athenian's peril.

On her arrival, Arbaces greeted Ione with deep respect. But he found it harder than he had thought to resist the

charm of her presence in his house, and in a moment of forgetful passion he declared his love for her. "Arbaces," he declared, "shall have no ambition save the pride of obeying thee—Ione. Ione, do not reject my love!" And as he spoke he knelt before her.

Alone, and in the grip of this singular and powerful man, Ione was not yet terrified; the respect of his language, the softness of his voice, reassured her; and in her own purity she felt protection. But she was confused, astonished. It was some moments before she could recover the power of reply.

"Rise, Arbaces," said she at length. "Rise! and if thou art serious, if thy language be in earnest——"

"If——" said he tenderly.

"Well, then, listen. You have been my guardian, my friend, my monitor. For this new character I was not prepared. Think not," she added quickly, as she saw his dark eyes glitter with the fierceness of his passion, "think not that I scorn; that I am untouched; that I am not honoured by this homage; but, say, canst thou hear me calmly?"

"Ay, though thy words were lightning, and could blast me!"

"*I love another!*" said Ione blushing, but in a firm voice.

"By the gods," shouted Arbaces, rising to his fullest height, "dare not tell me that! Dare not mock me! It is impossible! Whom hast thou seen? Whom

known? Oh, Ione, it is thy woman's invention, thy woman's art that speaks; thou wouldst gain time. I have surprised—I have terrified thee."

"Alas!" began Ione; and then, appalled before his sudden and unlooked-for violence, she burst into tears.

Arbaces came nearer to her. She felt his breath on her cheek. He wound his arms round her; she sprang from his embrace. In the struggle a tablet fell from her bosom. Arbaces perceived and seized it; it was a letter she had received that morning from Glaucus.

Rapidly the eyes of Arbaces ran over the writing. He read it to the end and then, as the letter fell from his hand, he said, in a voice of deceitful calmness, "Is the writer of this the man thou lovest?"

Ione sobbed, but answered not.

"Speak!" he demanded.

"It is—it is!"

"Then hear me," said Arbaces, sinking his voice into a whisper. "*Thou shalt go to thy tomb rather than to his arms.*"

At this instant a curtain was rudely torn aside, and Glaucus and Apaecides appeared. There was a severe struggle, which might have had a more sinister ending had not the marble head of a goddess, shaken from its column, fallen upon Arbaces as he was about to stab the Greek, and struck the Egyptian senseless to the ground. As it was, Ione was saved, and she and her lover were then and for ever reconciled to one another.

III—The Love Philtre

CLODIUS had not spoken without war-rant when he had said that Julia, the daughter of the rich merchant Diomed, thought herself in love with Glaucus. But since Glaucus was denied to her, her thoughts were concentrated on revenge. In this mood, she sought out Arbaces, presenting herself as one loving unrequitedly and seeking wisdom's aid.

"It is a love charm," admitted Julia, "that I would seek from thy skill. I know not if I love him who loves me not, but I know that I would see myself triumph over a rival. I would see him who has rejected me my suitor. I would see her whom he has preferred in her turn despised."

Very quickly Arbaces discerned Julia's secret, and when he heard that Glaucus and Ione were shortly to be wedded, he gladly availed himself of this opportunity to rid himself of his hated rival. But he dealt not in love potions, he said; he would, however, take Diomed's daughter to one who did—the witch who dwelt on the slopes of Vesuvius.

He kept his promise; but the philtre given to Julia was one which went direct to the brain, and the effects of which—for neither Arbaces nor his creature, the witch, wished to place themselves within the power of the law—were such as to cause those who witnessed them to attribute them to supernatural agency.

But once again, though less happily than on the former occasion, Nydia was destined to be the means of thwarting the schemes of the Egyptian. The devotion of the blind flower-girl had deepened into love for her deliverer. She was jealous of Ione. Now, for Julia had taken her into confidence, and both believed in the love charm, she was confronted with another rival. By a simple ruse Nydia obtained the poisoned draught and in its place substituted a phial of simple water.

At the close of a banquet given by Diomed, to which the Greek was invited, Julia duly administered that which she imagined to be the secret love potion. She was disappointed when she found Glaucus coldly replace the cup and converse with her in the same unmoved tone as before.

"But to-morrow," thought she, "to-morrow, alas for Glaucus!"

Alas for him, indeed!

When Glaucus arrived at his own house that evening, Nydia was waiting for him. She had, as usual, been tending the flowers and had lingered awhile to rest herself.

"It has been warm," said Glaucus. "Wilt thou summon Davus? The wine I have drunk heats me and I long for some cooling drink."

Here at once, suddenly and unexpectedly, the very opportunity that Nydia awaited presented itself. She breathed quickly. "I will prepare for you myself," said she, "the summer draught that Ione loves—honey and wine cooled in snow."

"Thanks," said the unconscious Glaucus. "If Ione loves it, enough; it would be grateful were it poison."

Nydia frowned, and then smiled. She withdrew for a few moments, and returned

with the cup containing the beverage. Glaucus took it from her hand.

What would not Nydia have given then to have seen the first dawn of the imagined love! Far different, as she stood then and there, were the thoughts and emotions of the blind girl from those of the vain Pompeian under a similar suspense!

GLAUCUS had raised the cup to his lips.

He had already drained about a fourth of its contents, when, suddenly glancing upon the face of Nydia, he was so forcibly struck by its alteration, by its intense, and painful, and strange expression, that he paused abruptly and, still holding the cup near his lips, exclaimed, "Why, Nydia—Nydia, art thou ill or in pain? What ails thee, my poor child?"

As he spoke, he put down the cup—happily for him, unfinished—and rose from his seat to approach her, when a sudden pang shot coldly to his heart, and was followed by a wild, confused, dizzy sensation at the brain.

The floor seemed to glide from under him, his feet seemed to move on air, a mighty and unearthly gladness rushed upon his spirit. He felt too buoyant for the earth; he longed for wings—nay, it seemed as if he possessed them. He burst involuntarily into a loud and thrilling laugh. Suddenly this preternatural transport passed, though only partially, away. He now felt his blood rushing loudly and rapidly through his veins.

Then a kind of darkness fell over his eyes. Now a torrent of broken, incoherent, insane words gushed from his lips and, to Nydia's horror, he passed the portico with a bound and rushed down the starlit streets, striking fear into the hearts of all who saw him.

IV—The Day of Ghastly Night

ANXIOUS to learn if the drug had taken effect, Arbaces set out for Julia's house on the morrow. On his way he encountered Apaecides. Hot words passed between them and, stung by the scorn of the youth, he stabbed him to the heart with his stilus. At this moment Glaucus came along. Quick as thought the Egyptian struck the already half-senseless Greek to the ground and, steeping

his stilus in the blood of Apaecides, and recovering his own, called loudly for help. The next moment he was accusing Glaucus of the crime.

For a time fortune favoured the Egyptian. Glaucus, his strong frame still under the influence of the poison, was sentenced to encounter a lion in the amphitheatre, with no weapon beyond the incriminating stilus. Nydia, in her

terror, confessed to the Egyptian the exchange of the love philtre. Her he imprisoned in his own house. Calenus, who had witnessed the deed, sought Arbaces with the intention of using his knowledge to his own profit. He, by a stratagem, was incarcerated in one of the dungeons of the Egyptian's dwelling. The law gave Ione into the guardianship of Arbaces. But, for a third time, Nydia was the means of frustrating his plans.

The blind girl, when vainly endeavouring to escape from the toils of the Egyptian, overheard, in his garden, the conversation of Arbaces and Calenus; and she heard the cries of Calenus from behind the door of the chamber in which he was imprisoned. She herself was caught again by Arbaces' servant, but she contrived to bribe her keeper to take a message to Glaucus's friend, Sallust; and he, taking his servants to Arbaces' house, released the two captives and reached the arena with them, to accuse Arbaces before the multitude at the very moment when

the lion was being goaded to attack the Greek and Arbaces' victory seemed within his grasp.

Even now the nerve of the Egyptian did not desert him. He met the charge with his accustomed coolness. But the frenzied accusation of the priest of Isis turned the huge assembly against him. With loud cries they rose from their seats and poured down toward the Egyptian.

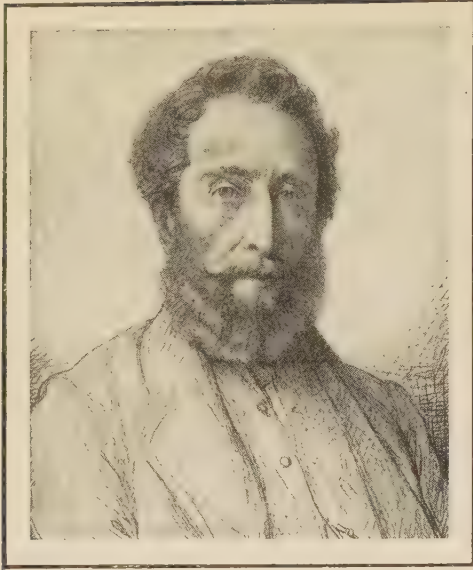
Lifting his eyes at this terrible moment, Arbaces beheld a strange and awful apparition. He beheld, and his craft restored his courage. He stretched his hand on high; over his lofty brow and royal features there came an expression of unutterable solemnity and command.

"Behold," he shouted, with a voice of thunder, which stilled the roar of the crowd, "behold how the gods protect the guiltless! The fires of the avenging Orcus burst forth against the false witness of my accusers!"

The eyes of the crowd followed the gesture of the Egyptian and beheld, with



THE ATHENIAN GLAUCUS AND THE BLIND FLOWER-GIRL, NYDIA
From the painting by W. E. Lockhart, R.S.A., by permission of Landeker & Brown, Ltd.



EDWARD BULWER-LYTTON, first Baron Lytton, was born in London, May 25, 1803, and educated at private schools and at Cambridge. Endowed by nature with a brilliant and versatile genius and a most exceptional industry, he not only made a great reputation as novelist and dramatist but was notable as a politician, representing St. Ives and Lincoln in parliament as a Liberal from 1831 to 1841 and Hertfordshire as a Conservative from 1852 to 1866. He was Colonial Secretary, 1858-59. A baronetcy conferred upon Bulwer-Lytton in 1838 was followed in 1866 by a peerage, when he assumed the title of Baron Lytton of Knebworth. Lord Lytton died at Torquay, January 18, 1873, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

ineffable dismay, a vast vapour shooting from the summit of Vesuvius in the form of a gigantic pine tree; the trunk blackness, the branches fire—a fire that shifted and wavered in its hues with every moment, now fiercely luminous, now of a dull and dying red, that again blazed terrifically forth with intolerable glare. The earth shook. The walls of the theatre trembled. In the distance was heard the crash of falling roofs. The cloud seemed to roll towards the assembly, casting forth from its bosom showers of ashes mixed with fragments of burning stone. Then the burning mountain cast up columns of boiling water.

In the ghastly night thus rushing upon the realm of noon, all thought of justice and of Arbaces left the minds of the terrified people. There ensued a mad flight for the sea. Through the darkness Nydia guided Glaucus, now partly recovered from the effects of the poisoned draught, and Ione to the shore. Her

blindness rendered the scene familiar to her alone.

While Arbaces perished with the majority, these three eventually gained the sea and joined a group who, bolder than the rest, resolved to hazard any peril rather than continue on the stricken land.

Utterly exhausted, Ione slept on the breast of Glaucus, and Nydia lay at his feet. Meanwhile, showers of dust and ashes fell into the waves, scattered their snows over the deck of the vessel they had boarded and, borne by the winds, descended upon the remotest climes, startling the swarthy African and whirling along the antique soil of Syria and of Egypt.

Meekly, softly, beautifully dawned at last the light over the trembling deep! The winds were sinking into rest, the foam died from the azure of that delicious sea. Around the east thin mists caught gradually the rosy hues that heralded the morning.

In the silence of the general sleep Nydia had risen gently. Bending over the face of Glaucus, she softly kissed him. She felt for his hand; it was locked in that of Ione. Sighing deeply, again she kissed his brow, and with her hair wiped from it the damps of night.

"May the gods bless you, Athenian!" she murmured. "May you be happy with your beloved one! May you sometimes remember Nydia! Alas! she is of no further use on earth!"

With these words she turned away. A sailor, half-dozing on the deck, heard a slight splash on the waters. Drowsily he looked up, and behind, as the vessel bounded merrily on, he fancied he saw something white above the waves; but it vanished in an instant. He turned round again and dreamed of home.

WHEN the lovers awoke, their first thought was of each other, their next of Nydia. Every crevice of the vessel was searched—there was no trace of her! Mysterious from first to last, the blind Thessalian had vanished from the living world! They guessed her fate in silence, and Glaucus and Ione, while they drew nearer to each other, feeling each other the world itself, forgot their deliverance and wept as for a departed sister.

GEORGE BORROW

THE ZINCALI

As stated in the bibliographical introduction to *The Bible in Spain* (see page 283), the first literary outcome of George Borrow's journeyings in the Peninsula as agent for the Bible Society was *The Zincali*, or *An Account of the Gipsies of Spain*, which was published in 1841. From early boyhood Borrow had been intensely interested in this strange nomadic race, fraternising with such representatives of it as he came across in his wanderings in England, Scotland and Ireland and acquiring their language with all the enthusiasm of the born philologist. With *The Zincali* he established his reputation as an authority on the manners, customs and language of these people, increasing it presently by the publication of his *Romano Lavo-Lil*, or gipsy word book, and his autobiographical romances *Lavengro*, and *The Romany Rye*. Little or nothing has been added since to his work on these subjects, and his books retain their value and their popularity alike unimpaired. An edition of *The Zincali* is included in *Everyman's Library*.

I—An Account of the Gipsies of Spain



THROUGHOUT my life the Gipsy race has always had a peculiar interest for me. Having in various and distant countries lived in habits of intimacy with these people, I have learnt that, wherever they are found, their manners and customs are virtually the same, and that the language they speak amongst themselves, and of which they are particularly anxious to keep others in ignorance, is in all countries one and the same, but has been subjected, more or less, to modification; and, lastly, that their countenances exhibit a decided family resemblance.

The present work deals with the Gitanos, as the Spaniards call them, or the Zincali or Cales, as they call themselves; the Gipsies of Spain.

It is impossible to state for certainty the exact year of their first appearance in Spain; but it is reasonable to presume that it was early in the fifteenth century, as in the year 1417 numerous bands entered France from the north-east of Europe. Terrible laws were enacted soon after their appearance in France, calculated effectively to put a stop to their frauds and dishonest propensities, and the consequence of this severity was the speedy disappearance of the Gipsy race from the soil of France. Many of them returned by the way they came to Germany, Hungary and Bohemia; but there is little doubt that by far the greater portion found a refuge in Spain.

It would appear that, for many years after their arrival in the peninsula, their manners and habits underwent no change; they were wanderers in the strictest sense of the word, and lived much in the same way as their brethren exist at the present day in England and elsewhere, with the exception, perhaps, of being more reckless and mischievous, and having less respect for the laws; but this may have been mainly the effect of the moral state of the country in which they were—a country unsound in every branch of its civil polity, where right has ever been in less esteem, and wrong in less disrepute, than in any other part of the world.

Divided into numerous bodies, frequently formidable in point of number, the presence of the Gipsies was an evil and a curse in whatever quarter they directed their steps. It was not uncommon for a large band to encamp in the vicinity of a remote village and to remain there until, like a flight of locusts, they had consumed everything which the inhabitants possessed; or until they were scared away by the approach of justice, or by an army of rustics assembled from the surrounding country. Then would ensue the hurried march; the women and children, mounted on lean but spirited asses, would scour along the plains fleetlier than the wind; ragged and savage-looking men, wielding the scourge and goad, would scamper by their side or close behind, whilst perhaps a small party on strong horses, armed with

rusty matchlocks or sabres, would bring up the rear, threatening the distant foe and now and then saluting them with a hoarse blast from the Gipsy horn

Besides trafficking in horses and mules—which more than often were obtained by theft—and now and then attacking and plundering, and occasionally even murdering defenceless travellers, the Gipsies of Spain appear, from a very early period, to have worked largely in iron, forming rude domestic and agricultural instruments.

One of the most remarkable features in the history of Gipsies is the striking similarity of their pursuits in every region of the globe to which they have penetrated. In no part of the world are they found engaged in the cultivation of the earth, or in the service of a regular master; but in all lands they are horse dealers, or thieves, or cheats; and if ever they devote themselves to any toil or trade, it is assuredly this same trade of the tinker or smith.

Each band of the Spanish Gipsies had its captain, or count. These counts were liable to be deposed if at any time their conduct was not calculated to afford satisfaction to their subjects. With the counts rested the management of these remarkable societies; it was they who determined their marches, counter-marches, advances and retreats; they settled disputes and judged offences.

The greatest crimes, according to the Gipsy code, were a quarrelsome disposition and revealing the secrets of the brotherhood. By this code the members were strictly forbidden to eat, drink or sleep in the house of a *Busnó*, which signifies any person who is not of the sect of the Gipsies, or to marry out of that sect; they were enjoined to relieve their brethren in distress at any expense or peril; they were to cultivate the gift of speech to the utmost possible extent, and never to lose anything which might be obtained by a loose and deceiving tongue.

In many of the towns of Spain there were *Gitanerías*, or quarters of the *Gitanos*. In these *Gitanerías* many Gipsy families resided, but ever in the Gipsy fashion, in filth and in misery, with little of the fear of man and nothing of the fear of God before their eyes. The *Gitanerías* at evening fall were frequently resorted to by the young and dissolute nobility of Spain. The Gipsy women and girls, dancing and singing beneath the smile of the moon, were the principal attractions to these visitors. No females in the world can be more licentious in word and gesture, in dance and in song, than the *Gitanas*; but there they stop; and so of old, if their titled visitors presumed to seek for more, an unsheathed dagger or gleaming knife speedily repulsed them.

THE stories of cannibalism among the Spanish Gipsies need not be believed; but it is likely enough that they kidnapped children and sold them to the Moors of Barbary. The most prominent event in their history was the attack by an enormous body of them upon the town of Logroño, during the prevalence of a plague reported to have been caused by their poisoning the wells. They were repulsed by the courage of a bookseller, who was said to have been initiated into their secrets, and to have been carried off by the baffled Gipsies and never seen again.

Perhaps there is no country in which more laws have been framed, having in view the suppression of the Gipsy name, race and manner of life, than Spain. All these laws failed, as Spanish laws have generally failed, through corruption. Wiser and more moderate laws were passed during the reign of Charles III, in the eighteenth century. What effect was produced by these laws may be gathered from the following chapter on the present condition of the Gipsies in Spain.

II—The Modern Zincali

WHEN first I entered Spain in January 1836, I spent three weeks at Badajoz, almost entirely in the company of Gipsies. I found that their ways and pursuits were in almost every respect similar to those of their brethren

in other countries. By cheating and swindling they gained their daily bread, the men principally by the arts of the jockey—by buying, selling and exchanging animals, at which they are wonderfully expert; and the women by

telling fortunes, selling smuggled goods and dealing in love-draughts and diablerie. The most innocent occupation which I observed among them was trimming and shearing horses and mules; and even whilst exercising this art they not unfrequently have recourse to foul play, doing the animal some covert injury, in hope that the proprietor will dispose of it to themselves at an inconsiderable price, when they soon restore it to health.

Religion they have none; they never attend Mass, nor did I ever hear them employ the names of God, Christ and the Virgin, but in execration and blasphemy.

"The king has destroyed the law of the Gipsies," said a Gipsy to me at Badajoz. "We are no longer the people we were once, when we lived amongst the sierras and deserts, and kept aloof from the Busné; we have lived among the Busné till we are become almost like them."

"The Gitanos, then," I asked, "no longer wander about, but have fixed residences in the towns and villages?"

"In the summer time," he replied, "a few of us live amongst the plains and hills, and by doing so we often contrive to pick up a horse or a mule for nothing; and sometimes we knock down a Busnó, and strip him, but it is seldom we venture so far. We are much looked after by the Busné, who hold us in great dread and abhor us."

THE truth is that the Gipsies have ceased to play a distinct part in the history of Spain, and that the law no longer speaks of them as a distinct people. There are discontented spirits among them, who regret the past, and say that the Gipsy does not now assist his brother and that union has ceased among them. If this be true, can better proof be adduced of the beneficial working of the law of Charles III? Reform has been accomplished, not by the gibbet and the rack, but by justice and tolerance.

It is the common belief of the Gitanos of other provinces that in Andalusia the language, customs, habits and practices peculiar to their race are best preserved. But in various parts of Spain the Gitanos retain their language and customs better than in Seville, where they most abound.

They are very numerous at Granada, where their general condition is truly miserable.

Many of them reside in caves scooped in the sides of ravines. A common occupation of the Gitanos of Granada is working in iron, and it is not unfrequent to find these caves tenanted by Gipsy smiths and their families. To one standing at the mouth of the cave, especially at night, they afford a picturesque spectacle. Gathered round the forge, their bronzed and naked bodies illuminated by the flame appear like figures of demons; while the cave, with its flinty sides and uneven roof, blackened by the charcoal vapours which hover about it in festoons, seems to offer no inadequate representation of fabled purgatory.

THE Gitanos, in their habits and manner of life, are much less cleanly than the Spaniards. The hovels in which they reside exhibit none of the neatness which is observable in the habitations of even the poorest of the other race. The floors are unswept and abound with filth and mud, and in their persons they are scarcely less vile.

The Gitanos are, for the most part, of the middle size, and the proportions of their frames convey a powerful idea of strength and of activity united. There is something remarkable in the eye of the Gitano; its peculiarity consists chiefly in a strange, staring expression, and in a thin glaze which steals over it when in repose and seems to emit phosphoric light.

The Callees, or Gipsy females, are seldom idle, but endeavour, by various means, to make all the gain they can. The richest of them go from house to house with smuggled goods; they likewise purchase cast-off female wearing apparel, which they sometimes contrive to sell as new.

Gitanas of this description are of the most respectable class. Many of the rest seek a livelihood by different tricks and practices, more or less fraudulent—for example, *La Bahi*, or fortune telling.

This way of extracting money from the credulity of dupes is the readiest and most easy. Promises are the only capital requisite, and the whole art of fortune telling consists in properly adapting these promises to the age and condition of the

parties who seek for information. To the young maidens the Gitanas promise lovers, handsome invariably, and sometimes rich ; to wives, children, and perhaps another husband ; to the old, riches, and nothing but riches, for they have sufficient knowledge of the human heart to be aware that avarice is the last passion that becomes extinct within it.

The bahi is occasionally the prelude to a device which is called the *Hokkano Baro*, or the great trick. It consists in persuading some credulous person to deposit whatever money and valuables the party can muster in a particular spot, under the promise that the deposit will increase manifold.

III—Language and Poetry of the Zincali

THE Gipsy dialect of Spain is at present very much shattered and broken, being rather the fragments of the language which the Gipsies brought with them from the remote East than the language itself. The investigations of erudite men have shown that many words of the Gipsy language have a Sanskrit origin ; and the fact has now been established that the Gipsies are the descendants of a tribe of Hindus who had abandoned their native country.

The idea entertained at the present day in Spain respecting this race is that they are the descendants of the Moriscos who remained in Spain after the expulsion of the great body of the nation from the country in the time of Philip III. This is an error far more destitute of tenable grounds than the ancient belief that the Gitanos were Egyptians, as they themselves profess.

One remarkable feature is the very considerable number of Slavonic words which are to be found embedded within the Gipsy language ; from which circumstance we are led to the conclusion that when these people travelled from the East, their route lay through some region where the Slavonian language was spoken. This region I have no hesitation in asserting to have been Bulgaria. Another curious feature is the great quantity of terms from the modern Greek contained in the Gipsy tongue. Still more abundant, however, is the alloy of modern Persian words.

In nothing can the character of a people be read with greater certainty and exact-

In former times the Spanish Gipsies were in the habit of casting a venomous preparation into the mangers of the cattle for the purpose of causing sickness. After a few days the Gitanos would go to the labourers and offer to cure the sick cattle for a certain sum. They privately administered an efficacious remedy, but pretended to cure the animals by charms. By this means they fostered the idea that they were people possessed of supernatural powers. By *Chiving Drao*, as this device was called, they could also avenge themselves on their enemies by destroying their cattle without incurring a shadow of suspicion.

ness than in its songs. And well and truly do the coplas and gachaplas of the Gitanos depict the character of the race. The poetry, for poetry we will call it, is in most respects such as might be expected to originate among people of their class. The general themes of this poetry are the various incidents of Gitano life and the feelings of the Gitanos. It mainly consists of quartets, or rather couplets, but two rhymes being discernible. The thought, anecdote or adventure described is seldom carried beyond one stanza. The following are a few of the many stanzas I have collected in Estremadura and New Castile, in Valencia and Andalusia, the four provinces where the Gitano race most abounds :

Oh, when I sit my courser bold,
My bantling in my rear,
And in my hand my musket hold,
Oh, how they quake with fear !

Pray, little baby, pray the Lord,
Since guiltless still thou art,
That peace and comfort He afford
To this poor troubled heart.

There runs a swine down yonder hill
As fast as e'er he can,
And as he runs he crieth still,
'Come, steal me, Gipsy man.'

Then came a-down the village street,
With little babes that cry,
Because they have no crust to eat,
A Gipsy company ;
And as no charity they meet,
They curse the Lord on high.

Oh, never with the Gentiles wend,
Nor deem their speeches true,
Or else, be certain in the end
Thy blood will lose its hue.

MOLIERE
TARTUFFE

ACKNOWLEDGED to be Molière's masterpiece, *Tartuffe*, or the Impostor, was not produced in its entirety until 1667, although part of it was played before the king at Versailles in 1664. Under the pretext of attacking religious hypocrisy, Molière in *Tartuffe* bitterly satirises the puritanical Jansenists and the worldly Jesuits. Being himself a man with a naturally kind and humane disposition, he revolted against any creed that made human nature harsher and sterner than it was. This was the ground of his quarrel with the French puritans of his age, and it would be idle to deny that the charge which he brings against them was well founded. By emptying religion of its sweet humanity the Jansenists emptied life of its innocent natural pleasures. It was against this influence that this fiercely malicious play was chiefly directed, and it was in a large measure due to Molière that Jansenism in France at last failed. An English translation of *Tartuffe* is published by George Bell at a low price.

PERSONS IN THE PLAY

Orgon	Valère, Mariane's lover
Elmire, his second wife	Dorine, Mariane's maid
Damis, Orgon's son (by his first wife)	Cléante, Orgon's brother-in-law
Mariane, Orgon's daughter (by his first wife)	Tartuffe

First Act

SCENE.—*A room in Orgon's house at Paris. As Dorine is talking to Cléante, Orgon enters.*



ORGON : How do you do, Cléante ? How has everybody been getting on while I was away ?

Dorine : Madame Elmire has had a very bad headache.

Org. : And Tartuffe ?

Dor. : He is wonderfully well. The great, fat, pious man ate two partridges and the best part of a leg of mutton for supper.

Org. : The poor fellow !

Cléante : I can't understand what you see in the man.

Org. : My dear brother, you ought really to become acquainted with him. You would be as charmed with him as I am. He would bring peace into your soul, and teach you to contemn all earthly things. He has detached my heart from all the vain illusions of this vale of tears. I could now see my wife and children die without the least grief.

Clé. : What kindly human feelings !

Org. : If you had made the acquaintance of Tartuffe in the same way as I did, you would have the same affection for him. Every day he came to church and knelt down close to me, and attracted the attention of the whole congregation by the ardour with which he prayed. Ah, if you had seen his sighs and his heavenly transports ! Finding out how poor he was, I made him some gifts, but he always wished to return half of what I offered ; and as I refused to take anything back, he used to share all that I gave him with the beggars at the church door. Ever since I brought him to live with me, all things have gone well. He is more jealous of my good name than I am myself, and he is now zealously trying to convert my wife to his own holy ways.

Clé. : Have you gone clean mad ? Can't you see that the fellow is an utter hypocrite ?

Org. : I can see that you are an ungodly wretch ! Unless you repent, my brother, and repent quickly, I shall have nothing more to do with you. You are a lost soul. (*He strides out of the room, but Cléante holds him back.*)

Clé. : One word, Orgon. I did not come to talk about Tartuffe, but about Valère. Why have you postponed the marriage between him and Mariane ? You have given your word, are you now going to break it ?

Org. (*showing him out*) : I can conduct my own affairs without your interference. My daughter has a soul to save, and Heaven has given me the means of saving it.

Clé. : But what shall I say to Valère ? That you have gone back on your word ?

Org. (*pushing his brother out of the room*) : Say to him whatever you please, but go. Mariane ! Mariane ! [*Cléante departs. Mariane enters.*]

Mariane : Yes, father.

Org. : My dear daughter, I know your sweet and gentle nature, and I love you for it, and I wish to keep you always good and innocent.

Mar. : You have always been very kind to me, father ; kinder than I deserve.

Org. : It is true I have promised you in marriage to Valère, but I notice that he does not go very often to church, and I am afraid that he is an irreligious man. Praise be to God, I have found somebody more worthy of you !

Mar. (*pale and terrified*) : You—you—

Org. : What is the matter ?

Mar. (*recovering herself with an effort*) : You know who has won my heart, father, and whom it is I hope to marry.

Org. : Yes, Tartuffe !

Mar. : It is not true, father, it is not true !

Org. : It is God's own truth, girl. If needs be I shall save your soul in spite of yourself. A marriage between you and Tartuffe will be

the salvation of all our family. Neither Elmire nor Damis will then be able to resist following his noble example, and I shall at last become the head of a pious, sober and godly household.

Mar. (*crying*): But father, father, I would rather enter a convent.

Org.: You will stay here and marry Tartuffe. I shall grow angry if I listen to you any longer, and anger is a sin, as our godly guest is always impressing on me. I will go and take the air and calm my mind. [*He goes out.*]

Mar.: That fat, red-faced, gluttonous animal! I will die first. Dorine! [*Dorine enters.*]

Dor.: I have been listening. Your father has gone mad!

Mar.: Don't stand there laughing like an idiot. Run as fast as you can to Valère's house, and tell him I want to see him at once.

Second Act

SCENE.—*The same room in Orgon's house. Dorine is trying to quiet Damis.*

DAMIS: If this goes on much longer I will kill the scoundrel. I am treated like a dog now in my own father's house.

Dorine: If you really want to get rid of him, leave everything to your pretty stepmother. She is on our side, and she seems to be the only person who has any influence over him. She has arranged to meet him in this room and see what he intends doing in regard to Mariane. Oh, dear! here he comes. Get behind that curtain. (*Damis does so just as Tartuffe enters, rubbing his fat hands; seeing Dorine, he turns and shouts to his servant in the corridor.*)

Tartuffe: Laurence! Put my hair shirt away with my scourge, and pray Heaven to enlighten your heart. If anyone comes to see me, I am going to the prisoners to share with them the alms I have received.

Dor. (*aside*): He even tries to keep it up before me! (*Aloud.*) If you please, Madame Elmire desires to have a talk with you here.

Tar.: Is she coming soon?

Dor.: I think I hear her. Yes, here she is. I will leave you together.

[*Elmire enters; Dorine departs.*]

Tar.: May Heaven, madame, graciously bestow upon you health of both body and soul. Has your feverish headache gone?

Elmire (*sitting down*): I am now quite well, thank you.

Tar. (*sitting beside her*): I have been praying all day long for Heaven to cure you. And oh, how sweet it is for me to be at last alone with you! How often have I begged in my prayers to be granted this opportunity!

Elm.: No doubt you are concerned for my salvation, as well as for my husband's.

Tar. (*taking her hand*): Oh, if you could only guess what an interest I take in you!

Elm.: You squeeze my hand too hard! Now, I want to talk seriously to you. I hear that my husband wishes to give you his daughter in marriage. Is this really so?

Tar.: He has said something about it; but that is not the happiness for which I long.

Elm.: Oh, a very religious man like you has no thought of earthly joys!

Tar.: Believe me, my heart is not made of stone. I am a man, and I feel like a man. Oh, you perfect creature! I love you, and I cannot help loving you!

Elm. (*laughing*): Oh dear, what would my husband say if he heard you!

Damis (*springing from behind the curtain*): Now, madame, we can confound this villain! I have been listening behind the curtain, so both of us can testify against him. [*Orgon enters.*]

Orgon: Whatever is the matter?

Dam.: I have just surprised this pious man in the act of making love to your wife.

Org.: I cannot believe it! The thing is impossible.

Tar.: My dear brother, I am a miserable sinner, and if it is the wish of heaven that I should be now punished, I am ready to submit to the mortification. Believe what is said against me! Hunt me like a criminal from your house! My life is full of iniquities, and I humbly confess that no man can charge me with more crimes than I daily accuse myself of.

Org. (*to his son*): How dare you slander this saint-like, humble-minded man?

Tar.: No, let him speak on! You go too much, my brother, by appearances. (*To Damis*) Speak, my dear son, speak! Call me a liar, a thief, a murderer. I will not contradict you. Let me on my knees endure all this ignominy as a punishment for the sins of my life.

Org. (*to Damis*): You scoundrel! I shall at once disinherit you. Out of my house!

Tar.: Forgive him, brother, forgive him. On my knees I plead with you to forgive him.

Org. (*lifting him up and speaking to his son*): Are you not moved, you scoundrel, by his extraordinary goodness?

Tar. (*rising to his feet*): No. It is I who must depart. Now that the shadow of scandal rests on this godly household, I must in your own interests, my brother, hasten away.

Org.: No, no! You are more to me than wife and children. You shall become my son-in-law, and I will make you my sole heir.

Third Act

SCENE.—*The same. Dorine and Mariane are talking; Elmire enters.*

DORINE (*to Elmire*): For pity's sake, madame, come to the help of Mariane!

Your husband has resolved to marry her to Tartuffe this evening. She will kill herself rather than submit to such an outrage.

[*Orgon enters with a document.*]

Orgon: Here is the marriage contract, Mariane. Read it, and you will see that I am asking no more from you than I am willing to do myself. I am surrendering this house and all my estate to Tartuffe. He shall no longer be my guest: I will be his.

Mariane (*throwing herself at his feet*): Your kindnesses to him do not hurt me, father. If all your property is not enough for him, give him mine also. Only let me end my life in a convent.

Org. : What ! You wish to be a nun ! Just because I go against your idle fancy ! Get up at once. If you were really religious-minded you would be ready to mortify yourself by carrying out your father's wishes.

Elmire (to Orgon) : I really don't know what to say. Truly, there are none so blind as those who will not see. After the scene here this morning—

Org. : My rascal of a son was always a favourite of yours, and you had not the courage to disavow the vile trick he tried to play on the poor, simple, pious man. But I saw through it at once. If it had really been true I should have seen by your face how upset you were.

Elm. : Do you think I should be disturbed if a man like that tried to make love to me ? Suppose I prove to you now that your son was speaking the truth ? And I will ! Dorine, tell Tartuffe that I want to see him here at once, alone. (To Orgon) Get underneath this table.

Org. (as he does so) : I am ashamed of myself. It is not honourable, Elmire.

Elm. : Be quiet, here he comes.

[Tartuffe enters.

Tartuffe : I was told that you wished to speak to me again.

Elm. : Yes, but we must not be surprised this time. Will you make sure that no one is listening ? (Tartuffe opens the door and peeps round, while Elmire pretends to search the room.)

Elm. : It was weak of me this morning not to try to brave it out as you did, but I hadn't the courage. Besides, I was angry with you for thinking of marrying my step-daughter. You don't know how jealous you made me.

Tar. : I must confess that I was beginning to believe that you were only feigning an interest in me in order to get me to break off a very advantageous alliance. Do you know that your

fool of a husband is going to settle on me everything he has ? Then if you really love me—

Elm. (starting up) : I thought I heard a step. Pray see if my husband is not in the corridor !

Tar. : There is no need to trouble about him. Where it is a question of me, he will not believe the evidence of his own eyes.

Elm. : Still, just go out for a minute, and look round carefully. (Tartuffe goes out ; Orgon comes from under the table.)

Org. : What an abominable man !

Elm. : Surely you do not believe all that you hear ! But the man has not even yet kissed me. Won't you let me lead him on a little further ? Aren't you afraid of condemning him on too slight a ground ? (As Tartuffe returns Elmire makes Orgon get behind her.)

Tar. : There is no danger, dear lady, of any one interrupting us. Oh, if you only knew how I adore you—. (As Tartuffe speaks, he comes forward, opening his arms to embrace Elmire, but she steps aside, leaving him face to face with Orgon.)

Org. (stopping him) : You vile hypocrite ! You cannot deceive me any longer. I have turned my son out of doors for you, broken off the marriage arranged for my daughter and offered you her hand and all my estate, and yet you are not contented. Out with you, you hypocrite !

Tar. : You do not understand, my brother. I was only—

Org. : Do you want me to murder you ?

Cléante : Do not lower yourself, my brother, by striking the wretch. Leave the miserable creature to his fate.

Org. : Yes, I must end this day happily. Mariane, prepare for your marriage with Valère. It shall take place this evening.



THE DRAMATIST MOLIERE DINES WITH KING LOUIS XIV

From the painting by J. L. Gérôme



THE LAOCOON: THE BASIS OF LESSING'S ESSAY ON THE LIMITS OF PLASTIC ART
From the group in the Vatican

GOTTHOLD EPHRAIM LESSING

LAOCOON

WHILE he was living with the governor of Breslau, to whom he acted for a time as secretary, Gotthold Ephraim Lessing wrote his celebrated *Laocoon*, published in 1766, a treatise defining the limits of poetry and of the plastic arts. Criticism of subsequent years has modified, corrected, or extended many of Lessing's ideas and conclusions; but the author of *Laocoon* successfully accomplished a great mission in establishing decisively the ultimate fact that every branch of art is subject to certain definite conditions, and that the artist can achieve great results only in so far as he allows himself to be limited by the functions of that branch of art in which he works. Lessing's exposition of the methods that apply to poetry is particularly interesting, for he had an even more profound knowledge of the poets than of the painters and sculptors; and in *Laocoon* he may be said to have established a new era in the appreciation of Greek literature. Translations are published by George Routledge and in Bohn's Library.

I—On the Limits of Painting and Poetry



WINKELMAN has pronounced a noble simplicity and quiet grandeur, displayed in the posture no less than in the expression, to be the characteristic feature common to all the Greek masterpieces of painting and sculpture. 'As,' says he, 'the depths of the sea always remain calm, however violently the surface may rage, so the expression in the figures of the Greeks, under every form of passion, shows a great and self-collected soul.'

'This spirit is portrayed in the countenance of Laocoon, but not in the countenance alone. Even under the most violent suffering the pain discovers itself in every muscle and sinew of his body, and the beholder, while looking at the agonised conditions of the stomach, without viewing the face and other parts, believes that he almost feels the pain himself. The pain expresses itself without any violence, both in the features and in the whole posture. Laocoon suffers, but he suffers as the Philoctetes of Sophocles. His misery pierces us to the soul, but inspires us with a wish that we could endure misery like that great man.'

'The expressing of so great a soul is far higher than the painting of beautiful nature. The artist must feel within himself that strength of spirit which he would imprint on his marble. Greece had

philosophers and artists in one person. Philosophy gave her hand to art, and inspired its figures with no ordinary souls.'

The above remarks are founded, on the argument that 'the pain in the face of Laocoon does not show itself with that force which its intensity would have led us to expect.' This is correct. But I confess I differ from Winkelman as to what, in his opinion, is the basis of this wisdom, and as to the universality of the rule which he deduces from it. I acknowledge I was startled, first, by the glances of disapproval which he casts on Virgil and, secondly, by the comparison with Philoctetes. From this point I shall begin, writing down my thoughts as they were developed in me.

'Laocoon suffers as does the Philoctetes of Sophocles.' But how does this last suffer? It is curious that his sufferings should leave such a different impression behind them. The cries and mild imprecations with which he filled the camp and interrupted the sacrifices echoed through the desolate island. The same sounds of despair fill the theatre in the poet's imitation.

A cry is the natural expression of bodily pain. Homer's wounded heroes frequently fall to the ground with cries. They are in their actions beings of higher order; in their feelings, true men.

We more civilized and refined Europeans of a wiser and later age are forbidden to

cry and weep, and even our ancestors were taught to suppress lamentation at loss, and to die laughing under the bites of adders. Not so the Greeks. They felt and feared and gave utterance to pain and sorrow, only nothing must hold them back from duty.

Now for my inference. If it be true that a cry at the sensation of bodily pain, according to the old Greek way of thinking, is quite compatible with greatness of soul, it cannot have been for the sake of expressing such greatness that the artist avoided imitating his shriek in marble. Another reason must be found for his deviation from his rival, the poet, who has expressed it with the happiest results.

BE it fable or history, it is love that made the first essay in the plastic arts, and never wearied of guiding the hands of the masters of old. Painting now may be defined generally as 'the imitation of bodies of matter on a level surface'; but the wise Greek allotted for it narrower limits, and confined it to imitations of the beautiful only; his artists painted nothing else. It was the perfection of their work that absorbed them.

Among the ancients beauty was the highest law of the plastic arts. To beauty everything was subordinated. There are passions by which all beautiful physical lines are lost through the distortion of the body, but from all such emotions the ancient masters abstained entirely. Rage and despair disgrace none of their productions; they never painted a fury.

Indignation was softened down to seriousness. Grief was lessened into mournfulness. All know how Timanthes in his painting of the sacrifice of Iphigenia shows the sorrow of the bystanders, but has concealed the face of the father, who should show it more than all. He left to conjecture what he might not paint. This concealment is a sacrifice to beauty by the artist, and it shows how art's first law is the law of beauty.

Now apply this to Laocoon. The master aimed at the highest beauty compatible with the adopted circumstances of bodily pain. He must soften shrieks into sighs. For only imagine the mouth of Laocoon to be forced open, and then judge.

But art in modern times has been allowed a far wider sphere. It has been affirmed that its limitations extend over the whole of visible nature, of which the beautiful is but a small part. And as nature is ever ready to sacrifice beauty to higher aims, so should the artist render it subordinate to his general design. But are there not other considerations which compel the artist to put certain limits to expression, and prevent him from ever drawing it at its highest intensity?

I believe that the fact that it is to a single moment that the material limits of art confine all its limitations will lead us to similar views.

If the artist out of ever varying nature can only make use of a single moment, while his works are meant to stand the test not only of a passing glance, but of a long and repeated contemplation, it is clear that this moment cannot be chosen too happily.

Now that only is a happy choice which allows the imagination free scope. In the whole course of a feeling there is no moment which possesses this advantage so little as its highest stage. There is nothing beyond this, and the presentation of extremes to the eye clips the wings of fancy, prevents her from soaring beyond the impression of the senses and compels her to occupy herself with weaker images.

Thus if Laocoon sighs, the imagination can hear him shriek; but if he shrieks, it can neither rise above nor descend below this representation without seeing him in a condition which, as it will be more endurable, becomes less interesting. It either hears him merely moaning, or sees him already dead.

Of the frenzied Ajax of Timomachus we can form some judgement from the account of Philoctetes. Ajax does not appear raging among herds and slaughtering cattle instead of men; but the master exhibits him sitting wearied with these deeds of insanity, and that is really the raging Ajax. We can form the most lively idea of the extremity of his frenzy from the shame and despair which he himself feels at the thought of it. We see the storm in the wrecks and corpses which it had strewn on the beach.

II—The Poet

PERHAPS hardly any of the above remarks concerning the necessary limits of the artist would be found equally applicable to poetry. It is undeniable that the whole realm of the perfectly excellent lies open to the imitation of the poet, that excellence of outward form which we call beauty being only one of the least of the means by which he can interest us in his characters.

Moreover, the poet is not compelled to concentrate his picture into a single moment. He can take up every action of his hero at its source and pursue it to its issue through all possible variations. Each of these, which would cost the artist a separate work, costs the poet but a single trait.

What wonderful skill has Sophocles shown in strengthening and enlarging, in his tragedy of Philoctetes, the idea of bodily pain! He chose a wound, and not an internal malady, because the former admits of a more lively representation than the latter. This wound was, moreover, a punishment divinely decreed. But to the Greeks a wound from a poisoned arrow was but an ordinary incident. Why, then, in the case of Philoctetes only was it followed by such dreadful consequences?

Sophocles felt full well that, however great he made the bodily pain to his hero, it would not have sufficed of itself to excite any remarkable degree of sympathy. He therefore combined it with other evils—the complete lack of society, hunger and all the hardships to which such a man under terrible privations is exposed when cast on a wild, deserted isle of the Cyclades.

Imagine, now, a man in these conditions, but give him health and strength and industry, and he becomes a Crusoe, whose

lot, though not indifferent to us, has no great claim on our sympathy. On the other hand, imagine a man afflicted by a painful and incurable disease, but at the same time surrounded by kind friends. For him we should feel sympathy, yet this would not endure throughout.

Typical beauty arises from the harmonious effect of numerous parts, all of which the sight is capable of comprehending at the same time. It requires, therefore, that these parts should lie near each other; and since things whose parts lie near each other are the peculiar objects of plastic beauty, these it is, and these only, which can imitate typical beauty.

The poet, since he can only exhibit in succession its component parts, entirely abstains from the description of typical beauty. He feels that these parts, ranged one after the other, cannot possibly have the effect they produce when closely arranged together.

In this respect Homer is a pattern of patterns. He says Nireus was beautiful, Achilles still more so, Helen was endowed with divine beauty. But nowhere does he enter on a detailed sketch of these beauties, and yet the whole Iliad is based on the loveliness of Helen.

In this point, in which he can imitate Homer by merely doing nothing, Virgil is also tolerably happy. His heroine Dido, too, is never anything more than *pulcherrima Dido* (loveliest Dido). When he wishes to be more circumstantial, he is so in the description of her rich dress and apparel.

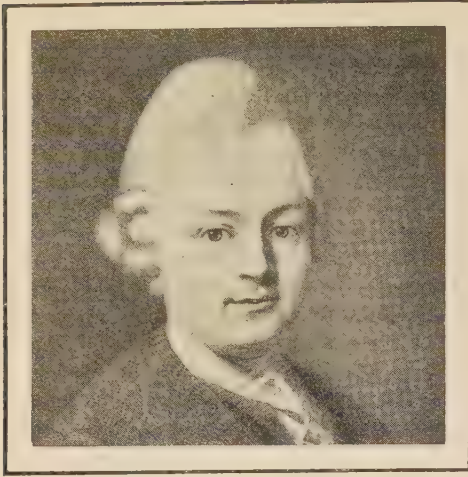
Lucian, also, was too acute to convey any idea of the body of Panthea otherwise than by reference to the most lovely female statues of the old artists.

III—Beauty and Charm

AGAIN, another means which poetry possesses of rivalling art in the description of typical beauty is the change of beauty into charm. Charm is beauty in motion, and is for this very reason less suitable to the painter than the poet. The painter can only leave motion to conjecture. Consequently, with him charm becomes grimace.

But in poetry it remains what it is, a transitory beauty which we would gladly see repeated. It comes and goes, and since we can generally recall to our minds a movement more vividly than forms or colours, charm in the same circumstances produces a stronger effect than beauty.

Zeuxis painted a Helen, and had the courage to write below the picture those



GOTTHOLD EPHRAIM LESSING was born at Kamenz in Upper Lusatia, January 22, 1729, and died at Brunswick, February 15, 1781. He entered Leipzig University as a theological student in 1745, but soon took to writing plays in the French manner. In 1748 he went to Berlin, where he published a collection of poems entitled *Kleinigkeiten* (Trifles). But it was in 1755 that he produced a real sensation by writing *Miss Sara Sampson*, a play in the English style. Immediately after the publication of *Laocoon* he began work on *Minna von Barnhelm*, his greatest drama, published in 1767. The closing years of his life were devoted chiefly to theological controversy.

renowned lines of Homer in which the enraptured elders confess their sensations. Never had painting and poetry been engaged in such contest. The contest was undecided; both deserved the crown.

For just as a wise poet showed us the beauty which he felt he could not paint according to its constituent parts, but merely in its effect, so the no less wise painter showed us that beauty by nothing but those parts, deeming it unbecoming for his art to resort to any other means for aid. His picture consisted of a single figure, undraped, of Helen, probably the one painted for the people of Crotona.

In beauty a single unbecoming part may disturb the harmonious effect of many without the object necessarily becoming ugly. For ugliness, too, requires several unbecoming parts, all of which we must be able to comprehend at the same view before we experience sensations the opposite of those which beauty produces.

According to this, therefore, ugliness in its essence could be no subject for poetry; yet Homer has painted extreme ugliness in Thersites, and this ugliness is described according to its parts near each other. Why

in the case of ugliness did he allow himself the licence from which he had abstained in that of beauty? A successive enumeration of the elements of beauty will annihilate its effects. Is it not reasonable to conclude that a similar cause will produce a similar effect in the case of ugliness?

Undoubtedly it will; but it is in this very fact that the justification of Homer lies. The poet can only take advantage of ugliness as far as it is reduced in his description into the less repugnant appearance of bodily imperfection and ceases, as it were, in point of effect, to be ugliness. Thus, what he cannot make use of by itself he can use as the ingredient for the purpose of producing certain mixed sensations.

THESE mixed feelings are the ridiculous and the horrible. Homer makes Thersites ugly in order to make him ridiculous. He is not made so, however, merely by his ugliness, for ugliness is an imperfection, and the contrast of perfection with imperfections is required to produce the ridiculous. To this I may add that the contrast must not be too sharp and glaring, and that the contrasts must blend into each other.

The wise and virtuous Aesop does not become ridiculous because of ugliness attributed to him. For his misshapen body and beautiful mind are as oil and vinegar; however much you shake them together, they remain distinct. They will not amalgamate to produce a third quality. The body produces annoyance; the soul, pleasure; each has its own effect.

Let us suppose that the instigations of the malicious and snarling Thersites had resulted in mutiny, that the people had forsaken their leaders and departed in the ships, and that these leaders had been massacred by a revengeful foe. How would the ugliness of Thersites appear then? If ugliness when harmless may be ridiculous, when hurtful it is always horrible. In Shakespeare's *King Lear*, Edmund, the bastard Count of Gloucester, is no less a villain than Richard, Duke of Gloucester, in *King Richard III*. How is it, then, that the first excites our loathing so much less than the second? It is because when I hear the former, I listen to a devil, but see him as an angel of light; but in listening to Richard I hear a devil and see a devil.

W. H. PRESCOTT
HISTORY OF THE REIGN OF
FERDINAND AND ISABELLA

THOUGH grievously afflicted by the limitations to his powers of sight Prescott was, in 1826, happily in the possession of adequate means and many friends to help him when he embarked upon his project of writing the History of the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella. It was his habit, when engaged upon this work, to make notes with a stylus. These notes were then read to him until he had mastered their content, and he became so adept at this that he was able to retain in his memory the equivalent of sixty pages of printed matter; but progress with the History was, naturally, slow. The subjects of this work, Ferdinand and his queen, Isabella, were the monarchs who united the Spanish kingdoms into one nation, ended the Moorish dominion in Europe and, through the activities of Christopher Columbus, their protégé, annexed the New World to Spain, which during the ensuing century threatened, on many occasions, to dominate the states of Christendom.

I—Castile and Aragon



AFTER the great Saracen invasion, at the beginning of the eighth century of our era, Spain was broken up into a number of small but independent states. At the close of the fifteenth century, these were blended and merged into one great nation. Before this, the numbers had been reduced to four—Castile, Aragon, Navarre and the Moorish kingdom of Granada.

The civil feuds of Castile in the fourteenth century were as fatal to the nobility as were the English Wars of the Roses. At the close, the power of the commons was at its zenith. In the long reign of John II, the king abandoned the government to the control of favourites. The constable, Alvaro de Luna, boldly sought to appropriate taxing and legislative powers to the Crown.

Representation in the cortes was withdrawn from all but eighteen privileged cities. However disastrous it may have been from the political aspect, the reign was conspicuous for John's encouragement of literature and the fine arts, the general intellectual stimulus and forward movement and the birth of a daughter, Isabella, three years before John's death.

The immediate heir to the throne was Isabella's elder half-brother Henry. Her mother was the Princess of Portugal.

Both Isabella's childhood and that of

Ferdinand of Aragon, a year her junior, were passed amidst tumultuous scenes of civil war. Henry, good-natured, incompetent and debauched, yielded himself to favourites, hence it is not surprising that he was more than once almost ejected from his throne. Old King John II of Aragon was similarly engaged in a long civil war, the causes of which arose mainly from his tyrannous treatment of his eldest son, Carlos.

But in 1468 Isabella and Ferdinand were respectively recognized as the heirs of Castile and Aragon. In spite of her brother's attitude, Isabella made contract of marriage with the heir to the throne of Aragon, the instrument securing her own sovereign rights in Castile, though Henry thereupon nominated another royal successor in her place.

The marriage of Isabella and Ferdinand was effected under romantic conditions in October 1469, one circumstance being that the bull of dispensation permitting the union of cousins within the forbidden degrees was a forgery, though this important fact was unknown at the time to Isabella.

The reason of the forgery was the hostility of the then pope; a dispensation was afterwards obtained from Pope Sixtus IV. The death of Henry, in December 1474, placed Isabella and her husband Ferdinand on the throne of Castile.

II—The Overthrow of the Moorish Dominion

ISABELLA's claim to Castile rested on her recognition by the cortes; the rival claimant was a daughter of the deceased king, or at any rate, of his wife, a Portuguese princess. Alfonso of Portugal supported his niece Joanna's claim. In March 1476 Ferdinand won the decisive victory of Toro; but the war of the succession was not definitely determined by treaty till 1479, some months after Ferdinand had succeeded John on the throne of Aragon.

Isabella was already engaged in reorganizing the administration of Castile; first, in respect of justice and codification of the law; secondly, by depressing the nobles. A sort of military police, known as the *hermandad*, was established. These reforms were carried out with excellent effect; instead of birth, merit became the primary qualification for honourable office. Papal usurpations of ecclesiastical rights were resisted, trade was regulated and the standard of coinage restored. The whole result was to strengthen the Crown in a consolidated constitution.

Restrained by her natural benevolence and magnanimity, urged forward by her strong piety and the influence of the Dominican Torquemada, Isabella assented to the introduction of the Inquisition—aimed primarily at the Jews—with its corollary of the *auto da fé*, of which the actual meaning is 'Act of Faith.' Probably 10,220 persons were burnt at the stake during the eighteen years of Torquemada's ministry.

Now, however, we come to the great war for the ejection of the Moorish rule in southern Spain. The Saracen power of Granada was magnificent; the population was industrious and sober, and had far exceeded the Christian powers in culture, in research and in scientific and philosophical inquiry.

So soon as Ferdinand and Isabella had established their government in their joint

dominion, they turned to the project of destroying the Saracen power and conquering its territory. But the attack came from Muley Abul Hacen, the ruler of Granada, in 1481. Zahara, on the frontier, was captured and its population carried into slavery. A Spanish force replied by surprising Alhama. The Moors besieged it in force; it was relieved, but the siege was renewed. In an unsuccessful attack on Loja, Ferdinand displayed extreme coolness and courage. A palace intrigue led to the expulsion from Granada of Abul Hacen, in favour of his son, Abu Abdallah, or Boabdil. The war continued with numerous picturesque episodes. A rout of the Spaniards in the Axarquía was followed by the capture of Boabdil in a rout of the Moors; he was ransomed, accepting an ignominious treaty, while the war was maintained against Abul Hacen.

In the summer of 1487, Malaja fell, after a siege in which signal heroism was displayed by the Moorish defenders. Since they had refused the first offers, they now had to surrender at discretion. The entire population, male and female, was made slaves. The capture of Baza, in December, after a long and stubborn resistance, was followed by the surrender of Almería.

It was not till 1491 that Granada itself was besieged; at the close of the year it surrendered, on liberal terms. The treaty promised the Moors liberty as subjects of the Spanish monarchy. The Mahomedan power in Western Europe was extinguished.

Already Christopher Columbus had been unsuccessfully seeking support for his great enterprise. At last, in 1492, Isabella was won over. In August the expedition sailed—a few months after the cruel edict for the expulsion of the Jews. In the spring of 1493 came news of his discovery. In May the bull of Alexander VI divided the New World and all new lands between Spain and Portugal.

III—The Italian Wars

IN the foreign policy, the relations with Europe, which now becomes prominent, Ferdinand is the moving figure, as Isabella had been within Spain. In Spain, Portugal, France and England,

the monarchy had now dominated the old feudalism. Consolidated states had emerged. Italy was a congeries of principalities and republics. In 1494 Charles VIII of France crossed the Alps to assert

his title to Naples, where a branch of the royal family of Aragon ruled. His successor raised up against him the League of Venice, of which Ferdinand was a member. Charles withdrew, leaving a viceroy, in 1495. Ferdinand forthwith invaded Calabria.

The Spanish commander was Gonsalvo de Cordova, who, after a reverse in his first conflict, for which he was not responsible, never lost a battle. He had learnt his art in the Moorish war, and the French were demoralised by his novel tactics. In a year he had earned the title of 'The Great Captain.' Calabria submitted in the summer of 1496. The French being expelled from Naples, a truce was signed early in 1498, which ripened into a definitive treaty.

ON the death of Cardinal Mendoza, for twenty years the monarchs' chief minister, his place was taken by Ximenes, whose character presented a rare combination of talent and virtue; who proceeded to energetic and much needed reforms in church discipline.

Not with the same approbation can we view the zeal with which he devoted himself to the extermination of heresy. The conversion of the Moors to Christianity under the régime of the virtuous Archbishop of Granada was not rapid enough. Ximenes, in 1400, began with great success a propaganda fortified by liberal presents. Next he made a holocaust of Arabian MSS. The alarm and excitement caused by measures in clear violation of treaty produced insurrection; which was calmed down, but was followed by the virtually compulsory conversion of some fifty thousand Moors.

This stirred to revolt the Moors of the Alpuxarras hill country; crushed with no little difficulty, but great severity, the insurrection broke out anew on the west of Granada. This time the struggle was savage. When it was ended the rebels were allowed the alternative of baptism or exile.

Columbus had returned to the New World in 1493 with great powers; but administrative skill was not his great point and the first batch of colonists were without discipline. He returned and went



ISABELLA THE CATHOLIC
From the painting by Laplaza

out again, this time with a number of convicts. Matters became worse. A very incompetent special commissioner, Bobadilla, was sent with extraordinary powers to set matters right, and he sent Columbus home in chains, to the indignation of the king and queen. The management of affairs was then entrusted to Ovando, Columbus following later. It must be observed that the economic results of the great discovery was not immediately remarkable; but the moral effect on Europe at large was incalculable.

On succeeding to the French throne, Louis XII was prompt to revive the French claims in Italy (1498); but he agreed with Ferdinand on a partition of the kingdom of Naples, a remarkable project of robbery. 'The Great Captain' was dispatched to Sicily, and was soon engaged in conquering Calabria. It was not long, however, before France and Aragon were quarrelling over the division of the spoil. In July 1502 war was declared between them in Italy. The war was varied by set combats in the lists between champions of the opposed nations.

In 1503 a treaty was negotiated by Ferdinand's son-in-law, the Archduke Philip. Gonsalvo, however, not recognizing instructions received from Philip, gave battle to the French at Cerignola and



A PROCLAMATION IN THE CITY OF GRANADA BY BOABDIL, THE MOORISH LEADER AND HERO
From the painting by Plácido Francés

won a brilliant victory. A few days earlier another victory had been won by a second column ; and Gonsalvo marched on Naples, which welcomed him. The two French fortresses commanding it were reduced. Since Ferdinand refused to ratify Philip's treaty, a French force entered Roussillon ; but retired on Ferdinand's approach. The practical effect of the invasion was a demonstration of the new unity of the Spanish kingdom.

In Italy, Louis threw fresh energy into the war, and Gonsalvo found his own forces greatly out-numbered. In the late

autumn there was a sharp but indecisive contest at the Garigliano Bridge. Gonsalvo held to his position, despite the destitution of his troops, until he received reinforcements. Then, on December 28, he suddenly and unexpectedly crossed the river ; the French retired rapidly, gallantly covered by the rearguard, hotly attacked by the Spanish advance guard. The retreat being checked at a bridge, the Spanish rear was enabled to come up, and the French were driven in rout. Gaeta surrendered on January 4 ; no further resistance was offered. South Italy was Gonsalvo's.

IV—After Isabella

THROUGHOUT 1503 and 1504 Queen Isabella's strength was failing. In November 1504 she died, leaving the succession to the Castilian crown to her daughter Joanna and naming Ferdinand regent. Magnanimity, unselfishness, openness, piety had been her most marked moral traits ; justice, loyalty, practical good sense her political characteristics—a most rare and virtuous lady.

Her death gives a new complexion to our history. Joanna was proclaimed queen of Castile ; Ferdinand was governor of that kingdom in her name, but his regency was not accepted without demur. To secure his brief authority he made alliance with Louis, including a marriage contract with Louis's niece, Germaine de Ford. Six weeks after the wedding, the Archduke Philip landed in Spain. Ferdinand's action had ruined his popularity and he saw security only in a compact assuring Philip sovereignty—Joanna being insane.

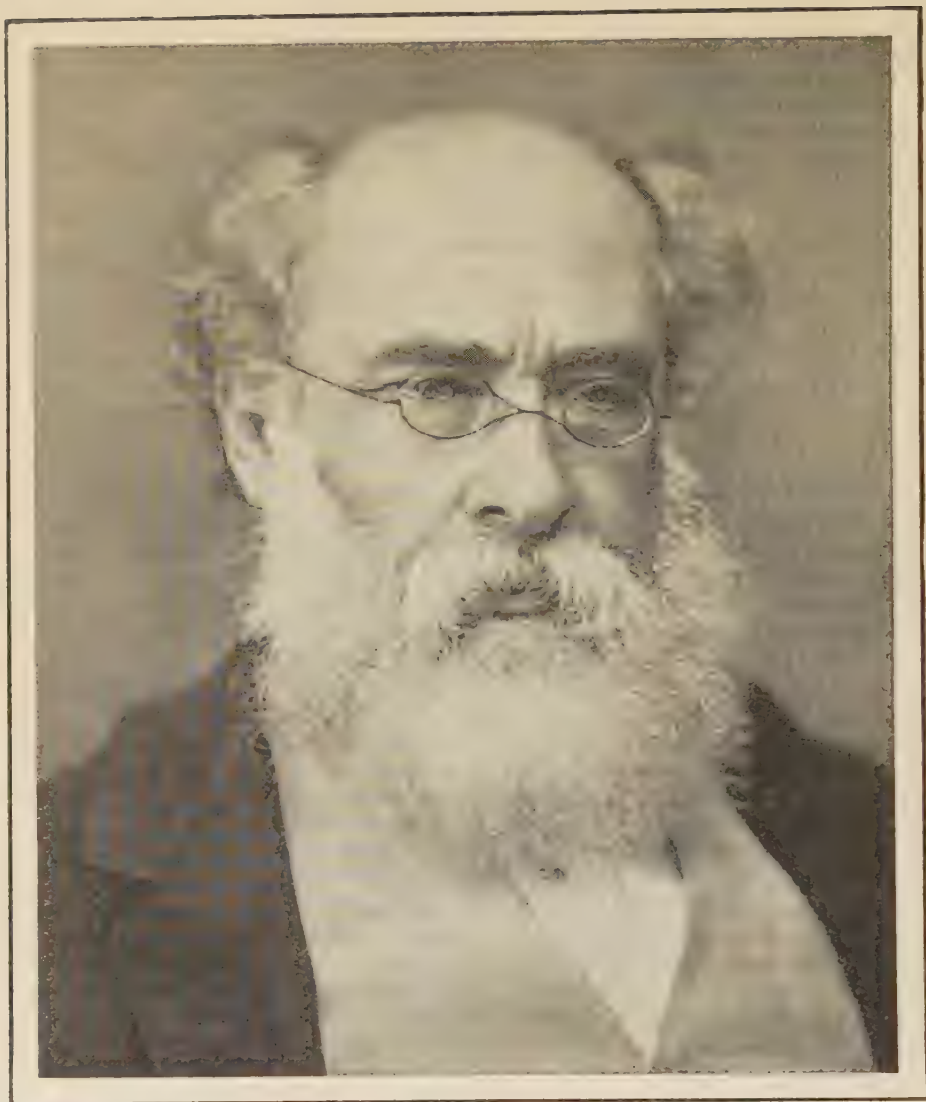
Philip's rule was very unpopular and very brief. A sudden illness, in which for once poison was not suspected of playing a part, carried him off. Ferdinand, absent at the time in Italy, was restored to the regency of Castile, which he held undisputed—except for futile claims of Maximilian—for the rest of his life.

The years of Ferdinand's sole rule displayed his worst characteristics, which had been restrained during his noble consort's life. He was involved in the utterly unscrupulous and immoral wars issuing out of the League of Cambray for the partition of Venice. The suspicion and ingratitude with which he treated Gonsalvo

de Cordova drove 'The Great Captain' into a privacy not less honourable than his glorious public career. Within a twelve-month of Gonsalvo's death, Ferdinand followed him to the grave in January 1516—lamented in Aragon, but not in Castile.

During the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella the overgrown powers and factious spirit of the nobility had been restrained. That genuine piety of the queen which had won for the monarchs the title of 'The Catholic' had not prevented them from firmly resisting the encroachments of ecclesiastical authority. The condition of the commons had been greatly advanced, but political power had been concentrated in the crown, and the crowns of Castile and Aragon were permanently united on the accession of Charles—afterwards Charles V—to both the thrones.

Under these great rulers we have beheld Spain emerging from chaos into a new existence ; unfolding, under the influence of institutions adapted to her genius, energies of which she was before unconscious ; enlarging her resources from all the springs of domestic industry and commercial enterprise ; and insensibly losing the ferocious habits of the feudal age in the requirements of an intellectual and moral culture. We have seen her descend into the arena with the other nations of Europe, and in a very few years achieve the most important acquisitions of territory both in that quarter and in Africa ; and finally crowning the whole by the discovery of a boundless empire beyond the waters.



Anthony Trollope was born in London, April 24, 1815, and was educated at Winchester and Harrow. From 1834 to 1867 he was in the postal service, in which he attained a high position, his work as inspector being pleasantly varied with prolonged official journeys to foreign countries and to British colonies. From his mother, Frances Trollope, herself a novelist of repute, he inherited his considerable literary genius and his prodigious industry, and despite his professional occupations and his fondness for the pleasures of society he produced a truly astonishing number of meritorious works of fiction, biography and travel. Trollope should be studied first in his Autobiography, but his enduring reputation is based upon his novels and especially those known as the Barchester novels, which contain some excellent character studies and represent English clerical life very faithfully. They are invaluable to the student of the Victorian era and for that reason will almost certainly enjoy in the future a greater popularity than they have had since their author passed away. Anthony Trollope died December 6, 1882.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE
THE WARDEN

IT was while he was a clerk to one of the surveyors in the west of Ireland that Anthony Trollope developed the extraordinary ability and energy that characterised the remainder of his life. It was during this period that he wrote and published his first novels, *The Macdermots of Ballycloran* (1847) and *The Kellys and the O'Kellys* (1848). But it was not until 1855, with the appearance of *The Warden*, the first and in many ways the best of the famous series of Barsetshire stories, that Trollope began to attract the notice of the reading public. Although *The Warden* brought to Trollope very little immediate pecuniary gain, it had a success of esteem that added greatly to his literary reputation. 'The Warden,' said Henry James, "is simply the history of an old man's conscience, and Trollope never did anything happier than the picture of this sweet and serious little old gentleman." The book is published in a volume of Everyman's Library.

I—Hiram's Hospital



THE Rev. Septimus Harding was a beneficed clergyman residing in the cathedral town of Barchester.

Mr. Harding had married early in life, and was the father of two daughters. The elder, Susan, was married some twelve years since to the Rev. Dr. Theophilus Grantly, son of the bishop, archdeacon of Barchester, and rector of Plumstead Episcopi. A few months after her marriage her father became precentor of Barchester Cathedral. The younger daughter, Eleanor, was twenty-four years of age.

Now, there are peculiar circumstances connected with the precentorship which must be explained. In the year 1434 there died at Barchester one John Hiram, who had made money in the town as a wool stapler, and in his will he left the house in which he died and certain meadows and closes near the town for the support of twelve superannuated wool carders; he also appointed that an almshouse should be built for their abode, with a fitting residence for a warden, which warden was also to receive a certain sum annually out of the rents of the said meadows and closes. He, moreover, willed that the precentor of the cathedral should have the option of being also warden of the almshouses, if the bishop approved.

From that day to this the charity had gone on and prospered—at least, the

charity had gone on, and the estates had prospered. The bedesmen received one shilling and fourpence a day and a comfortable lodging. The stipend of the precentor was eighty pounds a year. The income arising from the wardenship of the hospital was eight hundred, besides the value of the house.

Murmurs had been heard in Barchester—few, indeed, and far between—that the proceeds of John Hiram's property had not been fairly divided; the thing had been whispered, and Mr. Harding had heard of it. And Mr. Harding, being an open-handed, just-minded man, had, on his instalment, declared his intention of adding twopence a day to each man's pittance.

Mr. Harding is a small man, now verging on sixty years; his warmest admirers cannot say that he was ever an industrious man—the circumstances of his life have not called on him to be so; and yet he can hardly be called an idler. He is generous to all, but especially to the twelve old men who are under his care.

Mr. Harding has been precentor of Barchester for ten years, when the murmurs respecting the proceeds of Hiram's estate again become audible. He is aware that two of his old men have been heard to say that if everyone had his own they might each have their hundred pounds a year, and live like gentlemen, instead of a beggarly one shilling and fourpence a day. One of this discontented

pair, Abel Handy, was put into the hospital by Mr. Harding himself; he had been a mason in Barchester, and had broken his thigh by a fall from a scaffolding.

There is living in Barchester a young man, a surgeon, named John Bold, and both Mr. Harding and Dr. Grantly are well aware that to him is owing the pestilent rebellious feeling which has shown itself in the hospital; and the renewal, too, of that disagreeable talk about Hiram's estates which is now prevalent in Barchester. Nevertheless, Mr. Harding and Mr. Bold are acquainted with each other, and are friends in spite of the great disparity of their years. For John Bold is not more than twenty-seven years old at this time.

John Bold is a clever man, but having enough to live on since his father's death, he has not been forced to work for bread. In three years he has not taken three fees, but he frequently binds up the bruises and sets

the limbs of such of the poorer classes as profess his way of thinking. Bold is a strong reformer. His passion is the reform of all abuses and he is thoroughly sincere in his endeavours to mend mankind.

No wonder that Dr. Grantly should regard Bold as a firebrand and a demagogue and would have him avoided as the plague. But the old doctor and Mr. Harding have been fast friends, and Johnny Bold used to play as a boy on Mr. Harding's lawn.

Eleanor Harding has not plighted her troth to John Bold, but she cannot endure that anyone should speak harshly of him; she cares little to go to houses where she will not meet him and, in fact, she is in love. Nor is there any reason why Eleanor Harding should not love John Bold. His character is in all respects good; he has sufficient income to support a wife and, above all, he is in love with her. Mr. Harding himself has seen no reason why his daughter should not love John Bold.

II—The Barchester Reformer

BOLD had often expressed his indignation at the mal-appropriation of church funds in general in the hearing of his friend the precentor, but the conversation had never referred to anything at Barchester.

He heard from different quarters that Hiram's bedesmen were treated as paupers, whereas the property to which they were, in effect, heirs was very large, and being looked on as the upholder of the rights of the poor of Barchester, he was instigated by a lawyer, whom he had previously employed, to call upon Mr. Chadwick, the steward of the episcopal estates, for a statement as to the funds of the estate.

It was against Chadwick that his efforts were to be directed; but Bold soon found that if he interfered with Mr. Chadwick as steward, he must also interfere with Mr. Harding as warden; and though he regretted the situation in which this would place him, he was not the man to flinch from his undertaking from personal motives.

Having got a copy of John Hiram's will, and mastered it, Bold next ascertained the extent and value of the property, and then made out a schedule of what he was informed was the present distribu-

tion of its income. Armed with these particulars, he called on Mr. Chadwick, who naturally declined to answer any questions and referred him to attorneys in London.

Bold at once repaired to the hospital. The day was now far advanced, but he knew that Mr. Harding dined in the summer at four, that Eleanor was accustomed to drive in the evening and that he might, therefore, probably find Mr. Harding alone. It was between seven and eight when he reached the precentor's garden, and as he raised the latch he heard the notes of Mr. Harding's violoncello; advancing before the house and across the lawn, he found him playing, and not without an audience. The musician was seated in a garden chair, and around were ten of the twelve old men who dwelt with him beneath old John Hiram's roof.

Bold sat down on the soft turf to listen, or, rather, to think how, after such harmony, he might best introduce a theme of so much discord. He felt that he had a somewhat difficult task and he almost regretted the final leave-taking of the last of the old men, slow as they were in going through their adieux.

The precentor remarked on the friendliness of the visit.

"One evening call," said he, "is worth ten in the morning. It's all formality in the morning; real social talk never begins till after dinner. That's why I dine early, so as to get as much as I can of it."

"Quite true, Mr. Harding," said the other; "but I fear I've reversed the order of things, and I owe you much apology for troubling you on business at such an hour. I wish to speak to you about the hospital."

Mr. Harding looked blank and annoyed. But he only said, "Well, well, anything I can tell you I shall be most happy."

"It's about the accounts."

"Then, my dear fellow, I can tell you nothing, for I'm as ignorant as a child. All I know is that they pay me £800 a year. Go to Chadwick, he knows all about the accounts."

"But, Mr. Harding, I hope you won't object to discuss with me what I have to say about the hospital?"

Mr. Harding gave a deep, long-drawn sigh. He did object; very strongly object, to discuss any such subject with John Bold, but he had not the business tact of Mr. Chadwick, and did not know how to relieve himself from the coming evil.

"I fear there is reason to think that John Hiram's will is not carried out to the letter, Mr. Harding, and I have been asked to see into it."

"Very well, I've no objection on earth; and now we need not say another word about it."

"Only one word more, Mr. Harding. Chadwick has referred me to lawyers. In what I do I may appear to be interfering with you, and I hope you will forgive me for doing so."

"Mr. Bold," said the other, stopping and speaking with some solemnity, "if you act justly, say nothing in this matter but the truth, and use no unfair weapons in carrying out your purposes, I shall have nothing to forgive. I presume you think I am not entitled to the income I receive from the hospital, and that others are entitled to it. Whatever some may do, I shall never attribute to you base motives because you hold an opinion opposed to my own and averse to my interests. Pray do what you consider to be your duty; I can give you no assistance, neither will I offer you any obstacle. Let me, however, suggest to you that you can in no wise forward your views, nor I mine, by any discussion between us. Here comes Eleanor and the ponies, and we'll go in to tea."

Bold felt that he could not sit down at ease with Mr. Harding and his daughter after what had passed, and therefore excused himself with much awkward apology; and merely raising his hat and bowing as he passed Eleanor and the pony chair, left her in disappointed amazement at his departure.

III—Iphigenia

THE bedesmen heard a whisper that they were entitled to one hundred pounds a year, and signed a petition, which Abel Handy drew up, to the bishop as visitor, praying his worship to see justice done to the legal recipients of John Hiram's charity. John Bold was advised to institute formal proceedings against Mr. Harding and Mr. Chadwick. Archdeacon Grantly took up the cause of the warden, and obtained a legal opinion from the attorney-general, Sir Abraham Haphazard, that Mr. Harding and Mr. Chadwick being only paid servants, the action should not have been brought against them, but that the defendants should have been either the corporation

of Barchester, or possibly the dean and chapter, or the bishop. That all-powerful organ of the Press, *The Daily Jupiter*, launched a leading thunderbolt against the administration of Hiram's Hospital, which made out the warden to be a man unjust, grasping; and the responsibility for this attack rested upon John Bold's friend, Tom Towers, of the Temple.

Bold kept away from the warden's house, but he met Miss Harding one day in the cathedral close. He tried to explain and apologise.

"Mr. Bold," she said, "you may be sure of one thing—I shall always judge my father to be right, and those who oppose him I shall judge to be wrong." And

then curtsying low, she sailed on, leaving her lover in anything but a happy state of mind. To the warden Eleanor owned that she had loved John Bold once, but would not, could not, do so now, when he proved himself the enemy of her father.

But the warden, wretched as he was at the attacks of *The Jupiter*, declared that Bold was no enemy of his, and encouraged her love, and then he spoke to her of happier days when their trials would all be over.

That night Eleanor decided that she would extricate her father from his misery; she would sacrifice herself as Iphigenia did for Agamemnon. She would herself personally implore John Bold to desist from his undertaking and stop the lawsuit; she would explain to him her father's sorrows and tell him how her father would die if he were thus dragged before the public and exposed to such unmerited ignominy; she would appeal to his old friendship and, if need were, kneel to him for the favour she would ask; but before she did this the idea of love must be banished. There must be no bargain in the matter. She could not appeal to his love, nor allow him to do so. Should he declare his passion he must be rejected.

She rose refreshed in the morning and after breakfast started out and arrived at Bold's house, where John's sister Mary greeted her warmly.

"John's out now, and will be for the next two hours, and he returns to London by the mail train to-night."

"Mary, I must see your brother before he goes back, and beg from him a great favour."

Miss Harding spoke with a solemn air, and then went on and opened to her friend all her plan for saving her father from a sorrow which would, if it lasted, bring him to his grave.

IV—The Warden Resigns

WHEN Eleanor informed her father of the end of the lawsuit the warden did not express himself peculiarly gratified at the intelligence. His own mind was already made up. A third article had appeared in *The Jupiter* calling on Mr. Harding to give an account of his steward-

While they were yet discussing the matter Bold returned, and Eleanor was forced into sudden action.

"Mr. Bold," said she, "I have come here to implore you to abandon this proceeding, to implore you to spare my father."

"Eleanor, I will do anything; only let me tell you how I love you!"

"No, no, no!" she almost screamed. "This is unmanly of you, Mr. Bold. Will you leave my father to die in peace in his quiet home?" And, seizing him by his arm, she clung to him with fixed tenacity and reiterated her appeal with hysterical passion.

"Promise me! Promise me!" said Eleanor. "Say that my father is safe—one word will do. I know how true you are. Say one word, and I will let you go."

"I will," said he, at length. "I do—all I can do, I will do."

"Then may God Almighty bless you for ever and ever!" said Eleanor, and, with her face in Mary Bold's lap, she wept and sobbed like a child.

In a while she was recovered, and got up to go; and Mary, under a pretence of fetching her bonnet, left the two together.

AND now, with a volley of impassioned love, John Bold poured forth the feelings of his heart; and Eleanor repeated, with every shade of vehemence, "No, no, no!" But let her be never so vehement, her vehemence was not respected now. All her 'No, no, no's' were met with counter asseverations, and at last were overpowered. Her defences were demolished, all her maiden barriers swept away, and Eleanor capitulated, or, rather, marched out with the honours of war, vanquished evidently, but still not reduced to the necessity of confessing it. Certainly she had been victorious; she had achieved her object; she was not unhappy.

ship, and how it had come to pass that he consumed three-fifths of Hiram's charity.

"I tell you what, my dear," he said, while Eleanor stared at him as though she scarcely understood the words he was speaking. "I can't dispute the truth of

these words. I do believe I have no right to be here. No right to be warden with £800 a year, no right to be spending in luxury money that had been intended for charity. I will go up to London at once, my dear, and see these lawyers myself. There are some things which a man cannot bear," and he put his hand upon the newspaper.

AND to London Mr. Harding went immediately, stealing a march upon the archdeacon, who pursued him the next day. But by that time the warden had been successful in obtaining an interview with the great Sir Abraham Haphazard.

"What I want you, Sir Abraham, to tell me is this," said Mr. Harding. "Am I, as warden, legally and distinctly entitled to the proceeds of the property after the due maintenance of the twelve bedesmen?"

Sir Abraham declared that he couldn't exactly say in so many words that Mr. Harding was legally entitled to, etc., etc., and ended in expressing a strong opinion that, as the other side had given notice of withdrawing the suit, it would be madness to raise any further question on the matter.

"I can resign," said Mr. Harding slowly.

"What! Throw it up altogether?" said the attorney-general. "Believe me, it is sheer Quixotism."

But Mr. Harding's mind was made up. He knew that the attorney-general regarded him as a fool, but Eleanor, he was sure, would exult in what he had done and his old friend the bishop, he trusted, would sympathise with him.

Back at his hotel in St. Paul's Churchyard Mr. Harding had to face the archdeacon. In vain Dr. Grantly argued. "I shall certainly resign this wardenship," said Mr. Harding. The letter of resignation was posted to the bishop, and the warden returned home. The bishop at once wrote to him full of affection, condolence and praise, and besought him to come and live at the palace. It was hard for Mr. Harding to make the bishop understand that this would not suit him, and that the only real favour that he could confer was the continuation of his independent friendship; but, at last, even this was done.

It was settled that Mr. Harding should

still be the precentor of the cathedral, and a small living within the walls of the city was given to him. It was the smallest possible parish, containing a part of the cathedral close and a few old houses adjoining. The church is no bigger than an ordinary room, but still it is a perfect church. Such was the living of St. Cuthbert at Barchester, of which Mr. Harding became rector, with a clear income of £75 a year.

Mr. Harding allowed himself no rest till everything was prepared for his departure from the hospital.

For his present use he took a lodging in Barchester and thither were conveyed such articles as he wanted for daily use. Mrs. Grantly had much wished that her sister would reside at Plumstead, but Eleanor strongly resisted this proposal. She had not desired that her father should give up the hospital in order that she might live at Plumstead Rectory and he alone in his Barchester lodgings. So she got a little bedroom for herself behind the sitting-room, and just over the little back parlour of the chemist with whom they were to lodge.

NOTHING could induce the bishop to fill up the vacancy at Hiram's Hospital caused by Mr. Harding's retirement. It is now some years since Mr. Harding left it, and the warden's house is still tenantless and the warden's garden a wretched wilderness.

Mr. Harding is neither a discontented nor an unhappy man. He still inhabits the lodgings to which he went on leaving the hospital, but he has them to himself. Three months after that time Eleanor became Mrs. Bold and, of course, removed to her husband's house.

Mr. Harding's time is spent chiefly at his daughter's or at the palace, but he keeps his lodgings.

Every other day a message is brought to him from the bishop. "The bishop's compliments, and his lordship is not very well to-day, and he hopes Mr. Harding will dine with him." This bulletin as to the old man's health is a myth; for, though over eighty, he is never ill. Mr. Harding does dine with him very often, which means going to the palace at three and remaining till ten.

FRANCIS BACON

THE ADVANCEMENT OF LEARNING

IN October 1605 Francis Bacon published his *Treatise on the Advancement of Learning*, a work designed to interest the king in the new philosophical ideas of which Bacon was the principal exponent; and in this book the whole of his philosophy may be said to be implicitly contained, except, perhaps, the second book of the *Novum Organum* (see page 868). This review of the existing state of knowledge was intended to be made, later, into the first part of the *Instauratio Magna* (his noble project of a comprehensive treatise of all philosophical knowledge), under the title of *Partitiones Scientiarum*. For this purpose, Bacon was constantly revising the work, and eventually had it translated into Latin under the title *De Dignitate et Augmentis Scientiarum*, and republished in this form, with considerable additions, in 1623. Concerning the *Instauratio* Hallam says, 'Bacon might have been more emphatically the high priest of nature, had he not been Lord Chancellor of England, but no one could have filled up the vast outline which he alone could have so boldly sketched.'

First Book



LET us weigh the dignity of knowledge in the balance with other things. In its archetype it is the Divine wisdom, or sapience, manifested in the creation.

In the celestial hierarchy the supposed Dionysius of Athens places the angels of knowledge and illumination before those of office. Then, the first material form that was created was light, which corresponds in corporal things to knowledge in incorporeal. The day wherein God contemplated His own works was blessed above the days wherein He accomplished them.

Man's first employment in Paradise consisted of the two chief parts of knowledge, the view of creatures and the imposition of names. In the age before the Flood, Scripture honours the names of the inventors of music and of works in metal. Moses was accomplished in all the learning of the Egyptians. The book of Job is pregnant with natural philosophy. In Solomon, the gift of wisdom and learning is preferred before all other earthly and temporal felicity.

Our Saviour first showed His power to subdue ignorance by His conference with the doctors, before He showed His power to subdue nature by miracles; and the coming of the Holy Spirit was chiefly figured in the gift of tongues, which are the vehicles of knowledge.

St. Paul, most learned of the apostles, had his pen most used in the New Testa-

ment. Many of the ancient fathers of the Church were excellently read in all the learning of the heathen; and that heathen learning was preserved, amid Scythian and Saracen invasions, in the sacred bosom of the Church. And in our own day, when God has called the Roman Church to account for degenerate manners and obnoxious doctrines, He has also ordained a renovation of all other knowledges; and, on the other side, the Jesuits by quickening the state of learning, have done notable service to the Roman See.

Wherefore two principal services are performed to religion by human learning: first, the contemplation of God's works is an effectual inducement to the exaltation of His glory; and, secondly, true learning is a singular preservative against unbelief.

To pass now to human proofs of the dignity of learning, we find that among the heathens the inventors of new arts, such as Ceres, Bacchus and Apollo, were consecrated among the gods themselves by apotheosis. The fable of Orpheus, wherein quarrelsome beasts stood sociably listening to the harp, aptly described the nature of men, among whom peace is maintained so long as they give ear to precepts, laws and religion. It has been said that people would then be happy, when kings were philosophers, or philosophers kings; and history shows that the best times have ever been under learned princes.

As for the services of knowledge to private virtue, it takes away all levity,

temerity and insolence by copious suggestion of all doubts and difficulties, and acquainting the mind to balance reasons on both sides. It takes away vain admiration of anything, which is the root of all weakness. No man can marvel at the play of puppets that goes behind the curtain. And certainly, if a man meditate much upon the universal frame of nature, the earth with men upon it (the divineness of souls except) will not seem much other than an ant hill, where some ants carry corn, and some carry their young, and some go empty, and all to and fro a little heap of dust.

Knowledge crowns man's nature with power. It even gives fortune to particular persons; and it is hard to say whether arms or learning have advanced greater numbers.

Lastly, by learning man excels man in that wherein man excels beasts. The great dignity of knowledge lies in immortality or continuance. Have not the verses of Homer continued twenty-five hundred years or more, without the loss of a syllable or letter, during which time infinite palaces, temples, castles, cities have been decayed and demolished? If the invention of the ship was thought so noble, which carries riches and commodities from place to place, and consociates the most remote regions in participation of their fruits, how much more are letters to be magnified? Popular and mistaken judgements will continue as they have ever been, but so will that also continue whereupon learning has ever relied, and which fails not.

'Wisdom is justified of her children.'

Second Book

THE parts of human learning have reference to the three parts of man's understanding—history to his memory, poetry to his imagination, and philosophy to his reason. Divine learning receives the same distribution, so that theology consisteth of history of the Church; of parables, which are divine poetry; and of holy doctrine or precept. For prophecy is but divine history, in which the narrative is before the fact.

History is natural, civil, ecclesiastical and literary; whereof the first three are extant, but the fourth is deficient. A true history of learning throughout the ages is wanting.

History of nature is of three sorts—of nature in course, of nature erring or varying and of nature altered or worked; that is, history of creatures, history of marvels and history of arts. The first of these is extant in good perfection; the two others are handled so weakly that I note them as deficient.

The history of arts is of great use towards natural philosophy such as shall be operative to the benefit of man's life.

Civil history is of three kinds: memorials, perfect histories and antiquities, comparable to unfinished, perfect and defaced pictures. Just or perfect history represents a time, a person or an action. The first we call chronicles;

the second, lives; and the third, narrations or relations.

Of modern histories the greater part are beneath mediocrity. Annals and journals are a kind of history not to be forgotten; and there is also ruminated history, wherein political discourse and observations are mingled with the history of the events themselves.

Ecclesiastical history receives the same divisions with civil history, but may further be divided into history of the Church, history of prophecy and history of Providence. The first of these is not deficient, only I would that the sincerity of it were proportionate to its mass and quantity. The history of prophecy, sorting every prophecy with the event fulfilling the same, is deficient; but the history of Providence, and the notable examples of God's judgements and deliverances have passed through the labour of many. Orations, letters and apophthegms are appendices to history.

Thus much concerning history, which answers to memory.

POETRY refers to the imagination. In respect of its words it is but a character of style, but in respect of its matter it is nothing else but feigned history, which may as well be in prose as in verse. The use of this feigned history is to give some

shadow of satisfaction to the mind of man in those points wherein the nature of things denies it; poetry serves magnanimity, morality and delectation. It is divided into narrative, representative and allusive or parabolical poetry. In poetry I can report no deficiency; it has sprung up and spread abroad more than any other kind of learning.

IN philosophy, the contemplations of man either penetrate unto God, or are circumferred to nature, or are reflected upon himself; whence arise three knowledges—divine philosophy, natural philosophy and human philosophy or humanity.

But it is good to erect one universal science, *Philosophia Prima*, 'primitive' or 'summary philosophy,' before we come where the ways part and divide; and this universal philosophy is a receptacle for all such profitable observations and axioms as do not fall within the compass of any of the special parts of philosophy or sciences, but are common and of a higher stage.

Divine philosophy, or natural theology, is that knowledge concerning God which may be obtained by the contemplation of His creatures; and in this I note an excess rather than a deficiency, because of the extreme prejudice which both religion and philosophy have received by being mixed together, making an heretical religion and a fabulous philosophy.

Of natural philosophy there are two parts, the inquisition of causes and the production of effects; speculative and operative; natural science and natural prudence.

Natural science is divided into physic and metaphysic. But since I have already defined a summary philosophy, and, again, a natural theology, both of which are commonly confounded with metaphysic, what is there remaining for metaphysic? This, that physic inquires concerning the material and efficient causes, but metaphysic handles the formal and final causes. So physic is in a middle term between natural history and metaphysic; for natural history describes the variety of things, physic the variable or respective causes, and metaphysic the fixed and constant causes.

Of metaphysic I find that it is partly omitted and partly misplaced. In mathematics, which I place as a part of metaphysic, I can report no deficiency. But natural prudence, or the operative part of natural philosophy, is very deficient. It were desirable that there should be a calendar or inventory made of all the inventions whereof man is possessed, with a note of useful things not yet invented. A calendar, also, of doubts, and another of popular errors, are to be desired.

We come now to the knowledge of ourselves—that is, to human philosophy or humanity. First, a general study of human nature will have regard to the sympathies and concordances between mind and body. Then, since the good of man's body is of four kinds—health, beauty, strength and pleasure—the knowledge of the body is also of four kinds—medicine, decoration or cosmetic, athletic and the art voluptuary. Medicine has been more professed than laboured, and more laboured than advanced, the labour having been rather in circle than in progression.

The knowledge respecting the faculties of the mind is of two kinds, the one respecting understanding and reason, and the other respecting will, appetite and affection, the imagination being active in both provinces.

The intellectual arts are four—inquiry or invention, examination or judgement, custody or memory, and elocution or tradition; and these are severally divided into various sciences and arts. The knowledge of the appetite and will, or moral philosophy, leading to the culture and regiment of the mind, is very deficient.

CIVIL knowledge has three parts—conversation, negotiation and government—since man seeks in society comfort, use and protection. The first of these is well laboured, the second and third are deficient. Thus we conclude human philosophy, and turn to the sacred and inspired divinity, the port of all men's peregrinations.

Divinity has four main branches—faith, manners, liturgy and government—in which I can find no ground vacant and unsown, so diligent have men been, either in sowing of seed or tares.

SAMUEL BUTLER

HUDIBRAS

THREE years after the Restoration Samuel Butler achieved fame by the publication of the first part of *Hudibras*, his great poem. The second part appeared in 1664, and the third in 1678. The main design of the work is borrowed from *Don Quixote*. Butler's hero is a puritan justice of the peace who 'in the confidence of legal authority, and the rage of zealous ignorance, ranges the country to repress superstition and current abuses, accompanied by an independent clerk (Squire Ralpho), disputatious and obstinate.' Dr. Johnson admired the poem greatly. 'It is scarcely possible,' he says, 'to peruse a page without finding some association of images that was never found before. By the first paragraph the reader is amused, by the next he is delighted, and by a few more strained to astonishment.' Scott regarded Butler's poetry as merely the comedy of that style of composition which Donne and Cowley employed in its serious form. Moderately priced editions of the work are published by the Cambridge University Press, and by Stanley Paul.

Canto I



THE author describes the accomplishments of the gallant knight, Sir Hudibras, and of his squire, Ralpho.]

When civil dudgeon first grew high,

And men fell out, they knew not why ;
When hard words, jealousies and fears
Set folks together by the ears ;
When gospel trumpeter, surrounded
With long-ear'd rout, to battle sounded ;
And pulpit, drum ecclesiastic,
Was beat with fist instead of a stick ;
Then did Sir Knight abandon dwelling.

A wight he was, whose very sight would
Entitle him Mirror of Knighthood,
That never bowed his stubborn knee
To anything but chivalry ;
Nor put up blow, but that which laid
Right worshipful on shoulder blade.
But here our authors make a doubt,
Whether he were more wise or stout ;
We grant, although he had much wit,
H' was very shy of using it,
As being loth to wear it out,
And therefore bore it not about,
Unless on holydays or so ;
As men their best apparel do.

He was in logic a great critic,
Profoundly skilled in analytic ;
He could distinguish and divide
A hair 'twixt south and south-west side ;
On either which he could dispute,
Confute, change hands, and still confute ;
He'd undertake to prove by force
Of argument, a man's no horse ;
He'd prove a buzzard is no fowl,
And that a lord may be an owl ;
He'd run in debt by disputation
And pay with ratiocination ;
All this by syllogism, true
In mood and figure, he would do.

In mathematics he was greater
Than Tycho Brahe or Erra Pater ;
For he, by geometric scale,
Could take the size of pots of ale ;
Resolve by sines and tangents straight
If bread or butter wanted weight ;
And wisely tell what hour o' th' day
The clock does strike, by algebra.

Besides, he was a shrewd philosopher,
And had read ev'ry text and gloss-over ;
Whate'er the crabbed'st author hath,
He understood b' implicit faith ;
Whatever sceptic could inquire for,
For ev'ry why he had a wherefore ;
He knew what's what, and that's as high
As metaphysic wit can fly.

FOR his religion, it was fit
To match his learning and his wit :
'Twas Presbyterian true blue.
For he was of that stubborn crew
Of errant saints whom all men grant
To be the true Church Militant ;
Such as do build their faith upon
The holy text of pike and gun ;
Decide all controversies by
Infallible artillery ;
And prove their doctrine orthodox,
By apostolic blows and knocks ;
Call fire and sword and desolation
A godly, thorough Reformation,
Which always must be carry'd on,
And still be doing, never done ;
As if religion were intended
For nothing else but to be mended.
A sect whose chief devotion lies
In odd, perverse antipathies ;
In falling out with that or this,
And finding somewhat still amiss ,
More peevish, cross and splenetic
Than dog distract, or monkey sick ;
That with more care keep holyday
The wrong, than others the right way ;
Compound for sins they are inclin'd to,
By damning those they have no mind to.

Still, so perverse and opposite,
As if they worshipp'd God for spite,
The self same thing they will abhor
One way, and long another for ;
Free will they one way disavow,
Another, nothing else allow.
All piety consists therein
In them ; in other men all sin.

ASQUIRE he had whose name was Ralph.
That in the adventure went his half
Though writers, for more stately tone,
Do call him Ralpho, 'tis all one ;
And when we can, with metre safe,
We'll call him so ; if not, plain Ralph
(For rhyme the rudder is of verses,
With which, like ships, they steer their courses).
An equal stock of wit and valour
He had laid in. 'By birth a tailor,
His knowledge was not far behind
The knight's, but of another kind.
And he another way came by't.
Some call it Gifts, and some New Light ;
A lib'ral art, that costs no pains
Of study, industry or brains,
His wit was sent him for a token,
But in the carriage crack'd and broken ;
He ne'er consider'd it, as loth
To look a gift horse in the mouth,
And very wisely would lay forth
No more upon it than 'twas worth ;
But as he got it freely, so
He spent it frank and freely, too.
For saints themselves will sometimes be,
Of gifts that cost them nothing, free.
By means of this, with hem and cough,
Prolongers to enlighten'd stuff,
He could deep mysteries unriddle
As easily as thread a needle.
For as of vagabonds we say,
That they are ne'er beside their way,
Whate'er men speak by this new light
Still they are sure to be i' th' right.
'Tis a dark lantern of the spirit,
Which none see by but those that bear it ;
A light that falls down from on high,
For spiritual trades to cozen by ;
An *ignis fatuus*, that bewitches,
And leads men into pools and ditches,
To make them dip themselves, and sound
For Christendom in dirty pond ;
To dive like wildfowl for salvation,
And fish to catch regeneration.
Thus was th' accomplish'd squire endued
With gifts and knowledge per'lous shrewd.
Never did trusty squire with knight,
Or knight with squire, e'er jump more right.
Their arms and equipage did fit,
As well as virtues, parts and wit.
Their valours, too, were of a rate ;
And out they sally'd at the gate.

Canto II

SIR HUDIBRAS, having been set in the stocks
as the result of his unsuccessful attempt to
put down bear baiting, and having been
released from his ignominious confinement by the

rich widow whom he would make his wife,
deliberates whether he is in honour bound to
submit to that test of flagellation which she has
demanded as a proof of his affection and he has
solemnly sworn to undergo.]

The sun had long since in the lap
Of Thetis taken out his nap ;
And like a lobster boiled, the morn
From black to red began to turn ;
When Hudibras, whom thoughts and aching
'Twixt sleeping kept all night and waking,
Began to rub his drowsy eyes,
And from his couch prepar'd to rise ;
Resolving to despatch the deed
He vow'd to do with trusty speed.
But first with knocking loud and bawling
He rous'd the squire, in truckle lolling.
They got—with much ado—to horse
And to the castle bent their course,
In which he to the dame before
To suffer whipping duty swore ;
Where now arriv'd, and half-unharnest,
To carry on the work in earnest,
He stopp'd and paus'd upon the sudden,
And with a serious forehead plodding,
Sprung a new scruple in his head,
Which first he scratch'd and after said :

" Whether it be direct infringing
An oath, if I should waive this swinging,
And what I've sworn to bear, forbear,
And so b' equivocation swear ;
Or whether 't be a lesser sin
To be forsworn than act the thing,
Are deep and subtle points which must,
T' inform my conscience, be discuss'd ;
In which to err a tittle may
To errors infinite make way.
And therefore I desire to know
Thy judgement e'er we further go."

QUORN Ralpho, " Since you do enjoin't,
I shall enlarge upon the point ;
And, for my own part, do not doubt
Th' affirmative may be made out.
That saints may claim a dispensation
To swear and forswear on occasion,
I doubt not but it will appear
With pregnant light ; the point is clear.
Although your church be opposite
To ours as Black Friars are to White,
In rule and order, yet I grant
You are a Reformado saint ;
And what the saints do claim as due,
You may pretend a title to.
But saints, whom oaths and vows oblige,
Know little of their privilege ;
Further, I mean, than carrying on
Some self-advantage of their own.
For if the devil, to serve his turn,
Can tell truth, why the saints should scorn,
When it serves theirs, to swear and lie
I think there's little reason why ;
Else h' has a greater power than they,
Which 'twere impiety to say.
We're not commanded to forbear,
Indefinitely, at all to swear ;



SIR HUDIBRAS AND SQUIRE RALPHO IN THE STOCKS

From the painting by J. Pettie, R.A., in the Mappin Art Gallery

But to swear idly, and in vain,
Without self-interest or gain,
For breaking of an oath, and lying,
Is but a kind of self-denying,
A saint-like virtue ; and from hence
Some have broke oaths by Providence,
Some, to the glory of the Lord,
Perjur'd themselves, and broke their word ;
And this the constant rule and practice
Of all our late apostles' acts is.
Oaths were not purpos'd, more than law.
To keep the good and just in awe,
But to confine the bad and sinful,
Like mortal cattle in a pinfold."

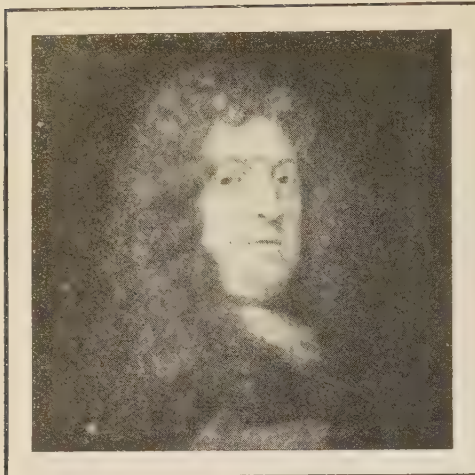
Quoth Hudibras, " All this is true.
Yet 'tis not fit that all men knew
Those mysteries and revelations ;
And, therefore, topical evasions
Of subtle turns and shifts of sense
Serve best with th' wicked for pretence,
Such as the learned Jesuits use,
And Presbyterians, for excuse
Against the Protestants, when th' happen
To find their churches taken napping.
As thus : a breach of faith is duple,
And either way admits a scruple,
And may be, *ex parte* of the maker,
More criminal than the injured taker
For he that strains too far a vow
Will break it, like an o'erbent bow ;
And he that made, and forc'd it, broke it,
Not he that for convenience took it.
What's justice to a man, or laws,
That never comes within their claws ?
They have no pow'r to admonish ;
Cannot control, coerce, or punish,
Until they're broken, and then touch
Those only that do make 'em such.

The court of conscience, which in men
Should be supreme and sovereign,
Is 't fit should be subordinate
To every petty court i' th' state,
And have less power than the lesser
To deal with perjury at leisure ?
Why should not conscience have vacation
As well as other courts o' th' nation ;
Have equal powers to adjourn,
Appoint appearance and return ?
If oaths can do a man no good
In his own bus'ness, why they should,
In other matters, do him hurt,
I think there's little reason for 't.
He that imposes an oath, makes it,
Not he that for convenience takes it
Then how can any man be said
To break an oath he never made ?
These reasons may perhaps look oddly
To th' wicked, though they evince the godly .
But if they will not serve to clear
My honour, I am ne'er the near."

Canto III

THE knight, having been granted an interview
by the lady, at which he falsely alleges that
he has kept his oath, and having combated
with great eloquence heretical views of love and
marriage, is at last cruelly entreated and cud-
gelled by some mock friends. Left half dead,
he is discovered by his squire and dragged from
the house.]

Who would believe what strange bugbears
Mankind creates itself of fears,
That spring, like fern, that insect weed,
Equivocally, without seed,
And have no possible foundation,
But merely in th' imagination ?



SAMUEL BUTLER was born at Stensham, Worcestershire, February 2, 1612, and died September 25, 1680. Little is really known of his life, but he appears to have spent a great part of it domesticated as secretary in the houses of persons of ancient family, and in that capacity he is said to have served the Countess of Kent, the Earl of Carbery, the Duke of Buckingham and Sir Samuel Luke, who shares with Sir Henry Rosswell the dubious honour of being the original of Hudibras. Of Butler's posthumous works the *Gervaise Remains* were brought out in 1759, and a book of *Characters*, in 1715. This portrait, by Huysmans, is in the National Portrait Gallery.

This Hudibras has prov'd too true,
Who thought the fiends did him pursue.
For having now begun to find
They'd left the enemy behind,
And saw no further harm remain
But feeble weariness and pain ;
And having paus'd to recollect,
And on his past success reflect,
To examine and consider why,
And whence, and how, he came to fly ;
And when no devil had appear'd
What else could it be said he fear'd ?

Quoth he, " It was thy cowardice
That made me from this leaguer rise,
And, when I'd half reduc'd the place,
To quit it infamously base ;
To make me put myself to fight
And, conqu'ring, run away by night ;
To drag me out, which th' haughty foe
Durst never have presum'd to do ;
To mount me in the dark by force
Upon the bare ridge of my horse,
Expos'd in querpo to their rage,
Without my arms and equipage."

" All this," quoth Ralph, " I did, 'tis true,
Not to preserve myself, but you,
Who, though th' attempt had prov'd in vain,
Had had no reason to complain ;
But since it prosper'd, 'tis unhandsome
To blame the hand that paid your ransom.
No martial project to surprise
Can ever be attempted twice.

And therefore I, with reason, chose
This stratagem t' amuse our foes,
To make an hon'rabl retreat,
And waive a total sure defeat.
For those that fly may fight again,
Which he can never do that's slain.
'Tis plain you cannot now do worse
Than take this out-o'-fashion'd course ;
To hope, by stratagem, to woo her,
On waging battle to subdue her,
But rather strive by law to win her,
And try the title you have in her.

" Your case is clear, you have her word,
And me to witness the award ;
Besides two more of her retinue
To testify what pass'd between you.
Law is the wisdom of all ages,
And manag'd by the ablest sages ;
Who, though their bus'ness at the bar
Be but a kind of civil war,
They never manage the contest
T' impair their public interest ;
Or by their controversies lessen
The dignity of their profession.
While all professions else are found
With nothing but disputes t' abound ;
But lawyers have more sober sense,
Than t' argue at their own expense.
So if you follow their advice,
In bills and answers and replies,
They'll write a love letter in Chancery,
Shall bring her upon oath to answer ye,
And soon reduce her to b' your wife,
Or make her weary of her life."

The knight, who us'd with tricks and shifts
To edify by Ralpho's gifts,
But in appearance cry'd him down
To make 'em better seem his own,
Resolv'd to follow his advice,
But kept it from him by disguise.

Quoth he, " This gambol thou advisest,
Is, of all others, the unwise ;
'Tis but to hazard my pretence,
Where nothing's certain but th' expense.
But is as bad t' attempt, or worse,
He that complies against his will,
Is of his own opinion still,
Which he may adhere to, yet disown,
For reasons to himself best known.
I, who resolve to oversee
No lucky opportunity,
Will go to counsel, to advise
Which way t' encounter, or surprise ;
And, after long consideration,
Have found out one to fit th' occasion,
Most apt for what I have to do,
As counsellor, and justice, too."

[Sir Hudibras has indeed found a counsellor made to his purpose ; but he resolves first of all to endeavour to win the lady by a diplomatic letter. To this, however, she sends him a very scornful answer—and at this point the epic ends unfinished, and the account of Sir Hudibras's quest is left undetermined.]

SIR WALTER SCOTT

KENILWORTH

IT was his success in portraying the character of Mary Stewart in *The Abbot* that fired Scott with the desire of delineating that of her great rival Elizabeth; and although history has modified his picture of the English queen, the portrait still remains a vivid and in many respects a faithful likeness. In his preface to the first edition of *Kenilworth*, which was published in January 1821, Scott, referring to his delineation of Elizabeth, admits that he is a 'Scottishman,' and therefore may be pardoned for looking at his subject with certain prejudices. Another source of inspiration that led him to write the romance was the old ballad of Cumnor Hall, in which the tale of Amy Robsart is told. Scott's genius for depicting the life and manners and customs of the Middle Ages, of visualising scenes of long-gone chivalry, is exhibited in *Kenilworth* as in none other of his works. In common also with all his historical novels, *Kenilworth* bears witness to its author's passion for historical truth.

I—The Lady of Cumnor Hall



THE village of Cumnor, within three or four miles of Oxford, boasted, in the eighteenth year of Queen Elizabeth's reign, an excellent inn conducted by Giles Gosling, whom no one excelled in his power of pleasing his guests of every description. A traveller in the close of the evening was ushered, with much semblance of welcome, into a large, low chamber, where several persons were seated in different parties, some drinking, some playing cards, some conversing.

The host soon recognized, without satisfaction, his graceless nephew, Michael Lambourne, who had not been heard of for long years; but, saying his sister's son should be called to no reckoning in his house, he heartily invited all who would, to join them at supper in honour of his nephew's return. Many present remembered him as a school companion, and so forth, and encouraged by the precept and example of Michael Lambourne, they soon passed the limits of temperance, as was evident from the bursts of laughter with which his inquiries after old acquaintances were answered. Giles Gosling made some sort of apology to a solitary guest who had sat apart for their licence; they would be to-morrow a set of painstaking mechanics, and so forth, though to-night they were such would-be rufflers, and prevailed on him to join them.

Most of Michael's old friends seemed to have come to some sad end; but one, Tony Foster, for whom he inquired, had married and become a good Protestant, and held his head high and scorned his old companions. He now dwelt at Cumnor Place, an old mansion house, and had nothing to do with anybody in Cumnor—not entirely from pride; it was said there was a fair lady in the case.

Here Tressilian, the guest, who had sat apart, intervened in the conversation, and was informed that Foster had a beautiful lady closely mewed up at Cumnor Place and would scarcely let her look upon the light of day. Michael Lambourne at once wagered that he would force Tony Foster to introduce him to his fair guest, and Tressilian asked permission to accompany him, to mark the skill and valour with which he should conduct himself; and, in spite of the host's warnings, the next morning they set off together to Anthony Foster's dwelling.

Michael Lambourne soon let Tressilian know that he suspected other motives than simple curiosity had led him, a gentleman of birth and breeding, into the company of such a scant-of-grace as himself, and owned that he expected both pleasure and profit from his visit.

They found the gate open, and passed up an avenue overshadowed by old trees, untrimmed for many years. Everything was in a dilapidated condition. After some

delay, they were introduced into a stone-paved parlour, where they had to wait some time before the present master of the mansion made his appearance. He looked to Tressilian for an explanation of this visit, so true was Lambourne's observation that the superior air of breeding and dignity shone through the disguise of an inferior dress. But it was Michael who replied to him, with the easy familiarity of an old friend, and though Foster at first made it obvious that he had no wish to renew the acquaintance, in a few minutes he requested him to follow him to another apartment and the two worthies left the room, leaving Tressilian alone.

His dark eyes followed them with a glance of contempt, some of which was for himself for having stooped for a moment to be their familiar companion. A slight noise interrupted his reverie. He looked round, and in the beautiful and richly attired female who entered he recognized the object of his search. His first impulse urged him to conceal his face in the cloak, but the young lady ran joyfully towards him and, pulling him by the cloak, said playfully, "Nay, my sweet friend, after I have waited for you so long, you come not to my bower to play the masquer."

"Alas, Amy," said Tressilian, in a low and melancholy voice. Then, as she turned pale as death, he added, "Amy, fear me not."

"Why should I fear you?" said the lady; "or wherefore have you intruded yourself into my dwelling, uninvited, sir, and unwished for?"

"Your dwelling, Amy," said Tressilian, "alas! is a prison; your dwelling—a prison, guarded by the most sordid of men, but not a greater wretch than his employer?"

"This house is mine," said Amy; "mine while I choose to inhabit it. If it is my pleasure to live in seclusion, who shall gainsay me?"

"Your father, maiden," answered Tressilian, "your broken-hearted father, who despatched me in quest of you with authority he cannot exert in person."

"Tressilian," said the lady, "I cannot—I must not—I dare not leave this place! Go back to my father. Tell him I will

obtain leave to see him within twelve hours from hence. Tell him I am well—I am happy. Go, carry him the news. I come as sure as there is light in heaven—that is, when I obtain permission."

"Permission! Permission to visit your father on his sick-bed, perhaps on his death-bed!" repeated Tressilian impatiently. "And permission from whom? Amy, in the name of thy broken-hearted father, I command thee to follow me!"

As he spoke, he advanced and extended his arm, as with the purpose of laying hold upon her. But she shrunk back from his grasp, and uttered a scream which brought into the apartment Lambourne and Foster.

"Madam, fare you well!" said Tressilian. "What life lingers in your father's bosom will leave him at the news I have to tell."

He departed, the lady saying faintly as he left the room, "Tressilian, be not rash. Say no scandal of me."

TRESSILIAN pursued the first path through the wild and overgrown park in which the mansion of Foster was situated. At the postern a cavalier, muffled in his riding cloak, entered and stood at once within four yards of him who was desirous of going out. They exclaimed, in tones of resentment and surprise, the one "Varney!" the other, "Tressilian!"

"What makes you here?" said Tressilian. "Are you come to triumph over the innocence you have destroyed? Draw, dog, and defend thyself!"

Tressilian drew his sword as he spoke, but Varney only replied, "Thou art mad, Tressilian! I own appearances are against me, but, by every oath, Mistress Amy Robsart hath had no injury from me!"

Tressilian forced him to draw, and Varney received a fall so sudden and violent that his sword flew several paces from his hand. Lambourne came up just in time to save the life of Varney, and Tressilian perceived it was madness to press the quarrel further against such odds.

"Varney, we shall meet where there are none to come betwixt us!"

So saying, he turned round and departed through the postern door.

II—The Earl and the Countess

AT first, when the Earl of Leicester paid frequent visits to Cumnor, the countess was reconciled to the solitude to which she was condemned. But when these visits became rarer and more rare, the brief letters of excuse did not keep out discontent and suspicion from the splendid apartments which love had once fitted up for beauty. Her answers to Leicester conveyed these feelings too bluntly, and pressed more naturally than prudently that she might be relieved from the obscure and secluded residence by the earl's acknowledgment of their marriage.

"I have made her countess," Leicester said to his henchman Varney; "surely she might wait till it consisted with my pleasure that she should put on the coronet?"

The Countess Amy viewed the subject in a light directly opposite.

"What signifies," she said, "that I have rank and honour in reality if I am to live an obscure prisoner, without either society or observance, and suffering in my character, as one of dubious or disgraced reputation?"

Leicester, high in Elizabeth's favour, dared not avow his marriage, and Varney was always at hand to paint the fall and utter disgrace that would overwhelm him at the court were the marriage known.

Varney even prompted Leicester to invite the countess to pass as Varney's wife, lest Elizabeth's jealousy should be aroused; and this suggestion, and the knowledge that Varney desired her for himself, drove the countess to escape from Cumnor and to seek her husband at

Kenilworth. Janet Foster, her faithful attendant, at first suggested that the countess should return home to her father, Sir Hugh Robsart, at Lidcote Hall, in Devonshire.

"No, Janet," said the lady mournfully; "I left Lidcote Hall while my heart was light and my name was honourable, and I will not return thither till my lord's public acknowledgment of our marriage restore me to my native home with all the rank and honour which he has bestowed on me. I will go to Kenilworth, girl. I will see these revels—these princely revels—the preparation for which makes the land ring from side to side. Methinks, when the Queen of England feasts within my husband's halls, the Countess of Leicester should be no unbecoming guest."

"Dearest madam," said the maiden, "have you forgotten that the noble earl has given such strict charges to keep your marriage secret that he may preserve his court favour? And can you think that your sudden appearance at his castle, at such a juncture, and in such a presence, will be acceptable to him?"

"I will appeal to my husband alone, Janet. I will appeal to him alone—I will be protected by him alone. I will see him, and receive from his own lips the directions for my future conduct. Do not argue against my resolution. And to own the truth, I am resolved to know my fate at once, and from my husband's own mouth; and to seek him at Kenilworth is the surest way to attain my purpose."

"May the blessing of God wend with you," said Janet, kissing her hand.

III—At Kenilworth

WITH pomp and magnificence Leicester entertained the queen at the castle of Kenilworth. Of the countess he saw nothing for some days, and Varney let it be thought that the unhappy lady, who had succeeded in making her way into the castle, was his wife, while Amy, mindful of the alarm which Leicester had expressed at the queen's knowing aught of their union, kept out of the way of her sovereign.

Then, on one memorable morning, when a hunt had been arranged, Leicester escorted the queen to the castle garden, with another chase in view. Without premeditation, but urged on by vanity and ambition, his importunity became the language of love itself.

"No, Dudley," said Elizabeth, yet with broken accents. "No, I must be the mother of my people. Urge it no more, Leicester. Were I as others, free to seek



AMY ROBSART AND HER HUSBAND. THE EARL OF LEICESTER
After the painting by Fradelle

my own happiness, then indeed—but it cannot be. It is madness, and must not be repeated. Leave me. Go, but go not far from hence ; and meantime let no one intrude on my privacy.”

The queen turned into a grotto in which her hapless rival lay concealed, and became aware of a female figure beside an alabaster column. The unfortunate countess dropped on her knee before the queen and looked up in the queen’s face with a mixed agony of fear and supplication.

“What may this mean?” said the queen. “What wouldst thou have?”

“Your protection, madam,” faltered the unfortunate countess. “I request—I implore—your gracious protection—against—against one Varney!”

“What, Varney—Sir Richard Varney—the servant of Lord Leicester? What are you to him, or he to you?”

“I was his prisoner, and I broke forth to—to——”

Amy hastily endeavoured to recall what were best to say which might secure her from Varney without endangering her husband.

“To throw thyself on my protection, doubtless,” said Elizabeth. “Thou art Amy, daughter of Sir Hugh Robsart. I must wring the story from thee by inches. Thou didst deceive thine old and honoured father—thy look confesses it—cheat Master Tressilian of thy love and marry this same Varney.”

Amy sprang to her feet and interrupted the queen eagerly. “No, madam, no! As there is a God above us, I am not the wife of that contemptible slave—of that most deliberate villain! I am not the wife of Varney! I would rather be the bride of Destruction!”

The queen, startled by Amy’s vehemence, replied, “Why, God ha’ mercy, woman! Tell me, for I *will* know, whose wife, or whose paramour art thou? Speak out, and be speedy. Thou wert better dally with a lioness than with Elizabeth!”

Urged to this extremity, Amy at length uttered in despair, “The Earl of Leicester knows it all!”

“The Earl of Leicester!” said Elizabeth, in astonishment. “The Earl of Leicester! Come with me instantly!”

As Amy shrunk back with terror, Elizabeth seized on her arm and dragged the terrified countess to where Leicester stood—the centre of a group.

"Stand forth, my Lord of Leicester!" cried the queen.

Amy, thinking her husband in danger from the rage of an offended sovereign, instantly forgot her own wrongs and, throwing herself before the queen, exclaimed, "He is guiltless, madam—he is guiltless; no one can lay aught to the charge of the noble Leicester!"

"Why, minion," answered the queen, "didst not thou thyself say that the Earl of Leicester was privy to thy whole history?"

At that moment Varney rushed into the presence with every mark of disorder and prostrated himself before her feet, exclaiming, "Pardon, my liege, pardon! Or let your justice avenge itself on me; but spare my noble, my generous, my innocent patron and master!"

Amy started up at the sight of the man she deemed most odious so near her, and besought the queen. "Save me from that most shameless villain! I shall go mad if I look longer on him."

"Beshrew me, but I think thou art distraught already," answered the queen. Then she bade Lord Hunsdon, a blunt, warm-hearted old noble, "look to this poor distressed young woman, and let her be safely bestowed till we require her to be forthcoming."

"By our Lady," said Hunsdon, taking in his strong arms the swooning form of Amy, "she is a lovely child! And though

a rough nurse, your grace hath given her a kind one."

So saying, he carried her off, and the queen followed him with her eye, then turned angrily to Varney, for Leicester stared gloomily on the ground.

"Speak, Sir Richard, and explain these riddles."

"Your majesty's piercing eye," said Varney, "has already detected the cruel malady of my beloved lady. It is the nature of persons in her disorder, so please your grace, to be ever most inveterate in their spleen against those whom, in their better moments, they hold nearest and dearest. May your grace, then, be pleased to command my unfortunate wife to be delivered into the custody of my friends?"

Leicester started but, making a strong effort, he subdued his emotion, while Elizabeth answered sharply that her own physician should report on the lady's health.

THAT night Leicester sought the countess in her apartment, and would have avowed his marriage to the queen, but for Varney's influence. Finding all other argument vain, Varney finally urged that the countess was in love with Tressilian and mentioned that he had seen him at Cumnor. Leicester allowed his mind to be poisoned, and was silent when, on the queen's physician declaring Lady Varney to be sullen and the victim of fancies, Elizabeth answered, "Nay, then away with her all speed. Let Varney care for her with fitting humanity, but let them rid the castle of her forthwith."

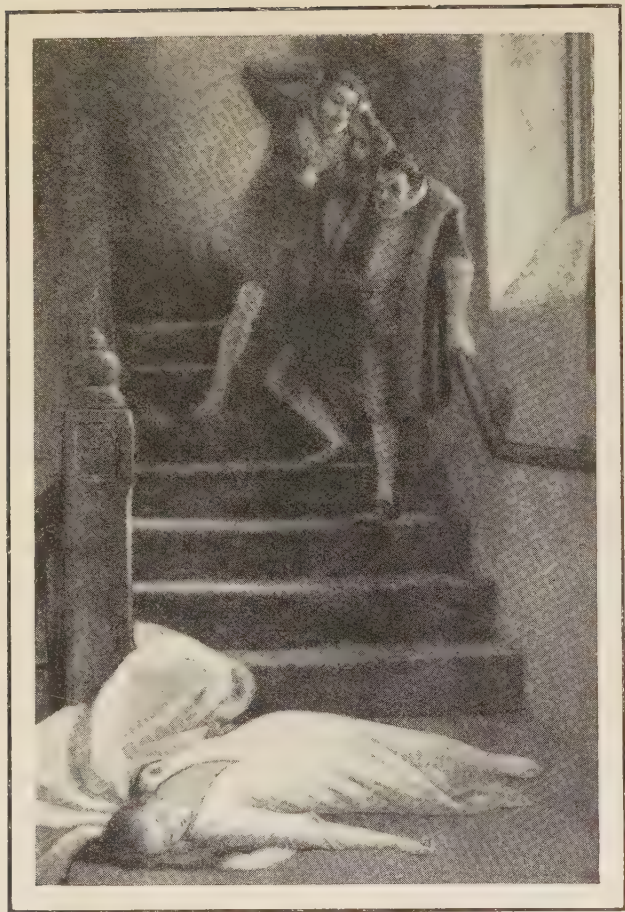
IV—The Death of Amy Robsart

ARMED with the authority of Leicester's signet-ring, Varney induced the countess to leave Kenilworth for Cumnor, declaring that the earl had ordered it for his own safety. But no sooner was the lady gone than Leicester repented of the consent Varney had wrested from him. An interview with Tressilian and the recovery of a letter written by Amy at Cumnor revealed all Varney's villainy. Too late he acknowledged his marriage to the queen, and when the fury of Elizabeth's anger had somewhat subsided she ordered Tressilian

and Sir Walter Raleigh to repair at once to Cumnor, bring the countess to Kenilworth and secure the body of Richard Varney, dead or alive.

But Varney's fell purpose had already decided that the countess must be got rid of. A part of the wooden gallery immediately outside her door was really a trap-door, and beneath it was an abyss dark as pitch. This trap-door remained secure in appearance even when the supports were withdrawn beneath it.

"Were the lady to attempt an escape over it," said Varney, to his accomplice



AMY ROBSART IS FOUND DEAD

After the painting by W. F. Yeames, R.A.

Foster, who held the house by Varney's favour, "her weight would carry it down?"

"A mouse's weight would do it."

"Why, then, she dies in attempting her escape, and what could you or I help it? Let us to bed; we will adjust our project to-morrow."

On the next day, when evening approached, Varney summoned Foster to the execution of their plan. Foster himself, as if anxious to see that the countess suffered no want of accommodation, visited her place of confinement. He was so much staggered at her mildness and patience that he could not help earnestly recommending her not to cross the threshold on any account until Lord Leicester should come. Amy promised that she

would resign herself to her fate, and Foster returned to his hardened companion with his conscience half eased of the perilous load that weighed on it. "I have warned her," he said; "surely in vain is the snare set in the sight of any bird!"

He left the countess's door unsecured on the outside and, under the eye of Varney, withdrew the supports which sustained the falling trap, which, therefore, kept its level position merely by a slight adhesion. They withdrew to wait the issue on the ground floor adjoining; but they waited long in vain.

"Perhaps she is resolved," said Foster, "to await her husband's return."

"True—most true!" said Varney, rushing out; "I had not thought of that before."

In less than two minutes Foster, who remained behind, heard the tread of a horse in the courtyard, and then a whistle similar to that which was the earl's usual signal. The instant after, the door of the countess's chamber opened, and in the same moment the trap-door gave way. There

was a rushing sound—a heavy fall—a faint groan—and all was over.

At the same instant Varney called in at the window. "Is the bird caught?"

"Oh, God forgive us!" replied Foster.

"Why, fool," said Varney, "thy reward is secure. Look down—what seest thou?"

"I see only a heap of clothes, like a snowdrift," said Foster. "Oh, God, she moves her arm!"

"Hurl something down on her."

"Varney, thou art an incarnate fiend!" replied Foster. "There needs nothing more—she is gone!"

"So pass our troubles," said Varney; "I dreamed not I could have mimicked the earl's call so well."

While they were at this consultation Tressilian and Raleigh broke in upon

them. Foster fled at their entrance, and escaped all search. He perished miserably in a secret passage, behind an iron door, forgetting the key of the spring lock, and years later his skeleton was discovered.

But Varney was taken on the spot. He made very little mystery either of the crime or of its motives—alleging that there was sufficient against him to deprive him of Leicester's confidence, and to destroy all his towering plans of ambition.

"I was not born," he said, "to drag on the remainder of life a degraded outcast; nor will I so die that my fate shall make a holiday to the vulgar herd."

That night he swallowed poison which he carried about his person, and next morning was found dead in his cell.

The news of the countess's dreadful fate put a sudden stop to the pleasures of

Kenilworth. Leicester retired from court, and for a considerable time abandoned himself to his remorse. But as Varney in his last declaration had been studious to spare the character of his patron, the earl was the object rather of compassion than resentment. The queen at length recalled him to court; he was once more distinguished as a statesman and favourite; and the rest of his career is well known to history.

But there was something retributive in his death, for it is believed he died by swallowing a draught of poison designed by him for another person.

Tressilian at length embarked with his friend Sir Walter Raleigh for the Virginia expedition and, young as he was in years but old in grief, died before his day in that foreign land.

Nature's Complexity Simplified

ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT

COSMOS

Abridgement by Dr. C. W. Saleeby

VERY seldom does it happen that a man defers accomplishment of the crowning work of his life until he is approaching the eighties: yet such was the case with the Baron Friedrich Heinrich Alexander von Humboldt and his famous *Cosmos*, the first two volumes of which were published between 1845 and 1847. The general conception with the elucidation of which *Cosmos* is concerned was first outlined in a series of addresses given by Humboldt to the university of Berlin in 1827. His basic theme is the indication and glorification of the unity that lies behind the apparent complexity of nature. He has been accused of a certain heaviness in style, and a tendency in the process of his philosophical presentment to substitute the 'indefinite for the infinite,' but perhaps the greatest value of the book to-day lies in its wonderfully detailed portrayal of the mind of one of the greatest men of the 19th century. *Cosmos* is published in Bohn's Library.

I—The Physical Study of the World



THE natural world may be opposed to the intellectual, or nature to art, taking the latter term in its higher sense as embracing the manifestations of the intellectual power of man; but these distinctions—which are indicated in most cultivated languages—must not be suffered to lead to such a separation of the domain of physics from that of the intellect as would reduce the physics of the universe to a mere assemblage of empirical specialities. Science only begins for man from the moment when his mind lays hold of matter—when he tries to

subject the mass accumulated by experience to rational combinations.

Science is mind applied to nature. The external world only exists for us so far as we conceive it within ourselves, and as it shapes itself within us into the form of a contemplation of nature. As intelligence and language, thought and the signs of thought, are united by secret and indissoluble links, so, and almost without our being conscious of it, the external world and our ideas and feelings melt into each other. 'External phenomena are translated,' as Hegel expresses it in his *Philosophy of History*, 'in our internal representation of them.' The objective world,

thought by us, reflected in us, is subjected to the unchanging, necessary and all-conditioning forms of our intellectual being.

The activity of the mind exerts itself on the elements furnished to it by the perceptions of the senses. Thus, in the youth of nations there manifests itself in the simplest intuition of natural facts, in the first efforts made to comprehend them, the germ of the philosophy of nature.

If the study of physical phenomena be regarded in its bearings not on the material wants of man, but on his general intellectual progress, its highest result is found in the knowledge of those mutual relations which link together the general forces of nature. It is the intuitive and intimate persuasion of the existence of these relations which at once enlarges and elevates our views and enhances our enjoyment. Such extended views are the growth of observation, of meditation and of the spirit of the age, which is ever reflected in the operations of the human mind whatever may be their direction.

From the time when man, in interrogating nature, began to experiment or to produce phenomena under definite conditions, and to collect and record the fruits of his experience—so that investigation might no longer be restricted by the short limits of a single life—the philosophy of nature laid aside the vague and poetic forms with which she had at first been clothed, and has adopted a more severe character.

The history of science teaches us how inexact and incomplete observations have led, through false inductions, to that great number of erroneous physical views which have been perpetuated as popular prejudices among all classes of society. Thus,

side by side with a solid and scientific knowledge of phenomena, there has been preserved a system of pretended results of observation, the more difficult to shake because it takes no account of any of the facts by which it is overturned.

THIS empiricism—melancholy inheritance of earlier times—invariably maintains whatever axioms it has laid down; it is arrogant, as is everything that is narrow-minded; while true physical philosophy, founded on science, doubts because it seeks to investigate thoroughly—distinguishes between that which is certain and that which is simply probable—and labours incessantly to bring its theories nearer to perfection by extending the circle of observation. This assemblage of incomplete dogmas bequeathed from one century to another, this system of physics made up of popular prejudices, is not only injurious because it perpetuates error with all the obstinacy of ill observed facts but also because it hinders the understanding from rising to the level of great views of nature.

Instead of seeking to discover the *mean* state around which, in the midst of apparent independence and irregularity, the phenomena really and invariably oscillate, this false science delights in multiplying apparent exceptions to the dominion of fixed laws, and seeks, in organic forms and the phenomena of nature, other marvels than those presented by internal progressive development and by regular order and succession. Ever disinclined to recognize in the present the analogy of the past, it is always disposed to believe the order of nature suspended by perturbations, of which it places the seat, as if by chance, sometimes in the interior of the earth, sometimes in the remote regions of space.

II—The Inductive Method

THE generalisation of laws which were first applied to smaller groups of phenomena advances by successive gradations, and their empire is extended, and their evidence strengthened, so long as the reasoning process is directed to really analogous phenomena. Empirical investigation begins by single perceptions, which are afterwards classed according to their analogy or dissimilarity. Observation

is succeeded at a much later epoch by experiment, in which phenomena arise under conditions determined on by the experimentalist, guided by preliminary hypotheses, or an intuition of the connexion of natural objects and forces.

The results obtained by observation and experiment lead by the path of induction and analogy to the discovery of empirical laws, and these successive phases in

the application of human intellect have marked different epochs in the life of nations. It has been by adhering closely to this inductive path that the mass of facts has been accumulated which now forms the foundation of the natural sciences.

Two forms of abstraction govern the whole of this class of knowledge—viz. the determination of quantitative relations, according to number and magnitude; and relations of quality, embracing the specific properties of heterogeneous matter.

The first of these forms, more accessible to the exercise of thought, belongs to the domain of mathematics; the other, more difficult to seize, and apparently more

mysterious, to that of chemistry. In order to submit phenomena to calculation, recourse is had to a hypothetical construction of matter by a combination of molecules and atoms whose number, form, position and polarity determine, modify and vary the phenomena.

We are yet very far from the time when a reasonable hope could be entertained of reducing all that is perceived by our senses to the unity of a single principle; but the partial solution of the problem—the tendency towards a general comprehension of the phenomena of the universe—does not the less continue to be the high and enduring aim of all natural investigation.

III—The Distribution of Matter in Space

A PHYSICAL cosmography, or picture of the universe, should begin with the regions of space—the distribution of matter in the universe.

The terrestrial must be treated only as a part, subject to the whole. The view of nature ought to be grand and free, uninfluenced by motives of proximity, social sympathy, or relative utility. A physical cosmography—a picture of the universe—does not begin, therefore, with the terrestrial, but with that which fills the regions of space.

But as the sphere of contemplation contracts in dimension our perception of the richness of individual parts, the fullness of physical phenomena, and of the heterogeneous properties of matter becomes enlarged. From the regions in which we recognized only the dominion of the laws of attraction, we descend to our own planet, and to the intricate play of terrestrial forces. The method here described for the delineation of nature is opposed to that which must be pursued in establishing conclusive results. The one enumerates what the other demonstrates.

Man learns to know the external world through the organs of the senses. Phenomena of light proclaim the existence of matter in remotest space, and the eye is thus made the medium through which we may contemplate the universe. The discovery of telescopic vision more than two centuries ago, has transmitted to latest generations a power whose limits are as yet unattained.

The first and most general consideration in the Cosmos is that of the *contents of space*—the distribution of matter, or of creation, as we are wont to designate the assemblage of all that is developed.

We see matter existing in space partly in the form of rotating and revolving spheroids, differing greatly in density and magnitude, and partly in the form of self-luminous vapour dispersed in shining nebulous spots or patches. The nebulae present themselves to the eye in the form of round, or nebulous disks, of small apparent magnitude, either single or in pairs, which are sometimes connected by a thread of light; when their diameters are greater their forms vary—some are elongated, others have several branches, some are fan-shaped, some annular, the ring being well defined and the interior dark. They are supposed to be undergoing various and progressive changes of form, as condensation proceeds around one or more nuclei in conformity with the laws of gravitation. Between two and three thousand of such unresolvable nebulae have already been counted and their positions determined.

If we leave the consideration of the attenuated vaporous matter of the immeasurable regions of space, whether existing in a dispersed state as a cosmical ether without form or limits, or in the shape of nebulae, and pass to those portions of the universe which are condensed into solid spheres or spheroids, we approach a class of phenomena exclusively designated as stars or as the sidereal universe. Here, too, we find

different degrees of solidity or density in the agglomerated matter.

If we compare the regions of space to one of the island-studded seas of our planet, we may imagine we see matter distributed in groups, whether of unresolvable nebulae of different ages condensed around one or more nuclei, or in clusters of stars, or in stars scattered singly.

Our cluster of stars, or the island in space to which we belong, forms a lens-shaped, flattened and everywhere detached stratum, whose major axis is estimated at seven or eight hundred, and its minor axis at a hundred and fifty times, the distance of Sirius. If we assume that the parallax of Sirius does not exceed that accurately determined for the brightest stars in Centaur (0.9128 sec.), it will follow that light traverses one distance of Sirius in three years, while nine years and a quarter are required for the transmission of the light of the star 61 Cygni, whose considerable proper motion might lead to the inference of great proximity.

Our cluster of stars is a disk of comparatively small thickness divided, at about a third its length, into two branches; we are supposed to be near this division, and nearer to the region of Sirius than to the Eagle: almost in the middle of the starry stratum in the direction of its thickness.

IV—On Earth History

THE succession and relative age of different geological formations are traced partly by the order of superposition of sedimentary strata, of metamorphic beds, and of conglomerates, but most securely by the presence of organic remains and their diversities of structure. In the fossiliferous strata are inhumed the remains of the floras and faunas of past ages. As we descend from stratum to stratum to study the relations of superposition, we ascend in the order of time, and new worlds of animal and vegetable existence present themselves to the view. In our ignorance of the laws under which new organic forms appear from time to time upon the surface of the globe, we employ the expression 'new creations' when we desire to refer to the historical phenomena of the variations which have taken place at intervals in the animals and plants that

The place of our solar system and the form of the whole lens are inferred from a kind of scale—*i.e.* from the different numbers of stars seen in equal telescopic fields of view. The greater or less number of stars measures the relative depth of the stratum in different directions; giving in each case, like the marks on a sounding-line, the comparative length of visual ray required to reach the bottom; or, more properly, as above and below do not here apply, the outer limit of the sidereal stratum.

In the direction of the major axis, where the greater number of stars are placed behind each other, the remoter ones appear closely crowded together, and, as it were, united by a milky radiance, and present a zone or belt projected on the visible celestial vault. This narrow belt is divided into branches; and its beautiful, but not uniform, brightness is interrupted by some dark places. As seen by us on the apparent concave celestial sphere, it deviates only a few degrees from a great circle, we being near the middle of the entire starry cluster, and almost in the plane of the Milky Way. If our planetary system were far outside the cluster, the Milky Way would appear to telescopic vision as a ring, and at a still greater distance as a resolvable disk-shaped nebula.

have inhabited the basins of the primitive seas and the uplifted continents.

It has sometimes happened that extinct species have been preserved entire, even to the minutest details of their tissues and articulations. In the lower beds of the secondary period, the lias of Lyme Regis, a sepia has been found so wonderfully preserved that a part of the black fluid with which the animal was provided myriads of years ago to conceal itself from its enemies has actually served at the present time to draw its picture. In other cases such traces alone remain as the impression which the feet of animals have left on wet sand or mud over which they passed when alive, or the remains of their undigested food (coprolites).

The analytical study of the animal and vegetable kingdoms of the primitive world has given rise to two distinct branches of

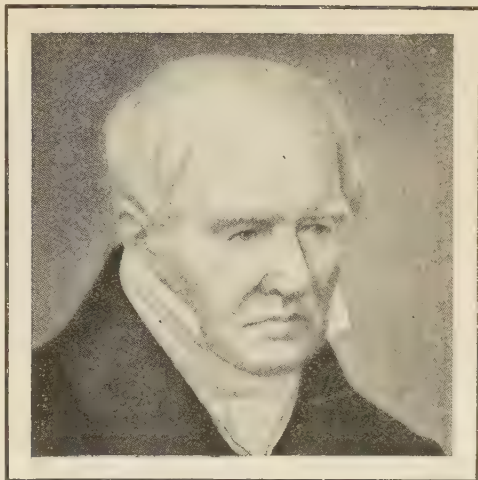
science ; one purely morphological, which occupies itself in natural and physiological descriptions and in the endeavour to fill up from extinct forms the chasms which present themselves in the series of existing species ; the other branch, more especially geological, considers the relations of the fossil remains to the superposition and relative age of the sedimentary beds in which they are found.

The first long predominated ; and the superficial manner which then prevailed in comparing fossil and existing species led to errors of which traces still remain in the strange denominations which were given to certain natural objects. Writers attempted to identify all extinct forms with living species, as, in the sixteenth century, the animals of the New World were confounded by false analogies with those of the Old.

In studying the relative age of fossils by the order of the superposition of the strata in which they were found, important relations have been discovered between families and species (the latter always few in numbers) which have disappeared and those which are still living. All observations concur in showing that the fossil floras and faunas differ from the present animal and vegetable forms the more widely in proportion as the sedimentary beds to which they belong are more ancient.

THUS great variations have successively taken place in the general types of organic life, and these grand phenomena, which were first pointed out by Cuvier, offer numerical relations which Deshayes and Lyell have made the object of researches by which they have been conducted to important results, especially as regards the numerous and well-preserved fossils of the tertiary formation.

Agassiz, who has examined 1,700 species of fossil fishes, and who estimates at 8,000 the number of living species which have been described, or which are preserved in our collections, affirms that, with the exception of one small fossil fish peculiar to the argillaceous geodes of Greenland he has never met in the transition, secondary, or tertiary strata with any example of this class specifically identical with any living fish ; and he adds the im-



ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT was born in Berlin, September 14, 1769, and died May 6, 1859. In 1785 he came to know Forster, a companion of Captain Cook, and geological excursions with him were the occasion of his first publication, a book on the nature of basalt. His administration of mines in the principalities of Bayreuth and Anspach furnished materials for a treatise on fossil flora ; and in 1827 he gave to the world his *Voyage to the Equinoctial Regions of the New Continent*, which embodies the results of investigations in South America. Two years later he organized an expedition to Asiatic Russia. But his great interest was the accomplishment of the description of the universe, which he achieved in *Cosmos* (1845 to 1848).

portant remark that even in the lower tertiary formations a third of the fossil fishes of the *calcaire grossier* and of the London clay belong to extinct families.

We have seen that fishes, which are the oldest vertebrates, first appear in the Silurian strata, and are found in all the succeeding formations up to the birds of the tertiary period. Reptiles begin in like manner in the magnesian limestone, and if we now add that the first mammalia are met with in oolite, the Stonefield slate, and that the first remains of birds have been found in the deposits of the cretaceous period, we shall have indicated the inferior limits, according to our present knowledge, of the four great divisions of the vertebrates.

In regard to invertebrate animals, we find corals and some shells associated in the oldest formations with very highly organized cephalopodes and crustaceans, so that widely different orders of this part of the animal kingdom appear intermingled ; there are, nevertheless, many isolated groups belonging to the same order in which determinate laws are dis-

coverable. Whole mountains are sometimes found to consist of a single species of fossil goniatites, trilobites, or nummulites.

Where different genera are intermingled, there often exists a systematic relation between the series of organic forms and the superposition of the formations; and it has been remarked that the association of certain families and species follows a regular law in the superimposed strata of which the whole constitutes one formation. It has been found that the waters in the most distant parts of the globe were inhabited at the same epochs by testaceous animals corresponding, at least in generic character, with European fossils.

Strata defined by their fossil contents, or by the fragments of other rocks which they include, form a geological horizon by which the geologist may recognize his position and obtain safe conclusions in regard to the identity or relative antiquity of formations, the periodical repetition of certain strata—their parallelism—or their entire suppression.

If we would thus comprehend in its greatest simplicity the general type of the sedentary formations, we find in proceeding successively from below upwards: (1) The transition group, including the Silurian and Devonian (old red sandstone) systems; (2) the lower trias, comprising mountain limestone, the coal measures, the lower new red sandstone, and the magnesian limestone; (3) the upper trias, composing the bunter, or variegated sandstone,

the muschelkalk, and the Keuper sandstone; (4) the oolitic, or Jurassic series including lias; (5) the cretaceous series; (6) the tertiary group, as represented in its three stages by the *calcaire grossier* and other beds of the Paris basin, the lignites, or brown coal of Germany, and the sub-Apennine group of Italy.

To these succeed transported soils (alluvium), containing the gigantic bones of ancient mammalia, such as the mastodons, the dinotherium, and the megatheroid animals, among which is the mylodon of Owen, an animal upwards of eleven feet in length, allied to the sloth. Associated with these extinct species are found the fossil remains of animals still living; elephants, rhinoceroses, oxen, horses and deer. Near Bogotá, at an elevation of 8,200 French feet above the level of the sea, there is a field filled with the bones of mastodon (*Campo de Gigantes*), in which I have had careful excavations made. The bones found on the table-lands of Mexico belong to the true elephants of extinct species. The minor range of the Himalaya, the Sewalik hills, contain, besides numerous mastodons, the sivatherium and the gigantic land tortoise (colossochelys), more than twelve feet in length and six in height, as well as remains belonging to still existing species of elephants, rhinoceroses and giraffes. It is worthy of notice that these fossils are found in a zone which enjoys the tropical climate supposed to have prevailed at the period of the mastodons,

V—The Permanence of Science

IT has sometimes been regarded as a discouraging consideration that, while works of literature being fast rooted in the depths of human feeling, imagination and reason suffer little from the lapse of time, it is otherwise with works which treat of subjects dependent on the progress of experimental knowledge. The improvement of instruments and the continued enlargement of the field of observation render investigations into natural phenomena and physical laws liable to become antiquated, to lose their interest and to cease to be read.

Let none who are deeply penetrated with a true and genuine love of nature, and

with a lively appreciation of the true charm and dignity of the study of her laws, ever view with discouragement or regret that which is connected with the enlargement of the boundaries of our knowledge. Many and important portions of this knowledge, both as regards the phenomena of the celestial spaces and those belonging to our own planet, are already based on foundations too firm to be lightly shaken; although in other portions general laws will doubtless take the place of those which are more limited in their application, new forces will be discovered, and simple substances will be decomposed, while others will become known.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

OTHELLO THE MOOR OF VENICE

THE most symmetrical of Shakespeare's tragedies, Othello appears to have been first acted about 1604. Written, in all probability, next after Hamlet it was first published in the Quarto of 1622 and then included in the First Folio of 1623. Its source is usually traced to Cinthio's *Il Moro di Venezia*, 1565, but an attempt has been made to prove that it is an allegory of the relations between Spain and Italy. Wordsworth describes it as one of the most pathetic of human compositions. Brandes says: 'I not only find several of Shakespeare's greatest qualities united in this work, but I see hardly a fault in it.'

PERSONS IN THE PLAY

Brabantio, a Senator	Montano, Othello's predecessor in the government of Cyprus
Othello, a noble Moor in the service of the Venetian State	Desdemona, daughter to Brabantio and wife to Othello
Cassio, his lieutenant	Emilia, wife to Iago
Iago, his ancient (ensign)	Bianca, mistress to Cassio
Roderigo, a Venetian gentleman	

SCENE—*Venice (in the First Act) and a seaport in Cyprus*

First Act



RODERIGO: Tush, never tell me; I take it much unkindly
That thou, Iago, who hast had my purse
As if the strings were thine, shouldst know of this.

Iago: 'Sblood, but you will not hear me!—
If ever I did dream of such a matter,
Abhor me. [in thy hate.

Rod.: Thou told'st me thou didst hold him
Iago: Despise me if I do not.

[Roderigo is in love with Desdemona. He has depended upon Iago to further his suit. Now he has heard that Desdemona has eloped with Othello. Iago describes how one Michael Cassio, 'that never set a squadron in the field,' whose soldieryship is 'mere prattle, without practice,' has been made the Moor's lieutenant while he (Iago), despite his proved service at Rhodes and Cyprus, must be his Moorship's ancient.]

Iago: But there's no remedy; 'tis the curse of service,

Preferment goes by letter and affection,
Not by the old gradation, where each second
Stood heir to the first. Now, sir, be judge
yourself

Whether I in any just term am affined
To love the Moor.

Rod.: I would not follow him then.

Iago: O, sir, content you;

I follow him to serve my turn upon him:
We cannot all be masters, nor all masters
Cannot be truly followed. You shall mark
Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave
That, doting on his own obsequious bondage,
Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,
For nought but provender; and when he's old,
cashiered:

Whip me such honest knaves. Others there are
Who, trimmed in forms and visages of duty,
Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves;

And, throwing but shows of service on their lords,
Do well thrive by 'em; and, when they've lined
their coats, [soul;
Do themselves homage: these fellows have some
And such a one do I profess myself.

[At Iago's suggestion they awake Brabantio and acquaint him with his daughter's flight. Before the Duke and Senate Brabantio accuses Othello of robbing him of his daughter 'by spells and medicines bought of mountebanks.']

Othello: Most potent, grave, and reverend
signiors,

My very noble and approved good masters,
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true; true, I have married her:
The very head and front of my offending [speech,
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my
And little blessed with the soft phrase of peace;
And little of this great world can I speak
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle;
And, therefore, little shall I grace my cause
In speaking for myself. Yet, by your gracious
patience,

I will a round unvarnished tale deliver
Of my whole course of love.

[Brabantio repeats the charge. At Othello's request Desdemona is sent for.]

Oth.: Her father loved me; oft invited me;
Still questioned me the story of my life.

I ran it through, even from my boyish days
To the very moment that he bade me tell it:
Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field; [breach;
Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly
Of being taken by the insolent foe
And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,
And portance in my travel's history;
Wherein of antres vast and deserts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads
touch heaven, [cess,—

It was my hint to speak,—such was the pro-
And of the Cannibals that each other eat,

The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders. This to hear
Would Desdemona seriously incline :
But still the house affairs would draw her thence ;
Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse. Which I observing,
Took once a pliant hour, and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not intently : I did consent,
And often did beguile her of her tears
When I did speak of some distressful stroke
That my youth suffered. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs :
She swore,—in faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing
strange ;

'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful :
She wished she had not heard it ; yet she wished
That heaven had made her such a man : she
thanked me,
And bade me, if I had a friend that loved her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. Upon this hint I spake.
She loved me for the dangers I had passed,
And I loved her that she did pity them.

Duke : I think this tale would win my
daughter, too.

[Desdemona enters and declares her love for the Moor, for whom she left her father as her mother left her father for Brabantio. Brabantio submits. A Turkish threat against Cyprus makes Othello's departure for the island imperative that night and Desdemona secures permission to go there also. Roderigo threatens suicide. With the words ' 'Tis in ourselves that we are thus and thus,' Iago bids him be a man, trust that time will show Desdemona the error of her choice, and promises to help him. Alone, he expresses his contempt for Roderigo and schemes revenge against Othello and the downfall of Cassio by arousing suspicion in Othello's mind against him ; an easy task, for

'The Moor is of a free and open nature [so.]
That thinks men honest that but seem to be

Second Act

CASSIO, Desdemona, and Iago reach Cyprus. Othello is delayed by a tempest which scatters the Turkish fleet. Enter Othello.]

Othello : O my fair warrior !

Desdemona : My dear Othello !

Oth. : It gives me wonder great as my content
To see you here before me. O my soul's joy !
If after every tempest come such calms, [death !
May the winds blow till they have wakened
And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas,
Olympus high, and duck again as low
As hell's from heaven ! If it were now to die,
'Twere now to be most happy ; for I fear
My soul hath her content so absolute
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fare.

Des. : The heavens forbid
But that our loves and comforts should increase,

Even as our days do grow !

Oth. : Amen to that, sweet powers !
I cannot speak enough to this content ;
It stops me here ; it is too much of joy !
And this, and this, the greatest discords be
That e'er our hearts shall make. [Kissing her.]

[Othello and Desdemona repair to the castle. Preparations are made to celebrate Othello's nuptial and the sinking of the Turkish fleet. Iago involves Cassio in a drunken brawl and, while professing he would rather have his tongue cut from his mouth than it should do offence to Cassio, gives to Othello such an account of the disturbance that Cassio is dismissed and Iago given charge of the guard. Cassio can remember nothing and confides his grief to Iago. 'O God !' he exclaims, 'that men should put an enemy into their mouths to steal away their brains !' Iago, 'in the sincerity of love and honest kindness,' urges Cassio to see Desdemona. 'Our general's wife is now our general ; importune her ; she'll help to put you in your place again.']

Third Act

IAGO draws the Moor away while Emilia, who is in attendance on her, secures for Cassio an interview with Desdemona, who assures him she will use all her abilities in his behalf. Enter Othello and Iago at a distance.]

Cassio : Madam, I'll take my leave.

Desdemona : Why, stay, and hear me speak.

Cas. : Madam, not now ; I am very ill at ease.

Des. : Well, do your discretion. [Exit Cassio.]

Iago : Ha ! I like not that.

Othello : What dost thou say ? [what.

Iago : Nothing, my lord : or if—I know not

Oth. : Was not that Cassio parted from my
wife ? [think it,

Iago : Cassio, my lord ? No, sure, I cannot
That he would steal away so guilty-like,
Seeing you coming.

[Desdemona pleads Cassio's cause.]

Oth. : Went he hence now ?

Des. : Ay, sooth ; so humbled

That he hath left part of his grief with me

To suffer with him. Good love, call him back

Oth. : Not now, sweet Desdemona ; some
other time.

Des. : But shall't be shortly ?

Oth. : The sooner, sweet, for you.

[Desdemona urges again that it be soon.]

Oth. : Pr'ythee, no more : let him come when
he will ;

I will deny thee nothing ;

Whereon, I do beseech thee, grant me this,

To leave me but a little to myself. [lord.

Des. : Shall I deny you ? No. Farewell, my

Oth. : Farewell, my Desdemona : I'll come
to thee straight. [teach you ;

Des. : Emilia, come.—Be as your fancies
Whate'er you be, I am obedient.

[Exit with Emilia

Oth. : Excellent wretch ! Perdition catch my
soul,

But I do love thee ! And when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again.

Iago : My noble lord,—

Oth. : What dost thou say, Iago ?

Iago : Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my lady, Know of your love ?

Oth. : He did, from first to last : why dost thou ask ?

Iago : But for a satisfaction of my thought ; No further harm.

[Iago contrives to suggest suspicion, and with it to link a suggestion of impersonal caution. He acts as one to whom Cassio is friend and who is only, out of his love for the Moor, giving utterance to thoughts of possible ugly facts. He bids Othello 'Look to your wife : observe her well with Cassio ; Wear your eye thus, not jealous or secure.' He begs Othello 'not to strain my speech To grosser issues nor to larger reach Than to suspicion,' and meanwhile to hold off reconciliation with Cassio a little longer and 'Note if your lady strain his entertainment With any strong or vehement importunity.' Communing with himself after Iago's exit Othello exclaims : 'If she be false, O ! then heaven mocks itself.—I'll not believe it.']

[Re-enter Desdemona and

Emilia.

Des. : How now, my dear Othello ? [Islanders, Your dinner, and the generous By you invited, do attend your presence.

Oth. : I am to blame.

Des. : Why do you speak so faintly ? Are you not well ?

Oth. : I have a pain in my forehead here.

Des. : 'Faith, that's with watching ; 'twill away again :

Let me but bind it hard, within this hour It will be well.

Oth. : Your napkin is too little. *(He puts the handkerchief from him and she drops it.)* Let it alone. Come, I'll go in with you.

[*Exeunt Othello and Desdemona.* Emilia picks up the handkerchief to give it to Iago, who places it in Cassio's lodging. Made desperate by Iago's pliant speech the Moor demands proof of what is hinted at. Iago with seeming reluctance repeats amatory words murmured by Cassio in his sleep. He then asks Othello if he had not sometimes seen a handkerchief spotted with strawberries in Desdemona's hand.]

Oth. : I gave her such a one : 'twas my first gift.



'GOOD LOVE, CALL HIM BACK'

From the drawing by Sir Frank Dicksee, P.R.A.

Iago : I know not that : but such a handkerchief—

I am sure it was your wife's—did I to-day See Cassio wipe his beard with. [lives !

Oth. : O, that the slave had forty thousand One is too poor, too weak for my revenge. All my fond love thus I do blow to heaven : Arise, black vengeance, from the hollow hell !

[Iago swears to give up all to 'wronged Othello's service.'] [thee say

Oth. : Within these three days let me hear That Cassio's not alive.

Iago : My friend is dead.

[Desdemona tells Othello she has sent to bid Cassio come speak with him. Othello asks her to lend him her handkerchief, the one his mother gave him. 'To lose't or give't away were such perdition, As nothing else could match.' Desdemona declares it is not lost, and regards Othello's request as a ruse to put her from her suit on behalf of Cassio. Othello repeats : 'The

handkerchief!' and leaves her with the passionate exclamation 'Away!' Emilia asks: 'Is not this man jealous?' Desdemona cannot but imagine he is burdened with something of State and so puts all thought of jealousy aside. Cassio gives the handkerchief to Bianca, who thinks it some token from a newer friend. Cassio tells her he found it in his chamber and would like her to copy it ere it be claimed.]

Fourth Act

OTHELLO, overcome by Iago's evil suggestions, falls twice in epileptic fits. Iago adds to his distracted passion by contriving a conversation with Cassio about Bianca during which Othello overhears words convincing him further of Desdemona's guilt. He sees, too, Bianca disdainfully return the handkerchief to Cassio. Afterwards to Iago he exclaims: 'But yet the pity of it, Iago! O, Iago, the pity of it, Iago!' Lodovico, kinsman to Brabantio, brings a despatch from Venice. While Othello reads it, Lodovico asks: 'How does Lieutenant Cassio?']

Desdemona: Cousin, there's fall'n between him and my lord
An unkind breach, but you shall make all well.
Othello: Are you sure of that?
Des.: My lord? [and Cassio?
Lodovico: Is there division 'twixt my lord
Des.: A most unhappy one; I would do much
To atone them, for the love I bear to Cassio,
Oth.: Fire and brimstone!
Des.: What! is he angry?
Lod.: May be the letter moved him;
For, as I think, they do command him home,
Deputing Cassio in his government.
Des.: Trust me, I am glad on't.
Oth.: Indeed?
Des.: My lord?
Oth.: I am glad to see you mad.
Des.: How, sweet Othello?
Oth.: Devil! [Striking her.
Get you away;

I'll send for you anon.—Sir, I obey the mandate,
And will return to Venice.—Hence! Avaunt!

[Exit Desdemona.

Cassio shall have my place. And—sir, to-night,
I do entreat that we may sup together;
You are welcome, sir, to Cyprus.—Goats and
monkeys! [Exit.

Lod.: Is this the noble Moor whom our full
Senate

Call all-in-all sufficient? Is this the noble nature
Whom passion could not shake? whose solid
virtue

The shot of accident, nor dart of chance,
Could neither graze nor pierce?

Iago: He is much changed.

[In the next scene Emilia tells Othello that when Cassio and Desdemona have been together she has seen no harm, yet has she heard each syllable of their speech; while they never whispered nor sent her away.]

Emilia: I durst, my lord, to wager she is
honest,

Lay down my soul at stake: if you think other,
Remove your thought; it doth abuse your
bosom.

If any wretch have put this in your head
Let Heaven requite it with the serpent's curse!

[Othello sends for Desdemona and, in his ungoverned rage, overwhelms her with contumely. For the first time she learns what she is accused of. Emilia finds her stupefied.]

Emilia: How do, madam? how do you,
my good lady? What's the matter with my lord?

Des.: With who?

Emil.: Why, with my lord, madam.

Des.: Who is thy lord?

Emil.: He that is yours, sweet lady.

Des.: I have none: do not talk to me, Emilia:
Pr'ythee, to-night

Lay on my bed my wedding sheets,—remember;—
And call thy husband hither.

[Emilia brings Iago.

Des.: O good Iago,
What shall I do to win my lord again? [heaven,
Good friend, go to him; for, by this light of
I know not how I lost him.

[Iago dissembles and attributes Othello's humour to affairs of State. 'Go in,' he says, 'and weep not; all things shall be well.' In the following scene Iago, confronted with Roderigo's complaint that nothing had come of all the valuable jewels he had given to Iago to deliver to Desdemona, tells Roderigo courage only is needed to remove Cassio. Then the way shall be clear for his desire. If Roderigo will but watch Cassio's return from his supping-place that night he may then attack him with advantage. 'I will be near to second your attempt, and he shall fall between us.' In the closing scene Othello bids Desdemona go to bed and dismiss her attendant.]

Fifth Act

RODERIGO attacks Cassio as he leaves the house of Bianca. Cassio draws and wounds his assailant. Iago, rushing in from behind, wounds Cassio in the leg and *exit*. Cassio cries for help. Othello enters at a distance, hears Cassio's voice, and thinks Iago has kept his word. Lodovico and others come on the scene. Iago re-enters armed.] [grievously?

Iago: What are you here, that cry so
Cassio: Iago? O! I am spoiled, undone by
villains: Give me some help. [done this?

Iago: O me, lieutenant! what villains have
Cas.: I think that one of them is hereabout,
And cannot make away.

Iago: O treacherous villains!

Roderigo: O, help me here!

Cas.: That's one of them.

Iago: O murderous slave! O villain!

[Stabs Roderigo.

Rod.: O damned Iago! O inhuman dog!

[Bianca enters and, admitting Cassio has supped with her, is charged by Iago. Enter Emilia. Iago tells her Cassio has been set upon

in the dark by Roderigo ; he is almost slain, and Roderigo is dead. He bids Emilia run with the news to the citadel. Cassio is borne out in a chair. The scene changes to a bed-chamber. Desdemona is in bed asleep. A light is burning. Enter Othello.]

Othello : It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul ;
Let me not name it to you,
you chaste stars !
It is the cause. Yet I'll not shed her blood,
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,
And smooth as monumental alabaster.
Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.
Put out the light, and then—
put out the light.

[He kisses her—'O balmy breath, that dost almost persuade Justice to break her sword.' He weeps, but they are 'cruel tears.' Desdemona awakes. He bids her pray, for he will not kill her soul. While she is declaring her innocence he smothers her. Emilia is heard at the door. He unlocks it.]

Emilia : O, my good lord !
yonder's foul murder done.

Oth. : What ! Now ?

Emil. : But now, my lord.

Oth. : It is the very error of the moon ;
She comes more near the earth than she was wont,
And makes men mad.

Emil. : Cassio, my lord, has killed a young Venetian

Called Roderigo.

Oth. : Roderigo killed !

And Cassio killed ?

Emil. : No ; Cassio is not killed.

Oth. : Not Cassio killed ! Then murder's out of tune,

And sweet revenge grows harsh.

Des. : O, falsely, falsely murdered !

Emil. : Alas ! what cry is that ?
O, who hath done this deed ?

Des. : Nobody ; I myself. Farewell : [Dies.
Commend me to my kind lord. O, farewell !

Oth. : She's like a liar gone to burning hell :
'Twas I that killed her.

Emil. : O, the more angel she,
And you the blacker devil.

Oth. : She turned to folly ; ask thy husband else.

O, I were damned beneath all depth in hell,
But that I did proceed upon just grounds
To this extremity. Thy husband knew it all.



'HOW DO YOU, MADAM ?'—'FAITH, HALF ASLEEP'

From the drawing by Sir Frank Dicksee, P.R.A.

Emil. : My husband ?

Oth. : Thy husband.

Emil. : That she was false to wedlock ? [true,

Oth. : Ay, with Cassio. Nay, had she been
If Heaven would make me such another world
Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,
I'd not have sold her for it.

Emil. : My husband ?

Oth. : What needs this iteration, woman ?
I say, thy husband : dost understand the word ?
My friend, thy husband, honest, honest Iago.

Emil. : If he says so, may his pernicious soul
Rot half a grain a day ! he lies to the heart :
She was too fond of her most filthy bargain.

Oth. : Ha !

Emil. : Do thy worst !

Oth. : Peace, you were best.

Emil. : Thou hast not half that power to do
me harm

As I have to be hurt. O gull ! O dolt !

As ignorant as dirt ! thou hast done a deed—



'YET I'LL NOT SHED HER BLOOD, NOR SCAR THAT WHITER SKIN OF HERS THAN SNOW'

From the drawing by Sir Frank Dicksee, P.R.A.

I care not for thy sword ; I'll make thee known,
Though I lost twenty lives. Help, help, ho ! help !

[Montano, Gratiano (Brabantio's brother)
and Iago enter. Emilia calls on Iago to disprove
Othello's words. He charges her get home.]

Gratiano : Poor Desdemona ! I am glad thy
father's dead.

Oth. : 'Tis pitiful ; but yet Iago knows.

[Emilia, ignoring her husband's threats, tells
how she found the handkerchief and gave it
to him. Iago stabs her fatally and runs out.
Othello is disarmed. Montano goes out after
Iago and returns with him in charge of officers.
Enter also Lodovico and Cassio, who is carried in a
chair. Othello has another weapon and wounds
Iago. Iago has in part confessed. The plot is
further disclosed by letters found on Roderigo.]

Lodovico (to Othello) : You must forsake this
room and go with us :

And Cassio rules in Cyprus. For this slave—
If there be any cunning cruelty
That can torment him much and hold him long,
It shall be his. You shall close prisoner rest
Till that the nature of your fault be known
To the Venetian State. Come, bring him away.

Oth. : Soft, you ; a word or two before you go.
I have done the State some service, and they
know it ;

No more of that. I pray you, in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am ; nothing extenuate, [speak
Nor set down aught in malice ; then must you

Of one that loved not wisely but too well ;
Of one not easily jealous, but, being wrought,
Perplexed in the extreme ; of one whose hand,
Like the base Indian, threw a pearl away,
Richer than all his tribe ; of one whose subdued
eyes,

Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
Their med'cinable gum. Set you down this ;
And say, besides, that in Aleppo once,
Where a malignant and turbaned Turk
Beat a Venetian and traduced the State,
I took by the throat the circumcised dog,
And smote him—thus. [Stabs himself.

Lod. : O bloody period !

Gra. : All that's spoke is marred.

Oth. : I kissed thee ere I killed thee : no way

but this, [Falling upon Desdemona.

Killing myself, to die upon a kiss. [Dies.

Cassio : This did I fear, but thought he had no

weapon :

For he was great of heart.

Lod. (to Iago) : O Spartan dog !

More fell than anguish, hunger, or the sea !

Look on the tragic loading of this bed ;

This is thy work : the object poisons sight ;

Let it be hid. Gratiano, keep the house,

And seize upon the fortunes of the Moor,

For they succeed on you. To you, lord governor

Remains the censure of this hellish villain ;

The time, the place, the torture :—O, enforce it !

Myself will straight aboard, and to the State

This heavy act with heavy heart relate. [Exeunt.

W. E. H. LECKY

HISTORY OF EUROPEAN MORALS

Outlined by A. D. Innes

IN 1861, after he had abandoned the study of divinity to take up historical research, William Edward Hartpole Lecky published *Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland*, which was a brief outline of the lives and work of Flood, Swift, Grattan and O'Connell and gave definite promise of competent work to follow. His *History of European Morals from Augustus to Charlemagne* was first published in 1869 and at once became a success. Lecky clearly displayed his genius for the collection of a great number of social phenomena to a focus and for putting a distinct meaning on what he thus brought together, connecting these generalised appearances one with another. His book occupied a field which no one in England had yet attempted to master and the dominating nature of his position cannot be gainsaid even to-day. The *History of European Morals* is published by Longmans, Green & Co. in two volumes at 14s., and also in a cheap edition (one volume) by Watts & Co.

I—Natural History of Morals



SOME enquiry into the nature and foundation of morals is a necessary preliminary to any examination of the moral progress of Europe. But on this head views fundamentally antagonistic and irreconcilable are held by the two philosophical schools whose opposition may be traced from the earliest days of ethical thought—the stoical or intuitive, and the epicurean or inductive; of which latter the Utilitarians are the modern representatives. Rejecting as I do the doctrines of this school, I must subject them to a brief investigation.

In this view, virtuous action is the action which produces happiness, and the one and only motive to action in the individual is the attainment of his own personal happiness as he conceives it. The virtuous man is he who sees his own happiness in seeking the happiness of the greatest number; virtue is no more than enlightened self-interest. The sole reason for forming a virtuous habit or performing a virtuous action is that we anticipate therefrom the greater sum of happiness for ourselves. To this source every moral principle can be traced, whether by the method of Thomas Hobbes in its unqualified nakedness, or through Hartley's doctrine of the association of ideas.

To this theory, however, the critic must reply: that in the first place it deprives

the unvirtuous man of any motive to act virtuously, in the second it deprives virtuous action of any merit, and in the third it fails to account for the idea of obligation and duty. Moreover, it is the negation of the feeling common to mankind that the highest acts of virtue are acts of self-sacrifice.

On the other side stands the doctrine that man has, as part of his endowment, an intuitive perception of fundamental moral principles as laying him under positive obligations quite irrespective of his own interests, however he may regard them as probably tending ultimately to his personal benefit. Those principles are basic and eternal, unchanging.

That, however, is not to say that there is no moral progress. The perception of every principle is always potentially present, but in varying stages, from the very rudimentary to the very highly developed, one or another being emphasised or depressed according to the conditions of the society which is our environment; with the general result that those heroic virtues which are called into play in a comparatively primitive society are less active and less valued under an elaborate civilization, while the amiable virtues so necessary to the latter condition are held at a very low estimate in the more primitive community. The variation, however, is not in the principles but in the standards.

II—The Pagan Empire

THE ancient Roman character was not the product of the Roman religion.

It was based not on the worship of the gods but on the intense sentiment of patriotism; enthusiasm attached not to the gods but to the aspects of patriotism which they embodied, involving the supreme idea of unhesitating self-sacrifice on behalf of the state, which permeated the free population.

The expansion of the Imperial Republic de-nationalised the religion by contact with others and identification of Roman with foreign deities. The spirit of patriotism and self-sacrifice was atrophied when the Roman was no longer waging his wars against aggressive rivals. The population, which in the old times developed the military and agricultural virtues in a high degree, lost the incentive not only to the former but to the latter also, when the old yeomanry were displaced by the huge estates cultivated by slave labour, and the free population was maintained by the free distribution of corn imported from the provinces and was kept amused by constant public entertainments of an increasingly demoralising character. The disappearance of the religious sanction left the inculcation of moral teaching and moral ideals to the philosophers and the small section to whom philosophy appeals.

It is therefore the Stoics to whom we must turn as the upholders of the lamp of moral ideals. Epicureanism, recognizing self-interest as the sole motive to morality, cannot excite moral enthusiasm. Stoicism assumes that virtue is itself the end for which man exists, not a means to some other end. Duty is supreme. Self-con-

trol, control over the passions which lead us astray and perturb our vision, is essential. Death has no terrors, though it is debatable whether it be the entrance to a new life or a simple ceasing to be, or whether circumstances may warrant us in seeking it voluntarily.

Duty, however, is not a state of passive acquiescence; it calls for the active promotion of the welfare of society and for the benevolent virtues; though the austerity of the Stoical creed is more obviously associated with the heroic types of virtue, its disciples were distinguished by their humanity; and alike in doctrine and practice, Stoicism attains its culmination in the slave Epictetus and the emperor and master of the civilized world, Marcus Aurelius. In a society which was corrupt examples abound of both men and women of the noblest and purest among the followers of Stoicism.

THE Stoic suppression of emotion tended to a certain hardness appropriate to the traditional Roman character, softened to more loveliness when touched with the gentler Greek spirit as in Plutarch. But other influences were coming into play in the second century. The popular need for a concrete religion was growing insistent. Oriental creeds imbued with supernaturalism were finding common acceptance, and the Neo-Platonism of the Alexandrian schools was penetrated with mysticism, though the intellectual world at least was unconscious or wholly contemptuous of that strange faith which, despised and ostracised as yet, was about to achieve an overwhelming supremacy.

III—The Conversion of Rome

THE sudden transformation of an obscure and persecuted sect into a dominant power diverting the course of moral development into entirely new channels is a phenomenon so remarkable in its effects that much needless ingenuity has been expended in seeking to explain what was in fact an almost inevitable development.

Three lines have been followed. It has been maintained that the pagan philo-

sophies had already been so much modified by the incorporation of Christian doctrines that acceptance of Christianity became easy; that the world was convinced by the overwhelming evidence of the miraculous origin of the new religion; and that nothing short of Divine interposition can account for an event so marvellous. Every one of these three contentions must be rejected.

First: There is not so much as a hint in any pagan writer or philosopher that

he was influenced by or even acquainted with the doctrines of a religion which is mentioned, if at all, only with scorn. Moreover, so far as characteristically Christian morals find a place in the pagan teaching, they are to be found there at a period antecedent to the birth of Christianity.

Secondly : While the miracles of Christianity won easy credence, it was not upon that ground that the creed was accepted. Miracles were the common property of all religions. The Fathers of the Church never thought of challenging the authenticity of pagan thaumaturgists' miracles or the utterances of pagan prophets and Sibyls. Miracles were accepted as a matter of course, with no more searching examination of evidence than the most ordinary phenomena.

Thirdly : The triumph of Christianity is quite simply explicable without resort to any supernatural agency. Religion, philosophy and morals were all in a state of disintegration, in need of a new co-ordination which was provided by the new religion in a most convincing and attractive form, and with a sanction of an unprecedented and most impressive order—that of exclusive salvation. It emphasised the amiable virtues most readily appreciated in a society which had wholly lost its original military character, while its votaries had presented innumerable examples, under persecution, of the highest heroism.

The Christian Society had moreover attained such a degree of disciplined organization that its annihilation was at the beginning of the fourth century the

only alternative to its final complete domination ; and the result was decisively assured by the failure of the great persecutions under Decius, Diocletian and Galerius.

THAT Christianity survived the persecutions is evidence of the intense vitality of the faith, but the fact calls for no supernatural explanation. The Roman empire tolerated all religions, subject to the due performance of rites demanded by the state religion. That proviso was resisted only by the Jews and the Christians, who were regarded as a Jewish sect. The Jews, an exclusive and not at all a proselytising body, were officially released from the otherwise universal obligation ; the Christians, essentially a missionary body, were not. To the state authorities the Christians appeared to form a secret society possibly treasonable and immoral, and as such they were also the objects of popular suspicion and dislike.

But it was only at intervals that the imperial authority took active measures for their suppression, though local authorities were frequently incited to enforce the penal laws against them by popular hostility. There were only two general persecutions, brief but terrible, in the first century under Nero and Domitian ; for the next century and a half the persecutions were only sporadic.

Thus, by the time of Decius, who opened the era of terrific suppressions, the sect had become so extended, so powerful and so highly organized, that its extirpation was the only alternative to its decisive domination.

IV—From Constantine to Charlemagne

THE recognition of Christianity as a lawful religion by Constantine ensured its ascendancy. It differed from all others because in it alone religion and morals were inseparably bound together, whereas the ethics of the pagan world, based on custom by the many and derived from the philosophers by the few, were practically dissociated from the worship of the gods. But the Christian, to whom this world was no abiding city, held that an eternity of torment was in store for unbelievers and unrepentant sinners.

Hell was such a deterrent from sin as the pagan world had not known. It was a creed for the multitude, since the portals of heaven were open to the poorest and meanest no less than to the rich and the wise. The virtues it especially stressed were those of the weak, humble and helpless, to whom it brought healing and consolation.

Specifically it gave a new sanctity to human life. Abortion and infanticide had been condemned before, but only as venial offences ; they assumed a new aspect when the death of the unbaptised meant their



WILLIAM EDWARD HARTPOLE LECKY was born in the neighbourhood of Dublin, March 26, 1838, and was educated at Trinity College, where he graduated B.A. in 1859 and M.A. in 1863. In 1860 he wrote his first book, *Religious Tendencies of the Age*, followed by his biographical study of Irish politicians, and in 1863 there appeared his essay on *The Declining Sense of the Miraculous*, subsequently expanded into his *History of the Rise and Influence of Rationalism in Europe*, of which an epitome appears in this work. Lecky was greatly interested in politics, being Unionist M.P. for Dublin University 1895-1903. He died October 22, 1903.

condemnation to endless agony. Philosophers might denounce gladiatorial shows as degrading; it was Christianity that condemned them as the deadly sin of murder, though nearly a century passed before their final abolition.

Christianity moreover recognized no distinctions of race or social position; if it enjoined obedience and submission in the slave it enjoined also humanity in the master who received the Sacrament side by side with the slave. It sanctioned the institution of slavery, but under its influence the slave gradually ceased to be a legal chattel. Above all, it insisted on the claims of charity, of alms-giving, of relieving distress; though by indiscriminating methods which had a deleterious side.

Most of all it softened the characters of men by accustoming the imagination to dwell upon images of tenderness and pathos, the winning, almost feminine beauty of the Christian Founder, the Virgin Mother, the agonies of Gethsemane or of Calvary. The high conception that has been formed of the sanctity of human life, the protection of infancy, the eleva-

tion and final emancipation of the slave classes, the suppression of barbarous games, the creation of a vast and multifarious organization of charity, and the education of the imagination by the Christian type, constitute together a great movement of philanthropy which has at no time been paralleled or even approached in the pagan world.

A movement, however, which profoundly affected the whole scheme of medieval Christian morals had already been initiated in the days of the Decian persecution: the ascetic movement which in its first stage led great numbers of devotees to flee into the desert and become anchorites, and later developed into monachism. It was not without Oriental and pagan precedent, and rested on the doctrine that the flesh is the enemy of the soul, that all carnal appetites and affections ought to be ruthlessly crushed, and that the safest way to salvation is through separation from the world and its temptations, by living either the solitary or the cenobitic life—especially by the exclusion of female allurements.

TO such a life in the most repulsively exaggerated forms the highest sanctity attached. It belittled those virtues which belong to a vigorous physical development and denounced those tender family affections which are at the root of the domestic virtues; while it directly repressed, if it did not positively condemn, the civic virtues which had been the moral glory of ancient Rome. By its denunciation of all social intercourse it was destructive of all the social virtues and tended to intensify the general corruption.

The transition however from the eremitic to the monastic life involved a change not only of circumstances but also of character. The habit of obedience and the virtue of humility assumed a position which they had never previously held; and went far to preserve the spirit of charity so seriously threatened by the spiritual pride of the anchorite. Even here, however, the doctrine of obedience, carried to excess, crushed the spirit of intellectual criticism and political freedom; and the corruption of humility into servility is more dangerous to moral progress than the pride which may become an invaluable moral agent.

Most disastrous was the subversion of intellectual honesty involved. The Church assumed the truth of its dogmas as axiomatic, denounced inquiry or doubt as heretical, penalised criticism and did not hesitate to forge evidence in order to make the dogmas acceptable—on the hypothesis that their acceptance was necessary to salvation. Forbidding the pursuit of truth for its own sake, it placed impenetrable barriers in the path of knowledge and undermined the foundations of veracity. The search for secular knowledge or for classical learning being positively discouraged, intellectual advance was virtually prohibited, and literature unassociated with theology almost ceased to exist.

When the fiercest denunciations uttered by the ecclesiastical authorities were directed not against wickedness but against heresy, and the most portentous crimes escaped reproof if the perpetrators were enthusiastically orthodox, it is not surprising that the superstition and the vice

of the period between the dissolution of the empire and the reign of Charlemagne can hardly be exaggerated.

Yet in the chaos we can detect the elements of the new society which ultimately issued in the crusades, the feudal system and chivalry. It consisted in two parts, the fusion of Christianity with the military spirit, and an increasing reverence for secular rank.

Early Christianity had been vigorously antagonistic to the military spirit; but the general conviction that the intervention of the Lord of Hosts was particularly conspicuous in war, associating military success with orthodoxy, gave a new sanction to the militarism of the barbarian champions of Catholicism; and the process was furthered when Christianity found itself embattled against the armed hosts of militant Mahomedanism. And the idea of the divine right of kings was inaugurated with the accession of Pepin to the throne of the Franks and the coronation of Charlemagne as Emperor by the Pope.

V—*The Position of Women*

THE examination of the position of women, necessary to any account of moral progress, compels us to extend our inquiry over a wider field—to go back in fact to the beginning.

In the savage stage, woman is looked upon as the slave of man and the minister of his passions; but the institution of marriage exists and the value of chastity is in some degree recognized. The two steps which first raise woman are the abandonment of purchase and the institution of monogamy.

In the Heroic age of Greece we find women holding a very honourable position, as exemplified by Andromache, Penelope or Nausicaa. In the properly historic ages they are of little account except such as have enrolled themselves among the emancipated *hetærae* whose beauty and talent might place them in a position commanding if irregular.

In Rome there was not only a far higher standard of conjugal fidelity; the legends of Lucrece and of Coriolanus, such characters as Cornelia and Porcia, show the honourable estimation in which women were held. But in the early empire

if there were noble women worthy of their noble husbands, the general standard had fallen with the general corruption.

Christianity, while it introduced that special form of reverence for women which is inseparable from the cult of the Virgin, was on its moral side so closely bound up with the ascetic doctrines that, while it held virginity in the highest honour and denounced unequivocally every form of unchastity, it treated marriage as a weakness necessary to the life of the race, and the married state as inferior to that of virginity, women being for the most part the seductive means to sin.

Nevertheless the barbaric conquest tended to raise them because the standard of female virtue among barbarians was high. And at the same time Christianity emphasised the sanctity of the marriage bond by its mystical conception of the Church as the Bride of Christ. Finally from the interplay of all these arose that strange amalgam of religious, licentious and military feeling which was formed around women in the age of chivalry, and which no succeeding change of habit or belief has wholly destroyed.



Michel d'Eyquem de Montaigne one of the greatest masters of the essay in all literature, was born at his family's château near Bordeaux, February 28, 1533, and died September 13, 1592. His life was one of much suffering from hereditary disease, which, however, he endured so philosophically that little trace of his trials is apparent in his writings. He lived in an age distracted by religious controversy and political strife, in which he remained always aloof, an onlooker. His point of view was one of provisional doubt: his attitude to the sum total of all knowledge, *Que scai je?*—what know I? The first modern essayist, he was a prince of egoists and essentially a great humorist who veiled his serious thought in his self-criticism. He was, in a way, the originator of modern criticism, and his influence on literature since his death is immeasurable.

MONTAIGNE ESSAYS

THE first two of the three books of the celebrated Essays of Michel d'Eyquem, Sieur de Montaigne were published in 1581, and the third of the series in 1588. Always a lover of books and a student of men, Montaigne revealed in these collections of short impressions and comments a rich mine of scholarly wit and worldly wisdom, consummate in the naturalness that conceals literary art. In all there are over a hundred essays in the collection; and the work is prefaced by an address to the reader in which the author explains that his one aim in writing his Essays is to bequeath to his acquaintances and relations a literary portrait of himself by which they will realize without doubt the quality of his philosophy and the extent of his observation. The titles of the essays are of diverse character and seem to be chosen haphazard as they occurred to the author. Since their publication numerous editions and translations in many different languages have appeared.

I—Of Death and How It Findeth a Man



I WAS born between eleven of the clock and noon, the last day of February 1533, according to our computation, the year beginning on January 1. It is but a fortnight since I was thirty-nine years old. I want at least as much more of life. If in the meantime I should trouble my thoughts with a matter so far from me as death, it were but folly. Of those renowned in life I will lay a wager I will find more that have died before they came to five-and-thirty years than after.

How many means and ways has death to surprise us! Who would ever have imagined that a Duke of Brittany should have become stifled to death in a throng of people, as whilom was a neighbour of mine at Lyons when Pope Clement made his entrance there? Hast thou not seen one of our late kings slain in the midst of his sports? and one of his ancestors die miserably by the throw of a hog? Aeschylus, fore-threatened by the fall of a house, when he was most on his guard was struck dead by the fall of a tortoise-shell from the talons of a flying eagle. Another was choked by a grape-pip. An emperor died from the scratch of a comb, Aemilius Lepidus from hitting his foot against a door-sill, Aufidius from stumbling against the door as he was entering the council chamber; Caius Julius, a physician, while anointing a patient's eyes had his own closed by death. And if among these examples I may add one of a brother of mine, Captain St. Martin, playing at

tennis, received a blow with a ball a little above the right ear and, without any appearance of bruise or hurt, never sitting or resting, died within six hours afterwards of an apoplexy. These so frequent and ordinary examples being ever before our eyes, why should it not continually seem to us that death is ever at hand ready to take us by the throat?

What matter is it, will you say unto me, how and in what manner it is, so long as a man do not trouble and vex himself therewith? It sufficeth me to live at my ease, and the best recreation I can have that do I ever take. It is uncertain where death looks for us; let us look for her everywhere. The premeditation of death is a fore-thinking of liberty. He who has learnt to die has unlearned to serve. There is no evil in life for him who has well conceived that the privation of life is no evil. I am now, by the mercy of God, in such a taking that, without regret or grieving at any worldly matter, I am prepared to dislodge whensoever He shall please to call me. No man ever did prepare himself to quit the world more simply and fully. The deadliest deaths are the best.

WERE I a composer of books I would keep a register of divers deaths, which, in teaching men to die, should afterwards teach them to live.

My father in his household order had this, which I can commend, though I in no way follow. Besides the day book of household affairs, wherein are registered at least expenses, payments, gifts, bar-

gains and sales that require not a notary's hand to them—of which book a receiver had the keeping—he appointed another journal book to one of his servants, who was his clerk, wherein he should orderly set down all occurrences worthy of the noting, and day by day register the memories of the history of his house—a thing very pleasant to read when time began to wear out the remembrance of them, and fit for us to pass the time withal, and to resolve some doubts: when such

and such a work was begun, when ended; what way or course was taken, what accidents happened, how long it continued; all our voyages and journeys, where, and how long we were from home; our marriages; who died, and when; the receiving of good or bad tidings; who came, who went; changing or removing of household officers; taking of new or discharging of old servants, and such matters. An ancient custom, which I would have men use and bring into fashion again.

II—In My Library

INTERCOURSE with books comforts me in age and solaces me in solitariness, eases me of weariness and rids me of tedious company.

I never travel, whether in peace or in war, without books. It is wonderful what repose I find in the knowledge that they are at my elbow to delight me when time shall serve. In this human peregrination this is the best munition I have found.

At home I betake me somewhat oftener to my library. It is in the chief approach to my house, so that under my eyes are my garden, my base-court, my yard and even the best rooms of my house. There, without order or method, I can turn over and ransack now one book and now another. Sometimes I muse; and sometimes while walking up and down I indite and register these my humours, these my conceits. It is placed in a third storey of a tower. The lowermost is my chapel, the second a chamber, where I often lie when I would be alone. Above is a clothes room. In this library, formerly the least useful room in all my house, I pass the greatest part of my life's days, and most hours of the day—I am never there of nights. Next it is a handsome, neat study, large enough to have a fire in winter, and very pleasantly windowed.

If I feared not trouble more than cost I might easily join a convenient gallery of a hundred paces long and twelve broad on

each side of this room, and upon the same floor, the walls being already of a convenient height. Each retired place requireth a walk. If I sit long my thoughts are prone to sleep. My mind goes not alone as if legs moved it. Those who study without books are all in the same case.

MY library is circular in shape, with no flat side save that in which stand my table and chair. Thus around me at one look it offers the full sight of all my books, set round about upon shelves, five ranks, one above another. It has three bay windows, of a far-extending and rich prospect. The room is sixteen paces across.

In winter I am less constantly there, for my house being on a hill, no part is more subject to all weathers than this. But this pleases me only the more, both for the benefit of the exercise—which is a matter to be taken into account—and because, being remote and troublesome of access, it enables me the better to seclude myself from company that would encroach. There is my seat; that is my throne.

My rule therein I endeavour to make absolute, that I may sequester that only corner from all, whether wife, children or acquaintances. For elsewhere I have but a verbal and qualified authority, and miserable to my mind is he who in his own home has nowhere to be to himself.

III—Of Inequality

PLUTARCH somewhere says that he finds no such great difference between beast and beast as between man and man. He speaks of the mind and internal qualities. I could find in my heart to say

there is more difference between one man and another than between such a man and such a beast; and that there are as many degrees of spirits as steps between earth and heaven.

But concerning the estimation of men, it is marvellous that we ourselves are the only things not esteemed for their proper qualities. We commend a horse for his strength and speed, not for his trappings ; a greyhound for his swiftness, not his collar ; a hawk for her wing, not for her bells. Why do we not likewise esteem a man for that which is his own ? He has a goodly train of followers, a stately palace, so much rent coming in, so much credit among men. Alas, all that is about him, not in him. If you buy a horse you see him bare of saddle and cloths. When you judge of a man, why consider his wrappings only ? In a sword it is the quality of the blade, not the value of the scabbard, to which you give heed. A man should be judged by what he is himself, not by his appurtenances.

Let him lay aside his riches and external honours and show himself in his shirt. Has he a sound body ? What mind has he ? Is it fair, capable and unpolluted, and happily equipped in all its parts ? Is it a mind to be settled, equable and courageous in any circumstances ? Is he—

A wise man, of himself commander high,
Whom want, nor death, nor bands can terrify,
Resolved t'affront desires, honours to scorn,
All in himself, close, round and neatly borne,
Against whose front externals idly play,
And even fortune makes a lame essay ?

Such a man is five hundred degrees beyond kingdoms and principalities ; himself is a kingdom unto himself. Compare with him the vulgar troop—stupid, base, servile, warring, floating on the sea of passions, depending wholly on others. There is more difference than between heaven and earth, yet in a blindness of

custom we take little or no account of it. Whereas, if we consider a cottager and a king, a noble and a workman, a rich man and a poor, we at once recognize disparity, although, as one might say, they differ in nothing but their clothes.

An emperor, whose pomp so dazzles us in public, if he be viewed behind the curtain is but an ordinary man, and peradventure viler and sillier than the least of his subjects ! Cowardice, irresolution, ambition, spite, anger, envy move and work in him as in another man. Fear, care and suspicion haunt him even in the midst of his armed troops. Does the ague, the headache or the gout spare him more than us ? When age seizes on his shoulders, can the tall yeomen of his guard rid him of it ? His bedstead encased with pearls cannot allay the pinching pangs of colic !

THE flatterers of Alexander the Great assured him he was the son of Jupiter, but being hurt one day, and the blood gushing from the wound, "What think you of this ?" said he to them. "Is not this blood of a lively red hue, and merely human ?" If a king have the ague or the gout what avail his titles of majesty ? But if he be a man of worth, royalty and glorious titles will add but little to good fortune.

Truly, to see our princes all alone, sitting at their meat, though beleaguered with talkers, whisperers and gazing beholders, I have often rather pitied than envied them. The honour we receive from those who fear and stand in awe of us is no true honour. 'Service holds few, though many hold service.'

Every man's manners and his mind
His fortune for him frame and find.

IV—Of the Use of Apparel

I WAS devising in this chill-cold season whether the fashion of these late-discovered nations to go naked be a custom forced by the hot temperature of the air, as we say of the Indians and Moors, or whether it be an original manner of mankind. My opinion is that even as all plants, trees, living creatures are naturally furnished with protection against all weathers, even so were we. But like

those who by artificial light quench the brightness of day, so we have spoilt our proper covering by what we have borrowed. Nations under the same heaven and climate as our own, or even colder, have no knowledge of clothes. Moreover, the tenderest parts of us are ever bare and naked—our eyes, face, mouth, nose, ears ; and our country swains, like their forefathers, go bare-breasted to their middles.

Had we been born needing petticoats and breeches nature would have armed that which she has left to the battery of the seasons with some thicker skin or hide, as she has our finger ends and the soles of our feet.

"How many men in Turkey go naked for devotion's sake?" a certain man demanded of one of our loitering rogues whom in the depth of winter he saw wandering up and down with nothing but his shirt about him, yet as blithe and lusty as another that keeps himself muffled up to his ears in furs. "And have not you, good sir," answered he, "your face all bare? Imagine I am all face."

The Italians say that when the Duke of Florence asked his fool how, being so ill-clad, he could endure the cold, he replied, "Master, use but my receipt, and put all your clothes you have on you, as I do all mine, and you shall feel no more cold than I do."

King Massinissa, were it never so sharp weather, always went bare-headed. So did the Emperor Severus. In the battle of the

Egyptians and Persians Herodotus noticed that of those slain the Egyptians had skulls much harder than the Persians, by reason that these go ever with their heads covered with coils and turbans, while those are from infancy shaven and bare-headed. King Agesilaus wore his clothes alike winter and summer. Suetonius says Caesar always marched at the head of his troops, and most commonly bare-headed and on foot, whether the sun shone or whether it rained. The like is reported of Hannibal.

Plato, for the better health and comfort of the body, earnestly persuades that no man should ever give feet or head other cover than nature has allotted them.

We Frenchmen are accustomed to array ourselves strangely in 'particoloured suits (not I, for I seldom wear any but black and white, like my father) to protect ourselves against the cold, but what should we do in cold like that Captain Martyn du Bellay describes—frosts so hard that the wine had to be chopped up with axes and shared to the soldiers by weight?

V—Of Solitariness

LET us leave apart the outworn comparison between a solitary and an active life, and ask those who engage themselves 'for the public good' whether what they seek in these public charges is not, after all, private commodity? Public or private, as I suppose, the end is the same, to live better at ease. But a man does not always seek the best way to come at it, and often supposes himself to have quit cares when he has but changed them.

There is not much less vexation in the government of a private family than in managing a state. Wheresoever the mind is buried, there lies all. And though domestic occupations may be less important, they are not less importunate.

Moreover, though we have freed ourselves from court or from market, we have still the torments of ambition, avarice, irresolution, fear and unsatisfied desires. These follow us even into cloisters and schools of philosophy. When Socrates was told that a certain man was none the better for his travels, "I believe it well," said he, "for he took himself with him."

If a man do not first get rid of what burthens his mind, moving from place to place will not help him. It is not enough for a man to sequester himself from people; he must seclude himself from himself. We carry our fetters with us. Our evil is rooted in our mind, and the mind cannot escape from itself. Therefore must it be reduced and brought into itself, and that is the true solitariness, which may be enjoyed even in the throng of peopled cities or kings' courts.

A man may, if he can, have wife, children, goods, health, but not so tie himself to them that his felicity depends on them. We should reserve for ourselves some place where we may, as it were, hoard up our true liberty. Virtue is contented with itself, without discipline, words or deeds. Shake we off these violent holdfasts which engage us and estrange us from ourselves. The greatest thing is for a man to know how to be his own.

I esteem not Arcesilaus, the philosopher, less reformed because I know him to have used household utensils of gold and silver, as the conditions of his fortunes permitted.

And knowing what slender hold accessory comforts have, I omit not, in enjoying them, humbly to beseech God of His mercy to make me content with myself and the goods I have in myself. The wiser sort of men, having a strong and vigorous mind, may frame for themselves an altogether spiritual life. But mine being common, I must help to uphold myself by corporal comforts. And age having

despoiled me of some of these, I sharpen my appetite for those remaining. Glory, which Pliny and Cicero propose to us, is far from my thoughts. 'Glory and rest are things that cannot squat on the same bench.' Stay your mind in assured and limited cogitations, and having gained knowledge of true felicities, enjoy them, and rest satisfied without wishing a further continuance either of life or of name.

VI—*Opinion in Good and Evil*

MEN, saith an ancient Greek, are tormented by the opinion they have of things, and not by things themselves. It were a great conquest of our miserable human condition if any man could establish everywhere this true proposition. For if evils lie only in our judgement, it is in our power to condemn them or to turn them to good.

In death, what we principally fear is pain; as also poverty has nothing to be feared for but what she casts upon us through hunger, thirst, cold and other miseries. I will willingly grant that pain is the worst accident of our being; I hate and shun it as much as possible. But it is in our power, if not to annul, at least to diminish it, with patience, and though the body should be moved, yet to keep mind and reason in good temper.

If it were not so, what has brought virtue, valour, magnanimity, fortitude, into credit? If a man is not to lie on the hard ground, to endure the heat of the scorching sun, to feed hungrily on a horse or an ass, to see himself mangled and cut in pieces, to have a bullet plucked out of his bones, to suffer incisions, his flesh to be stitched up, cauterised and searched—all incident to a martial man—how shall we purchase advantage and pre-eminence?

Moreover, this ought to comfort us, that naturally, if pain be violent it is also short; if long, it is easier. Thou shalt not feel it over long; if thou feel it over much, it will either end itself or end thee. Even as an enemy becomes more furious when we fly from him, so does pain grow prouder if we tremble under it. It will stoop and yield on better terms to him who makes head against it. In recoiling we draw on the enemy. As the body is steadier to a charge if it stand stiffly, so is the soul.

Weak-backed men, such as I am, feel a dash of a barber's razor more than ten blows with a sword in the heat of fight. The painful throes of childbearing, deemed by physicians and the word of God to be very great, some nations make no account of. I omit to speak of the Lacedaemonian women; come we to the Switzers of our infantry. Trudging and trotting after their husbands, to-day you see them carry the child round their neck which but yesterday they brought into the world.

Who has not heard of her at Paris, who, only to get a new skin of fresher hue, endured to have her face flayed? There are some who, being sound and in perfect health, have had teeth pulled out, thereby to set the rest in better order, or to frame a daintier and more pleasing voice. How many examples have we not of contempt of pain and smart by that sex. What can they not do, what will they not do, what fear they to do, so they may but hope for some amendment of their beauty? I have seen some swallow gravel, ashes, coals, dust, tallow, candles, and for the nonce toil to spoil their digestions, only to get a pale complexion. To become slender in waist, what pinching, what girding, what cingling will they not endure. Yea, sometimes with iron plates, with whalebones, and other such trashy implements, that their very skin and quick flesh is eaten in and consumed to the bones, whereby they sometimes work their own death.

THERE is a certain effeminate and light opinion, and that no more in sorrow than it is in pleasure, whereby we are so dainty tender that we cannot abide to be stung of a bee, but must roar and cry out. This is the total sum of all, that you be master of yourself.

ALESSANDRO MANZONI

THE BETROTHED

ALTHOUGH Alessandro Manzoni was surpassed as a poet by several of his own countrymen, his supreme position as novelist of the romantic school in Italy is indisputable. This school of Italian literature was initiated in Milan early in the nineteenth century, and its chief representatives were on the staff of the famous organ of the new movement, the *Conciliatore*—such names as Manzoni, Silvio Pellico, Giovile Scalvini, Tommaso Grossi and Giovanni Berchet stand out among them. Manzoni was undoubtedly indebted originally to Sir Walter Scott for the idea of an historical romance, but he made more of his immortal *I Promessi Sposi* than a mere historical novel, for in every part it has the unmistakable signs of a great work of art; and even the historical element in the tale is subordinated to the study of his characters, who are, indeed, not personages of any definite epoch but endowed with the human qualities of all time. *I Promessi Sposi* was published, a volume each year, during 1825-1827.

I—The Schemes of Don Rodrigo



DON ABBONDIO, curé of a little town near Como, was no hero. It was, therefore, the less difficult for two armed bravos whom he encountered one evening in the year 1628 to convince him that the wedding of Renzo Tramaglino and Lucia Mondella must not take place, as it did not suit the designs of their master, Don Rodrigo. Renzo, however, was by no means disposed to take this view of the matter, and was like to have taken some desperate steps to express his disapproval. From this course he was dissuaded by Fra Cristoforo, a Capuchin, renowned for his wisdom and sanctity, who undertook the attempt to soften the heart of Don Rodrigo.

The friar was held in affectionate esteem by all, even by Rodrigo's bravos, and on his arrival at the castle he was at once shown into the presence of its master.

"I come," said he, "to propose to you an act of justice. Some men of bad character have made use of the name of your illustrious lordship to alarm a poor curé and dissuade him from performing his duty and to oppress two innocent persons——"

"In short, father," said Rodrigo, "I suppose there is some young girl you are concerned about. Since you seem to think that I am so powerful, advise her to come and put herself under my protection; she shall be well looked after. Cowled rascal!" he shouted. "Vile upstart! Thank the

cassock that covers your shoulders for saving them from the caresses that such scoundrels should receive. Depart, or——"

In the meantime, plans were being discussed in Lucia's cottage.

"Listen, my children," said Agnese, her mother; "if you were married, that would be the great difficulty out of the way."

"Is there any doubt," said Renzo; "if we were married—— At Bergamo, not far from here, a silk weaver would be received with open arms. You know my cousin Bartolo has wanted me to go there and make my fortune, as he has done. Once married, we could all go thither together and live in blessed peace, out of this villain's reach."

"Listen, then," said Agnese. "There must be two witnesses; all four must go to the priest and take him by surprise, that he mayn't have time to escape. The man says, 'Signor Curé, this is my wife'; the woman says, 'Signor Curé, this is my husband.' It is necessary that the curé and the witnesses hear it, and the marriage is then as valid and sacred as if the Pope himself had blessed it."

"But why, then," said Lucia, "didn't this plan occur to Fra Cristoforo?"

"Do you think it didn't?" replied she. "But—if you must know—the friars disapprove of that sort of thing."

"If it isn't right, we ought not to do it."

"What! Would I give you advice contrary to the fear of God—if it were against

the will of your parents? But when I am satisfied, and he who makes all this disturbance is a villain— Once it is done, what do you think the father will say? 'Ah! daughter; it was a sad error, but it is done.' In his heart he will be very well satisfied."

On the following night Don Abbondio was disturbed at a late hour by a certain Tonio, who came with his cousin Gervase to pay a small debt. While he was giving him a receipt for it, Renzo and Lucia slipped in unperceived. The curé was startled on suddenly hearing the words, "Signor Curé, in the presence of these witnesses, this is my wife."

Instantly grasping the situation, and before Lucia's lips could form a reply, Don Abbondio seized the tablecloth and at a bound wrapped her head in it, so that she could not complete the formula. "Perpetua!" he shouted to his housekeeper. "Help!"

Dashing to an inner room, he locked himself in, flung open the window and shouted for help. Hearing the uproar, the sexton, who lived next door, shouted out, "What is it?"

"Help!" repeated the curé. Not being over desirous of thrusting himself blindly in upon unknown dangers, the sexton hastened to the belfry and vigorously rang the great bell. This ringing the bell had more far-reaching consequences than he

anticipated. Enraged by the friar's visit, Rodrigo had determined to abduct Lucia, and sent his bravos to effect his purpose that very night. At the very moment that the bell began to ring they had just broken into Agnese's house and were searching for the occupants. Convinced that their action was the cause of the commotion, they beat a hasty retreat.

THE discomfited betrothed—still only betrothed—hastily joined Agnese, who was waiting for them in the street. As they hurriedly turned their steps homeward a child threw himself into their way.

"Back! Back!" he breathlessly exclaimed. "This way to the monastery!"

"What is it?" asked Renzo.

"There are devils in your house," said the boy, panting. "I saw them; Fra Cristoforo said so; he sent me to warn you. He had news from someone at the castle; you must go to him at the monastery at once."

"My children," said Fra Cristoforo on their arrival, "the village is no longer safe for you; for a time, at least, you must take refuge elsewhere. I will arrange for you, Lucia, to be taken care of in a convent at Monza. You, Renzo, must put yourself in safety from the anger of others, and your own. Carry this letter to Father Bonaventura, in our monastery at Milan. He will find you work."

II—The Riot of the Hungry

FRA BONAVENTURA was out when Renzo arrived to present his letter.

"Go and wait in the church, where you may employ yourself profitably," was the porter's advice, which Renzo was about to follow, when a tumultuous crowd came in sight. Here, apparently, was matter of greater interest, so he turned aside to see the cause of the uproar.

The cause, though Renzo did not at the time discover it, was the shortage of the bread supply. Owing to the ravages of war and the disturbed state of the country, much land lay uncultivated and deserted; insupportable taxes were levied; and no sooner had the deficient harvest been gathered in than the provisions for the army made a fearful void in it. What had attracted Renzo's

attention was but the sudden exacerbation of a chronic disease.

Mingling with the hurrying mob, Renzo soon discovered that they had been engaged in sacking a bakery and were filled with fury to find large quantities of flour, the existence of which the authorities had denied. "The superintendent! The tyrant! We'll have him, dead or alive!"

Renzo found himself borne along in the thickest of the throng to the house of the superintendent, where a tremendous crowd was endeavouring to break in the doors. The tumult being allayed by the arrival of Ferrer, the chancellor, a popular favourite, Renzo became involved in conversation with some of the rioters. He asked to be directed to an inn where he could pass the night.

"I know an inn that will suit you," said one who had listened to all the speeches without himself saying a word. "The landlord is a friend of mine, a very worthy man."

So saying, he took Renzo off to an inn at some little distance, taking pains to ascertain who he was and whence he came. Arrived at the inn, the new companions shared a bottle of wine which, in Renzo's excited condition, soon mounted to his head. Another bottle was called for; and the landlord, being asked if he had a bed, produced pen, ink and paper, and demanded his name, surname and country.

"What has all this to do with my bed?"

"I do my duty. We are obliged to report everyone that sleeps in the house."

"Oh, so I'm to tell my business, am I? This is something new. Supposing I had come to Milan to confess, I should go to a Capuchin father, not to an innkeeper."

"Well, if you won't, you won't!" said the landlord, with a glance at Renzo's companion. "I've done my duty."

So saying, he withdrew, and shortly afterwards the new-found friend insisted on taking his departure. At daybreak Renzo was awakened by a shake and a voice calling, "Lorenzo Tramaglino."

"Eh, what does this mean? What do you want? Who told you my name?"

said Renzo, starting up, amazed to find three men, two of them fully armed, standing at his bedside.

"You must come with us. The high sheriff wants to have some words with you."

RENZO now found himself being led through the streets, that were still filled with a considerable number of last night's rioters, by no means yet pacified. When they had gone a little way some of the crowd, noticing them, began to form around the party.

"If I don't help myself now," thought Renzo, "it's my own fault. My friends," he shouted, "they're carrying me off because yesterday I shouted 'Bread and Justice!' Don't abandon me, my friends!"

The crowd at once began to press forward and the bailiffs, fearing danger, let go of his hands and tried to disappear into the crowd. Renzo was carried off safely.

His only hope of safety now lay in getting entirely clear of Milan and hiding himself in some other town out of the jurisdiction of the duchy. He decided to go to Bergamo, which was under Venetian government, where he could live safely with his cousin until such time as Milan had forgotten him.

III—The Unnamed's Penitence

DOON RODRIGO was now more determined than ever to accomplish his praiseworthy undertaking, and to this end he sought the help of a very formidable character, a powerful noble, whose bravos had long been the terror of the countryside, and who was always referred to as 'The Unnamed.'

Lucia, having been sent one day with a note from the convent where she had found refuge to a monastery at some little distance, found herself suddenly seized from behind and, regardless of her screams, bundled into a carriage, which drove off at a great pace.

When the carriage stopped, after a long drive, Lucia was hurried into a litter, which bore her up a steep hill to a castle, where she was shut up in a room with an old crone. After a while a resounding

knock was heard on the door, and The Unnamed strode in.

Casting a glance around he discovered Lucia crouched down on the floor in a corner.

"Come, get up!" he said to her.

The unhappy girl raised herself on her knees and raised her hands to him.

"Oh, what have I done to you? Where am I? Why do you make me suffer the agonies of hell? In the name of God——"

"God!" interrupted he; "always God! They who cannot defend themselves must always bring forward this God. What do you expect by this word? To make me——"

"Oh, signor, what can a poor girl like me expect, except that you should have mercy upon me? God pardons so many sins for one deed of mercy. For charity's sake, let

me go ! I will pray for you all my life. Oh, see, you are moved to pity ! Say one word ; oh, say it ! God pardons so many sins for one deed of mercy ! ”

“ Oh, why isn't she the daughter of one of the dogs who outlawed me ? ” thought The Unnamed. “ Then I should enjoy her sufferings ; but instead—— ”

“ Don't drive away a good inspiration ! ” continued Lucia earnestly, seeing a certain hesitation in his face. “ Perhaps some day even you—— But no—no, I will always pray the Lord to keep you from every evil. ”

“ Come, take courage, ” said The Unnamed, with unusual gentleness. “ Have I done you any harm ? To-morrow morning—— ”

“ Oh, set me free now ! ”

“ To-morrow I will see you again. ”

When he left her, the unhappy girl flung herself on her knees. “ O most holy Virgin, ” she prayed, “ thou to whom I have so often recommended myself, and who hast so often comforted me ! Bring me out of this danger, bring me safely to my mother, and I vow unto thee to continue a virgin ! I renounce for ever my unfortunate betrothed, that I may belong only to thee ! ”

About daybreak a confused murmur reached The Unnamed's ear from the valley ; a chiming of bells began to make itself heard ; nearer bells took up the peal, until the whole air rang with the sound. He demanded the cause of all this rejoicing, and was informed that Cardinal Borromeo had arrived and that the festival was in his honour.

He went to Lucia's apartment, and found her still huddled up in a corner, but sleeping. The hag explained that she could not be prevailed upon to go to bed.

“ Then let her sleep. When she wakes, tell her that I will do all she wishes. ”

Leaving the castle with rapid steps, The Unnamed hastened to the village where the cardinal had rested the previous night.

“ Oh, ” cried Federigo Borromeo, “ what a welcome visit is this. You have good news for me, I am sure. ”

“ Good news ! What good news can you expect from such as I ? ”

“ That God has touched your heart, and would make you His own. ”



ALESSANDRO MANZONI was born at Milan, March 7, 1785, and died May 22, 1873. In early manhood he became an ardent disciple of Voltairianism, but after marriage embraced the faith of Rome, and it was in reparation of his early 'lapse' that he composed his first important work, the *Inni Sacri*, a collection of sacred lyrics and a treatise on the Catholic ethic. His first tragedy, *Il Conte di Carmagnola*, appearing in 1819, excited great controversy by its violations of conventions. The death of Napoleon inspired his magnificent lyric *Il Cinque Maggio*. His other works include *Adelchi* and *La Storia della Colonna Infame*. The close of Manzoni's busy life was deeply saddened by domestic sorrows.

“ God ! God ! If I could but see Him. If He be such as they say, what do you suppose that He can do with me ? ”

“ The world has long cried out against you, ” replied Federigo in a solemn voice. “ He can acquire through you a glory such as others cannot give Him. How must He love you, Who has bid me to regard you with a charity that consumes me ! ” So saying, he extended his hand.

“ No ! ” cried the penitent. “ Defile not your hand ! You know not all that the one you would grasp has committed. ”

“ Suffer me to press the hand which will repair so many wrongs, comfort so many afflicted, be extended peacefully and humbly to so many enemies. ”

“ Unhappy man that I am, ” exclaimed the signor, “ one thing, at least, I can quickly arrest and repair. ”

FEDERIGO listened attentively to the relation of Lucia's abduction. “ Ah, let us lose no time ! ” he exclaimed breathlessly. “ This is an earnest of God's forgiveness, to make you an instrument of safety to one whom you would have ruined. ”

IV—In a Lazzaretto

THANKS to his cousin, Renzo was enabled to earn very good wages, and would have been quite content to remain had it not been for his desire to rejoin Lucia. A terrible outbreak of plague in Milan spread to Bergamo, and our friend was among the first to be stricken down, his recovery being due more to his excellent constitution than to any medical skill.

Secure in an *alias*, he set out to the plague-stricken city, which he found in the most deplorable condition. To his horror, he found that Lucia had been taken to the Lazzaretto!

Let the reader imagine the enclosure of the Lazzaretto, peopled with 16,000 persons ill of the plague; the whole area encumbered, here with tents and cabins, there with carts, and elsewhere with people; crowded with dead or dying, stretched on mattresses, or on bare straw; and throughout the whole a commotion like the swell of the sea.

"Oh, blessed Lord!" cried she, trembling violently. "You?"

"How pale you are! You've recovered, though?" exclaimed Renzo.

"The Lord has pleased to leave me here. Ah, Renzo, why are you here?"

"Why? Am I no longer Renzo? Are you no longer Lucia?"

"Ah, what are you saying? Didn't my mother write to you?"

"Ay, that indeed she did. Fine things to offer to an unfortunate, afflicted, fugitive wretch who had never done you wrong."

"But, Renzo, Renzo, you don't think what you're saying! A promise to the Madonna—a vow!"

"And I think better of the Madonna than you do, for I believe she doesn't wish for promises that injure one's fellow-creatures. Promise her that our first daughter shall be called Maria, for that I'm willing to promise, too."

"You don't know what it is to make a vow. Leave me, for Heaven's sake, and think no more about me."

"Listen, Lucia! Fra Cristoforo is here. I spoke with him but a short while ago, while I was searching for you, and he told me that I did right to come and look

for you; and that the Lord would approve my acting so and would surely help me to find you, which has come to pass."

"But if he said so, he didn't know——"

"How should he know of things you've done out of your own head and without the advice of a priest? A good man, as he is, would never think of things of this kind. And he spoke, too, like a saint. He said that perhaps God designed to show mercy to that poor fellow, for so I must now call him, Don Rodrigo, who is now in this place, and waits to take him at the right moment, but wishes that we should pray for him together. Together! You hear? He told me to go back and tell him whether I'd found you. I'm going. We'll hear what he says."

AFTER a while, Renzo returned with Fra Cristoforo. "My daughter," said the father, "did you recollect, when you made that vow, that you were bound by another promise?"

"When it related to the Madonna?"

"My daughter, the Lord approves of offerings when we make them of our own. It is the heart, the will that He desires. But you could not offer the will of another, to whom you were pledged."

"Have I done wrong?"

"No, my poor child. But tell me, have you no other motive that hinders you from fulfilling your promise to Renzo?"

"Nothing else," she whispered.

"Then, my child, you know that the Church has power to absolve you from your vow?"

"But, father, is it not a sin to turn back and repent of a promise made to the Madonna? I made it at the time with my whole heart——" said Lucia, violently agitated by so unexpected a hope.

"A sin? A sin to have recourse to the Church and to ask her minister to make use of the authority which he has received, through her, from God? And if you request me to declare you absolved from this vow, I shall not hesitate to do it; nay, I wish that you may request me."

"Then—then—I do request it!"

In an explicit voice the father then said,

"By the authority I have received from the Church, I declare you absolved from the vow of virginity, and free you from every obligation you may thereby have contracted. Beseech the Lord again for those graces you once besought to make you a holy wife; and rely on it, He will bestow them upon you after so many sorrows."

"Has Renzo told you," Fra Cristoforo continued, "whom he has seen here?"

"Oh, yes, father, he has!"

"You will pray for him. Don't be weary of doing so. And pray also for me."

Some weeks later, Don Abbondio received a visit, as unexpected as it was gratifying, from the marquis who, on Rodrigo's death from the plague, succeeded to his estates.

"I come," said he, "to bring you the compliments of the cardinal archbishop. He wishes to have news of the young betrothed persons of this parish, who had to suffer on account of the unfortunate Don Rodrigo."

"Everything is settled, and they will be man and wife as soon as possible."

"And I request that you be good enough to tell me if I can be of any service to them."

"Since your illustrious lordship is so inclined, there is a service that you might render them. The young man has an order for arrest out against him for some trifling fault he committed in Milan two years ago. A word from a person like yourself is more than necessary to obtain an acquittal."

"Are there not heavy charges against this young man?"

"Pshaw! I don't believe them. They made a great stir about it at the time, but I don't think there's now anything but mere formalities."

"If so, the thing is easy, and I willingly take it upon me."

And here we may safely leave Renzo and Lucia. Their powerful protector easily secured Renzo's pardon, and shortly afterwards they were happily married and settled in Bergamo, where abundant prosperity came to them; and, furthermore, they were blessed with a large family, of whom the first, being a girl, was named Maria.

The Epistolary Art in Classic Days

MARCUS TULLIUS CICERO

THE LETTERS OF CICERO

THE correspondence of the great Roman advocate, statesman and man of letters, preserved by the care of his freedman, Tiro, is the richest and most interesting collection of its kind that exists. The many-sided personality of the writer, his literary charm, the frankness with which he set down his opinions, hopes and anxieties, and the intimate glimpses that we have in these letters of Roman life and manners combine to make Cicero's correspondence perennially attractive. The series began in 68 B.C., when Cicero was 38 years of age, and runs to within a short period from his death in 43 B.C. The 800 letters were addressed to several correspondents, of whom the most frequent and important is Titus Pomponius, surnamed Atticus, whose sister had married Cicero's brother Quintus. Atticus was a wealthy and cultivated man who had lived many years in Athens. He took no side in the perilous politics of the day, but Cicero relied always on his affectionate counsel, and on his ever-ready help in domestic affairs.

To Atticus



THERE is nothing I need so much just now as someone with whom I may discuss all my anxieties, someone who loves me and is prudent, someone with whom I may speak quite frankly and without pretences. My brother, who is

all candour and kindness, is away. Metellus is empty as the air, barren as the desert. And you, who have so often relieved my cares and have always been my support in politics and my confidant in all private affairs, the partner of all my thoughts and plans—where are you?

I am so utterly deserted that I have no other comfort but in my wife and daughter

and dear little Cicero. For those ambitious friendships with great people are all show and tinsel, and contain nothing that satisfies inwardly. Every morning my house swarms with visitors ; I go down to the Forum attended by troops of friends ; but in the whole crowd there is no one with whom I can freely jest, or whom I can trust with an intimate word. It is for you that I wait ; I need your presence.

I have a load of anxieties and troubles, of which, if you could listen to them in one of our walks together, you would go far to relieve me. I have to keep to myself the stings and vexations of my domestic troubles ; I dare not trust them to this letter and to an unknown courier. I don't want you to think them greater than they are, but they worry me, and there is no friendly counsel to alleviate them.

As for the republic, though my courage and will toward it are not diminished, yet it has again and again itself evaded remedy. If I were to tell you all that has happened, you would certainly say that the Roman state must be nearing its fall.

THE Clodian scandal was, I think, the first episode after your departure. On that occasion, thinking that I had an opportunity of cutting down and restraining the licentiousness of the young men, I exerted myself with all my might, and brought into play every power of my mind, not in hostility to an individual, but in the hope of correcting and healing the state. But a venal and profligate verdict in the matter has brought upon the republic the gravest injury. And see what has taken place since.

A consul has been imposed upon us whom no one, unless a philosopher like ourselves, can look at without a sigh. What an injury that is ! Again, although a decree of the senate with regard to bribery and corruption has been passed, no law has been carried through ; and the senate has been harassed beyond endurance and the Roman knights have been alienated. So, in one year, two pillars of the republic, which had been established by me alone, have been overturned ; the authority of the senate has been destroyed and the concord of the two orders has been violated.

To Lucius Luceius, the Historian

56 B.C.

I HAVE often intended to speak to you about the subject of this letter, and have always been restrained by a certain awkward bashfulness. But a letter will not blush ; I can make my request at a distance. It is this : I am incredibly eager, and, after all, there is nothing disgraceful in my eagerness, that the history which you are writing should give prominence to my name, and praise it frequently. You have often given me to understand that I should receive that honour, but you must pardon my impatience to see it actually conferred. I have always expected that your work would be of great excellence, but the part which I have lately seen exceeds all that I had imagined, and has inflamed me with the keenest desire that my career should at once be celebrated in your records. What I desire is not only that my name should go down to future ages, but also that even while I live I may see my reputation endorsed by your high authority.

Of course, I know very well that you are sufficiently occupied with the period on which you are engaged. But, realizing that your account of the Italian and Marian civil wars is almost completed, and that you are already entering upon our later annals, I cannot refrain from asking you to consider whether it would be better to weave my career into the general texture of your work, or to mould it into a distinct episode.

SEVERAL Greek writers have given examples of the latter method ; thus Callisthenes, Timaeus and Polybius, treating respectively of the Trojan war and of the wars of Pyrrhus and of Numantia, detached their narratives of these conflicts from their main treatises ; and it is open to you, in a similar way, to treat of the Catiline conspiracy independently of the main current of your history.

In suggesting this course, I do not suppose that it will make much difference to my reputation ; my point is rather that my desire to appear in your work will be satisfied so much the earlier if you proceed to deal with my affairs separately and by anticipation, instead of

waiting until they arise as elements in the general course of affairs. Besides, by concentrating your mind on one episode and on one person, your matter will be much more detailed and your treatment of it far more elaborate.

I am conscious, of course, that my request is not exactly a modest one. It is to lay a task on you which your occupations may well justify you in refusing; and, again, it is to ask you to celebrate actions which you may not think worthy of so much honour. But having passed beyond the bounds of modesty, I may as well show myself boldly shameless.

Well, then, I implore you repeatedly not only to praise my conduct more warmly than may be justified by your feeling with regard to it, but even, if necessary, to transgress the laws of history. One of your prefaces indicates, most acceptably and plainly, your personal amity; but just as Hercules, according to Xenophon, was incorruptible by pleasure, so you have made a point of resisting the influence of private feeling. I ask you not to resist this partiality; to give to affection somewhat more than truth can afford.

If I can prevail upon you to fall in with my proposal, I am confident that you will find the subject not unworthy of your genius and of your eloquence. The period from the rise of Catiline's conspiracy to my return from banishment should furnish a memoir of moderate size, and the story of my fortunes would supply you with a variety of incident, such as might be made, in your hands, a work of great charm. For these reasons you will best meet my wishes if you make a separate book out of the drama of my life and fortunes.

To Marcus Marius

55 B.C.

IF it was ill health that kept you from coming up to town for the games, I must set down your absence to fortune and not to your own wisdom. But if it was because you despise these shows which the world admires so much, then I congratulate you on your health and your good sense alike. You were left almost alone in your charming country, and I have no doubt that on mornings when the rest of us, half asleep, were sitting out stale

farces, you were reading in your library.

The games were magnificent, but not what you would have cared for. At least, they were far from my taste. In honour of the occasion, certain veteran actors returned to the stage, which they had left long ago, as I imagined, in the interests of their own reputation. My old friend, Aesop, in particular, had failed so much that no one could be sorry he had retired; his voice gave way altogether.

As for the rest of the festival, it was not even so attractive as far less ambitious shows generally are; the pageants were on such an enormous scale that light-hearted enjoyment was out of the question. You need not mind having missed them. There is no pleasure, for instance, in seeing six hundred mules at once in Clytaemnestra, or a whole army of gaily-dressed horse and foot engaged in a theatrical battle. These spectacular effects delight the crowd, but not you. If you were listening to your reader Protogenes, you had more pleasure than fell to any of us.

The big-game hunts, continued through five days, were certainly magnificent. Yet, after all, how can a person of any refinement enjoy seeing a helpless man torn by a wild beast of enormous strength, or a noble animal dying under a spear thrust? If there is anything worth seeing in exhibitions of that kind, you have often seen it; there was nothing new to me in all I saw. On the last day the elephants were brought out, and though the populace were mightily astonished they were not by any means pleased. On the contrary, a wave of pity went through them, and there was an impression that these creatures have something in common with man.

To Atticus, in Rome

Laodicea, 51 B.C.

I REACHED Laodicea on July 31, so you may reckon the year of my government of the province from that date. Nothing could be more eagerly awaited or more warmly welcomed than my arrival. But you would hardly believe how the whole affair bores me. The wide scope of my mind has no sufficient field, and my well known industry is wasted here. Imagine! I administer justice at Laodicea,

while A. Plotius presides in the courts of Rome ! And while our friend is at the head of so great an army, I have, in name only, two miserable legions !

But all that is nothing ; what I miss is the glamour of life, the Forum, the city, my own house, and—you. But I will bear it as best I can, so long as it is for one year only. If my term is extended, it is all over with me. But this may easily be prevented, if only you will stay in Rome.

You ask about my doings. Well, I am living at enormous expense, and am wonderfully pleased with my way of life. My strict abstinence from all extortion, based on your counsels, is such that I shall probably have to raise a loan to pay off what you lent me. My predecessor, Appius, has left open wounds in the province ; I refrain from irritating them. I am writing on the eve of starting for the camp in Lycaonia, and thence I mean to proceed to Mount Taurus to fight Maeragenes. All this is no proper burden for me ; but I will bear it. Only, as you love me, let it not exceed the year !

To Atticus, a Few Days Later

Cilicia

THE couriers of the tax farmers are just going and, though I am actually travelling on the road, I must steal a moment to assure you that I have not forgotten your injunctions. I am sitting by the roadside to jot down a few notes which really need a long letter.

I entered, on July 31, with a most enthusiastic reception, into a devastated and utterly ruined province. During the three days at Laodicea, three at Apamea, and three at Synnada, I heard of nothing but the actual inability of the people to pay the poll tax ; everywhere they had been sold up ; the towns were filled with groans and lamentations. They had been ravaged rather by a wild beast than by a man. They are tired of life itself.

Well, these unfortunate towns are a good deal relieved when they find that neither I, nor my lieutenants, nor quaestor, nor any of my suite, is costing them a penny. I not only refuse to accept forage, which is allowed by the Julian law, but even firewood. We take from them not a single thing except beds and a roof to

cover us ; and rarely so much even as that, for we generally camp out in tents. The result is, we are welcomed by crowds coming out to meet us from the countryside, the villages, the houses, everywhere. By Hercules, the mere approach of your Cicero puts new life into them, such reports have spread of his justice and moderation and clemency ! He has exceeded every expectation.

I hear nothing of the Parthians. We are hastening to join the army, which is two days distant.

To Marcus Caelius Rufus

Asia, 50 B.C.

NOTHING could have been more apt or judicious than your management of the application to the senate for a public thanksgiving to me. The arrangement of the matter has been just what I desired ; not only has it been passed through quickly, but Hirrus, your rival and mine, associated himself with Cato's unbounded praise of my achievements. I have some hope that this may lead to a triumph ; you should be prepared for that.

About public affairs I am more anxious than I can say. I like Curio ; I hope Caesar may prove himself an honourable man ; for Pompey I would willingly give my life ; yet, after all, I love no man so dearly as I love the republic. You do not seem to be taking any very prominent part in these difficulties ; but you are somewhat tied by being at once a good patriot and a loyal friend.

To Atticus, in Rome

Athens, 50 B.C.

I ARRIVED in Athens two days ago on my way home from my province, and received your letter. I have been appalled by what you tell me about Caesar's legions. I beg you, in the name of fortune, to apply all your love for me and all your incomparable wisdom to the consideration of my whole situation. I seem to see a dreadful contest coming, unless some divinity have pity on the republic—such a contest as has never been before. I do not ask you to think of this catastrophe ; after all, it is a calamity for all the world as well as for me.

What I want is that you should go into

my personal dilemma. It was you who advised me to secure the friendship of both parties ; and much I wish that I had attended from the first to your counsels. You persuaded me to embrace the one, because he had done so much for me, and the other, because he was powerful ; and so I engaged the affection of both.

It seemed then quite clear that a friendship with Pompey need involve no wrong to the republic, and that an allegiance to Caesar implied no hostility to Pompey—such, at that time, was their union. But now, as you show and as I plainly see, there will be a duel to the death ; and each, unless one of them is feigning, regards me as his. Pompey has no doubt of it, for he knows that I approve of his political principles. Moreover, I have a letter from each of them, arriving with yours, indicating that neither of them values anyone more than me. What am I to do ?

If the worst comes to the worst, I know what to do. In the case of civil war I am clear that it is better to be conquered with the one than to conquer with the other. But I am in doubt how to meet the questions which will be in active discussion when I arrive—whether he may be a candidate in his absence from Rome, whether he must not dismiss his army, and so on. When the president calls my name in the senate—"Speak, Marcus Tullius !" am I to say, "Please wait until I have had a talk with Atticus" ?

The time for hedging has passed. Shall it be against Caesar ? What then becomes of our pledges to one another ? Or shall I change my political opinions ? I could not face Pompey, nor men and women—you yourself would be the first to reproach me. You may laugh at what I am going to say. How I wish I were even now back in my province ! Though nothing could be more disagreeable.

By the way, I ought to tell you that all those virtues which adorned the early days of my government, which your letters praised to the skies, were very superficial. How difficult a thing is virtue !

To L. Papirius

Rome, 46 B.C.

I AM writing at dinner at the house of Volumnius ; we lay down at three

o'clock ; your friends Atticus and Verrius are to my right and left. Are you surprised that we pass the time of our bondage so gaily ? What else should I do ? Tell me, student of philosophy ! Shall I make myself miserable ? What good would it serve, or how long would it last ?

But you say, 'Spend your days in reading.' As a matter of fact, I do nothing else ; it's my only way to keep alive. But one cannot read quite all day ; and when I have put away my books I don't know any better way of spending the evening than at dinner.

I like dining out. I like to talk without restraint, saying just what comes to my tongue, and laughing care and sorrow from my heart. You are no more serious yourself. I heard how you mocked a grave philosopher when he invited questions ; you said that the question that haunted your mornings was, 'Where shall I dine to-day ?' He thought, poor fool, that you were going to ask whether there was one heaven or many.

I give part of the day to reading or writing ; then, not to shut myself up from my friends, I dine with them. You need not be afraid of my coming ; you will receive a guest of more humour than appetite.

To L. Minucius Basilus

Rome, March, 44 B.C.

MY congratulations ! I rejoice with you ! I love you ! I have your interests at heart ! I pray you love me, and let me know how you are, and what is happening. [Written to one of Caesar's assassins ; apparently, immediately after the event.]

To Atticus

May, 44 B.C.

I SEE I have been a fool to take comfort in the Ides of March. We had indeed the courage of men, but no more wisdom than children have. The tree was cut down, but its roots remained and it is springing up again. The tyrant was removed, but the tyranny is with us still. Let us therefore return to the Tusculan Disputations which you often quote, and study the reasons given in them why death is not to be feared.

ABBE PREVOST
MANON LESCAUT

Abridged by Edgar Preston from the French

WHILE still with the Benedictines of St. Maur, Antoine François Prevost had begun his famous romance, *Memoirs of a Man of Quality Retired from the World*, the first four volumes of which were published in Paris in 1728. During his stay at The Hague he published a sequel in three volumes, one of which, the seventh in the series, contained the immortal *Manon Lescaut*. The book, published in Amsterdam and Paris, was widely read, afterwards mainly in pirated editions as the sale was subsequently forbidden in France. *Manon Lescaut* is quite a brief tale. In its fresh, ingenuous way the book has no equal, and time seems powerless to rob the romance of its perennial charm. Manon herself is one of the most original creations in literature, and she would seem to have sprung from the imagination or the keenly analytical and sympathetic observation of the itinerant romancist who pictured her chequered history with such astute skill.

The Author's Introduction



MY first meeting with the Chevalier des Grieux was at Passy. Seeing a crowd assembled outside an inferior hostelry, I inquired, in vain, what was afoot, until an archer, fully equipped with musket and ammunition, informed me that he and one or two others had inside the house a dozen or so of 'unfortunate' women, whom they were taking to Hâvre-de-Grâce, for shipment to America.

Anxious to see what like were these poor creatures, I dismounted and, leaving my horse with my groom, I pushed my way through the crowd into the inn. The girls were chained together round the waist. One among them inspired me instantly with respect and pity. Very beautiful, for all her distress, and despite the sorry state of her clothing, she was evidently of a class much superior to that of her companions. The archer could tell me nothing about her history. All he knew was that she was to be deported by order of the Chief of Police. "But there," he added, pointing to a corner of the room, "is a young man who might know more than I about her. He has come with us from Paris, in tears all the time. Probably he's her brother or her lover."

When we got into conversation, I discovered at once from the young man's appearance and bearing that he was a

person of birth and education ; indeed, his face was so delicate, so nobly formed, his whole manner so distinguished, that I was strongly attracted. He told me he had followed the party from Paris because, unhappily, his mistress—the girl I had noticed—was among them. He was determined to go with them to America.

Guessing that money would be useful, I gave him four *louis d'or* and, having handed two more to the archers, I had the satisfaction of knowing I had done something to smooth the path of the poor lovers, who interested me singularly. The gratitude and the grace with which the young stranger accepted my assistance touched me deeply.

Nearly two years passed, and I had all but forgotten the incident, when in Calais one day I thought I perceived the same young man whose acquaintance I had made at Passy. He looked to be in poor circumstances and was much paler than when I had seen him last. He was delighted to meet me again, and explained that he was only just returned from America.

"You have treated me so nobly, sir," he said, "that I should feel guilty of base ingratitude were I to hide anything from you. If you will allow me, I will tell you my story."

I took him with me to the 'Golden Lion,' where I was staying ; and here, in his own words, is the tale he told me.

I—The Chevalier des Grieux Begins His Story

AT the age of seventeen I was completing my studies in the philosophy class at Amiens, whither my parents, who belong to one of the foremost families in northern France, had sent me. So excellent was my conduct that I was held up as an example to the whole college. By nature quiet and peaceable, I have towards vice an instinctive aversion which was counted a virtue ; and I worked hard, not from compulsion, but from inclination. With this high reputation, I was in such favour with the bishop that his lordship proposed for me to enter into holy orders, instead of joining the Order of the Knights of Malta, in accordance with my parents' intention.

My chief friend was one Tiberge, a fellow-student several years my senior, who, compelled by lack of means to become an ecclesiastic, worked with great assiduity. He had many admirable qualities ; his true friendship for me, his generosity and devotion were unfailing. Had I but profited by his sage advice I should have been happy all my life.

It was the eve of the holidays. On the morrow I was to go home to my father's house. Strolling through the streets, Tiberge and I saw the Arras coach arrive, and simply out of curiosity, we watched the occupants get down outside a hostelry.

A young girl was one of the last to alight. Hitherto I had never looked at any woman with the slightest interest ; but now I found something so charming about this unknown traveller that on the spot I felt transported with delight. Habitually timid and easily disconcerted, I forgot these failings, and went straight up—I, the model of reserve and propriety !—to the mistress of my heart.

A little older than myself, she was in no way embarrassed when I very politely enquired what had brought her to Amiens, and if she had friends there. She replied that her parents had sent her thither to become a nun. Her companion, an elderly man with the appearance of a confidential servant, was meanwhile engaged in getting her baggage off the coach.

I expressed my infinite regret at hearing she was to hide her beauty behind the

walls of a convent and, love lending me an unaccustomed eloquence, I begged her to let me take her under my protection, promising to save her from parental tyranny and to devote my life to making her happy. Nothing, she declared, would give her greater pleasure, since she disliked the idea of a nunnery ; but how was it to be done ?

While we were talking, her old attendant returned, and to my surprise and delight she calmly explained to him that I was her cousin, whom she was very glad to meet, since it gave us the opportunity of supping together. She would go on to the convent in the morning. Rather reluctantly her travelling companion consented ; so immediately I showed them the way to another inn, kept by a man who had formerly been my father's coachman. I got rid of Tiberge, who knew nothing of what was taking place, by asking him to execute some commission for me.

Without delay, when we were once alone, my charmer and I set about making plans for our future. I promised to have a post-chaise waiting for her near the inn very early on the following morning to take her with me to Paris, where we could get married.

After supper I left her and returned to find Tiberge who, when I told him of my plans, opposed the whole business very strongly. At length, seeing him determined to stop me at any cost, I had to dissemble, promising to do nothing until we had met again next morning.

As day was breaking, Mademoiselle Manon Lescaut—for such was her name—came out of the inn. I put her and her few belongings into the coach beside me, and in an instant we were on our way to Paris. After driving all day we reached Saint-Denis before nightfall. There we forgot to get married, and found ourselves man and wife, without benefit of clergy !

In Paris we took furnished rooms in the Rue V—, next to the house of M. de B—, a well known *fermier-général*.

Our happiness was complete ; but when I discovered that our small capital would not last much longer I grew anxious,

and determined, if I could, to make my peace with my father. Manon was against this plan. She had charge of our common purse, and declared it would last some time longer. When it was exhausted she

would get money from relatives of hers in the country. It was easy to be persuaded by one so charming as she, and I let the matter drop, having full confidence in her love and devotion.

II—Surprise and Disillusion

ONE afternoon I went out, leaving Manon at home. On my return there was some delay before I was admitted. Pressed for the reason, the little maid who waited on us stammered out some foolish excuse, and at last confessed in tears that her mistress had told her not to open the door until Monsieur de B—— had gone out by the other staircase.

In my consternation and astonishment I was at a loss to know what to do, but at length I decided to say nothing about the matter to Manon, trying to persuade myself that there must be some good reason for what seemed so suspicious.

That evening Manon was tenderness itself, but at supper I thought she looked pensive and unhappy, and presently the tears began to flow from her beautiful eyes. In dismay, I strove to comfort her, but in vain. Presently there was a discreet knocking at the door. Manon embraced me, and ran into the inner room.

On opening the door to see who had knocked, I was seized by three men whom I recognized as my father's servants. Explaining that they were acting under orders, and begging me to forgive them for handling me so unceremoniously, two of the fellows held me while the third searched my pockets. They then took me down and put me into a carriage waiting outside. There I found my elder brother. He kissed me affectionately, but said nothing, and we drove fast to Saint-Denis without exchanging a word. Arrived there, my brother consoled me in the kindest terms.

After spending the night at Saint-Denis, we continued our journey homewards. My father scolded me gently for what I had done, and hoped I would be more sensible and prudent in future. I thanked him respectfully for his consideration and his good advice, promising that henceforward my conduct should give him no cause of complaint.

At supper they all rallied me over my Amiens conquest and its sequel, and I took the banter in good part until mention was made of Monsieur de B——. All my suspicions revived; I inquired angrily what this gentleman had to do with my affairs, and was then told, amidst peals of laughter, that I had been duped; that Monsieur de B—— had been on the friendliest terms with Manon almost from the date of our arrival in the Rue V——, and that it was he who, discovering my identity, had informed my father and thus enabled him to kidnap me.

So great was the shock that I fell unconscious. On recovering, plentiful tears came to my relief. My father, regretting his jocularly on perceiving how deeply I was wounded, made all the amends in his power. But when I declared my firm intention of returning immediately to Paris, to kill Monsieur de B——, he told me quite plainly and firmly that I was not to think of leaving the house. I found myself, in fact, a prisoner in the family mansion.

NOT to dwell too long on this period of my story, I will do no more than add (continued the Chevalier) that I remained at home six whole months, closely watched, but in every other respect treated with the utmost consideration and affection. By degrees my peace of mind was restored, until at length I really believed myself cured of my passion for the perfidious Manon. Tiberge came to see me one day, affectionate, devoted as ever. The advice he gave me made a deep impression. Having himself renounced the follies of youth and resolved to devote his whole life to the career of virtue and austerity on which he had entered, my friend urged me to follow his example.

It was decided, with my father's full approval, that I should study, not for the Order of Malta, but for the Church, and should, with Tiberge, enter the

seminary of Saint-Sulpice. For a full year my studies went on there without interruption. Full of zeal, and persuaded that I had a real calling for religion, I worked so perseveringly and with such success that the time came for me to undergo the

test of taking part in a public debate before the School of Theology. Some of my friends were present on my invitation at the Sorbonne to hear the discussion in which, it would seem, I distinguished myself considerably.

III—*Saint-Sulpice and After*

WITH general praises ringing in my ears, I returned to Saint-Sulpice.

A lady, I was informed, awaited me in the parlour. It was Manon, lovelier, more desirable than ever! Curiosity, she told me, had led her to the Sorbonne that afternoon. She had wondered if the 'Abbé des Grieux,' announced to speak, could be the dear friend she had not set eyes on for nearly two years? Now she had come to ask my forgiveness and tell me her love for me was stronger than ever. Rushing into my arms and kissing me with all the old passion, Manon swore she would end her days did I refuse her love. Monsieur de B——, she declared, was nothing to her. I was all her life—without me she could not, would not live!

Will it be credited that within a few minutes—all my noble resolutions forgotten—I had left the seminary, never to return, and was with my Manon in her carriage, which had been waiting at the corner of the street? We resolved, for safety's sake, not to live in Paris, but to go to Chaillot, where, after passing the night at an inn, we found comfortable lodgings on the following day. The sixty thousand francs which represented Manon's capital—I having next to nothing—would, we calculated, last us ten years. Before that time I should be of age, and part of my inheritance would then come to me, as a matter of course.

Manon had a brother in the Bodyguard, and when, in the winter, we took rooms in Paris, finding Chaillot dull and depressing, he, unfortunately, discovered our whereabouts. A coarse, unscrupulous person, Lescaut soon had us more or less at his mercy. Since he lived chiefly by his wits, his extravagances soon made serious demands on Manon's purse.

While we were in Paris one night fire broke out in the house in which we had our apartments in Chaillot. Manon's money, which she kept there, was either

destroyed or stolen. Knowing her love of luxury, I exclaimed bitterly to myself: "I shall lose her again!" Nor was I mistaken.

Meanwhile, I was at my wits' end to know how to repair this loss. Lescaut's opinion was that Manon was capable of maintaining the three of us quite easily—an insolence I was compelled to overlook.

In order to provide the wherewithal for our immediate necessities, I began to frequent, with Lescaut, a gambling house where, after receiving the necessary instruction, I soon became so skilful at manipulating the cards that I seldom left the place without finding myself considerably richer than when I entered it. Indeed, my gains were enough to enable us to live luxuriously. One evening Lescaut invited his sister and me to dinner. When we returned home my valet and Manon's maid were missing, as was the large sum of money I had amassed. All our clothes were gone as well. In a word, we were ruined!

ON Lescaut's advice, I sought the Chief of Police, and informed him of what had occurred. But nothing came of his inquiries. While I was away Manon's worthless brother seized the opportunity to introduce her to a certain Monsieur de G—— M——, an elderly voluptuary who begrudged no expense over his pleasures. Before my return a bargain had been struck between them. Manon was indeed already gone, leaving behind a letter, full of tenderness and devotion, but explaining that sheer necessity had caused her to desert me a second time.

While my rage was at its height Lescaut paid me a visit. Seizing my sword I would have killed him, but he told me he brought a message from Manon, the effect of which was that she was only pretending to sell herself to Monsieur de G—— M——; that so soon as she had in her hands the

splendid jewels and the large sum of money which—in addition to a horse and carriage and servants—he had offered, she would leave him unrewarded, and hurry back to the only man she had ever loved. So, much as I disliked the prospect, we entered into a plot to dupe the new lover. Immediately after supper at his house, at which Manon, her brother and I were present, we escaped with the spoils.

IV—Two Escapes from Prison

I WILL not detain you, Sir (said the Chevalier), with a circumstantial account of how I contrived to get out of Saint-Lazare. Let it suffice that I regained my freedom by intimidating the Reverend Superior, Lescaut having provided me with a pistol. Nor will I prolong my story unduly by describing the means by which I succeeded in setting free my sweet mistress not long afterwards. We sought refuge at the inn at Chaillot, where, being known, we were treated as honoured guests. Neither Manon nor I had any money or any negotiable valuables. Nevertheless, we ordered the best accommodation at our host's disposal, keeping our poverty secret and trusting to chance to put us in funds again.

The next morning I walked into Paris, being too poor to ride, and went straight to my faithful friend Tiberge, who without demur lent me a hundred pistoles. He had heard of my escape from Saint-Lazare, but knew nothing of Manon; so, naturally, I did not enlighten him.

Back at Chaillot, with money in my pocket, I was supremely happy for a time, with Manon as passionate in her endearments as in the first days of our acquaintance.

About this time, to our great astonishment, we received a visit from the son of the Monsieur de G—— M—— who had had us thrown into prison. Having discovered our retreat, he said, he had felt it to be his duty to come and express his regret for the severity of his father's treatment of us. After that he was a frequent visitor. Like his father, he was extremely rich.

It was not long before I perceived that he had become enamoured of Manon. This caused me less surprise than anxiety, for

Without loss of time Monsieur de G—— M—— put the police on our track, to such purpose that within a few days I found myself in Saint-Lazare prison, while Manon was sent to the Hôpital-Général, a place where women of disrepute were confined. The thought of that delicate girl in such a place was torture to me. But before I could help her I must regain first my own liberty.

her beauty might well have turned the head of any man of any age. My mistress, as I soon discovered, was well aware of the impression she had made, and had resolved to profit by it. "G—— M——," she said, "is the son of our bitterest enemy. We must have our revenge on the father through the son's purse. I will listen to what he says, accept his presents, and then fool him!"

And that, in fact, is what she did. Also, she fooled *me* as well! It had been arranged between us that, having run away with young de G—— M——, Manon, after taking all the property she could lay hands on, should slip out and rejoin me at one of the Paris theatres. Instead of coming herself to the *rendezvous*, she sent a very pretty girl—a cast-off *amie* of her new lover's—with a letter, calmly explaining that, since Monsieur de G—— M—— had treated her so generously, it was impossible for her to meet me that night, as we had agreed. She hoped to have the pleasure of seeing me again soon; meantime, I might perhaps find consolation in the company of the bearer of her letter! Not until later did I discover that this cruel, insulting epistle was written by Manon at the dictation of young de G—— M——.

FROM the bearer of Manon's letter I discovered the address of the house where she and her lover were to spend the night. Instantly I went to de T——, one of his friends and ours, who, at my urgent request, sent a letter to de G—— M——, begging him to come and see the writer immediately on a matter of the utmost urgency. By this device Manon's dupe was got out of the house for an hour or two, and once his back was turned, I, after waiting outside, went in and found her.

After my first outburst of indignation, my mistress, affectionate as always and quite unperturbed, set forth the reasons for her action so satisfactorily that she soon appeased me completely.

Then a droll fancy came to me. What if I were to eat the supper prepared for de G—— M——, and spend the night in the bed he had intended to share with Manon! In the morning we could run away together, and our revenge would be complete! Approving the scheme entirely, Manon laughed till the tears ran down her cheeks. But how was it to be done?

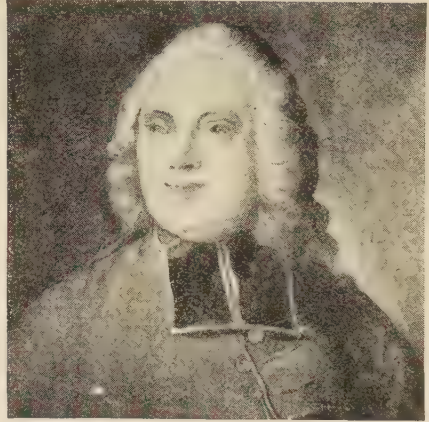
Suddenly I had an idea. Through Lescaut I had got to know several men of the Bodyguard, so I went out and arranged with three of them that, in return for ten pistoles, they should apprehend de G—— M—— and keep him in safe custody till the morning. This they undertook to do. Unluckily for me, the victim of our joke was accompanied by a lackey, who, when he saw what had befallen his master, ran straightway to Monsieur de G—— M—— the elder, and informed him of his son's plight. Further, he told the father, when questioned, of the *liaison* with Manon and the address at which she was to be found.

Manon and I supped together right joyously. We were on the point of going to bed when there appeared at the door our old enemy Monsieur de G—— M——, senior, with a couple of archers. Resistance was out of the question. Before I could reach my sword I was tightly held and helpless. We were taken to the Petit Châtelet, and there were separated, after vowing eternal love and fidelity.

V—The Chevalier's Story Ends

I MUST hurry over the events that followed. Mad with grief at the thought of losing for ever all I held dear in the world, I bought the services of several soldiers, who agreed to help me to ambush the archers conveying Manon to the coast. At the critical moment four of my assistants turned tail and fled. So, instead of fighting the archers, I was forced to make friends with them, and beg permission to accompany them to Hâvre.

This permission I obtained, thanks to the liberal use of the money at my dis-



ANTOINE FRANÇOIS PREVOST D'EXILES, universally known as Abbé Prévost, was born at Hesdin in Artois, April 1, 1697, and educated by the Jesuits there and in Paris. In early manhood he wandered for some years between the cloister and the camp, twice actually joining the army, but in 1720 he joined the Benedictines of St. Maur and spent seven years in his religious duties and in quiet study. About 1727 he escaped to Holland and to England, where he resided for some time in London, and then returning to France in 1735 devoted himself assiduously to literary work, producing altogether well over a hundred works of various kinds. He died suddenly at Chantilly, Nov. 23, 1763.

I had not been long in custody ere my father arrived at the prison. It did not surprise me that he should upbraid his unworthy son in the severest terms, nor that later, relenting a little, he should have promised to do his utmost to secure my early release. This, having conferred with Monsieur de G—— M—— and the Chief of Police, he succeeded in effecting at once. But he refused absolutely to intervene to moderate the sentence passed on my poor Manon, who, I learnt to my horror, was to be sent to America the very next day.

posal, and I had the satisfaction of being able to travel with poor Manon, who was in a pitiable state, and console her somewhat till we reached the coast. But for your generous help, Sir, at Passy I doubt if I should have got so far.

There was no difficulty as to my passage to America. This and my food I received gratis, young men being much needed on the other side as colonists. In due course we arrived at New Orleans, where the Governor and the few inhabitants of this desolate place received us most hospitably.

Manon and I, regarded as man and wife, were allowed to share a small hut.

The Governor was a considerate, amiable man. In a little while I obtained from him a post which enabled us to live in comfort. Unhappily, we conceived the idea of being married, and I went to the Governor to ask his permission. He was quite agreeable; but when his nephew, a young unmarried man named Synnelet, heard that Manon and I were not living in wedlock he—whom her looks had, of course, attracted—immediately put in a claim for her.

Meeting Synnelet outside the town, I told him how offensive his designs on Manon were to me, and a quarrel ensued. Our swords crossed, and it was not long before mine had pierced his body.

Flight was all that was left to Manon and me. Taking with us as much food and liquor as we could conveniently carry, we stole unobserved from our cottage, hoping to meet natives who might guide us to the English settlement not very far away.

After travelling about two leagues Manon, half-dead with fatigue, could go no farther. Night was coming on, so, taking off my clothes, I laid my mistress on them, to protect her body from the hard soil, and

stretched myself beside her. It was nearly dawn when, awakening, I found her hands cold and trembling. Scarce capable of speech, my love could only murmur that she feared her last hour was come. Alas! it was only too true. In a little space Manon had ceased to be.

One whole day I lay beside her, longing for death. Then I bethought me that her poor body must be laid in the earth, lest, after my own breath had passed, she should be devoured by wild beasts. So I dug with my fingers and my sword a deep grave, wherein I placed the idol of my heart. Having filled in the earth, I lay upon it and prayed for my hour to come.

But I was not to die. They found me, to all appearance lifeless, and in time I recovered. Synnelet, who was not seriously injured by my sword thrust, behaved very generously on hearing of the sad fate of Manon. Not only did he secure my pardon, but he had the body of my beloved mistress removed and re-interred in consecrated soil.

It is only a fortnight since I reached *Hâvre-de-Grâce* from New Orleans. My good father, I have learnt, is dead. I have only too much reason to fear that my conduct may have hastened his end.



THE EMBARKATION OF MANON WITH THE DEPORTED WOMEN FOR THE AMERICAS

From the painting by Delort

HENRY HALLAM

EUROPE IN THE MIDDLE AGES

Outlined by A. D. Innes

THE View of the State of Europe During the Middle Ages, commonly known as Hallam's Europe in the Middle Ages, was published by the author in 1818. Hallam was already well known among the literary men of the day, but this was his first important work. It is a study of the period from the appearance of Clovis, the creator of the dominion of the Franks, to the close of the Middle Ages, the arbitrary dividing line being drawn at the invasion of Italy by Charles VIII of France. In this study is included that of the earlier Constitutional History of England, a subject which was further taken up and developed, as from the close of this period, in the later work by the same author (see page 297 of *The World's Great Books*). A reprint of Europe in the Middle Ages is published in a 'students' edition' by John Murray at 9s.

I—France



THE Frankish dominion was established over the Roman province of Gaul by Clovis at the opening of the sixth century. The Merovingian dynasty degenerated rapidly and the power passed into the hands of the Mayors of the Palace—an office which became hereditary with Pepin Héristal and Charles Martel. With the sanction of the pope, the Merovingian king was deposed by Pepin, the son of Charles Martel, who was crowned king and overthrew the Lombard power in Italy.

Pepin was succeeded by Charlemagne, who completed the conquest of the Lombards, carried his arms into Spain as far as the Ebro and extended his power eastwards over the Saxons as far as the Elbe. In his person the Roman Empire was revived, and he was crowned Emperor at Rome on Christmas Day, A.D. 800. The great empire he had built up fell to pieces under his successors, who adopted the disastrous plan of partition amongst brothers.

France fell to the share of one branch of the Carolingians. The Northmen were allowed to establish themselves in Normandy, and Germany was completely separated from France. The Carolingians were replaced by Hugh Capet. The actual royal domain was small, and the kings of the house of Capet exercised little control over their great feudatories until the reign of

Philip Augustus. That crafty monarch drew into his own hands the greater part of the immense territories held by the kings of England as French feudatories.

After a brief interval the craft of Philip Augustus was succeeded by the idealism of St. Louis, whose admirable character enabled him to achieve an extraordinary ascendancy over the imagination of his people. In spite of the disastrous failure of his crusading expeditions, the aggrandisement of the crown continued, especially under Philip the Fair; but the failure of direct heirs after the successive reigns of his three sons placed Philip of Valois on the throne, according to the Salic law of succession, in 1328.

On the pretext of claiming the succession for himself, Edward III began the great French war, which lasted, interrupted by only one regular pacification, for a hundred and twenty years. The brilliant personal qualities of Edward and the Black Prince, the great resources of England and the quality of the soldiery account for the British successes. After the peace of Bretigny these triumphs were reversed, and the English lost their possessions; but when Charles VI ascended the throne disaster followed. France was rent by the rival factions of Burgundy and Orleans.

The troubled reigns of Richard II and Henry IV prevented England from taking advantage of these dissensions; but Henry V renewed the war, winning the

battle of Agincourt in his first campaign and securing the Treaty of Troyes on his second invasion. After his death came that most marvellous revolution wrought by Joan of Arc, and the expulsion of the English from the country.

In France the effect of the war was to strengthen the crown as against the nobility, a process developed by the subtlety of Louis XI. Out of the long contest, in which the diplomatic skill of the king was pitted against the fiery ambitions of Charles of Burgundy, Louis extracted for himself sundry Burgundian provinces. The supremacy of the crown was secured in 1491 when his son, Charles VIII, acquired Brittany by marrying the Duchess Anne.

The essential distinction of ranks in France was found in the possession of land. Besides the national lands, there were lands reserved to the crown, which, under the name of benefices, were bestowed upon personal followers of the king, held more or less on military tenure; and the king's vassals in their turn acquired vassals for themselves by a similar process of sub-infeudation.

On the other hand, freeholders inclined, for the sake of protection, to 'commend themselves,' as the phrase was, to their stronger neighbours, and so to assume the relation of vassal to liege lord. The essential principle was a mutual contract of support and fidelity, confirmed by the ceremonies of homage, fealty and investiture; which conferred upon the lord the right of various reliefs, fines and rights capable of conversion into money payments.

Gentility, now hereditary, was derived from the tenure of land; the idea of it was emphasised by the adoption of surnames and armorial bearings. A close aristocracy was created, somewhat modified by the

right claimed by the king of creating nobles. Below the gentle class were free-men, and the remainder of the population were serfs, or villeins. It was not impossible for villeins to purchase freedom.

Such legislation as there appears to have been was effected by the king, supported by a royal council, or a more general assembly of the barons. It was only by degrees that the royal ordinances came to be current in the fiefs of the greater vassals. It was Philip the Fair who introduced the general assembly of the three estates. This assembly very soon claimed the right of granting and refusing money as well as of bringing forward grievances. The kings of France, however, sought to avoid convocation of the states-general by obtaining grants from provincial assemblies of the three estates.

THE old system of jurisdiction by elected officers was superseded by feudal jurisdiction, having three degrees of power and acting according to recognized local customs, varied by the right to ordeal by combat. The crown began to encroach on these feudal jurisdictions by the establishment of royal courts of appeal; but there also subsisted a supreme court of peers, to whom were added the king's household officers. The peers ceased by degrees to attend this court, while the crown multiplied the councillors of inferior rank, and this body became known as the Parliament of Paris—in effect an assembly of lawyers.

The decline of the feudal system was due mainly to the increasing power of the crown on the one hand and of the lower ranks on the other, more especially from the extension of the privileges of towns. But the feudal principle itself was weakened by the tendency to commute military service for money, enabling the crown to employ paid troops.

II—Italy and Spain

AFTER the disruption of Charlemagne's empire, the imperial title was revived for the German Otto the Great of Saxony. His imperial supremacy was recognized in Italy, but though Italian unity had gone to pieces, his supremacy offended Italy. Still, from the time of Conrad of Franconia the election

of the King of Germany was assumed, at least by him, to convey the sovereignty of Italy.

In the eleventh century Norman adventurers made themselves masters of Sicily and Southern Italy. In Northern Italy, on the other hand, the emperors favoured the development of free cities, owning

only the imperial sovereignty and tending to self-government on republican lines.

The appearance on the scene in the twelfth century of the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa introduced a period characterised by a threefold change—the victorious struggle of the northern cities for independence, the establishment of the temporal sovereignty of the papacy in the middle provinces, and the union of the kingdom of Naples to the dominions of the imperial house. The first quarrels with Milan led to the formation of the Lombard League and a long war, in which the battle of Legnano gave the confederates a decisive victory. The mutual rivalries of the states, however, prevented them from turning this to good account. Barbarossa's grandson, Frederick II, was a child of four when he succeeded to the Swabian inheritance and, through his mother, to that of Sicily.

It was now that the powerful Pope Innocent III so greatly extended the temporal power of the papacy, and that the rival parties of Guefts and Ghibelins, adherents the one of the papacy, the other of the empire, were established as factions in practically every Italian city. When the young Frederick grew up he was drawn into a long struggle with the papacy, which ended in the overthrow of the imperial authority.

From this time the quarrels of Guefts and Ghibelins for the most part became mere family feuds resting on no principles. Charles of Anjou was adopted as papal champion; the republics of the north were in effect controlled by despots for a brief moment. Rome revived her republicanism under the leadership of Rienzi. In the general chaos the principal interest attaches to the peculiar but highly complicated form of democracy developed in Florence, where the old patrician families were virtually disfranchised. Wild and disorderly as was the state of Florence, the records certainly point to the conditions having been far worse in the

cities ruled by the Visconti and their like.

Of all the northern cities Venice achieved the highest political position; isolated to a great extent from the political problems of the cities of Lombardy and Tuscany, she developed her wealth and her commerce by the sea. In effect her government was a close oligarchy, possessed of complete control over elections, which in theory were originally popular. The oligarchy reached its highest and narrowest development with the institution of the famous Council of Ten.

When the Roman empire was tottering, the Visigoths established their dominion in Spain. In 712 Saracen invaders made themselves masters of the greater part of the peninsula. The Christians were driven into the more northern parts and formed a number of small states out of which were developed the kingdoms of Navarre, Leon and Castile, and Aragon. During the thirteenth century great territories were recovered from the Moors, but the advance ceased as the Moors were reduced to the compact kingdom of Granada. In the fourteenth century the struggle for Castile between Pedro the Cruel and his brother established the house of Trastamare on the throne. The crowns of Castile and Aragon were united by the marriage of Isabella and Ferdinand.

THE government of the old Gothic monarchy was through the crown and a council of prelates and nobles. At a comparatively early date, however, the Cortes was attended by deputies from the town, though the number of these was afterwards closely limited.

The principle of taxation through representatives was recognized, and laws could neither be made nor annulled except in the Cortes. This constitutionalism was varied by the claim of the nobles to assume forcible control when matters were conducted in a fashion of which they disapproved.

III—The Great Empire and the Papacy

WHEN the German branch of the Carolingian dynasty became extinct the five German nations—Franconia, Swabia, Bavaria, Saxony and Lorraine—

resolved to make the German kingship elective. For some generations the crown was bestowed on the Saxon Ottos. On the extinction of their house in 1024 it was

succeeded by a Franconian dynasty, which came into collision with the papacy under Pope Gregory VII. On the extinction of this line in 1137, Germany became divided between the partisans of the houses of Swabia and Saxony, the Wibelungs and Welfs—the origin of the Ghibelins and Guelfs. The Swabian house, the Hohenstauffen, gained the ascendancy in the person of Frederick Barbarossa.

The rule of the Swabian house is most intimately connected with Italian history. In the thirteenth century the principle that the right of election of the emperor lay with seven electors was apparently becoming established. These were the archbishops of Mentz, Trèves and Cologne, the Duke of Saxony, the Count Palatine of the Rhine, the King of Bohemia and the Margrave of Brandenburg. In all other respects, however, several other dukes or princes were at least on an equality with the electors.

IN 1272 the election fell on the capable Rudolph of Hapsburg, and for some time after this the emperors were chosen from the houses of Austria, Bavaria, or Luxemburg. A preponderating authority was given to the electors by the Golden Bull of Charles IV in 1355. The power of the emperor as against the princes was increased, as that of the latter was counterbalanced, by the development of free cities. Considerable reforms were introduced at the close of our period, mainly by Maximilian.

Throughout the early Middle Ages the Church acquired enormous wealth and Church lands were free from taxation. It was not till a comparatively late period that the payment of tithes was enforced by law. Not infrequently the Church was despoiled by violence, but the balance was more than recovered by fraud. By the time of Charlemagne the clergy were almost exempt from civil jurisdiction and held practically an exclusive authority in matters of religion. The state, however, maintained its temporal supremacy.

It was under Gregory the Great that the papacy acquired its great supremacy over the provincial churches. As the power of the Church grew after the death of Charlemagne, partly from the inclination of weak

kings to lean on ecclesiastical support, the papal claims to authority developed, and began to be maintained by the penalties of excommunication and interdict.

A PERIOD of extreme laxity in the tenth century was to be brought to a close in the eleventh, partly by the pressure brought to bear on the papacy by the Saxon emperors, but still more by the ambitious resolution of Gregory VII. This remarkable man was determined to assert the complete supremacy of the Holy See over all secular powers. He refused to recognize the right of secular princes to make ecclesiastical appointments within their own dominions, and he emphasised the distinction between the priesthood, as a caste having divine authority, and the laity by enforcing with the utmost strictness the ecclesiastical law of celibacy.

In the contest between Gregory and the emperor it seemed for a moment as if the secular power had won the victory; but, in fact, throughout the twelfth century the claims which Gregory had put forward were becoming practically effective. These papal pretensions reached their climax in the great Pope Innocent III, who asserted with practical success the right to pronounce absolutely on all disputes between princes, or between princes and their subjects, and to depose those who rejected his authority. Throughout the thirteenth century Rome was once more mistress of the world.

AT last, however, the papal aggressor met his match in Philip the Fair. When Boniface VIII died, his successors first submitted to the French monarchy and then became its nominees, while they resided at Avignon virtually under French control. The restoration of the Pontificate to Rome, in 1375, was shortly followed by the great schism. For some years there were two rival popes, each of whom was recognized by one or the other half of Western Christendom. This was terminated by the Council of Constance, which incidentally affirmed the supremacy of general councils over the pope. The following council at Basel was distinctly anti-papal; but the papacy had the better of the contest.

IV—England

THE Anglo-Saxon polity limited the succession of the crown to a particular house, but allowed a latitude of choice within that house. The community was divided into thanes or gentry, ceorls or freemen, and serfs.

The Norman conquest involved a vast confiscation of property and the exclusion of the native English from political privileges. That the government was extremely tyrannical is certain. The crown derived its revenues from feudal dues, customs duties, tallages—that is, special charges on particular towns—and the war tax, called the *danegelt*; all, except the first, being arbitrary taxes. The violence of King John led to the demand of the barons for the great Charter, the keystone of English liberty, securing the persons and property of all freemen from arbitrary imprisonment or spoliation.

The reign of Edward I forms an epoch. The confirmation of the charters put an end to all arbitrary taxation; and the type of the English parliament was fixed. In the great councils the prelates and the greater barons had assembled. A system of representation is definitely formulated in Montfort's parliament of 1265. Whether the knights were elected by the freemen of the shire or only by the tenants in chief is not clear. Many towns were self-governing—independent, that is, of local magnates—under charters from the crown. Montfort's parliament is the first to which towns sent representatives. Edward established the practice in his model parliament; probably in order to ensure that his demands for money from the towns might, in appearance at least, receive their formal assent.

Parliament was not definitely divided into two houses until the reign of Edward III. In this reign the commons succeeded in establishing the illegality of raising money without consent; the necessity that the two houses should concur for any alterations in the law; and the right of the commons to inquire into public abuses and to impeach public councillors.

In the next reign the commons asserted the right of examining the public expendi-

ture. Moreover, the parliaments more openly and boldly expressed resentment at the acts of the king's ministers, and claimed rights of control. For a time, however, the king secured supremacy by a *coup d'état*, which, in turn, brought about his deposition and the accession of Henry IV, despite the absurd weakness of his title to the inheritance of the crown.

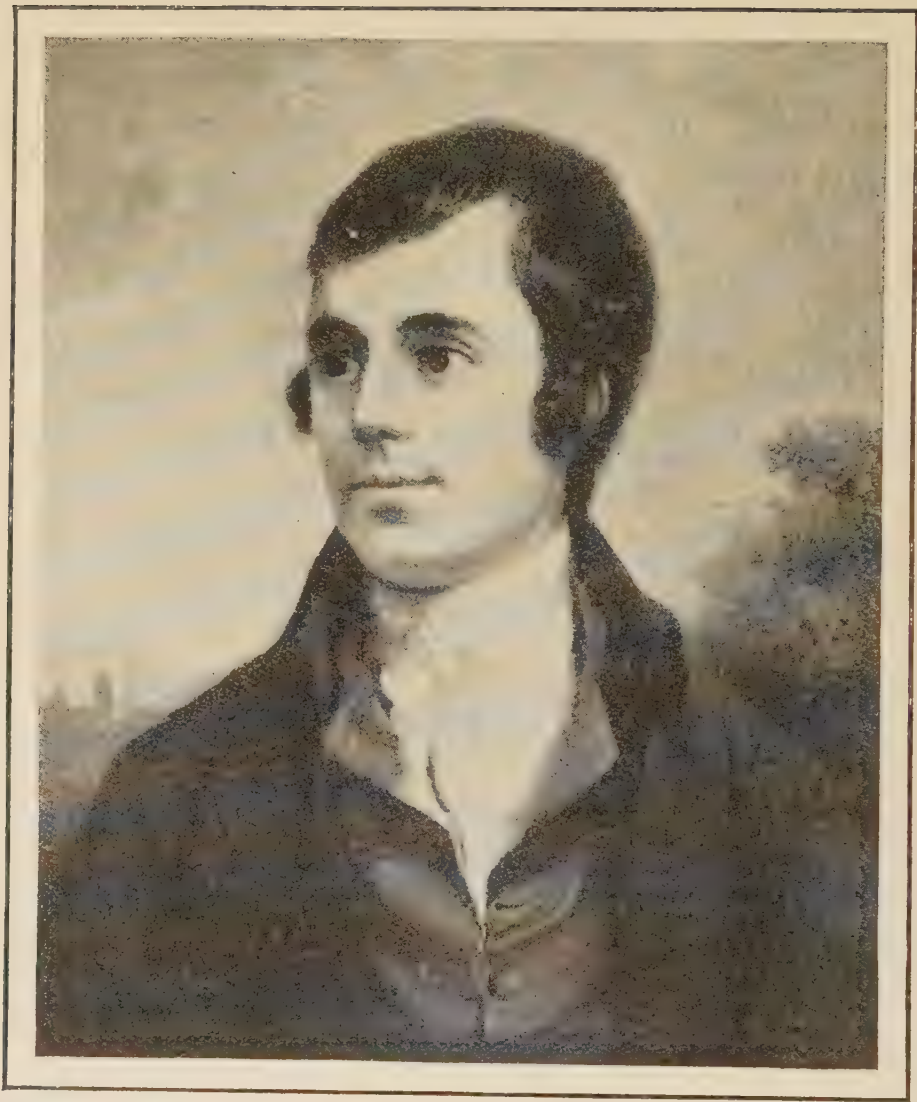
The rights thus acquired develop until the Wars of the Roses. Notably, redress of grievances becomes the condition of supply; and the inclination of the crown to claim a dispensing power is combated.

This continues during the minority of Henry VI; but the revival of dissatisfaction with the government leads to a renewed activity in the practice of impeachments; and parliament begins to display a marked sensitiveness on the question of its privileges. The commons further definitely express their exclusive right of originating money bills.

So far, the essential character of our constitution appears to be a monarchy, greatly limited by law, but swerving continually into irregular courses, which there was no constraint adequate to correct. There is absolutely no warrant for the theory that the king was merely a hereditary executive magistrate, the first officer of the state. The special advantage enjoyed by England lay in the absence of an aristocracy with interests antagonistic to those of the people.

The process by which the villein became a hired labourer is obscure, and an attempt was made to check it by the Statute of Labourers at the time of the Black Death. This was followed by the peasants' revolt of 1382, which corresponded to the far worse horrors of the French *Jacquerie*. Sharply though this was suppressed, the real object of the rising seemed to have been accomplished.

Of the period of the Wars of the Roses, it is here sufficient to say that it established the principle embodied in a statute of Henry VIII, that obedience to the *de facto* government is not to be punished on the ground that that government is not also *de jure*.



Robert Burns (1759-1796) was a native of the parish of Alloway, in Ayrshire, and was born of peasant-farmer stock. In his youth he eagerly devoured all the books that came his way, and when about sixteen years old 'first committed,' to use his own phrase, 'the sin of rhyme,' in the song Handsome Nell, written in honour of a harvest partner. It was when he attained the age of twenty-five that the exceptional potency of his genius manifested itself in a pure outpouring of lyrical verse. Robert Burns is the peculiar glory of Scotland. There never was poet at once so local and so universal in his appeal. Himself, he tells us that the poetic spirit of his country bade him sing the loves, the joys, the rural scenes and rural pleasures of his old native soil in his native tongue, and he tuned his artless notes as she inspired. He brought the quality of pity into poetry and stirred it in the hearts of men when the shadow of dissension lay over the land; in all his work there is a wistfulness that goes straight to the heart. This portrait, by Nasmyth, is in the National Portrait Gallery.

JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART

THE LIFE OF ROBERT BURNS

JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART'S forte was biography, and his life of Scott (see page 727 of *The World's Great Books*) ranks beside Boswell's Life of Johnson (see page 105). The Life of Robert Burns was published first in Constable's Miscellany in 1823, when the whole impression was exhausted in six weeks, and the great biography passed through five editions before the death of the author. Though many lives of Burns have appeared since, several of them containing details unknown to Lockhart, his biography is in many respects the best we possess, and is never likely to be superseded, because throughout the book there is perfect understanding and feeling of Burns's genius and character. The work was completed while Lockhart was editor of *The Quarterly Review*, a position which he occupied with high distinction for many years, bringing to that journal, as he did, a wider and deeper sympathy with the fortunes of genius than it had known during the tenure of William Gifford. An edition of Lockhart's Life of Robert Burns in one volume is included in Everyman's Library.

I—The Poet in the Making



ROBERT BURNS was born on January 25, 1759, in a clay cottage at Alloway, two miles south of Ayr, and near the 'auld brig o' Doon.' His father, William Burnes, or Burness—for so he spelt his name—was from Kincardineshire. When Robert was born he had the lease of a seven-acre croft, and had intended to establish himself as a nurseryman. He was a man of notable character and individuality, immortalised by his son as 'the saint, the father and the husband of The Cottar's Saturday Night.' 'I have met with few,' said Burns, 'who understood men, their manners and their ways, equal to my father.' Agnes Brown, the poet's mother, is described as a very sagacious woman, with an inexhaustible store of ballads and traditionary tales, upon which she nourished Robert's infant imagination, while her husband attended to 'the weightier matters of the law.'

While Burns was between six and seven, his father removed to the farm of Mount Oliphant, two miles from the Brig o' Doon. But the soil was poor, and the factor—afterwards pictured in *The Twa Dogs*—so harsh and unreasonable that the tenant was glad to quit. In 1777 he removed about ten miles to the larger and better farm of Lochlea, in the parish of Tarbolton. Here, after a short interval of prosperity, some trouble arose about the conditions of the lease. The dispute involved William

Burnes in ruin, and he died broken-hearted in February 1784.

Meanwhile, at the age of six, Robert, with his brother Gilbert, was learning to read, write and sum under the direction of John Murdoch, an itinerant teacher, who has left a description of his pupil.

'Gilbert always appeared to me to possess a more lively imagination,' says Murdoch, 'and to be more of the wit, than Robert. I attempted to teach them a little church music. Here they were left far behind by all the rest of the school. Robert's ear, in particular, was remarkably dull, and his voice untunable. It was long before I could get them to distinguish one tune from another. Robert's countenance was generally grave and expressive of a serious, contemplative and thoughtful mind. Gilbert's face said, Mirth, with thee I mean to live; and, certainly, if any person who knew the two boys had been asked which of them was the more likely to court the muses, he would never have guessed that Robert had a propensity of that kind.'

When Murdoch left the district, the father himself continued to instruct the boys; but when Robert was about thirteen he and Gilbert were sent 'week about, during a summer quarter,' to the parish school of Dalrymple. The good man could not pay two fees, or his two boys could not be spared at the same time from the farm!

'We lived very poorly,' says the poet. 'I was a dexterous ploughman for my age; and the next eldest to me was a brother [Gilbert], who could drive the plough very well, and help me to thrash the corn. A



THE COTTAGE AT ALLOWAY, WHERE BURNS WAS BORN

novel-writer might perhaps have viewed these scenes with some satisfaction, but so did not I.

Burns's person, inured to daily toil and continually exposed to every variety of weather, presented, before the usual time, every characteristic of robust and vigorous manhood. He says himself that he never feared a competitor in any species of rural exertion; and Gilbert, a man of uncommon bodily strength, adds that neither he, nor any labourer he ever saw at work, was equal to him, either in the cornfield or on the thrashing-floor.

Before his sixteenth year Burns had read a large amount of literature. But a collection of songs, he says significantly, 'was my *vade mecum*. I pored over them, driving my cart, or walking to labour, song by song, verse by verse; carefully noticing the true, tender, or sublime from affectation or fustian.' It was about this date that he first 'committed the sin of rhyme.' The subject was a 'bewitching creature,' a field worker, and the song was that beginning 'Once I loved a bonnie lass.'

After this, though much occupied with labour and love, he found leisure occasionally to clothe the various moods of his mind in verse. It was as early as seventeen that he wrote the stanzas which open beautifully, 'I dream'd I lay where flowers were springing,' and also the ballad, 'My father was a farmer upon the Carrick border,' which, years afterwards, he used to con over with delight, because of the faithfulness with which it recalled to him the circumstances and feelings of his opening manhood.

These are the only two of his very early productions in which there is nothing expressly about love. The rest were composed to celebrate the charms of those rustic beauties who followed each other in the domain of his fancy, or shared the capacious throne between them. The excursions of the rural lover form the theme of almost all the songs which Burns is known to have produced about this period; and such of these juvenile performances as have been preserved are beautiful. They show how powerfully his

boyish fancy had been affected by the old rural minstrelsy of his own country, and how easily his native taste caught the secret of its charm.

In 1781, despairing of farming, he went to Irvine to learn flax-dressing with a relative. He was diligent at first, but misfortune soon overtook him. The shop caught fire, and he 'was left, like a true poet, not worth a sixpence.'

Gilbert Burns dates a serious change in his character and conduct from this six months' residence in the seaport town. 'He contracted,' he says, 'some acquaintance of a freer manner of thinking than he had been accustomed to, whose society prepared him for overleaping the bounds of rigid virtue which had hitherto restrained him.'

He had certainly not come unscathed out of the society of those persons of

'liberal opinions' with whom he con-sorted in Irvine; and he expressly attributes to their lessons the scrape into which he fell soon after 'he put his hand to plough again.' He was compelled, according to the then all but universal custom of rural parishes in Scotland, to do penance in church, before the congregation, in consequence of the birth of an illegitimate child.

But not the amours, nor the tavern, nor drudging manual labour could keep him long from his true calling. 'Rhyme,' he says, 'I had given up [on going to Irvine], but meeting with Fergusson's Scottish Poems, I strung anew my wildly sounding lyre with emulating vigour.' It was probably this accidental meeting with Fergusson that in a great measure finally determined the Scottish character of his poetry.

II—The Loves of a Peasant Poet

JUST before their father's death, Robert and Gilbert took the cold and ungrateful farm of Mossgiel, Mauchline, to which the family now removed.

The four years of Burns's connexion with this place were the most important of his life. It was then that his genius developed its highest energies; on the works produced in these years his fame was first established, and must ever continue mainly to rest; it was then also that his personal character came out in all its brightest lights, and in all but its darkest shadows; and indeed from the commencement of this period the history of the man may be traced, step by step, in his own immortal writings.

Burns now began to know that nature had meant him for a poet; and diligently, though as yet in secret, he laboured in what he felt to be his destined vocation. He was never more productive than at this time, when he wrote such skits on the kirk and its associates as *The Twa Herds* (pastors), *Holy Willie's Prayer*, *The Holy Fair*, and *The Ordination*. *Hallowe'en*, a descriptive poem, perhaps even more exquisitely wrought than *The Holy Fair*, also belongs to the Mossgiel period, as does an even more notable effort.

Burns had often remarked to his brother that there was something peculiarly vener-

able in the phrase, 'Let us worship God,' used by a decent, sober head of a family introducing family worship. To this sentiment we are indebted for *The Cottar's Saturday Night*, the hint of the plan and title of which were taken from Fergusson's *Farmer's Ingle*.

It is, perhaps, of all Burns's pieces, the one whose exclusion from the collection, were such a thing possible nowadays, would be the most injurious, if not to the genius, at least to the character of the man. In spite of many feeble lines and some heavy stanzas, it appears to me that even his genius would suffer more in estimation by being contemplated in the absence of this poem than of any other single performance he has left us. Loftier flights he certainly has made, but in these he remained but a short while on the wing, and effort is too often perceptible; here the motion is placidly undulating.

Burns's art had now reached its climax; but it is time to revert more particularly to his personal history. In this his loves very nearly occupy the chief place. That they were many, his songs prove; for in those days he wrote no love songs on imaginary heroines. *Mary Morison*, *Behind yon Hills where Lugar Flows*, and *On Cessnock Banks there Lives a Lass*, belong to this date: and there are three or

four inspired by Mary Campbell—'Highland Mary'—the object of by far the deepest passion Burns ever knew, a passion which he has immortalised in the noblest of his elegiacs, *To Mary in Heaven*.

Farming had, of course, to engage his attention as well as love-making, but he was less successful in the one than in the other. The first year of Mossiel, from buying bad seed, the second from a late harvest, he lost half his crops. In these circumstances, he thought of proceeding to the West Indies.

Presently he had further cause for contemplating an escape from his native land. Among his 'flames' was one Jean Armour, the daughter of a mason in Mauchline, where she was the reigning toast. Jean found herself 'as ladies wish to be that

love their lords.' Burns's worldly circumstances were in a most miserable state when he was informed of her condition, and he was staggered. He saw nothing for it but to fly the country at once.

Meanwhile, meeting Jean, he yielded to her tears, and gave her a written acknowledgment of marriage, valid according to Scottish law. Her father's wrath was not appeased thereby. Burns, confessing himself unequal to the support of a family, proposed to go immediately to Jamaica in search of better fortunes. He offered, if this were rejected, to abandon his farm, and earn at least bread for his wife and children as a day labourer at home. But nothing would satisfy Armour who, in his indignation, made his daughter destroy the written evidence of her 'marriage.'

III—Burns at His Zenith

SUCH was his poverty that he could not satisfy the parish officers; and the only alternative that presented itself to him was America or a gaol. A situation was obtained for him in Jamaica, but he had no money to pay his passage. It occurred to him that the money might be raised by publishing his poems; and a first edition, printed at Kilmarnock in 1786, brought him nearly £20, out of which he paid for a passage from the Clyde.

'My chest was on the road to Greenock,' he tells; 'I had composed the last song I should ever measure in Caledonia, The Gloomy Night is Gathering Fast, when a letter from Dr. Blacklock to a friend of mine overthrew all my schemes, by opening new prospects to my poetic ambition.'

Blacklock, the blind divine upon whom Johnson 'looked with reverence,' had read the newly published poems, and it was his praise of them that directly prevented Burns from expatriating himself. 'His opinion that I would meet with encouragement in Edinburgh fired me so much that away I posted for that city, without a single acquaintance, or a single letter of introduction. The baneful star that had so long shed its blasting influence in my zenith for once made a revolution to the nadir.'

In Edinburgh, which Burns reached in November 1786, he was introduced by Blacklock to all the *literati*, and within a

fortnight he was writing to a friend: 'I am in a fair way of becoming as eminent as Thomas à Kempis or John Bunyan; and you may expect to see my birthday inscribed among the wonderful events in the Poor Robin and Aberdeen Almanacks, along with the Black Monday and the Battle of Bothwell Bridge.'

But he bore his honours in a manner worthy of himself. 'The attentions he received,' says Dugald Stewart, 'from all ranks and descriptions of persons were such as would have turned any head but his own. I cannot say that I could perceive any unfavourable effect which they left on his mind.' Scott, then a lad of fifteen, met him, and wrote a vivid description of his appearance:

'His person was strong and robust; his manners rustic, not clownish; a sort of dignified plainness and simplicity, which received part of its effect, perhaps, from one's knowledge of his extraordinary talents. His features are represented in Mr. Nasmyth's picture, but to me it conveys the idea that they are diminished as if seen in perspective. I think his countenance was more massive than it looks in any of the portraits.

'I would have taken the poet, had I not known what he was, for a very sagacious country farmer of the old Scotch school—i.e. none of your modern agriculturists, who keep labourers for their drudgery, but the *douce gude* man who held his own plough. There was a strong expression of sense and shrewdness in all his lineaments; the eye alone, I think, indicated the poetical character and temperament. It was

large, and of a dark cast, which glowed (I say literally *glowed*) when he spoke with feeling or interest. I never saw such another eye in a human head, though I have seen the most distinguished men of my time.

His conversation expressed perfect self-confidence, without the slightest presumption. He was like a farmer dressed in his best to dine with the laird. I do not speak *in malam partem* when I say I never saw a man in company with his superiors in station and information more perfectly free from either the reality or the affectation of embarrassment. I was told that his address to females was extremely deferential, and always with a turn either to the pathetic or humorous, which engaged their attention particularly. I have heard the late Duchess of Gordon remark this.

It needs no effort of imagination to conceive what the sensations of an isolated set of scholars, almost all either clergymen or professors, must have been in the presence of this big-boned, brawny stranger, with his great flashing eyes, who had forced his way among them from the plough-tail at a single stride; and it will always be a reflection in their honour that they suffered no pedantic prejudices to interfere with their reception of the poet.

IV—*The Clarinda Romance*

DURING the winter of 1787—1788, he had a little romance with Mrs.

McLehose, the beautiful widow to whom he addressed the song, *Clarinda, Mistress of My Soul*, and a series of letters which present more instances of bad taste, bombastic language and fulsome sentiment than could be produced from all his writings besides. It was the same lady who inspired the lines which furnished Byron with a motto, and Scott declared to be 'worth a thousand romances':

Had we never loved sae kindly,
Had we never loved sae blindly,
Never met—or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

At this time the publication of Johnson's *Scots Musical Museum* was going on in Edinburgh; and Burns, being enlisted as a contributor, furnished many of his best songs to that work. From his youth upwards he had been an enthusiastic lover of the old minstrelsy and music of his country; but he now studied both subjects with better opportunities and appliances than he could have commanded

Shortly after his arrival he arranged with Creech, the chief bookseller in Edinburgh, to undertake a second edition of his poems. This was published in March 1787, the subscribers numbering over 1,500. Out of money thus derived, he provided a tombstone for the neglected grave of Robert Fergusson, his 'elder brother in the muses,' in the Canongate churchyard.

Then he decided to visit some of the classic scenes of Scottish history and romance. He had as yet seen but a small part of his own country, and this by no means among the most interesting, until, indeed, his own poetry made it equal, on that score, to any others. Various tours were, in fact, undertaken, the chief being, however, in the Border district and in the Highlands. Usually he returned to Edinburgh, partly to be near his jovial intimates, and partly because, after the excitement attending his first appearance in the capital, he found himself incapable of settling down contentedly in the humble circle at Mossgiel.

previously; and it is from this time that we must date his ambition to transmit his own poetry to posterity, in eternal association with those exquisite airs which had hitherto, in far too many instances, been married to verses that did not deserve to be immortal.

Later, beginning in 1792, he wrote about sixty songs for George Thomson's collection, many of which, like Auld Lang Syne and Scots Wha Hae, are in the front rank of popularity. The letters he addressed to Thomson are full of interesting detail of various kinds. In one he writes:

'Until I am complete master of a tune in my own singing, such as it is, I can never compose for it. My way is this. I consider the poetic sentiment correspondent to my idea of the musical expression—then choose my theme—compose one stanza. When that is composed, which is generally the most difficult part of the business, I walk out, sit down now and then, look out for objects in nature round me that are in unison or harmony with the cogitations of my fancy and workings of my bosom, humming every now and then the air with the verses I have framed. When I feel my muse beginning to jade, I retire to the solitary fireside of my study

and there commit my effusions to paper; swinging at intervals on the hind legs of my elbow-chair, by way of calling forth my own critical strictures, as my pen goes. Seriously this, at home, is almost invariably my way.'

But to return. During his second winter in Edinburgh, Burns met with a hackney coach accident which kept him to the house for six weeks. While in this state he learnt from Mauchline that his intimacy with Jean Armour had again exposed her to the reproaches of her family. The father sternly turned her out of doors, and Burns had to arrange about a shelter for her and his children in a friend's house.

In the meantime, through the influence of some sympathisers, he had been appointed an officer of excise. 'I have chosen this,' he wrote, 'after mature deliberation. It is immediate bread and, though poor in comparison of the last eighteen months of my existence, 'tis luxury in comparison of all my preceding life.' However, when he settled finally with Creech about his poems, he found himself with between £500 and £600; and he retained his excise commission as a *dernier ressort*, to be used only if a reverse of fortune rendered it necessary.

He decided now to exchange Mossgiel for Ellisland farm, about six miles from Dumfries. As soon as he was able to leave Edinburgh, he had hurried to Mossgiel and gone through a justice-of-peace marriage with Jean Armour. Burns, with all his faults, was an honest and a high-spirited man, and he loved the mother of his children. Had he hesitated to make her his wife, he must have sunk into the callousness of a ruffian, or that misery of miseries, the remorse of a poet.

Some months later he writes that his marriage 'was not, perhaps, in consequence of the attachment of romance, but I have no cause to repent it. If I have not got polite tattle, modish manners and fashionable dress, I am not sickened and disgusted with the multiform curse of boarding-school affectation; and I have got the handsomest figure, the sweetest temper, the soundest constitution and the kindest heart in the country.'

It was during the honeymoon, as he calls it, that he wrote the beautiful O' a' the Airts the Wind can Blaw. He used to say that the happiest period of his life was the first winter at Ellisland, with wife and children around him. It was then that he



THE RIVER NITH NEAR DUMFRIES, WHERE BURNS WALKED

wrote, among other songs, John Anderson, my Jo, Tam Glen, My Heart's in the Highlands, Go Fetch Me a Pint of Wine, and Willie Brewed a Peck o' Maut.

But the 'golden days' of Ellisland were short. Burns's farming speculations once more failed, and he had to take up his excise commission. 'I am now,' says he, 'a poor rascally gauger, condemned to gallop two hundred miles every week to inspect dirty ponds and yeasty barrels.'

Both in prose and verse he has recorded the feelings with which he first followed his new vocation, and his jests on the subject are uniformly bitter. It was a vocation which exposed him to temptations of the kind he was least likely to resist. His extraordinary conversational powers led him into peril wherever he went. If he entered an inn at midnight, after all the inmates were in bed, the news of his

arrival circulated from the cellar to the garret; and ere ten minutes had elapsed, the landlord and his guests were assembled round the ingle; the largest punch-bowl was produced; and 'Be ours this night—who knows what comes to-morrow?' was the language of every eye in the circle that welcomed him.

At home, too, lion-gazers from all quarters beset him; they ate and drank at his cost, and often went away to criticise him and his fare, as if they had done Burns and his black bowl great honour in condescending to be entertained for a single evening with such company. Among others who called on him was Captain Grose, the antiquary, and it is to this acquaintance that we owe Tam o' Shanter, that masterpiece of the humorous and eerie, which Burns believed to be the best of all his productions.

V—Closing Years of the Poet's Life

TOWARDS the close of 1791 he gave up his farm and, procuring an excise appointment to the Dumfries division, removed to the county town. His moral course from this time was downwards. 'In Dumfries,' says Heron, speaking from personal knowledge, 'his dissipation became still more deeply habitual. He was here exposed more than in the country to be solicited to share the riot of the dissolute and idle.'

In how far the 'thoughtless follies' of the poet did actually hasten his end, it is needless to conjecture. They had their share, unquestionably, along with other influences which it would be inhuman to characterise as mere follies.

In these closing years of his life he had to struggle constantly with pecuniary difficulties, than which nothing could have been more likely to pour bitterness intolerable into the cup of his existence. His lively imagination exaggerated to itself every real evil; and this among, and perhaps above, all the rest; at least, in many of his letters we find him alluding to the probability of his being arrested for debts, which we now know to have been of very trivial amount.

In 1795 he was greatly upset by the death, in his absence, of his youngest child. Writing in January 1796, he says: 'I had

scarcely begun to recover from that shock when I became myself the victim of a most severe rheumatic fever, and long the die spun doubtful, until, after many weeks of a sick-bed, it seems to have turned up life, and I am beginning to crawl across my room, and once indeed have been before my own door in the street.'

But a few days after this Burns was so imprudent as to join a festive circle at a tavern dinner, where he remained till about three in the morning. The weather was severe, and he, being too much intoxicated, took no precaution in thus exposing his debilitated frame to its influence. It has been said that he fell asleep upon the snow on his way home. The result was an acute return of his rheumatism, and his health gradually got worse. He went to the Solway for sea-bathing, but came back to Dumfries 'visibly changed in his looks, being with difficulty able to stand upright and reach his own door.'

It soon became known that he was dying, and the anxiety, not of the rich and the learned only, but of the mechanics and peasants, exceeded all belief. Wherever two or three people stood together their talk was solely of Burns. His good humour was unruffled, and his wife never forsook

him ; but he repressed with a smile the hopes of his friends and told them he had lived long enough. The fever increased, and his strength diminished, and he died on July 21, 1796.

His funeral, attended by ten or twelve thousand people, was an impressive and mournful sight. The grave was at first covered by a plain tombstone ; but a costly mausoleum was subsequently erected on the most elevated site which the churchyard presented. Thither the remains of the poet were solemnly transferred on June 5, 1815.

IT requires a graver audacity of hypocrisy than falls to the share of most men to declaim against Burns's sensibility to the tangible cares and toils of his earthly condition ; there are more who venture on broad denunciations of his sympathy with the joys of sense and passion.

That some men in every age will comfort themselves in the practice of certain vices by reference to particular passages both in the history and in the poetry of Burns, there is all reason to fear ; but surely the general influence of both is calculated, and has been found, to produce far different effects. The universal popularity which his writings have all along enjoyed among one of the most virtuous of nations is of itself a decisive circumstance.

On one point there can be no controversy : the poetry of Burns has had most powerful influence in reviving and strengthening the national feelings of his countrymen. Amidst penury and labour his youth fed on the old minstrelsy and traditional glories of his nation, and his genius divined that what he felt so deeply must belong to a spirit that could not be extinguished.

Burns 'knew his own worth, and revered the lyre.' But he ever announced himself as a peasant, the representative of his class, the painter of their manners, inspired by the same influences which ruled their bosoms ; and whosoever sympathised with his verse had his soul opened for the moment to the whole family of man.

Short and painful as were his years, Burns has left behind him a volume in which there is inspiration for every fancy and music for every mood ; which lives 'to soothe,' as a generous lover of genius has said, 'the sorrows of how many a lover, to inflame the patriotism of how many a soldier, to fan the fires of how many a genius, to disperse the gloom of solitude, appease the agonies of pain, encourage virtue, and show vice its ugliness.' In this volume, centuries hence as now, wherever a Scotsman may wander he will find the dearest consolation of his exile.



THE 'AULD BRIG O' DOON,' CELEBRATED IN BURNS'S POETRY



Elliott & Fry

To face page 1665

Alburne

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

ATALANTA IN CALYDON

And a Critical Appreciation of his Poetry

By Lascelles Abercrombie



IT was in 1865, with the publication of *Atalanta in Calydon*, that Victorian England, having practically ignored two previous volumes, first became aware of the force and splendour of Swinburne's genius; and the impression made on the minds of his readers by the ringing music, the headlong imagery and the defiant moods of that lyrical drama was confirmed in the following year by the first series of *Poems and Ballads*.

The impression which was made was by no means wholly favourable; indeed, it seemed at first as if the enthusiasm of his admirers were likely to be drowned in a hubbub of dismay and disapproval. But the hubbub gradually died away into negligible grumbles; for admiration continued to gain authority and disapproval continued to lose it as, in volume after volume, the energy of Swinburne's talent maintained itself in unfaltering melody and ardent imagination.

In the course of the following dozen years or so, Swinburne established himself almost beyond dispute as the third great poet of his time: chiefly by *Songs before Sunrise*, the second and third series of *Poems and Ballads*, *Erechtheus*, *Tristram of Lyonesse*, and the vast trilogy which gave dramatic form (almost wholly devoid of dramatic spirit) to the story of *Mary Queen of Scots*.

It was sufficiently apparent to everybody by this time that poetry could hardly be more strikingly and unmistakably individual than Swinburne's; he was incapable of writing a line that did not bear the impress of his peculiar genius. But it was also by this time apparent that his individuality was one which declined to expand. Experience added nothing to the

stock of ideas, passions and beliefs with which he began his career.

The technique of Swinburne's poetic melody and imagery, in his later work, is as fluent and as headstrong as ever; but, with a few brilliant exceptions, either it is doing over again what it had done before, or it is doing nothing at all. The Swinburne that matters is the Swinburne of something like the first fifteen years of his poetic career.

It is easy to see why his poetry (all now published by William Heinemann) should have provoked considerable hubbub among Victorian tastes: it was not merely because it was apt to celebrate 'the raptures and roses of vice,' but because in all respects it defied Victorianism. Or rather, it defied that part of Victorianism which has come, in the conventional view, to be accepted as the whole—the part, namely, which may be summed up by the word *insularity*. Insular the Victorian spirit certainly was, to a very great extent; and in so far as it was insular, it accords with the commonly accepted opinion of it: it was a spirit of prosperous, self-satisfied, respectable, evangelical optimism.

There was nothing even resembling insularity about Swinburne; his brothers and cousins in art were among his Continental, not his English, contemporaries. For prosperous self-satisfaction, his poetry gives us the fervour of righteous rebellion and the inspired insolence of all kinds of mutiny. Instead of respectability, he took sin and vice as his catch-words, in his earliest work at any rate (and it seems difficult nowadays to understand how Victorianism could have been so frightened by such palpable catch-words); and instead of evangelical religion, his poetry strove to recapture the adorations of paganism. As for optimism, Swinburne's

exalted belief in the natural virtues inherent in the spirit of man (magnificently proclaimed, as justifying political rebellion, in *Songs before Sunrise*), alternated with moments of such fierce pessimism that he could speak of the 'supreme evil, God': a phrase which is surely the very quintessence of pessimism. All this is difficult to fit in with the conventional notion of Victorianism. But so much the worse for the conventional notion of Victorianism. For it will not do to regard Swinburne as a freak.

Swinburne's age—he was born in 1837 and died in 1909—accepted him as the third of its great poets; he belonged to his age, and expressed it, as certainly as Tennyson and Browning did. It was not merely that he captivated it by his music and his diction. It would, indeed, be hard for any age to resist such verbal beauty as this:

Come with bows bent and with emptying of
quivers,

Maiden most perfect, lady of light,
With a noise of winds and many rivers,

With a clamour of waters, and with might;
Bind on thy sandals, O thou most fleet,

Over the splendour and speed of thy feet;
For the faint east quickens, the wan west shivers,

Round the feet of the day and the feet of the
night.

BUT it was what he said that seized the attention of his contemporaries, as much as how he said it. The revolt he so splendidly proclaimed against part of the spirit of Victorianism is the very thing we must take into account in order to get a true idea of the spirit of Victorianism as a whole. That spirit is by no means such a simple affair as we are sometimes apt to consider it: against this mistake, Swinburne's poetry stands as the notable warning.

And when we come to study his poetry in itself, paradox is as imminent as when we look at his relations with his time. No poet is more original, in the sense that no poet has written in a style more peculiarly and unmistakably his own property. Yet if we examine that style, we find that its elements are the common property and form the stock convention of poetry in general. His vocabulary, his phrases, his images never trespass outside the recognized traditions of poetry. So, too, with

his metre: he brings in no new rhythms, but rings the changes on the accepted rhythms. But no one has rung such an immense variety, such a perfect felicity, of changes; just as no one has made the stock poetic language yield such novelty of combination out of tried capacity. The fact is, he was in no need of innovation to make his art individual. Passion—personal intensity of passion—is the one thing needed for that: and Swinburne had it in such a degree, that he could (while it lasted) safely rely on the traditional elements of his art. It did not last out his lifetime; the language that, in the first half of his career, genuinely expressed his passion, became, in the second half, a mechanical habit, with no passion to speak of behind it. He had exhausted the fund of the ideas which could excite his passion, and was incapable of new ideas.

WHENCE did he derive the ideas which proved so stirring to his passion, and thence to his imagination! Here, again, paradox threatens. They were all literary ideas. It was his reading, not his actual experience, that had taken hold of his mind. His rapturous loves and sins, his rebellions against tyranny, his fury for freedom, his optimism and his pessimism, his adoration of the heroic in man's spirit, even his worship of the sea and fire and the sun—they all came to him through literature. But what of that? He made them his own; because he had in him the intensity of personal passion that would absorb them and transmute them to modes of his own being. Whatever they came from, they emerged from his mind pure Swinburne. Naturally enough, his main ideas were the great commonplaces of man's existence here on earth: but personal passion has seldom transmuted the stock commonplaces of mortality into such penetrating music as in the poetry of Swinburne:

From too much love of living,
From hope and fear set free,
We thank with brief thanksgiving
Whatever gods may be
That no life lives for ever;
That dead men rise up never:
That even the weariest river
Winds somewhere safe to sea.

THE art of Swinburne shows very little development: what it was in the very beginning of his career, it was right up to the end. Characteristically, too, the typical significance of his art is to be found in the very first of his poems to deal with the large issues and the main forces of life. In *Atalanta in Calydon* Swinburne's technique has the freshness and spontaneity of a new discovery; and he never attained to deeper or wider significance. It is, moreover, exactly typical of the apparent but illusory paradox that is so dangerous to his critics.

The theme and its management were both manifestly recommended to Swinburne by his reading. The poem exists ostensibly to tell over again one of those ancient legends which the Greeks inherited from their savage ancestors—the tragic story of the hunting of the monstrous boar which had ravaged Calydon: a piece of half-civilized folk-lore, in which Greek ideas of psychology and destiny are incongruously mingled with savage ideas of magic and mysteriously offended powers.

ONEUS, king of Calydon, had omitted to sacrifice to the goddess Artemis, and she in revenge had sent the boar to ruin his land. All the hunters of Greece assemble to destroy the boar, among them Atalanta, the maiden huntress of Arcadia. Meleager, the king's son, falls in love with her; but her presence is brutally resented by the queen's two brothers, Toxeus and Plexippus. Atalanta is first to wound the boar, but Meleager gives the death-stroke, and to him belong the trophies of the hunt—the hide and head of the beast. He presents them to Atalanta; from whom Toxeus and Plexippus, enraged that a woman should have heroic honours, endeavour to wrest them. In defending Atalanta from this outrage, Meleager kills them both.

The queen, Althaea, thus becomes the focus of the tragedy: her son, influenced by a passion of which she is fiercely jealous, has slain her two brothers. Now before Meleager was born, Althaea dreamt she had brought forth a flaming brand; and at his birth, the three Fates came and stood beside his cradle, prophesying that his life would end when the brand then

in the fire was consumed: whereupon Althaea plucked the brand from the fire, quenched it; and kept it hid. She therefore commands her son's destiny; and when she hears that he has slain her brothers, she takes the brand from the place where she had treasured it, and puts it on the fire before Meleager can plead for her forgiveness. He is brought in dying, attended by Atalanta; and when the brand is consumed, he is dead.

THE story has great psychological possibilities, especially, of course, in the figure of the queen and her tragic dilemma; but the action hinges on magical business so primitive that, unless this were eliminated or at least reduced, the legend would not seem likely to yield at this time of day a living and credible symbol of human nature and human destiny. Swinburne's version of the story makes very little of the psychological possibilities; he puts the action before us just as he found it in Greek mythology, magic and all, as though all he was concerned with were simply to make literature out of literary material, without any particular concern for the realities of things.

Moreover, as Greek literature gave him his matter, so it also gave him the form into which he cast his matter. He put the story into the form of Greek drama: a highly specialised form which came into existence simply and solely by reason of the peculiar conditions under which Greek theatrical performances evolved and were maintained. Theatrical performance was never, of course, in Swinburne's mind at all; he adopted this antique dramatic form for his version of the story just because it was a literary tradition.

Yet it would be a pitiful mistake if criticism were to stop here, and set down this noble and impassioned poem as a mere parasite on pre-existing literature. Literature certainly was Swinburne's inspiration; but literature to him meant life—not because he had no interests outside it, but because he had in him such glowing and abounding vitality that he instantly transmuted literature into life, into his own intensely personal life. He ignored the psychology of the story, because psychology was not what he

wanted. As a drama, *Atalanta in Calydon* must seem oddly inhuman ; but the truth is that it is not drama at all, but a lyrical narrative told in dialogues and odes. For all its ostensible imitation, it is utterly unlike Greek drama in essence and spirit. Formal dialogue, the narration of the action by messengers, elaborately poetic commentary by the chorus—Greek literature gave him the outline, but his own instinct showed him how to transfigure it into the symbol of his own peculiarly personal requirements. These requirements induced him also to accept quite naturally, without emphasising it, the magic of the story. For this gave him what he wanted ; and it mattered little to him how he got it.

WHAT he wanted was not the matter of life—the facts and affairs and conflicts of this medley of individual interests. He wanted a symbol of the spirit of life as a whole—the emotions of delight and anguish, the exultations and renunciations, the virtues and the crimes, inherent in this miracle of man's earthly existence. No poet was ever more aware of the realities of life than Swinburne ; but his realities are lyrical realities—the realities of passionate sensation, of revolt and acquiescence, in human mortality. It was for their sake that he chose the story of *Atalanta in Calydon*, for their sake that he chose to tell the story by means of the opportunities provided by his ostensible imitation of the form of Greek tragedy.

These opportunities he instantly seized. There is only one way of judging certainly of the success of a poem ; it is by considering the impression produced on our minds when the poem is complete. What is the impression we receive when *Atalanta in Calydon* has completed itself in our minds ? Not of something specifically Greek ; not even of something literary ; but simply an impression of the spirit of man delighting in this marvellous world of sunlit greenery and starlit immensity, exulting in its powers and indulging in splendid hope, frustrated and destroyed by the very conditions it has enjoyed, increasing in spiritual grandeur as the inexorable laws of its material embodiment overcome it. In a word, the impression we gain is not

of any particular circumstance of life, but of the whole fortune and misfortune of mortality on this divine earth.

The actual story is told vividly enough. Here is a specimen of Swinburne's blank verse narrative, in the supreme crisis of the slaying of the boar. Plexippus has just uttered a scornful blasphemy :

But saying, he ceased and said not that he would,
Seeing where the green ooze of a sunstruck marsh
Shook with a thousand reeds untunable,
And in their moist and multitudinous flower
Slept no soft sleep, with violent visions fed,
The blind bulk of the immeasurable beast,
And seeing, he shuddered with sharp lust of praise
Through all his limbs, and launched a double dart.
And missed ; for much desire divided him,
Too hot of spirit and feebler than his will,
That his hand failed, though fervent ; and the shaft,
Sundering the rushes, in a tamarisk stem
Shook, and stuck fast ; then all abode save one,
The Arcadian *Atalanta* ; from her side
Sprang her hounds, labouring at the leash, and slipped,
And plashed ear-deep with plunging feet ; but she
Saying ' Speed it as I send it for thy sake,
Goddess,' drew bow and loosed ; the sudden string
Rang, and sprang inward, and the waterish air
Hissed, and the moist plumes of the songless reeds
Moved as a wave which the wind moves no more.
But the boar heaved half out of ooze and slime
His tense flank trembling round the barbed wound,
Hateful ; and fiery with invasive eyes
And bristling with intolerable hair
Plunged, and the hounds clung, and green flowers
And white
Reddened and broke all round them where they came.

AND here, for contrast, is the pathos of *Althaea*, remembering her youth with the brothers whom her own son has slain :

I would I had died for these ;
For this man dead walked with me, child by child,
And led me softly and shewed me gold and steel
And shining shapes of mirror and bright crown
And all things fair ; and threw light spears, and brought
Young hounds to huddle at my feet and thrust
Tame heads against my little maiden breasts
And please me with great eyes ; and those days went
And these are bitter, and I a barren queen
And sister miserable, a grievous thing
And mother of many curses.

But superb as Swinburne's blank verse is in its movement and imagery, it is to

his chorus that he commits the significance of the story; and in their diction and astonishing variety of metres that we are to look for his transmutation of received literary habits into new splendours. Here, for example, is the fearful fatality that attends man's words:

Who hath given man speech? Or who hath set therein

A thorn for peril and a snare for sin?

For in the word his life is and his breath,

And in the word his death,

That madness and the infatuate heart may breed

From the word's womb the deed

And life bring one thing forth ere all pass by,

Even one thing which is ours yet cannot die—

Death. Hast thou seen him ever anywhere,

Time's twin-born brother, imperishable as he

Is perishable and plaintive, clothed with care

And mutable as sand,

But death is strong and full of blood and fair

And perdurable and like a lord of land?

And here is the chorus lamenting the ruin that accompanies life's supreme ecstasy, the passion of love:

Was there not evil enough,

Mother, and anguish on earth

Born with a man at his birth,

Wastes underfoot, and above

Storm out of heaven, and dearth
Shaken down from the shining thereof,

Wrecks from afar overseas

And peril of shallow and firth,

And tears that spring and increase

In the barren places of mirth,

That thou, having wings as a dove,

Being girt with desire for a girth

That thou must come after these,

That thou must lay on him love?

And could the delight of earthly life be distilled into music more perfect than this?

The full streams feed on flower of rushes,

Ripe grasses trammel a travelling foot,

The faint fresh flame of the young year flushes

From leaf to flower and flower to fruit;

And fruit and leaf are as gold and fire,

And the oat is heard above the lyre,

And the hoofed heel of a satyr crushes

The chestnut-husk at the chestnut-root.

These are but specimens. The whole poem, and especially the contribution to it of the choric odes, is a rapturous adoration of the great commonplaces, which are also the great miracles, of man's earthly existence—sunlight, the stars, seas and grass, death and love; and man's mind accepting them. Therein *Atalanta* in *Calydon* is typical of the significance of Swinburne's poetry.

The Picaresque Masterpiece

RENE LE SAGE

THE ADVENTURES OF GIL BLAS OF SANTILLANA

As the author of *Turcaret*, produced first in 1709, René Le Sage contributed to the stage one of the best comedies in the French language, and as the author of *The Adventures of Gil Blas of Santillana* he stands for all time in the front rank of the world's novelists. The first and second parts of the work appeared in 1715, the third in 1724 and the fourth in 1735. Much controversy has taken place over the question of the original inspiration of the work; but all that need be said of this is that it is a derivative from the 16th century Spanish romances. *Gil Blas* remains to-day one of the great literary monuments whose characteristic qualities are not of any one people but of all humanity. Popular translations of the work are obtainable. The following epitome has been prepared from the French text by Edward Wright.

I—I Start on My Travels



MY uncle, Canon Perez, was a worthy priest. To live well was, in his opinion, the chief duty of man. He lived very well. He kept the best table in the town of Oviedo. I was very glad of this, as I lived with him, my parents being too poor to keep me.

My uncle gave me an excellent education. He even learnt to read so as to be able to teach me himself. There were few ecclesiastics of his rank in Spain in the early part of the seventeenth century who could read a breviary as well as he could when I left him, at the age of seventeen, to continue my studies at the University of Salamanca.

"Here are forty ducats, Gil Blas," he said to me when we parted. "And you can take my old mule and sell it when you reach Salamanca. Then you will be able to live comfortably until you obtain a good position."

It is, I suppose, about two hundred miles from Oviedo to Salamanca. Not very far, you will say, but it took me two years to cover the distance. When one travels along the high road at the age of seventeen, master of one's actions, of an old mule and forty ducats, one is bound to meet with adventures on the way. I was out to see the world, and I meant to see it; my self-confidence was equalled only by my utter inexperience.

OUT of my first misadventure came an extraordinary piece of good luck. I fell into the hands of some brigands and lost my mule and my money. Among my fellow prisoners was a wealthy lady, Doña Mencia, of Burgos. I helped her to escape and got away myself, and when I came to Burgos she rewarded me very handsomely with a diamond ring and a thousand ducats. This changed my plan of life completely. Why should I go and study at Salamanca? Did I want to become a priest? I was now sure that I didn't.

"Gil Blas," I said, "you are a good-looking lad, clever, well educated and ambitious. Why not go to Madrid, and try to get some place at the court of King Philip the Third?"

I spent sixty ducats in dressing myself out gaily in the manner of a rich cavalier, and I engaged a man of about thirty years of age to come with me as my servant.

Lamela, as he was called, was quite different from the other valets who applied for the position. He did not demand any sum as wages.

"Only let me come with you, sir," he said. "I shall be content with whatever you give me."

It seemed to me that I had got a very good servant. We slept at Duengas the first night, and on the second day we arrived at Valladolid. As I was sitting in my inn, a charming lady entered and asked to see me.

"My dear Gil Blas," she exclaimed, "Lamela has just told me of your arrival.

I am a cousin of Doña Mencia, and I received a letter from her this morning. How brave it was of you to rescue her from those wicked brigands! I can't leave you in this inn. You must come at once to my house. My brother, Don Raphael, will be delighted to see you when he returns in an hour or two from our country castle."

Doña Camilla, as the lady was called, led me to a great house in the best part of the town, and at the door we met Don Raphael. "What a handsome young cavalier you are, my dear Gil Blas!" he said. "You must make up your mind to stay with us for some weeks."

The supper was a pleasant affair. Doña Camilla and her brother found something to admire in everything I said, and I began to fancy myself as a wit. It was very late when Lamela led me to my bedroom and helped me to undress. And it was very late when I awoke next day. I called to Lamela, but he did not come, so I arose and dressed myself and went downstairs. To my surprise there was nobody in the house, and all my baggage had disappeared. I looked at my hand—the diamond ring had gone.

Then I understood why Lamela had been willing to come with me without troubling about wages. I had fallen for a second time into the hands of thieves. They had hired the furnished house for a week and had trapped me in it. It was clear that I had boasted too much at Burgos about the thousand ducats which Doña Mencia gave me. Now I found myself at Valladolid quite penniless.

As I walked along the street in a very despondent mood, not knowing how to get a meal, someone tapped me on the shoulder, and said, "Good gracious, Gil Blas, I hardly knew you! What a princely dress you've got on. A fine sword, silk stockings, a velvet mantle and doublet with silver lacings! Have you come into a fortune?"

I turned round, and found it was Fabrice, an old schoolfellow, the son of a barber at Oviedo. I told him of my adventure.

"Pride comes before a fall, you see," he said with a laugh. "But I can get you a place if you care to take it. One of the principal physicians of the town, Dr. Sangrado, is looking for a secretary. I



THE BANQUET SCENE IN GIL BLAS

From the painting by Daniel Maclise, R.A.

know you write a very good hand. Sell your fine raiment and buy some plain clothes, and I will take you to the doctor."

I am glad to say that I obtained the post, but I wasn't altogether satisfied with it. Dr. Sangrado believed in vegetarianism, and he gave me only peas and beans and baked apples to eat, and not much of those. At the end of a fortnight I resolved to go as a servant in some house where meat and wine were to be had.

"Don't be foolish," said Sangrado. "Your fortune is made if you only stay with me. I am getting old and I require someone to help me in my practice. You can do it. You need not waste your time in studying all the nonsense written by other doctors. You have only to follow my method. Never give a patient medicine. Bleed him well and tell him to drink a pint of hot water every half hour. If that doesn't cure him—well, it's time he died."

So I donned one of Sangrado's gowns, which gave me a very original appearance, as it was much too long and ample for me, and then I began to attend his patients. A few of them, I believe, managed to recover.

One day a woman stopped me and took me into her house to look at her niece. I recognized the girl as soon as I saw her. It was the pretty adventuress, Camilla, who had decoyed me and helped to rob me of my thousand ducats. When I took her hand to feel her pulse, I perceived that she was wearing my diamond ring. Happily, she was too ill to know me. After ordering her to be bled and given a pint of warm water every half hour, I went out and talked the matter over with Fabrice. We resolved not to call in the police, as they would certainly keep whatever money of mine they recovered. The ways of the law in Spain in the seventeenth century were very strange.

Nevertheless, I returned late at night to the house accompanied by a sergeant of the police and five of his men, all well armed. I then awoke Camilla and told her to dress herself and attend before the magistrate.

"Oh, Gil Blas," she cried, "have pity on me. Lamela and Raphael have run off with the money, and left me alone here on a bed of sickness."

I knew this was true, as I had made inquiries; but I also knew that Camilla

had had a share of the spoil, and had bought some valuable jewelry with it. So I said: "Very well, I won't be hard on you. But you must give me back the diamond ring which you are wearing, and satisfy these officers of the police."

Poor Camilla understood what I meant. It is a costly matter to satisfy the Spanish police. She gave me the ring and then, with a sigh, she opened a casket and handed the sergeant everything it contained—a necklace of beautiful pearls,

a pair of fine earrings and some other jewels.

"Isn't this better than calling in the police?" said the sergeant when we had left. "There are the jewels. Two hundred ducats worth, I'll be bound!"

No doubt, dear reader, you have seen through this little plot. The supposed sergeant was my old friend, Fabrice, and his five men were five young barbers of his acquaintance. They quickly changed their clothes and we all went to an inn

II—In Male Attire

A FEW days afterwards I took up the plan which I had formed at Burgos, and bravely set out for Madrid in the hope of making my fortune there. But my money did not last long, for on reaching the capital I fell in with a wild company of fashionable actors and actresses.

As my purse grew lighter my conscience became tenderer, and at length I humbly accepted the position of lackey in the house of a rich old nobleman, Don Vincent de Guzman. He was a widower, with an only child, Aurora—a lovely and accomplished girl twenty-six years of age.

I had hardly been with him a month when he died, leaving his daughter mistress of all his wealth and free to do what she liked with it. To my surprise, Aurora then began to distinguish me from all the other servants. I could see by the way she looked at me that there was something about me that attracted her. Great ladies, I knew, sometimes fall in love with their lackeys, and one evening my hopes were raised to the highest pitch; for Aurora's maid then whispered to me that somebody would like to talk to me alone at midnight in the garden. Full of wild impatience, I arrived at the spot two hours before the time. Oh, those two hours! They seemed two eternities.

At midnight Aurora appeared, and I threw myself at her feet, exclaiming, "Oh, my dear lady! Even in my wildest dreams of love I never thought of such happiness as this!"

"Don't talk so loud!" said Aurora, stepping back and laughing. "You will rouse all the household. So you thought I was in love with you? My dear boy, I

am in love with somebody else. Knowing how clever and ingenious you are, I want you to come at once with me to Salamanca and help me to win my lover."

Naturally, I was much disconcerted by this strange turn of affairs. However, I managed to recover myself and listen to my mistress. She had fallen in love with a gallant young nobleman, Don Luis Pacheco, who was unaware of the passion he inspired. He was going the next day to Salamanca to study at the university, and Aurora had resolved to go there also, dressed as a young nobleman, and make his acquaintance. She had fallen in love with him at sight, and had never found an opportunity to speak to him.

"I shall get two sets of rooms in different parts of the town," she said to me. "In one I shall live as Aurora de Guzman, with my maid, who must play the part of an aunt. In the other I shall be Don Felix de Mendocé, and you must be my valet."

WE set off for Salamanca at daybreak, and arrived before Don Luis. Aurora took a furnished mansion in the fashionable quarter, and I called at the principal inns and found the one where Don Luis had arranged to stay. Aurora then hid her pretty brown tresses under a wig, and put on a dashing cavalier's costume, and engaged a room where her lover was.

"So you have come to study at the university, sir?" said the innkeeper. "How lucky! Another gallant young nobleman has just taken a room here for the same purpose. You will be able to dine together and entertain one another."

He introduced his two guests, and they quickly became fast friends.

"Do you know, Don Felix, you're uncommonly good-looking," said Don Luis, as they sat talking over the wine. "Between us we shall set on fire the hearts of the pretty girls of Salamanca."

"There's a really lovely girl staying in the town," said my mistress. "She's a cousin of mine, Aurora de Guzman. We are said to resemble each other in a remarkable way."

"Then she must be a beautiful creature," said Don Luis, "for you have fine, regular features and an admirable colour. When can I see this paragon?"

"This afternoon, if you like," said my mistress.

They went together to the mansion, where the maid received them, dressed as an elderly noblewoman.

"I'm very sorry, Don Felix," said the maid, "but my niece has a bad headache and she has gone to lie down."

"Very well," said the 'cousin.' "I will just introduce my friend, Don Luis. Tell Aurora we will call to-morrow morning."

Don Luis was now much interested in the lovely girl whom he had not been able to see. He talked about her to his companion late into the night. The next day, as they were about to set out to visit her, I rushed in, as arranged, with a note for my mistress.

III—Old Acquaintances

I HAD always a particular desire to see the famous town of Toledo. I arrived there in three days, and lodged at a good inn, where, by reason of my fine dress, I passed for a gentleman of importance. But I soon discovered that Toledo was one of those places in which it is easier to spend money than to gain it.

So I set out for Aragon. On the road I fell in with a young cavalier going in the same direction. He was a man of a frank and pleasant disposition, and we soon got on a friendly footing. His name, I learnt, was Don Alfonso; he was, like me, seeking for a means of livelihood.

It came on to rain very heavily as we were skirting the base of a mountain, and, in looking about for some place of shelter, we found a cave in which an aged, white-haired hermit was living. At first he was not pleased to see us, but something about me seemed to strike him favourably and

"What a nuisance!" she said. "Here is some urgent business I must at once attend to. Don Luis, just run round and tell my cousin that I cannot come until this afternoon!"

Don Luis retired to put some final touches to his dress, and my mistress hurried off with me to her mansion and there, with the help of her maid, she quickly got into her proper clothes. She received Don Luis very kindly, and they talked together for quite two hours. Don Luis then went away, and Aurora slipped into her cavalier's costume and met him at the inn.

"My dear Felix," said Don Luis, "your cousin is an adorable lady. I'm madly in love with her. If I can only win her, I'll marry and settle down on my estates."

Aurora gazed at him very tenderly and then, with a gay laugh, she took off her wig and let her curls fall about her shoulder.

Don Felix knelt at her feet and kissed her hands, crying, "Oh, my beautiful Aurora! Do you really care for me? How happy we shall be together!"

The two lovers resolved to return at once to Madrid and make preparations for the wedding. At the end of a fortnight my mistress was married, and I again set out on my travels with a well-lined purse.

He then gave us a kind welcome. We tied our horses to a tree and prepared to stay the night. The hermit began to talk to us in a very pious and edifying way, when another aged anchorite ran into the cave, and said, "It is all over; we're discovered."

The first hermit tore off his white beard and his hair, and took off his long robe, showing a doublet beneath; and his companion followed his example. In a few moments they were changed into a couple of young men whose faces I recognized.

"Raphael! Lamela! What mischief are you working now? And where are my thousand ducats, you rascals?"

"Ah, Gil Blas, I knew you at once!" said Raphael blandly. "One comes on old acquaintances when one least expects them. I know we treated you badly. But the money's gone and can't be recovered. Come with us, and we will soon make up to you all that you have lost."



GIL BLAS AND THE 'HERMITS'

From the etching by Henri Pille

It was certainly unwise to remain in a cave which the police were about to visit and, as the rain had ceased and night had fallen, we all set out in the darkness to find some better shelter. We took the road to Requena and came to a forest, where we saw a light shining in the distance. Don Alfonso crept up to the spot and saw four men sitting round a fire, eating and quarrelling. It was easy to see what they were quarrelling about. An old gentleman and a lovely young girl were bound to a tree close by, and by the tree stood a fine carriage.

"They are brigands," said Alfonso, when he returned, "who have captured a nobleman and his daughter, I think. Let us attack them. In order, no doubt, to prevent their quarrelling turning into a deadly affray, they have piled all their arms in a heap some yards away from the fire. So they cannot make much of a fight."

And they did not. We quietly surrounded them and shot them down before they were able to move. Don Alfonso and I then set free the captives, while Raphael

and Lamela rifled the pockets of the dead robbers.

"I am the Count of Polan, and this is my daughter Seraphina," said the old gentleman. "If you will help me to get my carriage ready, I will drive back to an inn which we passed before entering the forest."

When we came to the inn, the count begged us all to stay with him. Raphael and Lamela, however, were afraid that the police would track them out; Don Alfonso, who had been talking very earnestly to Seraphina, was, for some strange reason, also unwilling to remain; so I fell in with their views.

"Why didn't you stay?" I said to Don Alfonso.

"I was afraid the count would recognize me, as Seraphina has done," he said. "I killed his son in a duel, just when I was trying to win Seraphina's love. Heaven grant that the service I have now rendered will make him inclined to forgive me."

The day was breaking when we reached the mountains around Requena. There we



THE SEALING OF THE CABINET

From the etching by Henri Pille

hid till nightfall, and then we made our way in the darkness to the town of Xeloa. We found a quiet, shady retreat beside a woodland stream, and there we stayed, while Lamela went for provisions.

He opened a great bundle containing a long black mantle and robe, another costume, a roll of parchment, a quill and a great seal in green wax.

"Do you remember the trick you played on Camilla?" he said to me. "I have a better scheme than that. Listen. As I was buying some provisions at a cook shop, a man entered in a great rage, and began abusing a certain Samuel Simon, a converted Jew and a cruel usurer. He had ruined many merchants at Xeloa, and all the townspeople would like to see him ruined in turn. Then I remembered your clever trick, and brought these clothes so that we might visit this Jew dressed up as the officers of the Inquisition."

AFTER we had made a good meal, Lamela put on the robe and mantle of the Inquisitor, Raphael the costume of the registrar, and I took the part of a sergeant of the police. We walked very solemnly up to the house of the usurer; Simon opened the door himself and started back.

"Master Simon," said Lamela, in a grave, imperative tone of voice. "I command you, on behalf of the Holy Inquisition, to deliver to these officers the keys of your cabinet. I must have your private papers closely examined."

The usurer grew pale with fear. Far from doubting any deceit on our part, he imagined that some of his enemies had informed the Holy Office against him. He obeyed without the least resistance and opened his cabinet.

"I am glad to see," said Lamela, "that you do not rebel against the orders of the Holy Inquisition. Retire now to another room, and let me carry out the examination without interference."

Simon withdrew into a farther room, and Lamela and Raphael quickly searched in the cabinet for the strong-box. It was unlocked, being so full of money that it could not be closed. We filled all our pockets; then our hose; and then stuffed the coins in any place in our clothes that would hold them. After this, we closed



ALAIN RENE LE SAGE was born at Sarzeau in Brittany, May 8, 1668, and died at Boulogne, November 17, 1747. An early marriage drove him to seek a livelihood in literature, and he found a sympathetic friend and patron in the Abbé de Lyonne. The first fruits of this help were adaptations of two plays from Rojas and Lope de Vega, which appeared about 1703. Turcaret, his great comedy, appeared in 1709, soon after the appearance of *Le Diable Boiteux*, a work which brought him much fame, and on which, with Crispin Rival de son Maître, Le Sage's immortality would have been based, but for Gil Blas, his outstanding masterpiece.

the cabinet, and our pretended Inquisitor sealed it down with a great seal of green wax and said solemnly to the usurer, "Master Simon, I have sealed your cabinet with the seal of the Holy Office. Let me find it untouched when I return to-morrow morning to inform you of the decision arrived at in your case."

The next morning we were a good many leagues from Xeloa. At breakfast, we counted over the money which we had taken from Simon. It came to three thousand ducats, of which we each took a fourth part. Raphael and Lamela then desired to carry out a similar plot against someone in the next town; but Don Alfonso and I would not agree to take any part in the affair, and set out for Toledo. There, Don Alfonso was reconciled to the Count of Polan, and soon afterwards he and Seraphina were happily married.

I retired to Lirias, a pleasant estate that Don Alfonso gave me, and there I married happily, and grew old among my children. In the reign of Philip IV, I went to the court, and served under the great minister, Olivarez. But I have now returned to Lirias, and I do not intend to go to Madrid again.

THE TALMUD

Abridgement by Professor T. Witton Davies

THE word 'talmud,' from the Hebrew verb *lamad*, meaning 'to learn,' denotes literally 'what is learnt.' Then it comes to mean 'teaching,' 'doctrine.' What is usually called the Talmud consists of two parts: 1. The Mishnah ('traditional doctrine'), a code of Jewish laws, civil, criminal, religious, etc., based ostensibly on the Pentateuch, expounding, applying and developing the laws contained in the so-called five books of Moses. 2. The Gemara, a word which means literally 'completion' or 'supplement'—*i.e.* in reference to the Mishnah. Strictly speaking the Talmud denotes the Gemara only, but in its ordinary sense the word denotes the Mishnah together with its completion in the Gemara. There are two versions of the Talmud: 1. The Babylonian, or that due to the studies and discussions of the Jewish doctors in the various Hebrew colleges of Babylon. When we speak of the Talmud it is that of Babylon which is always meant. Its language is Eastern Aramaic. 2. The Palestinian Talmud, compiled and edited by the heads of the Hebrew schools in Palestine, Tiberius, Sepphoris, etc. Its language is Western Aramaic. In its present form it is only about one-fourth as large as the Babylonian Talmud. Much of this latter Talmud has been lost. The Mishnah is usually said to have been completed by Rabbi Jehudah Hannasi, who died in A.D. 210 in his sixtieth year. But there are parts of the Mishnah which are older, and parts also at least a century later than the death of that great scholar. The preservation of this wonderful code of Jewish laws was due to memory alone, men being appointed in the various synagogues to learn the Mishnaic sections and to recite them whenever it was necessary. Extracts will be given below from the Mishnah and also from the Gemara, the letters M and G preceding paragraphs indicating which of the two is summarised.

Division I—Called Seeds



THIS part of the Talmud deals first of all with the prayers of the orthodox Jew and with the manner in which they should be offered up, and then most of all with the various tithes and donations which are due to the priests, Levites and the poor, from the products of the land owned and worked.

The Time for Reading or Reciting the Evening Shemang

M. At what time in the evening may shemang be read?

From the time when the priests, having cleansed themselves, enter the sanctuary to partake of the offering [*i.e.* when the stars come out] until the end of the first watch [about 10 p.m.]. So says Rabbi Eliezer, but otherwise men extend the time until midnight. Rabbi Gamaliel makes the time reach even to the dawn of the following day. It happened once that his sons returned home at midnight without having read the shemang. On asking their father if it was too late, he replied that the obligation to perform the duties of each day is valid until the first light of morning shows itself.

The Morning Shemang

M. From what time may the morning shemang be read?

From the moment when there is light enough to distinguish between purple-blue and white. Rabbi Eliezer says 'between purple-blue and leek-green' [which are harder to distinguish].

Up to when may the morning shemang be read?

Until the sun has risen. Rabbi Jose says 'until the end of the third hour after sunrise, for it is the custom of kings' sons to rise in the third hour of the day.' Yet a good act, such as the shemang is, never loses its virtue whenever it is performed.

The Attitude in Which the Shemang Should be Read

M. The (strict) school of Shammai say men ought to bow in reading the evening shemang, but to stand upright when saying the shemang in the morning, their Scripture warrant being Deut. vi. 7, 'When thou liest down and when thou risest up.'

But according to the school of Hillel (of more liberal views), people must be allowed to read the shemang in whatever

attitude they choose, referring to the words in the same passage, 'When thou sittest in thy house and when thou walkest in the way.' Why, then, the words 'when thou liest down and when thou risest up'? Because these are the acts

that men perform when the shemang would be usually read.

The Gemara on the above Mishnahs gives the opinions of a large number of rabbis, with discussions in which they took part.

Division II—Feasts

THIS division contains directions for observing the festivals, including the Sabbath. The aim in all is professedly to make explicit what is implicit in the Pentateuch. But many late ideas and customs are brought into this division, of which the Pentateuch knows nothing. Even the feast of Purim is quite unmentioned in the Pentateuch.

I—ON THE SABBATH

Law Regarding Transfer of Goods on the Sabbath

M. It is commanded in Exodus xvi. 29, that no man shall go out of his place on the Sabbath. This implies that no one is to take goods from his own premises to those of another. What, however, constitutes one's own premises (*Reshut*)? There are many cases to be considered. Suppose a beggar stand outside and the master of the house inside. If the first reaches his hand through a window or door to the second, or takes something out of the hand of the latter, the beggar is guilty, but the master is absolved. If, on the other hand, the master puts his hand outside the house, and places something in the beggar's hands, he is guilty, but the beggar is absolved.

There are, in all, four cases treating of the man inside and four of the man outside.

G. Rabbi Mathra said to Abrazi, 'There are eight or even ten cases of transfer.' Rab questioned Rabbi. 'Suppose one from the outside were laden in the house with food, fruit, etc., how stands the law? Is the removal of his body tantamount to the removal of a thing from its place?'

'Yes,' said Rabbi. 'This is not like the case of removing the hand, because the latter was not at rest, while in the former the body, before and after removal, was entirely at rest.'

'Suppose,' said one rabbi to another, 'that a person has put bread into an oven

and it is not baked by the time the Sabbath begins. May he take it out before it is spoiled?' 'He may lawfully do so if he put it there believing it would be fully baked before the Sabbath arrived.'

Acts Forbidden on Sabbath Eve

M. Just before the time of Sabbath evening prayer a man is not allowed to sit to a barber, to enter a bath, a tan yard, to sit to a meal, or to begin to act as judge in a law court. He must first of all perform his devotions. But supposing that one has commenced any one of these acts then let them be finished.

G. A man begins the act of hair cutting when the barber's cloth is spread over him. Bathing has begun if the outer coat has been pulled off. A man has commenced to tan if his working apron has been tied around him. A meal begins when the hands are washed, or (as some say) when the girdle has been removed. The process of judging has begun when the judges have donned their professional robes, or (as some have it) directly the litigants begin pleading.

Jew and Non-Jew

M. The school of Shammai forbids a Jew to sell anything to a non-Jew on the Sabbath eve, or to help him with a load unless the Jew can reach some neighbouring village before the Sabbath fully sets in. The school of Hillel, however, allows it.

Miscellaneous Prohibitions

M. A tailor must not go out on the Sabbath eve with his needle, lest he forget it and carry it during the Sabbath. Nor should the professional writer (scribe) go out with his writing reed on the Sabbath eve. According to the school of Shammai it is unlawful on the Sabbath eve to deliver skins to a heathen tanner, or clothes to be washed to a non-Jewish laundress, unless there be time enough for them to be got quite ready before the Sabbath begins.

But the school of Hillel allowed perfect freedom in the matter. Rabbi Simeon ben Gamaliel says, 'It was the custom in my parental home to hand over to the non-Jewish laundress things to be washed three days before the Sabbath.' It is forbidden to fry meat, onions, or eggs on the Sabbath eve, unless they can be completely cooked before the Sabbath begins. Bread must not be put into the oven, nor cakes on the coal, unless there is time before the Sabbath comes in for the surface to become encrusted.

Concerning the Sabbath Lamp

M. Wherewith may one light the Sabbath lamp¹? Not with wicks made of cedar moss, or raw flax, or silk fibre, or weeds growing in water, or ship moss. Nor may pitch, wax, cotton seed oil, or oil of rejected offerings, or oil from sheep-tail fat, be used for these lamps.

G. The rabbis allowed the aforementioned ingredients to be used for the Sabbath fires, though not for the Sabbath lamps. Why are wicks made of the above material prohibited? Because they give but a flickering light. The oily substances mentioned are forbidden because they do not adhere to the wick.

About Extinguishing the Sabbath Lamp

M. He who extinguishes the Sabbath lamp for fear of non-Jews or robbers or of evil spirits, or in order that the sick may sleep, is free from guilt. But if the object is merely to save expense, the lamp extinguisher stands condemned.

II ON THE PASSOVER (PESAKHIN)

M. ON the eve of the fourteenth Nisan it is commanded that search be made for leaven by the light of a lamp.²

G. What means the Hebrew word *or* (translated above, 'on the eve of')? Rabbi Huna says it means 'when the day begins to dawn'; according to Rabbi Jehuda it means 'at night,' but in Genesis xlv. 3, and 2 Sam. xxiii. 4, the verb means 'to get day, to dawn,' so that Rabbi Huna is right. Abazi said that no student should enter upon his studies just before the

dawn of the fourteenth Nisan, lest he forget to search for leaven.

G. Two Amorain¹ propose the following question: 'Suppose a man let a house to another, telling him that he had removed all leaven, but subsequently it was found that some leaven had been left. Is the agreement to take the house binding?'

Abazi said, 'Yes, it is, for it is better that each householder sees for himself that all leaven has been removed. Before beginning the search for leaven a blessing must be said, as, indeed, before any religious act is performed.'

By the Light of the Lamp

G. The light of the sun or of the moon or of a flame of fire may not be used in searching for leaven, as the rabbis say is taught in Zephaniah i. 12 ('I will search Jerusalem with lights'), and Prov. xx. 27 ('Man's soul is Jehovah's lamp searching the inner chambers of the body').

III—ON THE ROLL² (MEGILLAH)

M. THE Megillah (*i.e.* the Roll of Esther) is sometimes read on the 11th, 12th, 13th, or 14th or 15th of the month Adar, not earlier nor later (for details see the Mishnah and Gemara).

G. Rabbi Jehuda says, on the authority of Rabbi Samuel, that the book of Esther does not defile the hands,³ *i.e.* that this book was not given by the inspiration of God. Samuel, however, explained that Esther was dictated by the spirit of God, but only to be orally repeated, and not to be written.

G. When a scroll of the Law has become, through age, unfit for use it is to be buried in an earthen vessel, as is said in Jeremiah xxii. 14: 'And put them in an earthen vessel, that they may continue many days.' A scroll of the Law ought never to be sold unless the object be to enable the seller to study the Law better, or to take himself a wife.

Rabbi Simeon ben Gamaliel said, 'Whoever sells a scroll of the law, or a daughter, though he does it because he has nothing to eat, will have no good from the price.'

¹ The speakers in the Talmud are so called, the speakers in the Mishnah being called Tannaim.

² Though the word 'Roll' belongs strictly to five Biblical books, Esther is emphatically called 'The Roll.'

³ It is a standing phrase in the Talmud that all genuine Scriptures defile the hands—*i.e.* they were too sacred to be touched in the ordinary way.

¹ This is lighted by the housewife just before the Sabbath begins, and is allowed to burn until the Sabbath ends.

² Candles were not known in Palestine in ancient times, nor are they used now. Oil lamps were, and are, all the vogue, olive oil being abundant.

IV—ON FESTIVAL OFFERINGS (KHAGIGA)

M. EVERYONE is under an obligation to offer the burnt offering, with the following exceptions: a deaf man, a fool, a child, a woman, a slave, a lame man, a blind man, a sick man.

Division III—Women (*Nashim*)

THIS division deals with betrothals, marriage, divorce and the like. One treatise discusses vows.

I—ON THE LEVIRITE MARRIAGE (YEBAMOT)

THE custom involved in this Levirate law prevailed widely among ancient peoples. It is probably a survival of a polyandrous state of society. In Tibet the brothers of a family have a wife between them.

M. A childless widow is under an obligation to marry the eldest unmarried brother of her deceased husband. If that brother-in-law refuses to marry her, she is allowed, in the presence of the nation's leaders, to loose his shoe from his foot, to spit in his face, and to say to him, 'Thus shall be done to the man who will not build up his brother's house' (see Deut. xxii. 9).

The following classes of women are released from the necessity of marrying any brother-in-law: the illegitimate daughter of the brother, her daughter, the daughter of his illegitimate son, his wife's daughter, her son's daughter, her daughter's daughter, his mother-in-law, the mother of his mother-in-law, the mother of his father-in-law, etc.

Division IV—Concerning Penalties (*Nezikin*)

IN this division the principal part of the civil and criminal law of the Hebrews is included: see especially the treatise 'Sanhedrin.'

I—CHAPTER I, OR THE FIRST GATE (BABA QAMA)

THE first three treatises in the present division are called Chapter I, Middle Chapter, and the Last, *lit.* 'after' chapter. The Hebrew word 'baba,' generally translated 'gate,' is supposed commonly to have reference to the Eastern

What is meant by a child?

A child is one who is not able to ride upon his father's shoulders in order to go up from Jerusalem to the Temple. So say the school of Shammai; but the Hillel school define child as 'one unable to take hold of his father's hand to go from Jerusalem to the Temple.'

II—ON VOWS (NEDARIM)

The Scriptures Given as a Punishment for Men's Sins

G. If the Israelites had not been guilty of sin they would never have required more Scripture than the Pentateuch and the Book of Joshua. The last is indispensable, as it records the way in which the land was divided among the Israelites. The other Scriptures (the Prophets and the Writings) were granted because in much wisdom there is much grief (Eccles. i. 18).

III—ON BETROTHALS (QIDUSHIN)

M. TEN kinds of families left Babylon for Palestine after the edict of Cyrus went forth in 538 B.C., permitting the nations to return. These were as follows: (1) Priests; (2) Levites; (3) Israelites; (4) degraded priests (*lit.* 'profaned ones'); (5) proselytes; (6) freedmen; (7) bastards; (8) Nethinim; (9) those of unknown lineage; (10) foundlings. The three first are allowed to intermarry; the last six may also intermarry. All those whose mother is known, but not their father, are said to be of unknown lineage. A foundling is one picked up in the streets whose parents are both unknown.

custom of administering justice at the city gates. But the word is constantly used in Rabbinical Hebrew for chapter or section, and it can have no other meaning here.

Damages to be Made Good by Those Responsible for Them

M. There are four principal causes of damage to life and property: The ox, the uncovered pit, the man who sets fire to anything, the fire which starts of its own accord through neglect.

Whenever damage is done in any of these four ways the one that is responsible for it must make the loss good.

G. The rabbis teach that there are many specific forms of the above four kinds of injuries—e.g. the ox can do an injury with his horns, his teeth, or his feet.

M. If anyone places a jug on a public road and another person stumbles over it and breaks it, the latter is not liable for the breakage. But if he is injured by the fall, the owner of the barrel is liable for the damage.

G. The Mishnah uses 'jug' in the first clause and 'barrel' in the second. Rabbi Papa said that the same thing is meant in both cases.

II—MIDDLE CHAPTER (BABA METSIA)

G. It was Elijah's custom to frequent the Rabbi's council chamber. On one occasion, being later than usual, the Rabbi asked him to explain his delay. Elijah answered as follows: 'It is my business to wake up Abraham, Isaac and Jacob one after the other, to wash each one's hand, and to wait until each one has said his prayers and returned to rest.'

'But,' said Rabbi, 'why don't they all rise at the same time?'

'Because,' was Elijah's reply, 'if they all three prayed at once, their united prayers would precipitate the advent of the Messiah before its appointed time.'

'Then,' said Rabbi, 'have we amongst us such praying people?'

Elijah said there were, mentioning Rabbi Khizah and his sons. Rabbi then proclaimed a fast, which Rabbi Khizah and his sons came to observe. When repeating the eighteen benedictions¹ they were about to say, 'Thou restorest life to the dead,' when the world was convulsed, and it was asked in Heaven who revealed to them the secret. Elijah was then beaten sixty times with a rod of fire. He afterwards came down like a fiery bear, and scattered the congregation.

¹ These are said thrice daily by every orthodox Jew.

III—LAST CHAPTER (BABA BATHRA)

G. THE members of the Great Synagogue wrote the Book of Ezekiel, the Books of the twelve minor prophets, the Book of Daniel, and the Book of Ezra.¹

IV—SANHEDRIN

IT treats at length of the institution of the municipal and provincial courts called Sanhedrin, from a Greek word, and also of the great Sanhedrin, or *Bethdin*, at Jerusalem.

Jewish Courts and their Constitution

G. The Sanhedrin was composed of seventy-one members. If an Israelite had a point of law to decide, he first proposed it to the court which met in his own city. If they failed to decide the matter, it was submitted to the judgement of the court of the next city. If the justices of the immediate district failed to come to a decision, the case was laid before the court which met at the entrance of the Temple area. Then the appeal was to the court which met at the entrance to the ante-court. Failure in this court was followed by an appeal to the supreme court of seventy-one, where the matter was finally disposed of by a majority of votes.

V—ON IDOLATRY (ABODA ZARA)

M. IT is forbidden to have any dealings with non-Jews for three days before they hold their unholy festivals. One must not lend them any money, for that could be useful to them in preparing for the festival. Nor must one borrow from them, for they would gain thereby and be more able, out of the interest, to meet the expenses of their coming feasts. Similarly, one must not pay them any money, even though due, nor, in return, must payment be received.

¹ Modern criticism has proved beyond question (1) that the so-called Great Synagogue never existed; (2) that the Biblical books named were written at different times and by different authors. Rashi, in his note on this passage, says that the men of the Great Synagogue were Haggai, Zechariah, Malachi, Zerubbabel, Mordecai and their companions.

JUSTUS VON LIEBIG

ANIMAL CHEMISTRY

Outlined by Dr. C. W. Saleeby

A PART from Justus von Liebig's unceasing efforts to raise the value of chemical teaching, the results of his experimental research and his countless contributions to the theory of chemistry were visible in an influence that gave an impetus to almost every branch of the science. It was after his appointment as a teacher of chemistry in the University of Giessen in his native state of Hesse-Darmstadt that he began to work on his Animal Chemistry, or Organic Chemistry in its Relations to Physiology and Pathology. The treatise was first published in 1842 and sums up the results of the great scientist's investigations into the immediate products of animal life. Von Liebig was the first to demonstrate, in direct opposition to many of the influential scientific opinions of his day, that the only source of animal heat is that produced by the processes of combustion and oxidation of the tissues.

I—Chemical Needs of Life



ANIMALS, unlike plants, require highly organized atoms for nutriment; they can subsist only upon parts of an organism. All parts of the animal body are produced from the fluid circulating within its organism. A destruction of the animal body is constantly proceeding, every motion is the result of a transformation of its structure; every thought, every sensation is accompanied by a change in the composition of the substance of the brain. Food is applied either in the increase of the mass of a structure (nutrition) or in the replacement of a structure wasted (reproduction).

Equally important is the continual absorption of oxygen from the atmosphere. All vital activity results from the mutual action of the oxygen of the atmosphere and the elements of food. According to Lavoisier, an adult man takes into his system every year 827 lb. of oxygen, and yet he does not increase in weight. What, then, becomes of this oxygen?—for no part of it is again expired as oxygen. The carbon and hydrogen of certain parts of the body have entered into combination with the oxygen introduced through the lungs and through the skin, and have been given out in the form of carbonic acid and the vapour of water.

Now, an adult inspires $32\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of oxygen daily; this will convert the carbon of

24 lb. of blood (80 per cent. water) into carbonic acid. He must, therefore, take as much nutriment as will supply the daily loss. And, in fact, it is found that he does so; for the average amount of carbon in the daily food of an adult man is 14 oz., which requires 37 oz. of oxygen for its conversion into carbonic acid.

The amount of food necessary for the support of the animal body must be in direct ratio to the quantity of oxygen taken into the system. The number of respirations is less in a state of rest than in exercise, and the amount of food necessary in both conditions must vary also.

The capacity of the chest being a constant quantity, we inspire the same volume of air whether at the pole or at the equator; but the weight of air, and consequently of oxygen, varies with the temperature. Thus, an adult man takes into the system daily 46,000 cubic inches of oxygen, which, if the temperature be 77° F., weighs $32\frac{1}{2}$ oz., but at freezing point will weigh 35 oz.

It is obvious, also, that in an equal number of respirations we consume more oxygen at the level of the sea than on a mountain. The quantity of oxygen inspired and carbonic acid expired must, therefore, vary with the height of the barometer. In our climate the difference between summer and winter in the carbon expired, and therefore necessary for food, is as much as one-eighth.

II—The Cause of Animal Heat

Now, the mutual action between the elements of food and the oxygen of the air is the source of animal heat.

This heat is wholly due to the combustion of the carbon and hydrogen in the food consumed. Animal heat exists only in those parts of the body through which arterial blood (and with it oxygen in solution) circulates; hair, wool, or feathers do not possess an elevated temperature.

As animal heat depends upon respired oxygen, it will vary according to the respiratory apparatus of the animal. Thus the temperature of a child is 102° F., while that of an adult is $99\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ F. That of birds is higher than that of quadrupeds or that of fishes or amphibia, whose proper temperature is 3° F. higher than the medium in which they live. All animals, strictly speaking, are warm-blooded; but in those only which possess lungs is their temperature quite independent of the surrounding medium. The temperature of the human body is the same in the torrid as in the frigid zone; but the colder the surrounding medium the greater the quantity of fuel necessary to maintain its heat.

The human body may be aptly compared to the furnace of a laboratory destined to effect certain operations. It signifies nothing what intermediate forms the food, or fuel, of the furnace may assume; it is finally converted into carbonic acid and water. But in order to sustain a fixed temperature in the furnace we must vary the quantity of fuel according to the external temperature.

In the animal body the food is the fuel; with a proper supply of oxygen we obtain the heat given out during its oxidation or combustion. In winter, when we take exercise in a cold atmosphere, and when consequently the amount of inspired oxygen increases, the necessity for food containing carbon and hydrogen increases in the same ratio; and by gratifying the appetite thus excited, we obtain the most efficient protection against the most piercing cold. A starving man is soon frozen to death; and everyone knows that the animals of prey in the Arctic regions far exceed in voracity those in the torrid zone. In cold and temperate

climates, the air, which incessantly strives to consume the body, urges man to laborious efforts in order to furnish the means of resistance to its action, while in hot climates the necessity of labour to provide food is far less urgent.

Our clothing is merely the equivalent for a certain amount of food. The more warmly we are clothed the less food we require. If in hunting or fishing we were exposed to the same degree of cold as the Samoyedes we could with ease consume ten pounds of flesh, and half a dozen tallow candles into the bargain. The macaroni of the Italian, and the train oil of the Greenland administrator to their comfort in the climate in which they have been born.

THE whole process of respiration appears most clearly developed in the case of a man exposed to starvation. The more fat an animal contains the longer will it be able to exist without food, for the fat will be consumed before the oxygen of the air acts upon the other parts of the body.

There are various causes by which force or motion may be produced. But in the animal body we recognize as the ultimate cause of all force only one cause, the chemical action which the elements of the food and the oxygen of the air mutually exercise on each other. The only known ultimate cause of vital force, either in animals or in plants, is a chemical process. If this be prevented, the phenomena of life do not manifest themselves, or they cease to be recognizable by our senses. If the chemical action be impeded, the vital phenomena must take new forms.

The heat evolved by the combustion of carbon in the body is sufficient to account for all the phenomena of animal heat. The 14 oz. of carbon which in an adult are daily converted into carbonic acid disengage a quantity of heat which would convert 24 lb. of water, at the temperature of the body, into vapour. And if we assume that the quantity of water vaporised through the skin and lungs amounts to 3 lb., then we have still a large quantity of heat to sustain the temperature of the body.

III—The Chemistry of Blood-Making

PHYSIOLOGISTS conceive that the various organs in the body have originally been formed from blood. If this be admitted, it is obvious that those substances alone can be considered nutritious that are capable of being transformed into blood.

When blood is allowed to stand, it coagulates and separates into a watery fluid called serum, and into the clot, which consists principally of fibrin. These two bodies contain in all seven elements, among which sulphur, phosphorus and nitrogen are found; they contain also the earth of bones. The serum holds in solution common salt and other salts of potash and soda, of which the acids are carbonic, phosphoric and sulphuric acids. Serum, when heated, coagulates into a white mass called albumin. This substance, along with the fibrin and a red colouring matter in which iron is a constituent, constitute the globules of blood.

Analysis has shown that fibrin and albumin are perfectly identical in chemical composition. They may be mutually converted into each other. In the process of nutrition both may be converted into muscular fibre, and muscular fibre is capable of being reconverted into blood.

All parts of the animal body which form parts of organs contain nitrogen. The principal ingredients of blood contain 17 per cent of nitrogen, and there is no part of an active organ that contains less than 17 per cent of this element.

The nutritive process is simplest in the case of the carnivora, for their nutriment is chemically identical in composition with their own tissues. The digestive apparatus of graminivorous animals is less simple, and their food contains very little nitrogen. From what constituents of vegetables is their blood produced?

Chemical researches have shown that all such parts of vegetables as can afford nutriment to animals contain certain constituents which are rich in nitrogen; and experience proves that animals require for their nutrition less of these parts of plants in proportion as they abound in the nitrogenised constituents.

The nitrogenised compounds of vege-

tables are called vegetable fibrin, vegetable albumin and vegetable casein. All other nitrogenised compounds occurring in plants are either rejected by animals or else they occur in the food in such very small proportion that they cannot possibly contribute to the increase of mass in the animal body.

The chemical analysis of these three substances has led to the interesting result that they contain the same organic elements, united in the same proportion by weight; and—which is more remarkable—that they are identical in composition with the chief constituents of blood—animal fibrin and animal albumin. By identity, be it remarked, is not here meant merely similarity, but that even in regard to the presence and relative amounts of sulphur, phosphorus and phosphate of lime no difference can be observed.

How beautifully simple then, by the aid of these discoveries, appears the process of nutrition in animals, the formation of their organs, in which vitality chiefly resides. Those vegetable constituents which are used by animals to form blood contain the essential ingredients of blood ready formed. In point of fact, vegetables produce in their organism the blood of all animals; for the carnivora, in consuming the blood and flesh of the graminivora, consume, strictly speaking, the vegetable principles which have served for the nourishment of the latter. In this sense we may say the animal organism gives to blood only its form; and, further, that it is incapable of forming blood out of other compounds which do not contain the chief ingredients of that fluid.

Animal and vegetable life are, therefore, closely related, for the first substance capable of affording nutriment to animals is the last product of the creative energy of vegetables. The seemingly miraculous in the nutritive power of vegetables disappears in a great degree, for the production of the constituents of blood cannot appear more surprising than the occurrence of the principal ingredient of butter in palm oil and of horse fat and train oil in certain of the oily seeds.

IV—Food the Fuel of Life

WE have still to account for the use in food of substances which are destitute of nitrogen but are known to be necessary to animal life. Such substances are starch, sugar, gum and pectin. In all of these we find a great excess of carbon, with oxygen and hydrogen in the same proportion as water. They therefore add an excess of carbon to the nitrogenised constituents of food, and they cannot possibly be employed in the production of blood, because the nitrogenised compounds contained in the food already contain exactly the amount of carbon which is required for the production of fibrin and albumin.

Now, it can be shown that very little of the excess of this carbon is ever expelled in the form either of solid or liquid compounds; it must be expelled, therefore, in the gaseous state. In short, these compounds are solely expended in the production of animal heat, being converted by the oxygen of the air into carbonic acid and water. The food of carnivorous animals does not contain non-nitrogenised matters, so that the carbon and hydrogen necessary for the production of animal heat are furnished in them from the waste of their tissues.

The transformed matters of the organs are obviously unfit for the further nourishment of the body—that is, for the increase or reproduction of the mass. They pass through the absorbent and lymphatic vessels into the veins, and their accumulation in these would soon put a stop to the nutritive process were it not that the blood has to pass through a filtering apparatus, as it were, before reaching the heart.

The new compounds containing the nitrogen of the transformed organs, being utterly incapable of further application in the system, are expelled from the body. Those which contain the carbon of the transformed tissues are collected in the gall bladder as bile, a compound of soda which, being mixed with water, passes through the duodenum and mixes with chyme. All the soda of the bile, and ninety-nine-hundredths of the carbonaceous matter which it contains, retain the capacity of re-absorption by the absor-

bents of the small and large intestines—a capacity which has been proved by direct experiment.

The globules of the blood, which in themselves can be shown to take no share in the nutritive process, serve to transport the oxygen which they give up in their passage through the capillary vessels. Here the current of oxygen meets with the carbonaceous substances of the transformed tissues and converts their carbon into carbonic acid, their hydrogen into water. Every portion of these substances which escapes this process of oxidation is sent back into the circulation in the form of bile, which by degrees completely disappears.

It is obvious that in the system of the graminivora, whose food contains relatively so small a proportion of the constituents of blood, the process of metamorphosis in existing tissues, and consequently their restoration or reproduction, must go on far less rapidly than in the carnivora. Otherwise, a vegetation a thousand times as luxuriant would not suffice for their sustenance. Sugar, gum and starch, which form so large a proportion of their food, would then be no longer necessary to support life in these animals, because in that case the products of waste, or metamorphosis of organized tissues, would contain enough carbon to support the respiratory process.

WHEN exercise is denied to graminivorous and omnivorous animals this is tantamount to a deficient supply of oxygen. The carbon of the food, not meeting with a sufficient supply of oxygen to consume it, passes into other compounds containing a large excess of carbon—or, in other words, fat is produced. Fat is thus an abnormal production, resulting from a disproportion of carbon in the food to that of the oxygen respired by the lungs or absorbed by the skin. Wild animals in a state of nature do not contain fat. The production of fat is always a consequence of a deficient supply of oxygen, for oxygen is absolutely indispensable for the dissipation of excess of carbon in the food.

V—Animal Life-Chemistry

THE substances of which the food of man is composed may be divided into two classes—into nitrogenised and non-nitrogenised. The former are capable of conversion into blood, the latter incapable of this transformation. Out of those substances which are adapted to the transformation of blood are formed all the organized tissues. The other class of substances in the normal state of health serve to support the process of respiration. The former may be called the plastic elements of nutrition; the latter, elements of respiration.

Among the former we may reckon—vegetable fibrin, vegetable albumin, vegetable casein, animal flesh, animal blood.

Among the elements of respiration in our food are—fat, starch, gum, cane sugar, grape sugar, sugar of milk, pectin, bassorin, wine, beer, spirits.

The nitrogenised constituents of vegetable food have a composition identical with that of the constituents of the blood.

No nitrogenised compound the composition of which differs from that of fibrin, albumin and casein, is capable of supporting the vital process in animals.

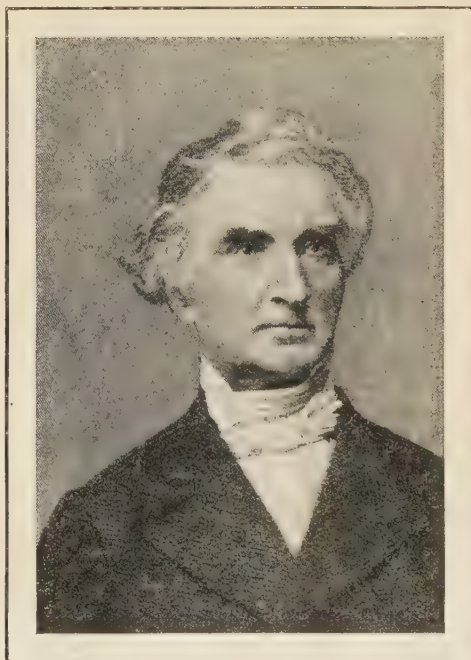
The animal organism undoubtedly possesses the power of forming from the constituents of its blood the substance of its membranes and cellular tissue, of the nerves and brain, of the organic part of cartilages and bones. But the blood must be supplied to it ready in everything but its form—that is, in its chemical composition. If this is not done, a period is put to the formation of blood, and, consequently, to life.

The whole life of animals consists of a conflict between chemical forces and the vital power. In the normal state of the body of an adult these stand in equilibrium; that is, there is equilibrium between the manifestations of the causes of waste and the causes of supply. Every mechanical or chemical agency which disturbs the restoration of this equilibrium is a cause of disease.

Death is that condition in which chemical or mechanical powers gain the ascendancy, and all resistance on the part of the vital force ceases. This resistance never

entirely departs from living tissues during life. Such deficiency in resistance is, in fact, a deficiency in resistance to the action of the oxygen of the atmosphere.

Disease occurs where the sum of vital force, which tends to neutralise all causes of disturbance, is weaker than the acting cause of disturbance.



JUSTUS VON LIEBIG, one of the most illustrious chemists of his age, was born at Darmstadt, the son of a drysalter, May 12, 1803. It was in the course of his work in his father's business that his interest in chemistry first awoke, and at fifteen he became an apothecary's assistant. Subsequently he went to Erlangen, where he took his doctorate in 1822; and afterwards, in Paris, was admitted to the laboratory of Gay-Lussac as a private pupil. In 1824 he was appointed to the staff of the University of Giessen, where he lived a quiet life of incessant industry, while his fame spread over the world. In 1845 he became a baron, and seven years later was appointed professor of chemistry at Munich, where he died April 18, 1873.

Should there be formed in the diseased parts, in consequence of the change of matter, from the elements of the blood or of the tissue, new products which the neighbouring parts cannot employ for their own vital functions; should the surrounding parts, moreover, be unable to convey these products to other parts where they may undergo transformation, then these new products will suffer, at the

place where they have been formed, a process of decomposition analogous to putrefaction.

In certain cases medicine removes these diseased conditions by exciting in the vicinity of the diseased part, or in any convenient situation, an artificial diseased state (as by blisters), thus diminishing by means of artificial disturbance the resistance offered to the external cause of change in these parts by the vital force. The physician succeeds in putting an end to the original diseased condition when the disturbance artificially excited (or the diminution of resistance in another part) exceeds in amount the diseased state to be overcome.

The accelerated change of matter and the elevated temperature in the diseased part show that the resistance offered by the vital force to the action of oxygen is feebler than in the healthy state. But this resistance only ceases entirely when death takes place. By the artificial diminution of resistance in another part, the resistance in the diseased organ is not, indeed, directly strengthened; but the chemical action, the cause of the change of matter, is diminished in the diseased part, being directed to another part, where the physician has succeeded in producing a still more feeble resistance to the change of matter, to the action of oxygen.

Sacred and Profane Love in Tragic Conflict

HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ QUO VADIS?

THE title of this famous novel is taken from St. Peter's question to his Master when, fleeing from Rome, he met the vision on the Appian Way: "Quo vadis, Domine?"—"Whither goest Thou, Lord?" and the answer, "To Rome, to be crucified again," is implicit. Peter, shamed in his flight by this declaration, returned to suffer martyrdom with St. Paul. Quo Vadis? the best known of all Sienkiewicz's works to the reading public of this country, was first published in 1895, when it had a great success, and its popularity to-day is still great. It was translated into English in 1896 and dramatised versions of the story have been produced in England, France, Germany and the United States; a film version has also been made. A powerful religious feeling and remarkably developed powers of realistic description are salient features in this great work of fiction, and it remains to-day one of the most picturesque historical romances in literature.

Several publishers in this country issue moderately priced editions of Quo Vadis?

I—The Flight of Lygia



PETRONIUS did not finally awake till about noon. The evening before he had been with Nero at a feast which had continued late into the night, and he said of himself that he felt like a log of wood in the mornings. However, a bath and the careful massage of skilled slaves refreshed him and restored his courage. Presently, when fatigue had been driven away, a slave announced that young Marcus Vinitius, who had just returned from Asia Minor, wished to see Petronius.

Vinitius, the son of Petronius's eldest sister, was handsome and athletic; and for this reason, and because of a certain delicacy of feeling in his nephew, Petronius was exceedingly fond of him.

"Welcome to Rome, and may thy rest be sweet after the war," said Petronius, as the young man entered.

For a time they talked of the war, and then Vinitius said, "I came away scathless from the arrows of the Parthians, but love transfixed me in a most unforeseen way not a mile outside the city gate."

"Thou shalt tell me about this at length," replied Petronius.

"I dislocated my arm outside the city," said Vinitius. "Aulus Plautius happened to be passing at the time of the accident, and when he saw how much I was suffering, carried me to his house, where his slave, the physician Merien, cured me."

"And art thou in love with Pomponia, wife of Aulus? She is not young; she is virtuous. Or with whom, then?"

"I do not even know her name, whether it be Lygia or Callina. In the house they call her Lygia, because she is a Lygian, a king's daughter, or something like it. But she also has her barbarous name of Callina. I wish to have her. I wish that these hands of mine might hold her and press her in their embrace."

"If she is a slave, buy her."

"She is not a slave and, never having been a slave, she could not have been given her freedom. Both Aulus and Pomponia are bound up to her as to their own daughter."

"Hearken to me, dear Marcus. I know Aulus Plautius, who regards me with a certain attachment. If thou thinkest I can do anything for thee with Aulus we will go to his house."

PETRONIUS not only visited Aulus and Pomponia, with Vinitius, but he saw Lygia, and felt that under the statue of this maiden might be written the word Spring. The calm, the peace and tranquillity of the house and its people astonished him, and he could not help saying to Pomponia, "How unlike is your world to that which Nero rules."

Pomponia answered, "The world is ruled not by Nero, but by—God."

On their way back Vinitius spoke in a voice husky with passion. "I must have her. I am ready to kill Aulus and Pomponia, and carry her away to my house. Aulus considers Lygia his daughter, then why shall I regard her as a slave? Let her sit as my wife at my hearth."

"Calm thyself," said Petronius. "We bring barbarians tied to our carts not for the purpose of marrying their daughters. Summon thy patience. Everything can be accomplished."

The following day Petronius was carried to the Palatine Hill, where he had a private conversation with Nero. The result of this was that a centurion with a small legion of pretorian soldiers appeared before Plautius's house. The centurion, who had served under Aulus in Britain, announced his errand, and Aulus carried the message to the room where Pomponia, Lygia and little Aulus waited in alarm.

"Lygia," said the old Roman general, "thou hast been brought up in our house

as our child, and Pomponia and I love thee as our own daughter; but thou art a hostage, confided by thy nation to Rome, and the guardianship over thee belongs to Caesar, and now Caesar takes thee from our house. The will of Caesar must be fulfilled."

"Aulus," exclaimed Pomponia, "it would be better for her to die." Turning to Lygia, she said, "The hour of trial has come. Caesar's house is a den of infamy and crime. But, Lygia, we have no right to commit suicide. We submit to another law, and this law permits us to defend ourselves from sin, even if we have to pay the price of death and torture."

A huge, broad-shouldered Lygian, called Ursus, or the Bear, who had come to the Roman camp with Lygia, said imploringly, "Let me follow my mistress. I will serve her and watch over her in Caesar's house."

"Thou art Lygia's servant, not mine," answered Pomponia. "But how couldst thou watch her?"

"I know not. But this I know—I can break iron as it were wood."

The centurion raised no objection to their sending Lygia's suite with her, as she was a hostage, and Pomponia surrounded her with servants of her own choice. She chose none but followers of the new Christian faith, which Ursus had professed for several years.

IN Nero's palace at the nightly feast, Vinitius placed himself next to Lygia. He had learnt from Petronius that Nero had consented to the maiden being taken from the house of Aulus, and had also given permission for Vinitius to be her official guardian. She was to be retained in the palace to preserve appearances.

As the feast went on Caesar and his guests became more and more intoxicated. Vinitius, no more sober than the rest, told Lygia that Caesar had given her to him, and attempted to embrace her. It was no longer the kind Vinitius, almost dear to her heart, but a foul and drunken satyr, who filled her with abhorrent fear. Suddenly Vinitius was thrust aside, and Ursus calmly conducted his queen out of the banqueting hall. No one stopped him nor inquired what he was doing.

Vinitius seized a goblet, and then fell down on the floor. Two days later Vinitius

despatched Atacinus, a freedman, to the palace to bring Lygia to his house.

But Lygia's mind was made up. She would flee rather than become the favourite of Vinitius; better want than infamy. To return to Aulus and Pomponia would be to bring Caesar's wrath upon them. Ursus must hide her where she could not be found by Vinitius or his slaves. Only, the flight must be after she had left the palace.

II—Among the Christians

IT was only by the aid of Chilo, an old and unscrupulous Greek, that Vinitius, after many inquiries, discovered that Lygia was living with poor, hard-working people of the Christian sect in the trans-Tiber district of Rome.

Chilo advised that Vinitius should take a company of slaves with him and carry off Lygia, but the young Roman patrician engaged Croto, who had the strength of ten gladiators, for his escort.

It was early dawn when they reached the yard of the house where Lygia lodged, and presently Vinitius recognized Ursus washing vegetables at a sieve. Ursus, hearing footsteps, and seeing two men, turned round.

So Lygia took her place in the litter Vinitius had sent. The street was crowded and the litter moved slowly.

Suddenly, Lygia, throwing aside the curtain, saw Ursus and a number of people clad in dark mantles. A cry rang out at once, and the litter was surrounded. Atacinus, while attempting to carry off Lygia, fell as an ox might fall beneath an axe, and Ursus bore Lygia away.

"Who is it you want?" he asked.

"Thee," replied Vinitius. Then, turning to Croto, he said, in a low voice, "Kill!"

Croto sprang upon Ursus like a tiger, and caught him in arms of steel. Vinitius, certain of Croto's superhuman strength, did not wait to see the end of the combat, but rushed into the house, and found himself in a room lighted only by a fire on the hearth. A gleam from the fire fell full on the face of Lygia, and before she could recognize him Vinitius seized her round the waist and, lifting her, gained the door again. Vainly Lygia attempted to resist. She would have fainted but for the horrible sight she witnessed when Vinitius had reached the garden.



A PRIMITIVE CHRISTIAN SERVICE AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE CATACOMBS

From the painting by J. Meynier

Ursus was holding in his arms the limp form of a man, whose head was hanging down, while blood flowed from his mouth. Seeing Vinitius, the giant sprang towards him like an infuriated animal.

"Death!" thought Vinitius.

He heard the cry of Lygia. "Thou shalt not kill!" He felt that something like a thunderbolt made him relax the arms with which he held Lygia. Then the earth spun round and the light of day vanished from his eyes.

Vinitius was awakened by a sharp pain. Gradually, through the mists over his eyes, he saw three men. One was Ursus. Another was an old man called Crispus. The third, a physician named Glaucus, was bending over him and feeling his arm from the elbow to the shoulder-blade. The arm was broken, and Vinitius fainted away while Glaucus was setting it. He awoke when the operation was over to see Lygia standing by his bed. In one hand she held a bronze pail, wherein Glaucus from time to time dipped a sponge, wetting the head of the patient.

Vinitius stared, then he whispered, "Lygia!"

She turned upon him eyes full of sorrow, and murmured faintly, "Peace be with thee!"

"Lygia," he said, "thou didst not suffer me to be killed!"

In sweet, low tones, she replied, "May God restore thee to health."

To Vinitius, remembering all the harm which he had brought down upon her, how he had driven her from her home and forced her into this wretched hovel, these words were as balm.

Days passed. Vinitius came to admire Ursus, and would talk to him all day long

because the giant would tell him about Lygia. He could not understand the religion which surrounded him, and which seemed to him opposed to all existing order. Could the Romans recognize a herd of conquered nations as their equals? This was beyond the reasoning powers of a born patrician. And yet he understood that this was the one thing that divided him from Lygia. He saw clearly that no middle ground was possible, that he must either hate or love this religion of Christ.

LYGIA saw what was going on within him; how he strove to humble himself, yet how his whole nature rejected the creed of Christ. Once, as she sat beside him, she dared to tell him that there was no life outside Christianity. He had now grown stronger. He lifted himself up with his sound arm, and suddenly laid his head in her lap, saying, "Thou art life!" She strove to lift him, taking his forehead between her hands, and bent so that her lips touched his hair. Love urged them together.

Lygia rose at last and escaped from the room. She had lost confidence in herself since she found it impossible to conquer her love for Vinitius, and next morning, opening her heart to the old Presbyter Crispus, implored him to let her go and live elsewhere. Crispus who had watched over her as a father since her flight, assented; he was filled with bitterness and amazement at this earthly love. But the aged apostle Peter, who was then in Rome, comforted her, and told her that after sorrow would come days of joy.

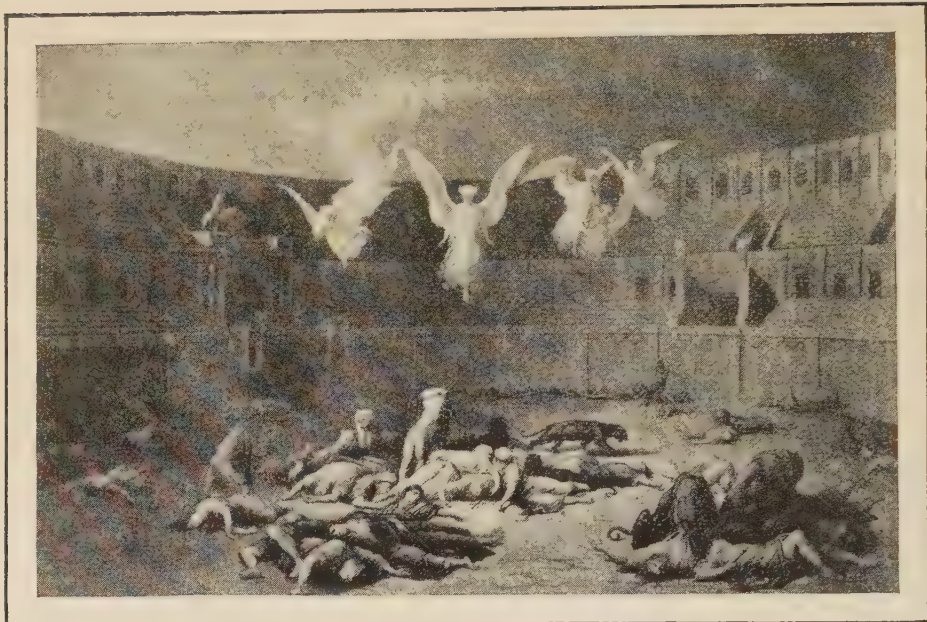
So Lygia was again lost to Vinitius, and he returned to his beautiful house convalescent, but with a great sense of weariness.

III—'To the Lions!'

ONCE more Chilo found out where Lygia was lodged, and this time Vinitius went back to the house of Crispus alone.

"I greet you in the name of Christ, whom ye honour, and I come as a friend," he said simply. "I know where Lygia is. Caesar hath given me the right to possess her. I have nearly five hundred slaves in my house. I could surround her abode and

carry her off. But I have not done this, and I will not do it, though I live in a torment of longing. Before I came among you, I would have carried her off and held her by force. But your creed, though I profess it not, has made some great change in my soul, so that I dare not use force. I cannot understand it, but so it is. That is why I come to you, who stand to Lygia in the place of father and mother, and I say to



CHRISTIAN MARTYRS OF THE ROMAN AMPHITHEATRE

From the painting by Gustave Doré

you, 'Give me Lygia for my wife, and I swear that not only will I allow her to confess Christ, but I myself will begin to learn His creed.' "

The old apostle Peter stretched out his hand to Vinitius.

"The grace of the Lord is upon thee," he said. "Therefore I bless thee, thy soul, and thy love, in the name of the Saviour of the world."

Presently Lygia ran in, all unsuspecting. At sight of Vinitius she stopped, and her face flushed, and then paled. Her eyes glanced around her with alarm and surprise. But only kindly looks met her. Peter approached and asked gently, "Lygia, dost thou still love him? Answer!"

Humbly came the whispered reply, while she fell at the feet of Peter, "I do."

Vinitius at the same moment knelt beside her. Peter placed his hands on their heads, and said, "Love each other in the Lord, and for His glory; there is no sin in your love."

But before the marriage of these two could take place the heavy storm of persecution fell upon the Christians in Rome.

Nero, in his mad egotism, had desired to see Rome in flames in order that he might write a poem worthy of the conflagration, and at the word of his master Tigellinus,

the prefect of the pretorian guards, had carried out the monstrous crime. For a week the city continued to burn, and of the fourteen divisions of Rome only four were left. Great and unprecedented was the calamity, and loud the murmuring against Caesar.

It was then that Tigellinus urged Nero to sacrifice the Christians to the popular clamour.

"The people want vengeance and victims—not one victim, but hundreds and thousands. The people hate and suspect the Christians, for they consider our gods as evil spirits. They are the enemies of the human race, the enemies of the city and of thee. The people murmur against thee. Thou orderedst the burning of Rome, not I. The people are thirsting for vengeance. Let them have it. The people suspect thee. Let their suspicions be diverted elsewhere."

Nero at first listened with amazement. Then he said: "The gods will inspire me. Assisted by the power of Tartarus, I will give my poor people such spectacles that for ages they will remember me with gratitude."

Soon through the ruined city rang the cry, 'The Christians to the lions!' And

an enormous wooden amphitheatre was erected in which the Christians were to suffer. The prisons were filled, and in vain both Petronius and Vinitius sought to save Lygia from the unspeakable tortures that fell on the Christians.

IV—*The Pity of the Mob*

THE news spread that the end of the games was approaching, and great crowds filled the amphitheatre. Upon a signal by the prefect of the city out of the dark chasm opposite Caesar's box came Ursus into the arena. The giant blinked, dazzled by the brightness, then he moved towards the centre. He was unarmed, and had resolved to die patiently and peacefully. So, kneeling down, he joined his hands, raised his eyes to the stars, and prayed to the Saviour.

Suddenly, an enormous German bull rushed into the arena, bearing on his horns the body of a woman.

"Lygia! Lygia!" cried Vinitius. "Grant a miracle, O Christ! I believe! I believe!"

Petronius covered his head with a toga. The amphitheatre was hushed, for something uncommon had happened in the arena. The Lygian, humble and ready to die, seeing his princess on the horns of the wild beast, sprang up and rushed towards the frenzied animal. In a twinkling he had seized him by the horns.

People could not believe their own eyes. Never before was anything seen like this.

The Lygian held the wild beast by the horns. His back was bent like a bow. The muscles swelled on his arms so that the skin seemed to crack from the pressure, but he stopped the bull on the spot. The man and the brute remained so motionless that it seemed like a deed of Hercules cut in stone. But in that apparent repose was evident the terrible exertion of the two struggling forces.

To the spectators the Lygian was a demi-god, worthy of admiration and statues. Caesar himself arose.

Suddenly a muffled roar reverberated through the arena, then a shout arose from the spectators, and then again silence fell. The people saw that the monstrous

That Petronius and Vinitius were anxious to save Lygia was sufficient reason for Nero to insist on their both being present at the massacres. But a sudden sickness caused Lygia's fate to be postponed till the public were well nigh satiated with blood.

head of the bull was twisting round in the iron grasp of the barbarian. Gradually the groans of the bull grew hoarser and duller, and next instant the crack of breaking bones was heard; then the beast sank to the earth with a broken neck.

The giant slipped the cords from the horns of the bull and, panting, raised the maiden in his arms.

The immense audience had gone wild. The giant was now the darling of the people, who, above all things, worshipped physical strength; for the time he was the greatest personage in Rome.

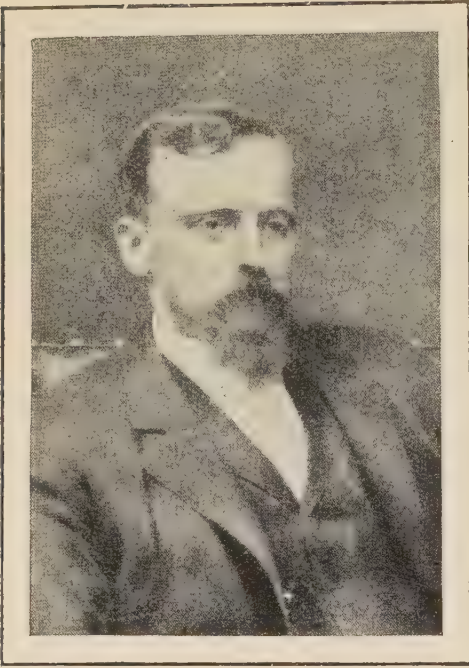
The Lygian understood that the mob was demanding his pardon and freedom, but his thoughts were not upon himself alone. With the maiden in his outstretched arms he approached the imperial seat, as if to say: 'Take pity on her! Save her! For her sake this has been done!'

The spectators understood his desire. The sight of the fainting girl, a mere child in comparison with the gigantic Lygian, had its effect upon the crowd, the soldiers and senators. Pity burst forth like a flame. On every side arose entreaties for mercy from voices broken by sobs.

THEN Vinitius started up, leaped over the barrier into the arena and, running to Lygia, threw his toga over her body. He rent the tunic on his breast, exposed the scars of wounds received in the Parthian War, and stretched his arms out towards the people. The mob now stamped and howled, and voices demanding mercy grew terrible in their insistence. People took the part of the athlete, and rose in defence of the maiden and soldier.

Nero became frightened. He looked at senators and pretorian guards and saw stern eyes fixed upon him. He gave the sign for mercy, fearing a riot.

Then thunders of applause burst out. The people were now assured of the safety of the condemned ones. From this



HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ was born at Okrzejska, Poland, in 1846. He was educated at Warsaw, and travelled in the United States in 1877, and Central Africa in 1891. His books have been translated far and wide. His trilogy, *Fire and Sword* (1884), *The Deluge* (1885-1887) and *Pan Michael* (1888), deals with Polish history from 1648 till the accession of Sobieski as John III. *Quo Vadis?* appeared in 1895. Among other successful novels and collections of stories that have been translated into English are *Without Dogma* (1893), *Yanko the Musician and Other Stories* (1893), *The Knight of the Cross* (1894). Sienkiewicz was awarded the Nobel Prize for literature in 1905; he died in 1916.

From the painting by Pochwalski

moment, they passed under their protection. Caesar himself dared not molest them further.

Lygia was borne to the house of Petronius. It was found that she had suffered no serious injury, and that she had but to recover from the prison fever.

Vinitius knelt beside her and, laying his hand softly on her forehead, said, "Christ saved thee, and returned thee to me."

Vinitius to Petronius

YOU ask us whether we are safe, dear friend. I will only say that we are forgotten. At the moment I am writing these words, I see our peaceful bay, and Ursus in a boat upon it letting a net down into the quiet waters. My wife sits beside me spinning wool, our servants sing in the shadow of the almond trees.

'Tis not the fates, but Christ, our Lord and God, who blesses us. Often when the sun has set Lygia and I hold converse about the past, which now seems all a dream; but when I reflect upon how that dear head was near torture and death, I glorify my God with my whole heart, for out of those hands He alone could wrest her, could save her from the horrors of the arena, and could return her to me for ever. O Petronius, thou hast seen what patience, what endurance and comfort that religion gives in misfortune, how much endurance and courage in the face of death; so come to us and see how much happiness it offers in ordinary commonplace days of life. People thus far did not know of a God whom men could love, and therefore they did not love one another; and from that cause arose their misfortune, for just as light comes from the sun above, so does happiness proceed from love. Neither lawyers, statesmen nor philosophers taught this truth, and it did not exist in Greece or Rome; and when I say, not in Rome, I mean the whole world. The arid and cold doctrine of the Stoics, to which many virtuous people rally, tempers the heart just as a sword is tempered, but, so far from elating it, it makes it become indifferent.

YET why should I write thus to thee, who hast learnt more, and who hast a clearer understanding than I have? Thou wert well acquainted with Paul of Tarsus, and more than once didst hold long converse with him; hence thou knowest better if in comparison with the truth which he taught all the doctrines of philosophers and rhetoricians are not a vain and empty jingle of words devoid of meaning. Thou wilt recall his question: 'But if Caesar were a Christian, would ye not all feel safer, surer of possessing that which ye possess, free of alarm, and confident of the morrow?'

Thou hast told me that our creed was an enemy to life. But now I say that I did not know what love was until Christ showed me the way. Contrast thy luxuries and thy orgies with our peace and happiness. Thy noble soul will see the truth, and learn to love it. Come and visit us, my friend.

MEDIEVAL
EVERYMAN

Outlined by Harold Begbie

As Everyman is the greatest of the manifold morality and miracle plays which were common throughout Europe in the three centuries preceding Shakespeare, so it represents the highest development of primitive drama before it gave way to the stage plays written with a consciously artistic sense. Its author is unknown, and the popular feeling assigns the play to a monk. Apparently its English form is a translation from a Dutch play entitled *Elckerlijck*, published, according to guesswork, somewhere about 1519. Its object is well described by its sub-title: A Moral Play, Called a Treatise How the High Father of Heaven Sendeth Death to Summon Every Creature to Come and Give Account of Their Lives in this World. In it is comprised the 'whole pitiful pathos of human life and death.' The story of Everyman's desire to find a willing companion to accompany him on the journey from which there is no escape is based on the earlier religious romance of Barlaam and Josaphat. An edition of Everyman, edited by Ernest Rhys, is published in Everyman's Library.

PERSONS IN THE PLAY

Everyman	Death	Fellowship	Kindred
Goods	Good Deeds	Knowledge	Confession
Beauty	Strength	Discretion	Five Wits

I



THE play begins by the High Father in heaven sending His messenger Death to summon before him Everyman. God complains that all creatures are to Him 'unkind,' and to make example will have Everyman called into His presence. Death goes to the earth and speaks to Everyman, who asks what he would know. Then Death answers: 'I am sent to thee from God out of His Majesty.'

Everyman: What, sent to me?

Death: Yea, certainly.

Though thou have forgot Him here,
He thinketh on thee in the heavenly sphere,
As, or we depart, thou shalt know,

Ev.: What desireth God of me?

Death: That I shall show thee.

A reckoning He will needs have
Without any longer respite.

Ev.: To give a reckoning longer leisure I crave;
This blind matter troubleth my wit.

Death: On thee thou must take a long journey;
Therefore thy book of count with thee thou bring;

For turn again thou cannot by no way,
And look thou be sure of thy reckoning.
For before God thou shalt answer, and show
Thy many bad deeds and good but a few;
How thou hast spent thy life, and in what wise,
Before the chief Lord of Paradise.

Have ado that we were in that way,
For wete [know] thou well, thou shalt make none
attournay [Mediator].

[give.]

Ev.: Full unready I am such reckoning to
I know thee not: what messenger art thou?

Death: I am Death, that no man dreadeth.

Ev.: O Death, thou comest when I had thee
least in mind;

In thy power it lieth me to save,
Yet of my good will I give thee, if ye will be
kind,

Yea, a thousand pound shalt thou have,
And defer this matter till another day.

Death: Everyman, it may not be by no way;
I set not by gold, silver, nor riches,
Nor by pope, emperor, king, duke and princes.
For and I would receive gifts great,
All the world I might get;
But my custom is clean contrary.

I give thee no respite: come hence, and not tarry.

Ev.: Alas, shall I have no longer respite?

I may say Death giveth no warning;
To think on thee, it maketh my heart sick,
For all unready is my book of reckoning.
But twelve year and I might have abiding,
My counting book I would make so clear
That my reckoning I should not need to fear.
Wherefore, Death, I pray thee, for God's mercy,
Spare me till I be provided of remedy.

Death: Thee availeth not to cry, weep and
pray:

But haste thee lightly that you were gone the
journey,

And prove thy friends if thou can.
For, wete thou well, the tide abideth no man,
And in the world each living creature
For Adam's sin must die of nature.

Ev.: Death, if I should this pilgrimage take,
And my reckoning surely make,
Show me, for saint Charity,
Should I not come again shortly?

Death: No, Everyman, and thou be once
there,

Thou mayst never more come here,
Trust me verily.

Ev.: O gracious God, in the high seat celestial,
Have mercy on me in this most need;
Shall I have no company from this vale terrestrial
Of mine acquaintance that way me to lead?

Death : Yea, if any be so hardy
That would go with thee and bear thee company.
Hie thee that you were gone to God's magni-
ficence,

Thy reckoning to give before His presence.
What, weenest thou, thy life is given thee,
And thy worldly goods also ?

Ev. : I had wend so, verily.

Death : Nay, nay ; it was but lent thee ,
For as soon as thou art go, [therefro
Another awhile shall have it, and then go
Even as thou hast done. [five,
Everyman, thou art mad ; thou hast thy wits
And here on earth will not amend thy life,
For suddenly I do come.

Ev. : O wretched caitiff, whither shall I flee
That I might 'scape this endless sorrow ?
Now, gentle Death, spare me till to-morrow,
That I may amend me
With good advertisement.

Death : Nay, thereto I will not consent.
Nor no man will I respite,
But to the heart suddenly I shall smite
Without any advertisement.

And now out of thy sight I will me hie ,
See thou make thee ready shortly.
For thou mayst say this is the day
That no man living may 'scape away.

Ev. : Alas, I may well weep with sighs deep :
Now have I no manner of company
To help me in my journey, and me to keep ;
And also my writing is full unready.
I would to God I had never be gete [been born] !
The time passeth ; Lord, help that all wrought ;
For though I mourn it availeth naught.
The day passeth, and is almost a-go ;
I wot not well what for to do.

To whom were I best my complaint to make ?
What, and I to Fellowship thereof spake,
And showed him of this sudden change ?
For in him is all mine affiance ;
We have in the world so many a day
Be on good friends in sport and play.
I see him yonder, certainly ;
I trust that he will bear me company ;
Therefore to him will I speak to ease my sorrow.

II

EVERYMAN greets Fellowship, who pities
him in his distress, and asks to be shown
his grief, vowing Everyman shall find him
a good friend in need. Though he go to hell he
will not forsake him by the way.]

Everyman : I shall show you how it is.
Commanded I am to go a journey,

A long way, hard and dangerous,
And give a strait count without delay
Before the High Judge Adonai [God].
Wherefore, I pray you, bear me company,
As ye have promised, in this journey.

Fellowship : That is matter indeed ! Promise
is duty

But, and I should take such a voyage on me,
I know it well, it should be to my pain ;
Also it makes afear'd, certain.
But let us take course here as well as we can,
For your words would fear a strong man.

Ev. : Why, ye said if I had need
Ye would me never forsake, quick or dead,
Though it were to hell truly.

Fel. : So I said, certainly. [say ;
But such pleasures be set aside, thee sooth to
And also, if we took such a journey,
When should we come again ?

Ev. : Nay, never again till the day of doom.

Fel. : In faith, then will not I come there !
Who hath you these tidings brought ?

Ev. : Indeed, Death was with me here.

Fel. : Now, by God that all hath bought,
If Death were the messenger,
For no man that is living to-day
I will not go that loath journey—
Not for the father that begat me !

Ev. : Ye promised otherwise, pardie.

Fel. : I wot well I say so truly ; [good cheer,
And yet if thou wilt eat, and drink, and make
I would not forsake you while the day is clear,
Trust me verily !

Ev. : Yea, thereto ye would be ready :
To go to mirth, solace and play,
Your mind will sooner apply
Than to bear me company in my long journey.

Fel. : Now, in good faith, I will not that way.
But and thou wilt murder, or any man kill,
In that will I help thee with a good will !

Ev. : Oh, that is a simple advice indeed !
Gentle fellow, help me in my necessity :

We have loved long, and now I need,
And now, gentle Fellowship, remember me

Fel. : Whether ye have loved me or no,
By St. John I will not with thee go.

Ev. : Yet I pray thee, take the labour, and do
so much for me
To bring me forward, for saint Charity,
And comfort me till I come without the town.

Fel. : Nay, and thou would give me a new
gown

I will not a foot with thee go ; [thee so.
But and you had tarried I would not have left
And as now, God speed thee in thy journey,
For from thee I will depart as fast as I may.

Ev. : Whither away, Fellowship ? Wilt thou
forsake me ?

Fel. : Yea, by my fay, to God I betake thee.

Ev. : Farewell, good Fellowship, for this my
heart is sore ;

Adieu for ever, I shall see thee no more.

Fel. : In faith, Everyman, farewell now at the
end ; [ing.
For you I will remember that parting is mourn-

III

EVERYMAN now bewails his sad fate, and
perceives that Fellowship is but the com-
panion of prosperity and pleasantness. He
seeks Kindred and Goods, but both profess them-
selves unable to accompany him on so desolate
a journey. All are false friends. No one will
go with him. The dreadful journey must be
made in still more dreadful solitariness. At last
he bethinks him of his Good Deeds, although he
fears that 'she is so weak that she can neither
go nor speak.' However, he calls to her in
desperation, and she makes answer.]

Good Deeds : Here I lie cold in the ground ;
Thy sins have me sore bound,
That I cannot stir.

Everyman : O Good Deeds, I stand in fear !
I must you pray of counsel,
For help now should come right well. [ing

Good Deeds : Everyman, I have understand-
That ye be summoned account to make
Before Messias, of Jerusalem, King. [make ;

Ev. : Therefore I come to you, my moan to
I pray you, that ye will go with me.

Good Deeds : I would full fain, but I cannot
stand verily.

Ev. : Why, is there anything on you fall ?

Good Deeds : Yea, sir, I may thank you of all
If ye had perfectly cheered me,
Your book of account now full ready had be.
Look, the books of your works and deeds eke ;
Oh, see how they lie under the feet,
To your soul's heaviness ! [need,

Ev. : Good Deeds, I pray you, help me in this
Or else I am for ere damned indeed ;
Therefore help me to make reckoning
Before the Redeemer of all thing,
That King is, and was, and ever shall. [fall,

Good Deeds : Everyman, I am sorry for your
And fain would I help you, and I were able.

Ev. : Good Deeds, your counsel I pray you
give me.

Good Deeds : That shall I do verily ;
Though that on my feet I may not go,
I have a sister, that shall with you also,
Called Knowledge, which shall with you abide,
To help you to make that dreadful reckoning.

Knowledge : Everyman, I will go with thee,
and be thy guide,

In thy most need to go by thy side. [thing,

Ev. : In good condition I am now in every-
And am wholly content with this good thing ;
Thanked be my Creator. [there,

Good Deeds : And when he hath brought thee
Where thou shalt heal thee of thy smart,
Then go with your reckoning and your Good
Deeds together

For to make you joyful at heart
Before the Blessed Trinity.

Ev. : My Good Deeds, gramercy ;
I am well content, certainly.
With your words sweet.

Knowl. : Now we go together lovingly
To Confession, that cleansing river.

Ev. : For joy I weep ; I would we were there ;
But, I pray you, give me cognition
Where dwelleth that holy man, Confession.

Knowl. : In the house of salvation ;
We shall find him in that place,
That shall us comfort by God's grace, [mercy,
I.o, this is Confession ; kneel down and ask
For he is in good conceit with God Almighty.

Ev. : O glorious fountain that all uncleanness
doth clarify.

Wash from me the spots of vices unclean,
That on me no sin may be seen ;
I come with Knowledge for my redemption,
Repent with hearty and full contrition ;
For I am commanded a pilgrimager to take,
And great accounts before God to make.

Now, I pray you, Shrift, mother of salvation,
Help my good deeds for my piteous exclamation

Confession : I know your sorrow well, Every-
man ;

Because with Knowledge ye come to me.

I will you comfort as well as I can,
And a precious jewel I will give thee,
Called penance, wise voider of adversity ;
Therewith shall your body chastised be
With abstinence and perseverance in God's
service ;

Here shall you receive that scourge of me,
Which is penance strong, that ye must endure.

Knowl. : Keep him in this voyage,
And by that time Good Deeds will be with thee.
But in any wise, be sure of mercy,
For your time draweth fast, and ye will saved be ;
Ask God mercy, and He will grant truly ;
When with the scourge of penance man doth
him bind,

The oil of forgiveness then shall he find.

Ev. : Thanked be God for His gracious work !
For now I will my penance begin :
This hath rejoiced and lighted my heart,
Though the knots be painful and hard within.

Knowl. : Everyman, look your penance that
ye fulfil,

What pain that ever it to you be,
And Knowledge shall give you counsel at will
How your accounts ye shall make clearly.

Ev. : In the name of the Holy Trinity,
My body sore punished shall be :
Take this body for the sin of the flesh,
Also thou delightest to go gay and fresh,
And in the way of damnation thou did me bring ;
Therefore suffer now strokes and punishing.
Now of penance I will wade the water clear,
To save me from purgatory, that sharp fire.

Good Deeds : I thank God, now I can walk
and go ;

And am delivered of my sickness and woe.
Therefore with Everyman I will go, and not
spare ;

His good works I will help him to declare.

Knowl. : Now, Everyman, be merry and glad
Your Good Deeds cometh now ; ye may not be
sail.

Ev. : My heart is light, and shall be evermore ;
Now will I smite faster than I did before.
Welcome, my Good Deeds ; now I hear thy voice,
I weep for very sweetness of love.

Knowl. : Be no more sad, but ever rejoice,
God seeth thy living in His throne above ;
Put on this garment to thy behove,
Which is wet with your tears,
Or else before God you may it miss,
When you to your journey's end come shall.

Ev. : Gentle Knowledge, what do you it call ?

Knowl. : It is a garment of sorrow :

From pain it will you borrow ;
Contrition it is
That getteth forgiveness ;
It pleaseth God passing well.

Good Deeds : Everyman, will you wear it for
your heal ?

Ev. : Now blessed be Jesu, Mary's Son !
For now have I on true contrition.
And let us go now without tarrying.

IV

BUT before Everyman can go on his journey Good Deeds tells him he must lead with him three persons of great might—Discretion, Strength and Beauty. And Knowledge bids him call to mind his Five Wits as for his counsellors. Called together, they all come, and promise to be in his company at his will on his journey, and to give him virtuous monition that all shall be well. Everyman giveth thanks to God and prayeth his friends that he and they go without longer respite.] [your hand.

Everyman : Now set each of you on this rod And shortly follow me.

I go before, there I would be, God be our guide.
Alas, I am so faint I may not stand,
My limbs under me do fold ;
Friends, let us not turn again to this land,
Not for all the world's gold,
For into this cave must I creep
And turn to the earth and there to sleep.

Beauty : What, into this grave ? Alas ! [less.

Ev. : Yea, there shall you consume more and

Beauty : And what, should I smother here ?

Ev. : Yea, by my faith, and never more appear.
In this world live no more we shall,
But in heaven before the highest Lord of all.

Beauty : I cross out all this ; adieu by Saint John ;

I take my cap in my lap and am gone.

Ev. : What, Beauty, whither will ye ? [me,

Beauty : Peace, I am deaf ; I look not behind
Not, and thou would give me all the gold in thy chest.

Ev. : Alas, whereto may I trust ?

Beauty goeth fast away hie ;
She promised with me to live and die.

Strength : Everyman, I will thee also forsake
and deny.

Thy game liketh me not at all.

Ev. : Why, then ye will forsake me all ?

Sweet Strength, tarry a little space.

Str. : Nay, sir, by the rood of grace

I will hie me from thee fast

Though thou weep till thy heart brast.

Ev. : Ye would ever bide by me, ye said.

Str. : Yea, I have you far enough conveyed :

Ye be old enough, I understand,
Your pilgrimage to take on hand ;

I repent me that I hither came.

Ev. : Strength, you to displease I am to blame ;
Will you break promise that is debt ?

Str. : In faith, I care not ;

Thou art but a fool to complain,
You spend your speech and waste your brain ;
Go, thrust thee into the ground. [found.

Ev. : I had wend surer I should you have
He that trusteth in his Strength
She him deceiveth at the length.

Both Strength and Beauty forsaketh me

Yet they promised me fair and lovingly.

Discretion : Everyman, I will after Strength
be gone.

Ev. : Why, Discretion, will ye forsake me ?

Discr. : Yea, in faith, I will go from thee.

For when Strength goeth before

I follow after evermore.

Ev. : Oh, all thing faileth, save God alone ;
Beauty, Strength and Discretion ;
For when Death bloweth his blast,
They all run from me full fast.

Five Wits : Everyman, my leave now of thee
I take ;

I will follow the other, for here I thee forsake.

Ev. : Alas ! then may I wail and weep,
For I took you for my best friend.

Five Wits : I will no longer thee keep ;
Now farewell, and there an end.

Ev. : O Jesu, help, all hath forsaken me !

Good Deeds : Nay, Everyman, I will bide
with thee,

I will not forsake thee indeed ;

Thou shalt find me a good friend at need.

Ev. : Gramercy, Good Deeds ; now may I
true friends see.

They have forsaken me every one ;

I loved them better than my Good Deeds alone.

Knowledge, will ye forsake me also ? [do go ;

Knowl. : Yea, Everyman, when ye to Death
But not yet for no manner of danger. [heart.

Ev. : Gramercy, Knowledge, with all my

Knowl. : Nay, yet I will not from hence depart
Till I see where ye shall be come.

Ev. : Methinketh, alas, that I must be gone,

To make my reckoning, and my debts pay,

For I see my time is nigh spent away.

Take example, all ye that this do hear or see

How they that I loved best do forsake me,

Except my Good Deeds that bideth truly.

Good Deeds : All earthly things is but vanity,
Beauty, Strength and Discretion do man forsake,
Foolish friends and kinsmen, that fair spake,
All fleeth save Good Deeds, and that am I.

Ev. : Have mercy on me, God most mighty ;
And stand by me, thou mother and maid, holy
Mary.

Here I cry God mercy.

[pain ;

Good Deeds : Short our end, and minish our
Let us go and never come again. [mend ;

Ev. : Into thy hands, Lord, my soul I com-
Receive it, Lord, that it be not lost.

As thou me broughtest, so me defend

And save me from the fiend's boast,

That I may appear with that blessed host,

That I shall be saved at the day of doom

In manus tuas—of might's most

For ever—commendo spiritum meum.

Knowl. : Now hath he suffered that we all
shall endure ;

The Good Deeds shall make all sure.

Now hath he made ending ;

Methinketh that I hear angels sing

And make great joy and melody

Where Everyman's soul received shall be.

Angel : Come, excellent elect spouse to Jesu ;

Here above thou shalt go

Because of thy singular virtue ;

Now the soul is taken the body fro ;

Thy reckoning is crystal-clear.

Now shalt thou into the heavenly sphere,

Unto the which all ye shall come

That liveth well before the day of doom.

Thus endeth this morall play of Everyman.

TOBIAS SMOLLETT

HUMPHREY CLINKER

THE last and the pleasantest work of fiction from the pen of Tobias Smollett, *Humphrey Clinker* was written in Italy, near Leghorn, where the novelist had gone to live in 1769 as the only place where there was a chance for him to prolong his life. The book was completed in 1770, and was published in 1771, but Smollett unfortunately did not survive long enough after the novel's appearance to hear the universal chorus of praise that greeted it. The story is vividly told in a series of letters written on a long coaching tour by the various characters in the romance. The chief of these are Matthew Bramble, a kind-hearted, irascible old man of gruff, forbidding appearance, travelling for his health, his sour, embittered sister Tabitha, his niece Lydia and her brother Jerry, Humphrey Clinker, the hero of the tale, and Winifred Jenkins, the maid. The work is extremely long and is full of digressions—digressions, however, that constitute a lively description of English life as it was in the 18th century. Epitomes of Smollett's *Peregrine Pickle* and *Roderick Random* are also included in *The World's Great Books*.

I—A Family of Originals

To Sir Watkin Phillips, Bart., Jesus
College, Oxon



CLIFTON, April 6. Dear Phillips,—I have got into a family of originals, whom I may one day attempt to describe for your amusement. My aunt,

Tabitha Bramble, is a maiden of forty-five, exceedingly starched, plain and ridiculous. My uncle, Matthew Bramble, is an odd kind of humorist, always on the fret, and so unpleasant in his manner, that, rather than be obliged to keep his company, I'd resign all claim to the inheritance of his estate. But perhaps I may like him better on farther acquaintance.

In our journey from Wales to London we stopped at Gloucester, and fetched away from a boarding school there my sister Lydia. I found her a fine, tall girl of seventeen, but remarkably simple. Her ignorance of the world has exposed her to the addresses of a person—I know not what to call him—who saw her at a play. It was by the greatest accident I intercepted one of his letters, but I then made it my business to find him out and tell him very freely my sentiments of the matter. Though his rank in life (which, by the bye, I am ashamed to declare) did not entitle him to much deference, yet, as his behaviour was remarkably spirited, I admitted him to the privilege of a gentle-

man, and something might have happened had we not been prevented. Remember me to my old companions. Your affectionate friend and humble servant,
JERRY Melford.

To Dr. Lewis, Brambleton Hall,
Monmouth

CLIFTON, April 7. Doctor,—I have followed your directions with some success, and might have been upon my legs by this time had the weather permitted me to use my saddle-horse. My confinement is the more intolerable, as I am surrounded with domestic vexations.

Liddy, my niece, has been so long cooped up in a boarding school that she became as inflammable as touchwood; and, going to a play in holiday time, she fell in love with one of the actors—a handsome young fellow that goes by the name of Wilson. This came to the ears of my nephew Jerry, a pert jackanapes, full of college petulance and self-conceit. If I had not hobbled out and knocked up the mayor, the two young fools would have hurt each other. They had taken their ground and were priming pistols when the constables took them into custody.

The manager of the theatrical company, who bailed out Wilson, swore that the young fellow was a gentleman. He had been playing in the company for six months, and had refused to take any salary. Wilson, however, would not ex-

plain himself, and I fancy he will turn out to be a runaway 'prentice. Poor Liddy was so frightened and fluttered by our threats and expostulations that she fell

sick, and continued ill for a whole week. Tell Gwyllim she forgot to pack up my flannels in the trunk mail.

MATTHEW BRAMBLE.

II—Humphrey's Criminality

To Sir Watkin Phillips

LONDON, May 24. My dear Phillips,— I give Mansell credit for his invention in propagating the report that I have had a quarrel with a mountebank's Merry Andrew at Gloucester. But I have too much respect for every appendage of wit to quarrel even with the lowest buffoonery, and therefore I hope Mansell and I shall always be good friends.

Our journey to London has not been wholly barren of adventure. The squire hired a coach and four, and I rode on horseback. On the edge of Marlborough Downs one of the four horses fell in descending the hill at a round trot and the carriage was overturned. Fortunately, nobody was hurt, but my Aunt Tabby, with an eloquence which would have shamed the best oratress of Billingsgate, refused to enter the carriage again unless another driver could be found to take the place of the postillion, who, she affirmed, had overturned the coach with malice aforethought.

After much dispute, the man resigned his place to a shabby country fellow, who undertook to go as far as Marlborough. At that place we arrived about one o'clock without farther impediment. Aunt Tabby, however, found new matter of offence; which, indeed, she has a particular genius for extracting from every incident in life. She complained against the poor fellow who had superseded the postillion, saying that he was such a beggarly rascal that he had ne'er a shirt to his back, and that his rags were positively indecent.

"This is a heinous offence, indeed!" cried my humorist of an uncle. "Let us hear what the fellow has to say in his own vindication." He was accordingly summoned into the room where we were dining, and made his appearance, which was equally queer and pathetic. He seemed to be about twenty years of age, of a middling size, with high forehead, sandy locks and a long chin, but his complexion was of sickly yellow.

"Ain't you ashamed, fellow," said my uncle, with an ironical expression, "to go about in such rags?"

"Yes, I am, an please your noble honour," answered the man; "but necessity has no law. I ha'n't a shirt in the world, nor a rag of clothes but what you see, and no friend or relation upon earth to help me. I have had the fever and the ague these six months, and spent all I had in the world upon doctors and to keep body and soul together; and, saving these ladies' good presence, I ha'n't broke bread these four and twenty hours."

TABBY turning from him, said she had never seen such a disgusting tatterdemalion, and bid him begone. My uncle darted a significant glance at her as she retired with Liddy into another compartment, and then asked the man if he was known to any person in Marlborough. The landlord of the inn came in, and declared that the young fellow's name was Humphrey Clinker.

"He was a foundling brought up in our workhouse," said mine host; "till he was taken ill of the ague, he worked under my ostler, but he then became so sickly and shabby that he disgraced the stable, and I had to send him away."

"I see," said my uncle; "you turned him out to die in the streets?"

"I pay the poor's rate," replied the other, "and I can't maintain idle vagrants."

"You perceive, Jerry," said my uncle, turning to me, "our landlord is a good Christian. Who shall presume to censure the morals of the age, when the very publicans exhibit such examples of humanity? Hark ye, Clinker, you are a most notorious offender. You stand convicted of sickness, hunger, wretchedness and want, but as it does not belong to me to punish criminals, I will only take upon me the task of giving you a word of advice—get a shirt with all convenient despatch, and clothe yourself decently."

So saying, he put a guinea into the hand of the poor fellow, who stood staring at him in silence, with his mouth open, till the landlord pushed him out of the room.

In the afternoon, as our aunt stepped into the coach, she observed, with some marks of satisfaction, that the postillion was not a shabby wretch like the ragamuffin who had drove them into Marlborough. Indeed, the difference was very conspicuous. This was a smart fellow, with a narrow-trimmed hat with gold cording, a cut bob, leather breeches and a clean linen shirt puffed above the waistband.

When we arrived at the Castle on Spin-hill, the new postillion was remarkably assiduous in bringing in the loose parcels, and at length displayed the individual countenance of Humphrey Clinker, who had metamorphosed himself by relieving his clothes from pawn.

HOWSOEVER pleased the rest of the company were with such a favourable change in the appearance of this poor creature, it soured on the stomach of Aunt Tabby. Tossing her nose in disdain, she said that if Matt intended to take the fellow with him to London she would not go a foot farther. My uncle said nothing with his tongue, but his looks were expressive; and Clinker ran up to him, saying, "Your honour has been so good to me that I ha'n't got the heart to part with you. If you will let me, I will serve you without reward."

"I have a good mind to take thee into my family," said my uncle, laughing at the fellow's simplicity. "What are thy qualifications? What are you good for?"

"An please your honour," said Clinker, "I can read and write and do the business of the stable indifferent well. I can dress a horse, and shoe him, and bleed him and rowel him. Then I can make hogs'-puddings and hobnails, mend kettles and tin saucepans. I know something of the single-stick and psalmody. I can dance a Welsh jig and Nancy Dawson; wrestle a fall with any lad of my inches, when I'm in heart; and I can find a hare when your honour wants a bit of game."

"Foregad, thou art a complete fellow!" cried my uncle, laughing. "Go and try if thou canst make peace with my sister."

Clinker accordingly followed us into the room and addressed himself to Tabitha.

"Do, pray, good, sweet, beautiful lady, take compassion on a poor sinner. I am sure you are too handsome to bear malice. I will serve you on my bended knees by night and by day, and all for the love and pleasure of serving such an excellent lady."

This compliment and humiliation had some effect upon Tabby, but she made no reply; and Clinker, taking silence for consent, gave his attendance at dinner. The flutter of the fellow's spirits and his natural awkwardness caused him to make many blunders. At length he spilt part of a custard on my aunt's shoulder, and, starting back, trod upon Chowder, her overfed, vicious little lapdog, that set up a dismal howl.

DISCONCERTED at this double mistake, Humphrey dropped the china dish, which broke into a thousand pieces. Tabitha snatched the dog in her arms and presented it to her brother, saying, "This is all a concerted scheme against this unfortunate animal, whose only crime is its regard for me. Kill it at once, and then you will be satisfied!"

"For God's sake, sister, compose yourself," said my uncle, "and consider that the poor simpleton is innocent of any intention to give you offence."

"I see it plainly," exclaimed Tabby; "he acts by your direction, and you are resolved to support him in his impudence! But now you shall part with this rascal or me upon the spot. The world shall see whether you have more regard for your own flesh and blood, or for a beggarly foundling taken from a dunghill."

Mr. Bramble's eyes began to glisten.

"If stated fairly," said he, raising his voice, "the question is whether I have the spirit to shake off an intolerable yoke by one effort of resolution, or meanness enough to do an act of cruelty to gratify the rancour of a capricious woman. Hark ye, Tabitha Bramble, I will now propose an alternative. Either discard your four-footed favourite, or give me leave to bid you eternally adieu. And now to dinner with what appetite you may!"

Tabby sat down in a corner thunder-struck at this declaration from a man

whom she had henpecked ever since she came to live under his roof; and after a pause of some minutes, "I don't understand you, Matt," said she.

"I spoke in plain English," answered the old squire.

The virago was utterly humbled.

"I can't dispose of the dog in this place," she murmured; "but if you will allow him to go in the coach to London, I give you my word he shall never trouble you again."

We then finished our meal with comfort, and arrived in London in the evening. We are lodged in Golden Square, and Clinker, who is now retained as a footman, will soon make his appearance in a new suit of livery. My aunt seems to be much mended by the hint she received from her brother. Remember me to our Jesuitical friends, and believe me, ever yours affectionately,

JERY MELFORD.

To Dr. Lewis

LONDON, June 14. Dear Doctor,—What kind of taste and organs must those people have who really prefer the adulterated enjoyments of the town to the genuine pleasures of a country retreat? From this wild uproar of knavery, folly and impertinence I shall fly with double

relish to the serenity of retirement and the hospitality and protection of the rural gods; and I have agreed for a good travelling coach and four to take me back to Brambleton Hall and the sweet, pure air of my Welsh hills.

Everything has gone wrong. Tabby has quarrelled with Liddy, because the poor girl received an offer of marriage from a rising young politician, whom my husband-hunting sister had marked for her own prey. Liddy said in defence that the man had not received any encouragement from her, and she confessed that she was still in love with the actor, Wilson, and that they had recently had a stolen meeting. This made her brother Jerry furious and he has sworn that he will kill Wilson at the next opportunity.

If all this were not enough, my new servant, Humphrey Clinker, has turned Methodist, and has infected my sister and my niece with his wild notions; and Tabby's maid, Winifred Jenkins, has fallen in love with him. If you can find anything in your philosophical budget to console me in the midst of these distresses, which have brought on a bad fit of the gout, pray let it be communicated to your unfortunate friend

MATTHEW BRAMBLE.

III—Humphrey's Heroism

To Sir Watkin Phillips, Bart.

OCTOBER 5. Dear Phillips,—We have been this day within a hair's-breadth of losing honest Matthew Bramble. In crossing the country to get into the post road, it was necessary to ford a river. We that were a-horseback passed without danger; but a great quantity of rain having fallen last night and this morning, there was such an accumulation of water that a mill-head gave way just as the coach was passing under it, and the flood fairly overturned the carriage just in the middle of the stream. I snatched my sister by the hair of the head and dragged her to the bank; and my man helped to rescue Aunt Tabby, who was already half-way out of the coach window. Rushing again into the stream, I met Clinker hauling ashore Winifred Jenkins, who looked like a mermaid with her hair dishevelled about her ears.

When I asked if his master was safe, he shook his sweetheart from him, and she must have gone to pot if a miller had not come to her relief. As for Humphrey, he flew like lightning to the coach, that was by this time filled with water, and, diving into it, brought up my poor uncle, to all appearance deprived of life. Taking him up in his arms, as if he had been an infant of six months, Clinker carried him ashore, crying most piteously all the way. When the old squire was laid upon the grass and turned from side to side, a great quantity of water ran out of his mouth, then he opened his eyes and fetched a deep sigh. We carried him to an inn hard by, and he soon began to breathe regularly.

In little more than half an hour, the hurricane was over, and a blacksmith and wheelwright were sent for, to the next market town, to repair the coach. By

this time my uncle was on his feet again, and he sent for Clinker and said to him, "As you have fished me up, Humphrey, at your own risk, you are entitled to all the money that was in my pocket, and there it is." He then presented him with his purse and a ring of nearly the same value.

"God forbid!" cried Clinker. "Your honour shall excuse me. I am a poor fellow, but I have a heart. I have done no more than my duty. For your worship I would go through fire as well as water."

"I do believe it, Humphrey," said the old squire. "I insist upon you receiving this small token of my gratitude; but don't imagine I look upon it as an adequate recompense for the service you have done me. I have determine to settle thirty pounds a year upon you for life."

"Lord, make me thankful for all these mercies!" cried Clinker, sobbing. "Your honour found me when I was naked—when I was sick and forlorn—I understand your honour's looks, but my heart is very full. If your worship won't give me leave to speak, I must vent it in prayers for my benefactor."

He ran out of the room, and Mr. Bramble called the landlord of the inn to arrange about our lodging.

Mr. Dennison was a man well advanced in years, but hale and robust, with an ingenuous countenance. When he entered the room my uncle eyed him attentively and then asked if he had not been a commoner at Queen's College, Oxford.

"Yes," said Mr. Dennison.

"Well, look at me then," said my uncle, "and see if you can recollect the features of an old friend, whom you have not seen these forty years."

Mr. Dennison took him by the hand and gazing at him earnestly, cried, "Yes, you are Matthew Lloyd, of Glamorgan, who was student of Jesus."

CLINKER, who had just re-entered, no sooner heard these words than he fell down and clasped my uncle's knees, crying as if he was mad. "Matthew Lloyd, of Glamorgan! Oh, Providence! Your worship must forgive me—Matthew Lloyd, of Glamorgan! Oh, sir, I can't contain myself! I shall lose my senses."

"Nay, thou hast lost them already,"

said my uncle, peevishly; "be quiet, Clinker. What is the matter?"

Humphrey fumbled in his bosom, and pulled out an old snuff-box, which he presented in great trepidation to his master, who, opening it, saw a small cornelian seal and two scraps of paper. At the sight of these articles, Bramble started, and casting his eye upon the papers, he said, "Where is the person here named?"

Poor Clinker knocked his breast and stammered out, "Here, here, here is Matthew Lloyd, as the certificate shows. Humphrey Clinker was only the name of a farrier, who took me 'prentice out of the workhouse."

"And so," cried my uncle, "in consequence of my changing my name, and going abroad at that very time, thy poor mother and thou have been left to want."

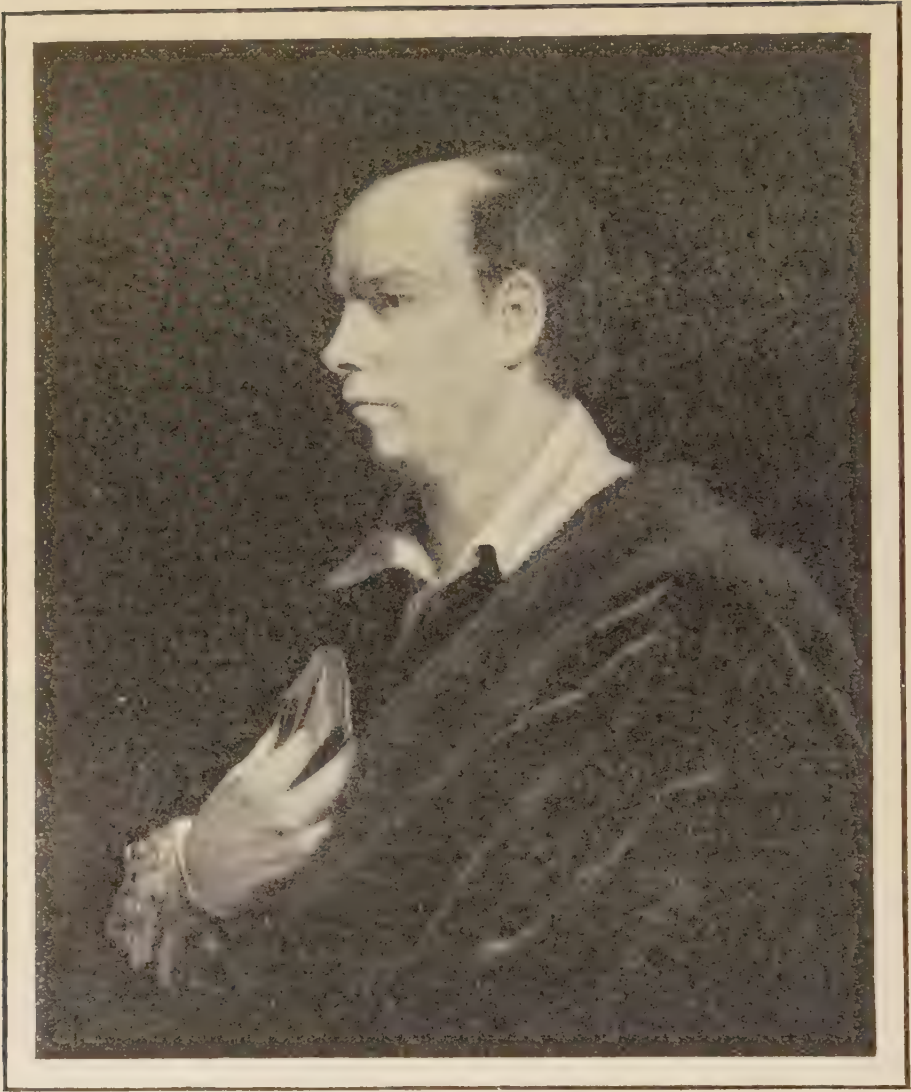
Then, laying his hand on his son's head, he added, "Stand forth, Matthew Lloyd. Here, gentlemen, is my direction written with my own hand, and a seal, which I left at his mother's request."

WHILE I was shaking my new-found cousin heartily by the hand, Mr. Dennison desired to know for what reason my uncle had changed his name, and the old squire replied: "I took my mother's name, which was Lloyd, as heir to her lands in Glamorgan; but when I came of age I sold that property to clear my paternal estate, and resumed my real name."

Mr. Dennison took us to his house, and while we were taking tea with his amiable lady, he brought his son Jack into the room. At the sight of the young man, Liddy well nigh swooned, and even I was consternated. For young Jack Dennison proved to be no other than that identical person whom I have execrated so long under the name of Wilson. He had eloped from college at Cambridge to avoid a match that he detested, and had acted in different parts of the country as a strolling player, until the lady in question made choice of a husband for herself. He then returned to his father, and disclosed his passion for Liddy. The marriage articles were settled after supper and the lovers are to be noosed as soon as possible.

Your affectionate friend,

JERY MELFORD



Oliver Goldsmith (1728-1774), the most versatile man of letters of the eighteenth century, enjoys the rare distinction of having produced masterpieces in three separate departments of literature. His one novel, *The Vicar of Wakefield* (1766) stands alone, an inimitably charming idyll, written in purest prose. The *Deserted Village* (1770) is one of the most tender and graceful poems in the language. His two comedies, *The Good-Natur'd Man* (1768) and *She Stoops to Conquer* (1774), are still unexcelled in their kind, and as fresh to-day as when they were first produced. In addition he wrote essays in quite admirable English prose. Endowed in generous measure with the saving grace of humour, with infinite tenderness and delicacy of thought, his wittily simple, gently moving, delightfully felicitous style reflects a lovable character that won the affection of all the distinguished men who were his contemporaries, and has enshrined him in the heart of posterity even more securely than Charles Lamb. This portrait is reproduced from the painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds in the National Portrait Gallery.

JOHN FORSTER

THE LIFE OF OLIVER GOLDSMITH

As writer of *Lives of the Statesmen of the Commonwealth*, of Goldsmith, Landor and Dickens, John Forster is best remembered. To his own generation he was for twenty years one of the ablest London journalists. In his later days he had time to devote himself more closely to historical research. He was born at Newcastle, April 2, 1812, was turned aside from the law by success in newspaper work, and became editor first of the *Foreign Quarterly Review*, then of *The Daily News*, on which he succeeded Dickens, and lastly of *The Examiner*. His *Life of Goldsmith* was published in 1848, and enlarged in 1854. Forster seemed harsh, exacting and stubborn, but was in reality one of the most loyal of friends, tender-hearted and sympathetic. His picture of Oliver Goldsmith is an understanding defence of that genius, written from the heart. Forster died, February 1, 1876, two years after his retirement from official life. An epitome of his *Life of Dickens* also appears in *The World's Great Books*.

I—Misery and Ill Luck



THE marble in Westminster Abbey is correct in the place, but not in the time, of the birth of Oliver Goldsmith. He was born at a small old parsonage house in an almost inaccessible Irish village called Pallas, in Longford, November 10, 1728. His father, the Rev. Charles Goldsmith, was a Protestant clergyman with an uncertain stipend, which, with the help of some fields he farmed, averaged forty pounds a year. They who have lived, laughed and wept with the father of the man in black in *The Citizen of the World*, the preacher of *The Deserted Village*, or the hero of *The Vicar of Wakefield*, have given laughter, love and tears to the Rev. Charles Goldsmith.

Oliver had not completed his second year when the family moved to a respectable house and farm on the verge of the pretty little village of Lissoy, in West Meath. Here the schoolmistress who first put a book into Oliver Goldsmith's hands confessed, 'Never was so dull a boy; he seemed impenetrably stupid.'

Yet all the charms of Goldsmith's later style are to be traced in the letters of his youth, and he began to scribble verses when he could scarcely write. At the age of eight he went to the Rev. Mr. Gilpin's superior school of Elphin, in Roscommon, where he was considered 'a stupid, heavy blockhead, little better than a fool, whom

everyone made fun of.' Indeed, from his earliest youth he was made to feel an intense, uneasy consciousness of supposed defects. Later he went to school at Athlone and at Edgeworthstown, and was in every school trick, either as an actor or a victim.

On leaving the school at Edgeworthstown, Oliver entered Dublin University as a sizar, 'at once studying freedom and practising servitude.' Little went well with him in his student course. He had a menial position, a savage brute for a tutor, and few inclinations to the study exacted. But he was not without his consolations; he could sing a song well and, at a new insult, could blow off excitement through his flute. The popular picture of him in these days is of a slow, hesitating, somewhat hollow voice, a low-sized, thick, robust, ungainly figure, lounging about the college courts on the wait for misery and ill luck.

In Oliver's second year at college his father died suddenly, and the scanty sum required for his support stopped. Squalid poverty relieved by occasional gifts was Goldsmith's lot thenceforward. He would write street ballads to save himself from actual starving, sell them for five shillings apiece, and steal out of the college at night to hear them sung. It is said to have been a rare occurrence when the five shillings reached home with him. It was most likely, when he was at his utmost

need, to stop with some beggar on the road who had seemed to him even more destitute than himself.

He took his degree as bachelor of arts on February 27, 1749, and, returning to his mother's house at Ballymahon, waited till he could qualify himself for orders. This is the sunny time between two dismal periods of his life—the day occupied in the village school, the winter nights in presiding at Conway's inn, the summer evenings strolling up the banks of the Inny to play the flute, learning French from the Irish priests, or winning a prize for throwing a sledge-hammer at the fair.

When the time came for Goldsmith to take orders, one report says he did not deem himself good enough for it, and another says that he presented himself before the Bishop of Elphin in scarlet breeches; but in truth his rejection is the only certainty.

A year's engagement as a tutor followed, and from it he returned home with thirty pounds in his pocket and was the undisputed owner of a good horse. Thus fur-

nished and mounted he set off for Cork with a vision of going to America, but returned presently with only five shillings and a horse he had bought for one pound seventeen.

Law was the next thing thought of, and his uncle Contarine, who had married his father's sister, came forward with fifty pounds. With this sum Oliver started for London, but gambled it all away in Dublin. In bitter shame he wrote to his uncle, confessed, and was forgiven, and the good uncle then made up a purse to carry him to Edinburgh to study medicine.

No traditions remain in Edinburgh as to the character or extent of Goldsmith's studies there, but it may be supposed that his eighteen months' residence was, on the whole, not unprofitable. A curious document that has been discovered is a torn leaf of a tailor's ledger radiant with 'rich sky-blue satin, fine sky-blue shalloon, a superfine silver-laced small hat, rich black Genoa velvet, and superfine high claret-coloured cloth,' ordered by Mr. Oliver Goldsmith, student.

II—Through Europe With a Flute

FROM Edinburgh he sailed for Leyden, but called on the way at New-castle and saw enough of England to be able to say that 'of all objects on this earth an English farmer's daughter is the most charming.' Little is known of his pursuits at Leyden, where his principal means of support were as a teacher. After staying there nearly a year, he started out on a tour through Europe, with a guinea in his pocket, one shirt on his back and a flute in his hand.

Goldsmith started on his travels in February 1755, and stepped ashore at Dover February 1, 1756. For his route it is necessary to consult his writings. His letters of the time have perished. In later life, Foote tells us, 'he frequently used to talk, with great pleasantry, of his distresses on the Continent, such as living on the hospitalities of the friars, sleeping in barns, and picking up a kind of mendicant livelihood by the German flute.' His early memoir-writers assert with confidence that in some small portion of his travels he acted as companion to a young man of large fortune.

It is certain that the rude, strange wandering life to which his nature for a time impelled him was an education picked up from personal experience and by actual collision with many varieties of men, and that it gave him on several social questions much the advantage over the more learned of his contemporaries.

As he passed through Flanders, Louvain attracted him and here, according to his first biographer, he took the degree of medical bachelor and made some stay. Some little time he also passed at Brussels. Undoubtedly he visited Antwerp, and he rested a brief space in Paris.

He must have taken the lecture-rooms of Germany on his way to Switzerland. Passing into that country he saw Schaffhausen frozen. Geneva was his resting-place in Switzerland, but he visited Basel and Berne. Descending into Piedmont, he saw Milan, Verona, Mantua and Florence, and at Padua is supposed to have stayed some six months and, it has been asserted, received his degree. "Sir," said Johnson to Boswell, "he *disputed* his passage through Europe."

III—*Physic, Teaching and Authorship*

LANDING at Dover without a farthing in his pocket, the traveller took ten days to reach London, where an uncertain story says he gained subsistence for a few months as an usher, under a feigned name. At last a chemist of the name of Jacob, at the corner of Monument Yard, engaged him. While employed among the drugs he met an old Edinburgh fellow-student, Owen Sleight, who, 'with a heart as warm as ever, shared his home and friendship.'

Goldsmith now began to practise as a physician in a humble way, and through one of his patients was introduced to Richardson and appointed for a short time reader and corrector to his press in Salisbury Court. Next we find him at Peckham Academy, assistant to Dr. Milner, whose son had been at Edinburgh.

Milner was a contributor to *The Monthly Review*, published by Griffiths, the bookseller, and at Milner's table Griffiths and Goldsmith met, with the result that Goldsmith entered into an agreement to devote himself to *The Monthly Review* for a year. In fulfilment of that agreement Mr. and Mrs. Griffiths provided him with bed and board in Paternoster Row and, at the age of nine-and-twenty, he began his work as an author by profession.

The twelve months' agreement was not carried out. At the end of five months Goldsmith left *The Monthly Review*. During that period he had reviewed Professor Mallet's translations of Scandinavian poetry and mythology; Home's *Tragedy of Douglas*, Burke's *Origin of Our Ideas of the Sublime and Beautiful*, Smollett's *Complete History of England*, and Gray's *Odes*. Though he was no longer 'a not unuseful assistant' to Griffiths, he kept up an irregular business association with that literary slave-driver. He also contributed to Newbery's *Literary Magazine*.

At last, in despair, he turned again from the miseries of Grub Street to Dr. Milner's school-room at Peckham and, after another brief period of teaching, Dr. Milner secured for him the promise of an appointment as medical officer to one of the East India Company's factories on the coast of Coromandel.

Partly to utilise his travel experiences in a more formal manner than had yet been possible, and partly to provide funds for his equipment for foreign service, he now wrote his *Inquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning in Europe* and, leaving Dr. Milner's, became a contributor to Hamilton's *Critical Review*, a rival to Griffiths's *Monthly*. In these days he lived in a garret in Green Arbour Court, Old Bailey, with a single chair in the room, and a window seat for himself if a visitor occupied the chair. For some unknown reason the Coromandel appointment was withdrawn, and failure in an examination as a hospital-mate left no hope except in literature.

THE turning-point of Goldsmith's life was reached when Griffiths became security for a new suit of clothes in which that unfortunate hospital-mate examination might be attended. On Griffiths finding that the new suit had been pawned to free the poet's landlady from the bailiffs, he abused him as a sharper and a villain and threatened to proceed against him by law as a criminal.

This attack forced from Goldsmith the rejoinder, "Sir, I know of no misery but a jail to which my own imprudences and your letter seem to point. I have seen it inevitable these three or four weeks, and, by heavens! regard it as a favour, as a favour that may prevent somewhat more fatal. I tell you again and again I am now neither able nor willing to pay you a farthing, but I will be punctual to any appointment you or the tailor shall make; thus far at least I do not act the sharper, since, unable to pay my debts one way, I would willingly give some security another. No, sir; had I been a sharper, had I been possessed of less good nature and native generosity, I might surely now have been in better circumstances. My reflections are filled with repentance for my imprudence, but not with any remorse for being a villain."

The result of this correspondence was that Goldsmith contracted to write for Griffiths a *Life of Voltaire*; the payment being twenty pounds, with the price of the clothes to be deducted from the sum.

In the autumn of 1759 Goldsmith commenced, for bookseller Wilkie, of St. Paul's Churchyard, the weekly writing of *The Bee*, a threepenny magazine of essays. It ended with its eighth number, for the public would not buy it. At the same time he was writing for Mr. Pottinger's *Busybody*, and Mr. Wilkie's *Lady's Magazine*.

The *Bee*, though unsuccessful, brought Goldsmith useful friends—Smollett and Garrick, and Mr. Newbery, the publisher—and with the new year (1760) he was

working with Smollett on *The British Magazine* and, immediately afterwards, on Newbery's *Public Ledger*, a daily newspaper, for which he wrote two articles a week at a guinea for each article. Among the articles were the series that still divert and instruct us—*The Citizen of the World*. This was the title given when the *Letters from a Chinese Philosopher in London to his Friend in the East* were republished by Newbery, at the end of the year. Goldsmith now began to know his own value as a writer.

IV—*Social and Literary Success*

HIS widening reputation brought him into association and friendship with Johnson, to whom he was introduced by Dr. Percy, the collector of the *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*.

Goldsmith gave a supper in honour of his visitor, and when Percy called on Johnson to accompany him to their host's lodgings, to his great astonishment he found Johnson in a new suit of clothes, with a new wig, nicely powdered, perfectly dissimilar from his usual appearance. On being asked the cause of this transformation Johnson replied, "Why, sir, I hear that Goldsmith, who is a very great sloven, justifies his disregard of cleanliness and decency by quoting my practice; and I am desirous this night to show him a better example."

Johnson was perhaps the first literary man of the times who estimated Goldsmith according to his true merits as a writer and thinker, and he was repaid by an affectionate devotion that was never worn out during the later years when the Dictator was too ready to make a butt of the unready Irishman. Goldsmith now joined the group of literary friends who gathered frequently at the shop of Tom Davies, the bookseller, where Johnson and Boswell first met, and he was one of the famous Literary Club which grew out of these meetings.

"Sir," said Johnson to Boswell, at one of their first meetings, "Goldsmith is one of the first men we have as an author."

This was said at a time when all Goldsmith's best works had yet to be written. He was still working for the booksellers, and in 1763, issued anonymously a

History of England in a Series of Letters from a Nobleman to his Son. To various noblemen credit for this popular work was given, including Lord Chesterfield.

Growing success was only an excuse for growing extravagance, and in 1764 Goldsmith was placed temporarily under arrest for debt, probably by his landlady, Mrs. Fleming, with whom he had been living at Islington under an arrangement made by Newbery. His withdrawal from the town had given him opportunities for congenial labour on *The Traveller* and *The Vicar of Wakefield*, and when Johnson appeared, in answer to his urgent summons, it was the manuscript of *The Vicar* that he carried off, and sold for sixty pounds, to relieve immediate anxieties.

Still, it was *The Traveller* that was first published (December 19, 1764). Johnson pronounced it a poem to which it would not be easy to find anything equal since the death of Pope. The predominant impression of *The Traveller* is of its naturalness and facility. The serene graces of its style and the mellow flow of its verse take us captive before we feel the enchantment of its lovely images of various life reflected from its calm, still depths of philosophic contemplation. A fourth edition was issued by August, and a ninth appeared in the year when the poet died. The price paid for it by Newbery was, apparently, twenty guineas.

It was in the spring of 1766, fifteen months after it had been acquired by Newbery, that *The Vicar of Wakefield* was published. No book upon record has obtained a wider popularity, and none is more likely to endure. It is our first pure

example of the simple, domestic novel. As a refuge from the compiling of books was this book undertaken. Simple to baldness are the materials used, but Goldsmith threw into the midst of them his own nature, his actual experience, the suffering, discipline and sweet emotion of

his chequered life, and so made them a lesson and a delight to all men. The book silently forced its way. No noise was made about it, no trumpets were blown for it, but admiration gathered steadily around it, and by August a third edition had been reached.

V—Poet, Dramatist and Spendthrift

GOLDSMITH had long been a constant frequenter of the theatres and one of the most sagacious critics of the actors of his day ; and it was natural that, having succeeded as an essayist, a poet and a novelist, he should try his fortune with the drama.

In 1677 a comedy was in Garrick's hands, wherein, following the method of Farquhar, he attempted by the help of nature, humour and character to invoke the spirit of laughter, happy, unrestrained and cordial. After long, and not very friendly, temporising by the great actor, Goldsmith withdrew the play from Drury Lane and committed it to Colman at Covent Garden ; but it was not till January 29, 1768, that *The Good-Natur'd Man* was acted. It proved a reasonably fair success. Johnson, who wrote the prologue, went to see the comedy rehearsed and showed unwavering kindness to his friend at this trying time.

While the play was under discussion and preparation, Goldsmith was engaged in writing for Tom Davis an easy, popular *History of Rome*, in the style of his anonymous *Letters from a Nobleman to His Son*, proceeding with it at leisure in his cottage at Edgware. The success of *The Good-Natur'd Man*, though far from equal to its claims of character, wit and humour, very sensibly affected its author's ways of life. It put £500 in his pocket, which he at once proceeded to squander on fine chambers in the Temple, and new suits of gay clothing followed in quick succession.

During the next year, 1769, the *Roman History* was published, and the first month's sale established its success so firmly that Goldsmith received an offer of £500 for a *History of England*, in four volumes, to be 'written and compiled in two years.' At the same time he was under agreement for his *Natural History*,

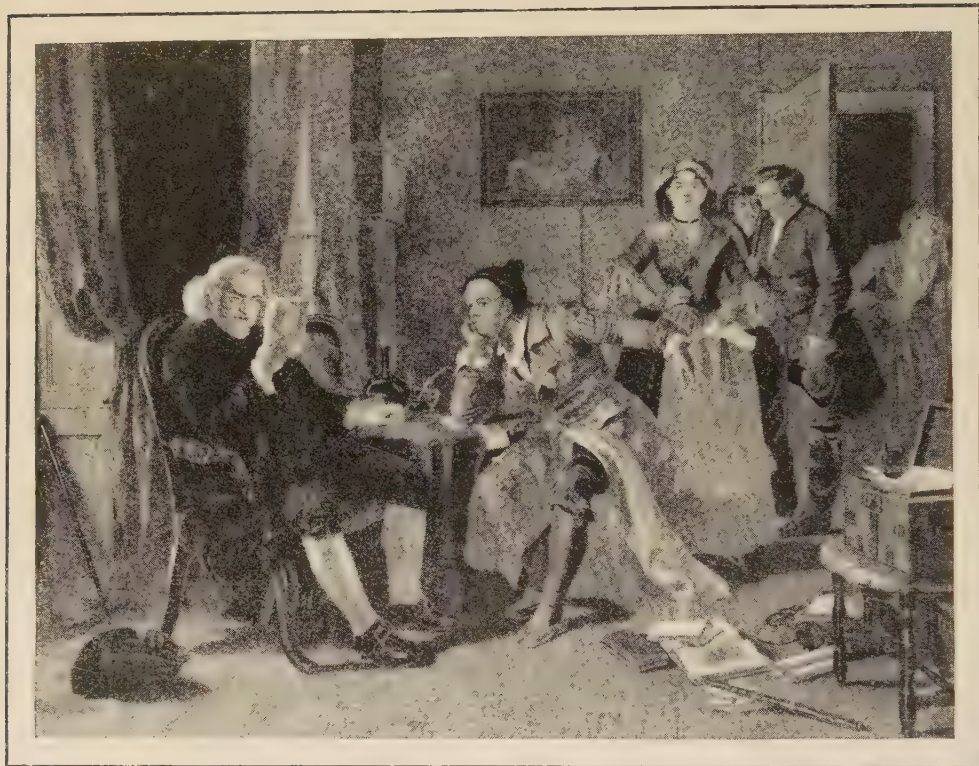
or, as it was finally termed, his *History of Animated Nature*.

These years of heavy work were among the happiest of Goldsmith's life, for he had made the acquaintance of the Misses Horneck, girls of nineteen and seventeen. The elder, Catherine, or 'Little Comedy,' was already engaged ; the younger, Mary, who had the loving nickname of the 'Jessamy Bride,' exercised over him a strong fascination. Their social as well as personal charms are uniformly spoken of by all. Mary, who did not marry till after Goldsmith's death, lived long enough to be admired by Hazlitt, to whom she talked of the poet with affection unabated by age, till he 'could almost fancy the shade of Goldsmith in the room, looking round with complacency.'

IT was during these years of busy book-making, too, that the poet was perfecting his *Deserted Village*. On May 26, 1770, it appeared, published at two shillings. Its success was instant and decisive. By August 16, a fifth edition had appeared. When Gray heard the poem read, he exclaimed, 'This man is a poet !' The judgement has since been affirmed by hundreds of thousands of readers, and any adverse appeal is little likely now to be lodged against it.

Within the circle of its claims and pretensions, a more entirely satisfactory and delightful poem than *The Deserted Village* was probably never written. It lingers in the memory where once it has entered ; and such is the softening influence on the heart of the mild, tender, yet clear light which makes its images so distinct and lovely, that there are few who have not wished to rate it higher than poetry of yet higher genius. Goldsmith looked into his heart and wrote.

The poet had now attained social distinction, and we find him passing from



DR. JOHNSON READING THE MANUSCRIPT OF THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD

From the painting by E. M. Ward, R.A.

town to country with titled friends and visiting, in somewhat failing health, fashionable resorts, such as Bath. His home remained in the Temple. His worldly affairs continued a source of constant embarrassment, however, and when, in 1772, he had placed the manuscript of *She Stoops to Conquer* in the hands of Colman, not only his own entreaties but the interference of Johnson were used to hasten its production in order to relieve his anxieties. Colman was convinced the comedy would be unsuccessful. It was first acted on March 15, 1773, and 'quite the reverse to everybody's expectation,' it was received with the utmost applause.

At this time Goldsmith was sadly in arrears with work he had promised to the booksellers; disputes were pending and his circumstances were verging on positive distress. The necessity of completing his *Animated Nature*—for which all the money had been received and spent—hung like a millstone upon him. His advances had been considerable on other works not

yet begun. In what leisure he could get from these tasks he was working at a Grecian History to procure means to meet his daily liabilities.

It occurred to friends at this time to agitate the question of a pension for him, on the ground of 'distinction in the literary world, and the prospect of approaching distress,' but as he had never been a political partisan, the application was met by a firm refusal.

Out of the worries of this darkening period, with ill health adding to his cares, the genius of the poet flashed forth once more in his personal poem, *Retaliation*. At a club dinner at St. James's coffee house, the proposition was made that each member present should write an epitaph on Goldsmith, and Garrick started with:

Here is Nolly Goldsmith, for shortness called
Noll,
Who wrote like an angel, and talked like poor
Poll.

Later, Goldsmith retaliated with epitaphs on his circle of club friends. His list of

discriminating pictures was not complete when he died. Indeed, the picture of Reynolds breaks off with a half line.

On March 25, 1774, the poet was too ill to attend the club gathering. On the morning of April 4, he died from weakness following fever. "Is your mind at ease?" asked his doctor. "No, it is not," was the melancholy answer, and his last recorded words.

When Burke was told, he burst into tears. Reynolds was in his painting room when the messenger went to him: but at once he laid his pencil aside, which in times of great family distress he had not been known to do; left his painting room, and did not re-enter it that day. Northcote describes the blow as the 'severest Sir Joshua ever received.' Nor was the day less gloomy for Johnson. "Poor Goldsmith is gone," was his anticipation of the evil tidings. "Of poor dear Doctor Goldsmith," he wrote three months later to Boswell, "there is little more to be told. He died of a fever, I am afraid more violent by uneasiness of mind. His debts began

to be heavy, and all his resources were exhausted. Sir Joshua is of opinion that he owed not less than two thousand pounds. Was ever poet so trusted before?" He spoke of the loss for years, as with the tenderness of a recent grief; and in his little room hung round with portraits of his favourite friends Goldsmith had a place of honour.

His remains were committed to their final resting place in the burial ground of the Temple Church, and the staircase of his chambers is said to have been filled with mourners the reverse of domestic—women without a home, without domesticity of any kind, with no friend but him they had come to weep for, outcasts of that great, solitary, wicked city, to whom he had never forgotten to be kind and charitable.

Johnson spoke his epitaph in an emphatic sentence: "He had raised money, and squandered it, by every artifice of acquisition and folly of expense; but let not his frailties be remembered—he was a very great man."



BOSWELL, JOHNSON, REYNOLDS, GARRICK, BURKE, PAOLI, BURNEY, WARTON AND GOLDSMITH GATHERED AT SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS'S TABLE

From the painting by James E. Doyle

AESCHYLUS

THE PERSIANS

THIS, the oldest extant drama of the world, was produced in the great stone theatre of Athens in the year 472 B.C. Only eight years before, Athens had been destroyed and burnt by the Persians. With a million troops and four thousand ships Xerxes had invaded Greece, had cut to pieces Leonidas and his Spartan heroes at Thermopylae, and had burnt Athens; then the Athenian fleet had turned the tide by defeating the Persians at Salamis; the land battle at Plataea, with the sea battle at Mykale, which together followed on the same day, had completed the rout; and the Greeks had followed the beaten and retreating Persians to Byzantium, now Constantinople, and had there beaten them again. Aeschylus himself had borne arms in the famous battles of Marathon, Artemisium, Salamis and Plataea. The scene is laid in the Persian capital, Susa, outside the state council-chamber and near the tomb of Darius, whom Xerxes had succeeded some years before *The Persians* was produced. Aeschylus, the father of Greek tragedy, was born at Eleusis, near Athens, in 525 B.C. He won the tragic prize on many occasions, though in 468 B.C. he was defeated by his younger rival, Sophocles, who had won the support of the Democrats. In all, some sixty plays are ascribed to him, but only about seven have survived. These are ample, however, to indicate the grandeur and beauty of his imagination, and the tragic force of his verse.

Aeschylus died in 455 B.C., at Gela, in Sicily.

PERSONS IN THE PLAY

Atossa, Queen-Dowager of Persia,
mother of Xerxes
Xerxes, King of Persia

Ghost of Darius, late King
Messenger
Chorus: The Persian Council of State



CHORUS: Whilst o'er the
fields of Greece the embattled troops
Of Persia march with delegated sway,
We o'er their rich and gold-abounding seats

Hold faithful our firm guard; to this high charge
Xerxes, our royal lord, the imperial son
Of great Darius, chose our honoured age.
But for the king's return, and his armed host
Blazing with gold, my soul, presaging ill,
Swell in my tortured breast: for all her force
Hath Asia sent, and for her youth I sigh.

[Chorus describes how the great cities Susa and Ecbatana had poured forth their martial trains, and how, among others]

Amestris, Artaphernes and the might
Of great Astaspes, Megabazus bold,
Chieftains of Persia, kings that to the power
Of the Great King obedient, march with these,
Leading their martial thousands; their proud
steeds [arms,
France under them; steel bows and shafts their
Dreadful to see, and terrible in fight. . . .
Others prolific Nile hath sent.

. . . Next these the Lycian troops—
Soft sons of luxury; and those that dwell
Amidst the inland forests, from the sea
Far distant, these Metragathes commands
And virtuous Arceus, royal chiefs that shine
In burnished gold, and many a whirling car
Drawn by six generous steeds from Sardis lead,
A glorious and a dreadful spectacle.

. . . A mingled multitude
Swept from her wide dominions, skilled to draw
Th' unerring bow, in ships Euphrates sends
From golden Babylon. With falchions armed
From all th' extent of Asia move the hosts
Obedient to their monarch's stern command.
Thus marched the flower of Persia.

[Chorus turns to the left side of the theatre and chants the first strophe]:

Already o'er the adverse strand
In arms the monarch's martial squadrons spread;
The threat'ning ruin shakes the land
And each tall city bows its towered head.
Barque bound to barque, their wondrous way
They bridge across th' indignant sea;
The narrow Hellespont's vexed waves disdain,
His proud neck taught to wear the chain.
Now has the peopled Asia's warlike lord,
By land, by sea, with foot, with horse,
Resistless in his rapid course [poured;
O'er all their realms his warring thousands
Now his intrepid chiefs surveys [plays.
And glittering like a god his radiant state dis-

[Chorus then turns to the right side of the house to sing the antistrophe]:

Fierce as the dragon scaled in gold
Through the deep files he darts his glowing eye;
And pleased their order to behold,
His gorgeous standard blazing to the sky,
Rolls onward his Assyrian car,
Directs the thunder of the war,
Bids the wing'd arrows' iron storm advance
Against the slow and cumbrous lance.

What shall withstand the torrent of his sway,
 When dreadful o'er the yielding shores
 Th' impetuous tide of battle roars
 And sweeps the weak-opposing mounds away?
 So Persia with resistless might
 Rolls her unnumbered hosts of heroes to the fight.

[Another strophe and antistrophe follow, and **Chorus** calls the council to consult upon the war, when the queen, **Atossa**, approaches, welcomed by a short chant from the whole chorus. The queen has had ominous dreams, and is anxious for the fate of her son. **Chorus** advises her:]

Go, then, address the gods;
 If thou hast seen aught ill, entreat their power
 T' avert that ill, and perfect every good
 To thee, thy sons, the state and all thy friends.
 Then to the earth and to the mighty dead
 Behoves thee pour libations: gently call [saw'st
 Him that was once thy husband, whom thou
 In visions of the night; entreat his shade
 From the deep realms beneath to send to light
 Triumph to thee and to thy son. . . .

[While queen and chorus are conferring, **Messenger** enters with tidings of woe, telling how]

In heaps th' unhappy dead lie on the strand
 Of Salamis, and all the neighbouring shores.

[**Xerxes** himself lives, but this and that brave chief lies low, one spear-pierced, another dashed upon the rocks, and so on; while]

. . . . **Matallus**, **Chrysa's** chief [thousand,
 That led his dark'ning squadrons, thrice ten
 On jet black steeds, with purple gore stained
 The yellow of his thick and shaggy beard.

[The **Messenger** then describes the Battle of Salamis, beginning by showing the disparity of the forces by way of proving that now]

The walls of Athens are impregnable,
 Their firmest bulwarks her heroic sons

[The **Messenger** explains how **Xerxes** was induced to divide his vast fleet by a cunning stratagem of the Greeks, an Athenian having pretended to disclose to him the secret intention of the Greek navy to seek safety in flight. The Persian king immediately sent his ships to guard all the channels around Salamis, only to find when morning dawned that, instead of fleeing, the Greeks meant battle. They sang the paean of war, sounded the trumpet, and then the sharp-beaked war galleys were rowed upon the foe, to crash upon their boats and sink them.]

With impetuous force
 Dashed the resounding surges, instant all
 Rushed on in view; in orderly array
 The squadron on the right first led, behind
 Rode their whole fleet; and now distinct we
 heard

From every part this voice of exhortation:
 'Advance! ye sons of Greece, from thralldom save
 Your country, save your wives, your children
 save,
 The temples of your gods, the sacred tomb

Where rest your honoured ancestors; this day
 The common cause of all demands your valour!' Meantime from Persia's hosts the deep'ning shout
 Answered their shout; no time for cold delay,
 But ship 'gainst ship its brazen beak impelled.
 First to the charge a Grecian galley rushed;
 Ill the Phoenician bore the rough attack,
 Its sculptured prow all shattered. Each advanced
 Daring an opposite. The deep array
 Of Persia at the first sustained th' encounter;
 But their thronged numbers, in the narrow seas
 Confined, want room for action; and deprived
 Of mutual aid beaks clash with beaks, and each
 Breaks all the other's oars: with skill disposed
 The Grecian navy circles them around
 With fierce assault.

[The **Messenger** relates how **Xerxes** had sent his land army to an island near Salamis on which he calculated the defeated Greeks would seek shelter, expecting to 'hew them down an easy conquest']

. . . but when the fav'ring god to Greece
 Gave the proud glory of this naval fight,
 Instant in all their glittering arms they leapt
 From their light ships, and all the island round
 Encompassed, that our bravest stood dismayed;
 Whilst broken rocks, whirled with tempestuous
 force,
 And storms of arrows, crushed them; then the
 Greeks

Rush to the attack at once, and furious spread
 The carnage, till each mangled Persian fell.
 Deep were the groans of **Xerxes** when he saw
 This havoc; for his seat, a lofty mound
 Commanding the wide sea, o'erlooked his hosts.
 With rueful cries he rent his royal robes,
 And through his troops embattled on the shore
 Gave signal of retreat; then started wild
 And fled disordered.

[The Persian queen, bewailing the ruined host and the vengeful intentions of **Xerxes** which had been thus defeated, retires to offer prayers to the gods and libations to the dead; while **Chorus** in strophe, antistrophe and epode, chants lamentations. The queen, returning with libations of milk, honey, wine, olives and flowers to pour to the gods, asks **Chorus** to invoke the dead king, **Darius**; and **Chorus** thereupon supplicates 'the powers that guide the dead,' and especially the gods of night and **Hermes**, 'chief, tremendous king,' to send **Darius** to disclose the decree of Fate, while **Darius** himself is adjured:]

Great and good **Darius**, rise:
 Lord of Persia's lord, appear,
 Thus invoked with thrilling cries
 Come, our tale of sorrow hear!

[The ghost of **Darius** rises, and on the stage carries on a colloquy with **Atossa**.]

Ghost: No more 'gainst Greece lead your
 embattled hosts;
 Not though your deepening phalanx spreads the
 field
 Outnumbering theirs: their very earth fights for
 them.

[The ex-king **Darius** attributes the defeat of the Persians to the fact that **Xerxes**, in the pride of youth, had listened to youthful counsels and forgotten his father's commands. He tells his queen and **Chorus** that of the Persians still left in Greece few shall ever return to Persia, since]

[load
 Misery waits to crush them with the
 Of heaviest ills, in vengeance for their proud
 And impious daring; for where'er they held
 Through Greece their march, they feared not to
 profane

The statues of the gods; their hallowed shrines
 Emblazed, o'erturned their altars, and in ruins
 Rent from their firm foundations, to the ground
 Levelled their temples. Such their frantic deeds,
 Nor less their sufferings: greater still await
 them;

For vengeance hath not wasted all her stores,
 The heap yet swells: for in Plataea's plains
 Beneath the Doric spear the clotted mass
 Of carnage shall arise, that the high mounds
 Piled o'er the dead, to late prosperity
 Shall give this silent record to men's eyes,
 That proud aspiring thoughts but ill beseeem
 Weak mortals: for oppression when it springs
 Puts forth the blade of vengeance, and its fruit
 Yields a ripe harvest of repentant woe.

[With a further admonition to pride to remember that jealous attempts against another's prosperity are displeasing to God, and sure to awake his vengeance, the ghost of **Darius** begs the queen to receive **Xerxes** with gentlest courtesy, notwithstanding his ruinous error, and departs. **Atossa** leaves the stage to meet her son **Xerxes**, and after a dirge upon the departed glory of Persia, sung by **Chorus** in two strophes and antistrophes, **Xerxes** appears.]

Xerxes: Ah, me, how sudden have the storms
 of fate,

Beyond all thought, all apprehension, burst
 On my devoted head! Oh, Fortune, Fortune!
 With what relentless fury hath thy hand
 Hurl'd desolation on the Persian race!
 Woe unsupportable! The torturing thought
 Of our lost youth comes rushing on my mind
 And sinks me to the ground. Oh, Jove, that I
 Had died with those brave men that died in fight!

Chorus: O thou afflicted monarch, once the
 lord

Of marshalled armies, of the lustre beamed
 From glory's ray o'er Persia, of her sons
 The pride, the grace, whom ruin now hath sunk
 In blood! Th' unpeopled land laments her
 youth

By **Xerxes** led to slaughter. [soul.

Xer.: Your fall, heroic youths, distracts my

Chor.: And Asia sinking on her knee, O king,
 Oppressed, with griefs oppressed, bends to the
 earth.

Xer.: And I, O wretched fortune, I was born
 To crush, to desolate my ruined country.

Chor.: I have no voice, no swelling harmony,
 No descant, save these notes of woe,
 Harsh, and responsive to the sullen sigh,

Rude strains, that unmelodious flow,
 To welcome thy return.

Xer.: Then bid them flow, bid the wild
 measures flow

Hollow, unmusical, the notes of grief;
 They suit my fortune and dejected state.

Chor.: Yes, at thy royal bidding shall the
 strain

Pour the deep sorrows of my soul . . .

Xer.: To my grieved memory thy mournful
 voice,

Tuned to the saddest notes of woe, recalls
 My brave friends lost; and my rent heart returns
 In dreadful symphony the sorrowing strain. . .
 Ah, me! the once great leaders of my host
 Low in the earth, without their honours lie

Chor.: . . . Unutterable woe

The demons of revenge have spread;
 And Até from her drear abode below
 Rises to view the horrid dead.

Xer.: Dismay, and rout, and ruin, ills that
 wait

On man's afflicted fortune, sink us down.

Chor.: Dismay, and rout, and ruin on us
 wait,

And all the vengeful storms of fate:
 Fall'n, fall'n, is his imperial power,
 And conquest on her banners waits no more.

Xer.: At such a fall, such troops of heroes
 lost,

How can my soul but sink in deep despair?
 Cease thy sad strain.

Chor.: Is all thy glory lost?

Xer.: Seest thou these poor remains of my
 rent robes?

Chor.: I see, I see . . . [arms?
 I thought these Grecians shrunk appalled at

Xer.: No, they are bold and daring; these sad
 Beheld their violent and fearful deeds. [eyes

Chor.: The ruin, sayest thou, of thy shattered
 fleet?

Xer.: And in the anguish of my soul I rent
 My royal robes.

Chor.: Woe, woe!

Xer.: . . . And more than woe!

Chor.: Redoubled, threefold woe!

Xer.: . . . Disgrace to me

But triumph to the foe.

Chor.: Thy faithful friends sunk in the
 roaring main.

Xer.: Weep, weep their loss, and lead me to
 my house;

Answer my grief with grief, an ill return
 Of ills for ills. Yet once more raise that strain
 Lamenting my misfortunes. [the strain

Chor.: Yes, once more at thy bidding shall
 Pour the deep sorrows on my soul;
 The suffering of my bleeding country 'plain,
 And bid the Mysian measures roll.

Again the voice of wild despair
 With shrilling shrieks shall pierce the air;
 For high the god of war his flaming crest
 Raised, with the fleet of Greece surrounded,
 The haughty arms of Greece with conquest blest
 And Persia's withered force confounded,
 Dashed on the dreary beach her heroes slain,
 Or whelmed them in the darkened main.

GEORGE GISSING

THE PRIVATE PAPERS OF HENRY RYECROFT

Outlined by Helen and Lewis Melville



GEORGE GISSING is a bridge between the old and the new school of novelists. His writing is conventional in form, but he was fundamentally a rebel. His mind was scholarly and precise, not intuitive or flexible. He had a sense of wit, though he all too rarely gave rein to it, and of irony; of humour, in the more subtle sense, very little. His understanding of women was limited: he could draw extreme types, the woman of the slums, and the sensitive, reserved woman who has been sheltered from actual contact with life; but, except in *The Unclassed*, he shows no knowledge of the frank, healthy-minded girl of quick perceptions, who existed even in the nineties when he was writing his admirable works.

Gissing's novels are almost all of them drab. It is not to be believed that he wrote with any sense of enjoyment other than the pleasure of creation. There is nowhere to be found any trace, however dim, of the joy of life; he revelled sadly in mean streets. He suffered less from melancholy than depression. His outlook on life was clouded by his early struggles; in such books as *Demos*, and *Thyrza*, and *New Grub Street*, he was at pains to illustrate the degrading effects of poverty on character.

Happily, Gissing's financial circumstances improved, and life seemed to him less dank and dreary. He published a series of papers, *An Author at Grass*, in *The Fortnightly Review*, which, in 1903—the year of his death at the early age of forty-seven—were published, by Archibald Constable & Co., in book form under the title of *The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft*. There are autobiographical touches in most of the novels, but this

last work is frankly autobiography. In *Henry Ryecroft*, the real Gissing, the whole and, therefore, the lovable Gissing, emerges into the light. Scholar and recluse, he presents himself in these ramblings, which have neither form nor story, but are the ruminations of a man of letters. To write of *Henry Ryecroft* is to set down the life and opinions of George Gissing.

Gissing was most assuredly thinking of himself when he made *Henry Ryecroft* declare that he would never write again now that he had a competence; those days when he had to earn a precarious living by his pen had seared his soul—or so, at least, he thought.

Old companion, yet old enemy! How many a time have I taken it up, loathing the necessity, heavy in head and heart, my hand shaking, my eyes sick-dazzled! How I dreaded the white page I had to foul with ink! Above all, on days such as this, when the blue eyes of spring laughed from between rosy clouds, when the sunlight shimmered upon my table and made me long, long all but to madness, for the scent of the flowering earth, for the green of hillside larches, for the singing of the skylark above the downs. There was a time—it seems further away than childhood—when I took up my pen with eagerness; if my hand trembled it was with hope. But a hope that fooled me, for never a page of my writing deserved to live. I can say that now without bitterness. It was youthful error, and only the force of circumstances prolonged it. The world has done me no injustice; thank Heaven I have grown wise enough not to rail at it for this. And why should any man who writes, even if he write things immortal, nurse anger at the world's neglect? Who asked him to publish? Who promised him a hearing? Who has broken faith with him? If my shoemaker turn me out an excellent pair of boots, and I, in some mood of cantankerous unreason, throw them back upon his hands, the man has just cause of complaint. But your poem, your novel, who bargained with you for it? If it is honest journey-work, yet lacks purchasers, at most you may call yourself a hapless tradesman. If it comes from on high, with what decency do you fret and

fume because it is not paid for in heavy cash ? For the work of man's mind there is one test, and one alone, the judgement of generations yet unborn. If you have written a great book, the world to come will know of it. But you don't care for posthumous glory. You want to enjoy fame in a comfortable armchair. Ah, that is quite another thing. Have the courage of your desire. Admit yourself a merchant, and protest to gods and men that the merchandise you offer is of better quality than much which sells for a high price. You may be right, and indeed it is hard upon you that Fashion does not turn to your stall.

How Gissing longed for comfort, for luxury, for a holiday, however brief ! Yet perhaps, as when the days of struggle were over it occurred to him, those days were not so unhappy, for assuredly no man can really be miserable who tastes of the fierce joy of brain-burnishing work.

Heavens, how I laboured in those days ! And how far I was from thinking of myself as a subject of compassion ! That came later, when my health had begun to suffer from excess of toil, from bad air, bad food and many miseries ; then awoke the maddening desire for countryside and sea-beach—and for other things yet more remote. But in the years when I toiled hardest and underwent what now appear to me hideous privations, of a truth I could not be said to suffer at all. I did not suffer, for I had no sense of weakness. My health was proof against everything, and my energies defied all malice of circumstance. With however little encouragement, I had infinite hope. Sound sleep (often in places I now dread to think of) sent me fresh to the battle each morning, my breakfast sometimes no more than a slice of bread and a cup of water. As human happiness goes I am not sure that I was not then happy.

Yet poverty had eaten into Gissing's soul. He quotes with full approval Dr. Johnson : " Sir, all the arguments which are brought to represent poverty as no evil, show it to be evidently a great evil. You never find people labouring to convince you that you may live very happily upon a plentiful fortune." Gissing, for his part, spoke with more practical knowledge than Johnson.

You tell me that money cannot buy the things most precious. Your commonplace proves that you have never known the lack of it. When I think of all the sorrow and barrenness that has been wrought in my life by want of a few more pounds per annum than I was able to earn I stand aghast at money's significance. What

kindly joys have I lost, those simple forms of happiness to which every heart has claim, because of poverty ! Meetings with those I loved made impossible year after year ; sadness, misunderstanding, nay, cruel alienation, arising from inability to do the things I wished, and what I might have done had a little money helped me ; endless instances of homely pleasure and contentment curtailed or forbidden by narrow means. I have lost friends merely through the constraints of my position ; friends I might have made have remained strangers to me ; solitude of the bitter kind, the solitude which is enforced at times when mind or heart longs for companionship, often cursed my life solely because I was poor. I think it would scarce be an exaggeration to say that there is no moral good which has not to be paid for in coin of the realm.

" Poverty," said Johnson again, " is so great an evil, and pregnant with so much temptation, so much misery, that I cannot but earnestly enjoin you to avoid it."

For my own part, I needed no injunction to that effort of avoidance. Many a London garret knows how I struggled with the unwelcome chamber-fellow. I marvel she did not abide with me to the end ; it is a sort of inconsequence in Nature, and sometimes makes me vaguely uneasy through nights of broken sleep.

GISSING was always splendidly loyal to his ideals. It was his sense of injustice rampant in the world that spurred him to prick the conscience of those in more comfortable place.

Injustice—there is the loathed crime which curses the memory of the world. The slave doomed by his lord's caprice to perish under tortures—one feels it a dreadful and intolerable thing ; but it is the crude presentment of what has been done and endured a million times in every stage of civilization. Oh, the last thoughts of those who have agonised unto death amid wrongs to which no man would give ear ! That appeal of innocence in anguish to the hard, mute heavens ! Were there only one such instance in all the chronicles of time, it should doom the past to abhorred oblivion. Yet injustice, the basest, the most ferocious, is inextricable from warp and woof in the tissue of things gone by. And if anyone soothes himself with the reflexion that such outrages can happen no more, that mankind has passed beyond such hideous possibility, he is better acquainted with books than with human nature.

Yet Ryecroft was an aristocrat inborn ; no democrat he.

I am no friend of the people. As a force, by which the tenor of the time is conditioned, they inspire me with distrust, with fear ; as a visible multitude, they make me shrink aloof, and often move me to abhorrence. For the greater part of my life, the people signified to me the London

crowd, and no phrase of temperate meaning would utter my thoughts of them under that aspect. The people as country-folk are little known to me; such glimpses as I have had of them do not invite to nearer acquaintance. Every instinct of my being is anti-democratic, and I dread to think of what our England may become when Demos rules irresistibly.

Ryecroft's guiding star was love for England: in exposing the worst he was appealing to the best in it. An Englishman to the backbone he wrote proudly of his country.

This¹ [second] Jubilee declares a legitimate triumph of the average man. Look back for threescore years, and who shall affect to doubt that the time has been marked by many improvements in the material life of the English people? Often have they been at loggerheads among themselves, but they have never flown at each other's throats, and from every grave dispute has resulted some substantial gain. They are a cleaner people and a more sober, in every class there is a diminution of brutality; education—stand for what it may—has notably extended; certain forms of tyranny have been abolished; certain forms of suffering, due to heedlessness or ignorance, have been abated. True, these are mere details; whether they indicate a solid advance in civilization cannot yet be determined. But assuredly the average Briton has cause to jubilate; for the progressive features of the epoch are such as he can understand and approve, whereas the doubt which may be cast upon its ethical complexion is for him either non-existent or unintelligible. So let cressets flare into the night from all the hills. It is no purchased exultation, no servile flattery. The people acclaims itself, yet not without genuine gratitude and affection towards the Representative of its glory and its power. The Constitutional Compact has been well preserved. Review the record of kingdoms, and say how often it has come to pass that sovereign and people rejoiced together over bloodless victories.

THE faith Ryecroft had in the future of Britain he voiced in no uncertain strain:

In my own country, dare I think that they are fewer than of old? Some I have known; they give me assurance of the many, near and far. Hearts of noble strain, intrepid, generous; the clear head, the keen eye; a spirit equal alike to good fortune and ill. I see the true-born son of England, his vigour and his virtues yet unimpaired. In his blood is the instinct of honour, the scorn of meanness; he cannot suffer his word to be doubted, and his hand will give away all he has rather than profit by a plebeian parsimony. He is frugal only of needless speech. A friend staunch to the death; tender with a grave sweetness to those who claim his love; passionate,

beneath stoic seeming, for the causes he holds sacred. A hater of confusion and of idle noise, his place is not where the mob presses; he makes no vaunt of what he has done, no boastful promise of what he will do; when the insensate cry is loud, the counsel of wisdom overborne, he will hold apart, content with the plain work that lies nearest to his hand, building, strengthening, whilst others riot in destruction. He was ever hopeful and deems it a crime to despair of his country. *Non, si male nunc, et olim sic erit.* Fallen on whatever² evil days and evil tongues, he remembers that Englishman of old, who, under every menace, bore right onwards; and like him, if so it must be, can make it his duty and his service to stand and wait.

AND when Ryecroft turned to his shelves, and looked at his Shakespeare, he paid Shakespeare perhaps the finest compliment that has ever been laid at the feet of the poet-dramatist:

Let every land have joy of its poet; for the poet is the land itself, all its greatness and its sweetness, all that incommunicable heritage for which men live and die. As I close the book, love and reverence possess me. Whether does my full heart turn to the great Enchanter, or to the island upon which he has laid his spell? I know not. I cannot think of them apart. In the love and reverence awakened by that voice of voices, Shakespeare and England are but one.

Gissing assumes that Henry Ryecroft has unexpectedly inherited a small competence, and sets him down in a little house in the country, where he lives in a heaven of delight.

The exquisite quiet of this room! I have been sitting in utter idleness, watching the sky, viewing the shape of golden sunlight upon the carpet, which changes as the minutes pass, letting my eye wander from one framed print to another, and along the ranks of my beloved books. Within the house nothing stirs. In the garden I can hear singing of birds, I can hear the rustle of their wings. And thus if it please me, I may sit all day long, and into the profounder quiet of the night.

My house is perfect. By great good fortune I have found a housekeeper no less to my mind, a low-voiced, light-footed woman of discreet age, strong and deft enough to render me all the service I require, and not afraid of solitude. She rises very early. By my breakfast time there remains little to be done under the roof save dressing of meals. Very rarely do I hear even a clink of crockery, never the closing of a door or window. Oh, blessed silence!

In these happier surroundings Ryecroft's depression fades into gentle melan-

choly. Yet the days of his extreme poverty are ever present to his mind. He reviews the time when he, the ripe classical scholar, almost penniless, from the worldly point of view was wasting his time reading for the sake of, nay, for the sheer joy of, reading.

I had in me the making of a scholar. With leisure and tranquillity of mind, I should have amassed learning. Within the walls of a college, I should have lived so happily, so harmlessly, my imagination ever busy with the old world. In the introduction to his *History of France*, Michelet says: *J'ai passé à côté du monde, et j'ai pris l'histoire pour la vie*. That, as I can see now, was my true ideal; through all my battlings and miseries I have always lived more in the past than in the present. At the time when I was literally starving in London, when it seemed impossible that I should ever gain a living by my pen, how many days have I spent at the British Museum, reading as disinterestedly as if I had been without a care! It astounds me to remember that having breakfasted on dry bread, and carrying in my pocket another piece of bread to serve for dinner, I settled myself at a desk in the great Reading-room with books before me which by no possibility could be a source of immediate profit. At such a time, I worked through German tomes on Ancient Philosophy. At such a time, I read Apuleius and Lucian, Petronius and the Greek Anthology, Diogenes Laertius and heaven knows what! My hunger was forgotten; the garret to which I must return to pass the night never perturbed my thoughts. On the whole, it seems to me something to be rather proud of; I smile approvingly at that thin, white-faced youth. Me? My very self? No, no! He has been dead these thirty years.

RYECROFT remembers how, in utmost penury, he, even with his last shilling, bought books.

Dozens of my books were purchased with money which ought to have been spent upon what are called the necessities of life. Many a time I have stood before a stall, or a bookseller's window, torn by conflict of intellectual desire and bodily need. At the very hour of dinner, when my stomach clamoured for food, I have been stopped by sight of a volume so long coveted, and marked at so advantageous a price, that I *could* not let it go; yet to buy it meant pangs of famine. My Heyne's Tibullus was grasped at such a moment. It lay on the stall of the old bookshop in Goodge Street, a stall where now and then one found an excellent thing among quantities of rubbish. Sixpence was the price—sixpence! At that time I used to eat my mid-day meal (of course, my dinner) at a coffee-shop in Oxford Street, one of the real old coffee-shops, such as now, I suppose, can hardly be found. Sixpence was all I had—yes, all I had in the

world; it would purchase a plate of meat and vegetables. But I did not dare to hope that the Tibullus would wait until the morrow, when a certain small sum fell due to me. I paced the pavement, fingering the coppers in my pocket, eyeing the stall, two appetites at combat within me. The book was bought and I went home with it, and as I made a dinner of bread and butter I gloated over the pages.

AS The Private Papers proceed, an air almost of geniality comes over the author. He begins to ponder on the good things of life, which he can now enjoy at his leisure, with no thought for the morrow. Books can now, of course, be had, as it were, for the asking; but he values them no less, and the following passage reveals at once the bookman and the book lover.

How the mood for a book sometimes rushes upon one, either one knows not why, or in consequence, perhaps, of some most trifling suggestion. Yesterday I was walking at dusk. I came to an old farmhouse; at the garden gate a vehicle stood waiting, and I saw it was our doctor's gig. Having passed, I turned to look back. There was a faint afterglow in the sky beyond the chimneys; a light twinkled at one of the upper windows. I said to myself, Tristram Shandy, and hurried home to plunge into a book which I have not opened for I dare say twenty years.

Not long ago I awoke one morning and suddenly thought of the Correspondence between Goethe and Schiller; and so impatient did I become to open the book that I got up an hour earlier than usual. A book worth rising for; much better worth than old Burton, who pulled Johnson out of bed. A book which helps one to forget the idle or venomous chatter going on everywhere about us, and bids us cherish hope for a world 'which has such people in't.'

These volumes I had at hand; I could reach them down from my shelves at the moment when I hungered for them. But it often happens that the book which comes into my mind could only be procured with trouble and delay; I breathe regretfully and put aside the thought. Ah! the books that one will never read again. They gave delight, perchance something more; they left a perfume in the memory; but life has passed them by for ever. I have but to muse, and one after another they rise before me. Books gentle and quieting; books noble and inspiring; books that well merit to be pored over, not once but many a time. Yet never again shall I hold them in my hand; the years fly too quickly and are too few. Perhaps, when I lie waiting for the end, some of those lost books will come into my wandering thoughts, and I shall remember them as friends to whom I owed a kindness—friends passed upon the way. What regret in that last farewell!

Now Ryecroft finds that there is even more than literature in life, and that life

itself is worth the trouble of living, that life itself is an art which demands study, and duly rewards the student, even as he is rewarded by the mastering of the works of the great classical writers. Now he devotes himself to the world of nature as well as the world of books.

Yesterday I passed by an elm avenue, leading to a beautiful old house. The road between the trees was covered in all its length and breadth with fallen leaves—a carpet of pale gold. Further on I came to a plantation, mostly of larches; it shone in the richest aureate hue, with here and there a splash of blood-red, which was a young beech in its moment of autumnal glory.

I looked at an alder, laden with brown catkins, its blunt foliage stained with innumerable shades of lovely colour. Near it was a horse-chestnut, with but a few leaves hanging on its branches, and those a deep orange. The limes, I see, are already bare.

To-night the wind is loud, and rain dashes against my casement; to-morrow I shall awake to a sky of winter.

In such passages as this it must be confessed that he seems rather to tabulate and record impressions than to feel the thrill and the ache of the artist; yet he can sometimes reproduce colour and atmosphere with a few strokes.

All about my garden to-day the birds are loud. To say that the air is filled with their song gives no idea of the ceaseless piping, whistling, trilling which at moments rings to heaven in a triumphant unison, a wild accord. Now and then I notice one of the smaller songsters who seems to strain his throat in a madly joyous endeavour to out-carol all the rest. It is a chorus of praise such as none other of earth's children have the voice or the heart to utter. As I listen I am carried away by its glorious rapture; my being melts in the tenderness of an impassioned joy; my eyes are dim with I know not what profound humility.

And there are wonderful descriptive lines, such as these written during a week's holiday in Somerset:

The right June weather put me in the mind for rambling, and my thoughts turned to the Severn Sea. I went to Glastonbury and Wells, and on to Cheddar, and so to the shore of the Channel of Clevedon, remembering my holiday of fifteen years ago, and too often losing myself in a contrast of the man I was then and what I am now. Beautiful beyond all words of description that nook of oldest England; but that



Elliott & Fry

GEORGE ROBERT GISSING was born at Wakefield, November 22, 1857, and educated at Owen's College, Manchester. After a short stay in America he returned to England in 1877, and in 1878 published his first book, a romance entitled *Workers of the Dawn*. His next three novels, *The Unclassed* (1884), *Demos* (1886) and *Thyrza* (1887) are sombre studies of the suffering of sensitive souls in sordid environment. *The Nether World*, *New Grub Street*, *Born in Exile*, and *The Odd Women* are more able but equally joyless performances. Gissing's scholarship and critical acumen are shown in his monograph on Charles Dickens (1898), *By the Ionian Sea* (1901), *The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft* (1903) and the posthumous *Veranilda* (1904). He died December 28, 1903.

I feared the moist and misty winter climate, I should have chosen some spot below the Mendips for my home and resting-place. Unspeakable the charm to my ear of those old names; exquisite the quiet of those little towns, lost amid tilth and pasture, untouched as yet by the fury of modern life, their ancient sanctuaries guarded, as it were, by noble trees and hedges overrun with flowers. In all England there is no sweeter and more varied prospect than that from the hill of the Holy Thorn at Glastonbury; in all England there is no lovelier musing place than the leafy walk beside the Palace Moat at Wells. As I think of the golden hours I spent there, a passion to which I can give no name takes hold upon me; my heart trembles with an indefinable ecstasy.

Or this dream description of summer England:

I am walking upon the South Downs. In the valleys, the sun lies hot, but here sings a breeze which freshens the forehead and fills the heart with gladness. I feel capable of walking on and on, even to that farthest horizon where the white cloud casts its floating shadow. Below me, but far off, is the summer sea, still, silent, its ever-changing blue and green dimmed at the long limit with luminous noontide mist. Inland spreads the undulant vastness of the sheep-

spotted downs, beyond them the tillage and the woods of Sussex weald, coloured like to the pure sky above them, but in deeper tint. Near by lies an old, old hamlet, its brown roofs decked with golden lichen; I see the low church tower, and the little graveyard about it. Meanwhile, high in the heaven, a lark is singing. It descends; it drops to its nest; and I could dream that half the happiness of its exultant song was love of England.

IN his retirement, Ryecroft comes even to take a kindly interest in food, and he holds a brief for the usually despised English cooking:

Our beef is veritably beef; at its best, such beef as can be eaten in no other country under the sun; our mutton is mutton in its purest essence—think of a shoulder of Southdown at the moment when the first jet of gravy starts under the carving knife! Each of our vegetables yields its separate and characteristic sweetness. It never occurs to us to disguise the genuine flavour of food; if such a process be necessary, then something is wrong with the food itself. Some wiseacre scoffed at us as the people with only one sauce. The fact is, we have as many sauces as we have kinds of meat; each in the process of cookery yields its native sap, and this is the best of all sauces conceivable. Only English folk know what is meant by *gravy*; consequently, the English alone are competent to speak on the question of sauce.

Of his beloved countrymen he says:

We are content with nothing but the finest savours, the truest combinations; our wealth, and happy natural circumstances, have allowed us an education of the palate of which our natural aptitude was worthy. Think, by the bye, of those new potatoes, just mentioned. Our cook, when dressing them, puts into the saucepan a sprig of mint. This is genius. No otherwise could the flavour of the vegetable be so perfectly, yet so delicately, emphasised. The mint is there, and we know it; yet our palate knows only the young potato.

IT was a regret to Ryecroft that as he grew older he had no longer much delight in wine.

But then, no wine ever much rejoiced me save that of Italy. Wine-drinking in England is, after all, only make-believe, a mere playing with an exotic inspiration. Tennyson had his port, whereto clings a good old tradition; sherris sack belongs to a nobler age; these drinks are not for us. Let him who will toy with dubious Bordeaux or Burgundy; to get good of them, soul's good, you must be on the green side of thirty. Once or twice they have plucked me from despair; I would not speak unkindly

of anything in cask or bottle which bears the great name of wine. But for me it is a thing of days gone by. Never again shall I know the mellow hour *cum regnat rosa, cum madent capilli*. Yet how it lives in memory!

"What call you this wine?" I asked of the temple-guardian at Paestum, when he ministered to my thirst. "Vino di Calabria," he answered and what a glow in the name! There I drank it, seated against the column of Poseidon's temple. There I drank it, my feet resting on acanthus, my eyes wandering from sea to mountain, or peering at little shells niched in the crumbling surface of the sacred stone. The autumn day declined; a breeze of evening whispered about the forsaken shore; on the far summit lay a long, still cloud, and its hue was that of my Calabrian wine.

Henry Ryecroft, when writing these Papers, seems to have known that his end was near, but he contemplated it with a melancholy untinted by resentment.

I could wish for many another year; yet if I knew that not one more awaited me, I should not grumble. When I was ill at ease in the world it would have been hard to die; I had lived to no purpose that I could discover; the end would have seemed abrupt and meaningless. Now my life is rounded; it began with the natural irreflective happiness of childhood; it will close in the reasoned tranquillity of the mature mind. How many a time, after long labour on some piece of writing, brought at length to its conclusion, have I laid down the pen with a sigh of thankfulness; the work was full of faults, but I had wrought sincerely, had done what time and circumstance and my own nature permitted. Even so may it be with me in my last hour. May I look back on life as a long task duly completed—a piece of biography, faulty enough, but good as I could make it—and, with no thought but one of contentment, welcome the repose to follow when I have breathed the word 'Finis.'

IT is good to be able to record that Gissing spent his last two or three years in comparative contentment. The bitterness of his earlier books was inspired, not only by the memory of his own circumstances—and this is not the place to recount them—but also by his passionate love of his fellow creatures. The hardships he suffered he could have borne, but he could not with equanimity tolerate the sufferings of the others in the underworld. His demand for justice was incessant, his prayer that some happiness, at least, should be the lot of every human being was always on his lips, and he cried it aloud in every one of his books.

CHARLES KINGSLEY
HYPATIA

IN Hypatia, published in 1853 after passing through Fraser's Magazine, Charles Kingsley turned from social problems in England to life in Egypt in the fifth century, taking the greatest pains to give the historical facts of the old dying Roman world just as carefully as he did in describing contemporary events at home. In his preface Kingsley wrote that of such an era he 'dare not tell how evil people were,' that he would not be believed 'if I tell how good they were,' and that while 'the sins of the Church, however heinous, could still be expressed in words, the sins of the heathen world, against which she fought, were indescribable.' The moral of Hypatia, according to its author, is that 'the sins of these old Egyptians are yours, their errors yours, their doom yours, their deliverance yours. There is nothing new under the sun.' Hence the sub-title of the famous tale—*New Foes with an Old Face*. Hypatia is published in cheap editions by Macmillans, Nelson, and Dent.

I—The Laura



IN the 413th year of the Christian era, some 300 miles from Alexandria, the young monk Philammon was sitting on the edge of a low range of inland cliffs crested with drifting sand. Behind him the desert sand waste stretched, lifeless, interminable, reflecting its lurid glare on the horizon of the cloudless vault of blue. Presently he rose and wandered along the cliffs in search of fuel for the monastery from whence he came, for Abbot Pambo's laura at Scetis.

It lay pleasantly enough, that lonely laura, or lane of rude Cyclopean cells, under the perpetual shadow of the southern walls of crags, amid its grove of ancient date trees. And a simple, happy, gentle life was that of the laura, all portioned out by rules and methods. Each man had food and raiment, shelter on earth, friends and counsellors, living trust in the continual care of Almighty God. Thither had they fled out of cities, out of a rotten, dying world of tyrants and slaves, hypocrites and wantons, to ponder undisturbed on duty and on judgement, on death and eternity.

But to Philammon had come an insatiable craving to know the mysteries of learning, to see the great roaring world of men. He felt he could stay no longer, and on his return he poured out his speech to Abbot Pambo.

"Let me go! I am not discontented with you, but with myself. I know that obedi-

ence is noble, but danger is nobler still. If you have seen the world, why should not I? Cyril and his clergy have not fled from it."

Abbot Pambo sought counsel with the good brother Aufugus, and then bade Philammon follow him.

"And thou wouldst see the world, poor fool? Thou wouldst see the world?" said the old man when the abbot had left them alone together.

"I would convert the world!"

"Thou must know it first. Here I sit, the poor unknown old monk, until I die. And shall I tell thee what that world is like? I was Arsenius, tutor of the emperor. There at Byzantium I saw the world which thou wouldst see, and what I saw thou wilt see. Bishops kissing the feet of parricides. Saints tearing saints in pieces for a word. Falsehood and selfishness, spite and lust, confusion seven times confounded. And thou wouldst go into the world from which I fled?"

"If the harvest be at hand, the Lord needs labourers. Send me, and let that day find me where I long to be, in the fore-front of the battle of the Lord."

"The Lord's voice be obeyed. Thou shalt go. Here are letters to Cyril, the patriarch. Thou goest of our free will as well as thine own. The abbot and I have watched thee long, knowing that the Lord had need of such as thee elsewhere. We did but prove thee, to see, by thy readiness to obey, whether thou wert fit to rule. Go

and God be with thee. Covet no man's gold or silver. Neither eat flesh nor drink wine, but live as thou hast lived—a Nazarene of the Lord. The papyrus boat lies at the ferry; thou shalt descend in it. When thou hast gone five days' journey downward, ask for the mouth of the canal of Alexandria. Once in the city, any monk will guide thee to the archbishop. Send us news of thy welfare by some holy mouth. Come."

Silently they paced together down the glen to the lonely beach of the great stream.

II—Hypatia, Queen of Paganism

ON his first morning in Alexandria, Philammon heard praises of Hypatia from a fruit porter who showed him the way to the archbishop's house. Hypatia, according to his guide, was the queen of Alexandria, a very wonderful person, the fountain of classic wisdom.

Later in the day, after he had presented himself to Archbishop Cyril, Philammon learnt from an old priest, and from a fanatical monk named Peter, that the very name of Hypatia was enough to rouse the clergy to a fury of execration. It seemed that Orestes, the Roman governor of the city, although nominally a Christian, was the curse of the Alexandrian Church; and Orestes visited Hypatia, whose lectures on heathen philosophy drew all the educated youth of the place.

Philammon's heart burned to distinguish himself at once. There were no idols now to break, but there was philosophy.

"Why does not some man of God go boldly into the lecture-room of the sorceress, and testify against her?" he asked.

"Do it yourself, if you dare," said Peter. "We have no wish to get our brains knocked out by all the profligate young gentlemen in the city."

"I will do it," said Philammon.

The archbishop gave permission.

"Only promise me two things," he said. "Promise me that, whatever happens, you will not strike the first blow, and that you will not argue with her. Contradict, denounce, defy. But give no reasons. If you do, you are lost. She is subtler than the serpent, skilled in all the tricks of logic, and you will become a laughing-stock and run away in shame."

Pambo was there, and with slow and feeble arms he launched the canoe. Philammon flung himself at the old men's feet and besought their blessing and their forgiveness.

"We have nothing to forgive. Follow thou thine inward call. If it be of the flesh, it will avenge itself; if it be of the Spirit, who are we that we should fight against God? Farewell!"

A few minutes more, and the youth and his canoe were lessening down the rapid stream in the golden summer twilight.

"Ay," said Peter bitterly, as he ushered Philammon out. "Go up to Ramoth Gilead and prosper, young fool! Ay, go, and let her convert you. Touch the accursed thing, like Achan, and see if you do not end by having it in your tent."

And with this encouraging sentence the two parted and Philammon, on the following morning, followed the train of philosophers, students and fine gentlemen to Hypatia's lecture-room.

Philammon listened to Hypatia in bewilderment, attracted by the beauty of the speaker, the melody of her voice and the glitter of her rhetoric. As she discoursed on truth a sea of new thoughts and questions came rushing in on his acute Greek intellect at every sentence. A hostile allusion to the Christian Scriptures aroused him, and he cried out, "It is false, blasphemous! The Scriptures cannot lie!"

There was a yell at this. "Turn the monk out!" "Throw the rustic through the window!" cried a dozen young gentlemen. Several of the most valiant began to scramble over the benches up to him, and Philammon was congratulating himself on the near approach of a glorious martyrdom, when Hypatia's voice, calm and silvery, stifled the noise and tumult in a moment.

"Let the youth listen, gentlemen. He is but a monk and a plebeian, and knows no better; he has been taught thus. Let him sit here quietly, and perhaps we may be able to teach him otherwise."

And, without even a change of tone, she continued her lecture.

Philammon sprang up the moment that the spell of her voice was taken off him and hurried out through the corridor into the street. But he had not gone fifty yards before his friend the fruit porter, breathless with running, told him that Hypatia called for him. "Theon, her father, commands thee to be at her house—here—to-morrow at the third hour. Hear and obey."

Cyril heard Philammon's story and Hypatia's message with a quiet smile, and then dismissed the youth to an afternoon of labour in the city, commanding him to come for his order in the evening.

But in the evening, Peter, already jealous of Cyril's interest in Philammon, and enraged at any toleration being extended to Hypatia, refused to let the youth enter the archbishop's house, and then struck him full in the face. The blow was intolerable, and in an instant Peter's long legs were sprawling on the pavement, while he bellowed like a bull to all the monks that stood by, "Seize him! The traitor! The heretic! He holds communion

with heathens! And he was in Hypatia's lecture-room this morning!"

A rush took place at the youth, but Philammon's blood was up. The ring of monks were baying at him like hounds round a bear and, against such odds, the struggle would be desperate. He turned and forced his way to the gate, amid a yell of derision which brought every drop of blood in his body into his cheeks.

"Let me leave this court in safety! God knows whether I am a heretic; and the archbishop shall know of your iniquity. I will not cross this threshold again until Cyril himself sends for me to shame you!"

He strode on in his wrath some hundred yards or more before he asked himself where he was going. Gradually one fixed idea began to glimmer through the storm—to see Hypatia and convert her. He had Cyril's leave. It must be right. That would justify him—to bring back, in the fetters of the Gospel, the Queen of Heathendom. Yes, there was that left to live for.

III—Pandemonium

PHILAMMON did not convert Hypatia, but he became her favourite pupil.

And Hypatia, dreaming that the worship of the old gods might be restored and her philosophy triumph over Christianity, received daily visits from Orestes, the governor, and entered into his plans—to her undoing.

For Orestes had an idea of becoming emperor and of purchasing the favour of the populace by a show of gladiators. To win Hypatia for himself, he promised to restore the heathen games and Hypatia, always longing for the revival of the old religion, promised to bear him company on the day of the festival, and to sit by his side, and even to acclaim him emperor.

The success of Orestes' plot depended on the success of a bigger rebellion—the attempt of Heraclian, Count of Africa, to conquer Rome. Heraclian had been defeated, and this was known to Cyril, but Orestes was misled by false intelligence and counted on Heraclian's victory for his own triumph.

When the day of the spectacle arrived, to the horror and surprise of Philammon,

Hypatia herself sat by the side of the Roman prefect, while, on the stage before them a number of Libyan prisoners fought fiercely for their lives, only to be butchered in the end by the professional gladiators.

The sleeping devil in the hearts of the brutalised multitude burst forth at the sight, and with applause the hired ruffians were urged on to their work of blood.

Then a shameless exhibition of Venus followed, and Philammon could bear no more. For Venus was his sister, long parted from him in childhood, and only in the last few days had he learnt of his relationship to Pelagia, the lady who had consented to act the part of the Goddess of Love, and who was betrothed to Amal, the leader of a band of Goths. He hurried down through the dense mass of spectators, leaped the balustrade into the orchestra below and rushed impetuously across to the foot of the stage.

"Pelagia! Sister! My sister! Have mercy on me! On yourself! I will hide you! Save you! We will flee together out of this infernal place! I am your brother! Come!"

She looked at him for one moment with wide, wild eyes. The truth flashed on her. And she sprang from the platform into his arms, and then, covering her face with both her hands, sank down among the bloodstained sand.

A yell ran along the vast circle. Philammon was hurried away by the attendants, and Pelagia, her face still hidden by her hands, walked slowly away and vanished among the palms at the back of the stage. A cloud, whether of disgust or disappointment, now hung upon every brow, and there was open murmuring at the cruelty and heathenry of the show. Hypatia was utterly unnerved. Orestes alone rose to the crisis.

In a well-studied oration he declared that Heraclian the African was conqueror of Rome, and a roar of hired applause supported him. Then the prefect of the guards encouraged the city authorities to salute Orestes as emperor and Hypatia, amid the shouts of her aristocratic scholars, rose and knelt before him, writhing inwardly with shame and despair.

IV—*Back to the Desert*

PHILAMMON had done his best, struggling in vain, to pierce the dense mass of people and save Hypatia. He had been wedged against a pillar, unable to move, in the great church.

The little fruit porter, alone of all her disciples, fought his way through the mob, only to be thrown down the steps.

When all was over in the church, and Hypatia was dead, and the mob had rushed out, Philammon sank down exhausted outside and the little porter burst out into a bitter agony of human tears.

"She is with the gods," said the porter at last.

"She is with the God of gods," answered Philammon.

Then he felt that he must arise and flee for his life. Yes, he would flee. He had gone forth to see the world, and he had seen it. Arsenius was in the right after all. Home to the desert! But first he would go himself, alone, and find Pelagia and implore her to flee with him.

Abbot Pambo, as well as Arsenius, had been dead several years; the abbot's place

At the same moment a monk's voice shouted from the highest tiers in the theatre, "It is false! False! You are tricked! You are tricked! Heraclian was utterly routed; Cyril has known it, every Jew has known it, for a week past. So perish all the enemies of the Lord, caught in their own snare!"

For a minute an awful silence fell on all who heard; and then arose a tumult, which Orestes in vain attempted to subdue. The would-be emperor summoned his guards around him and Hypatia, and made his way out as best he could, while the multitude melted away like snow before the rain, to find every church already placarded by Cyril with the particulars of Heraclian's ruin.

Two days later, when Hypatia went to give her farewell lecture to her pupils—for all hope was dead—a mob of monks and their followers seized her, dragged her into the church of the Caesareum and there, before the great, still figure of Christ, Peter struck her down and the mob tore her limb from limb.

was filled, by his own dying command, by a hermit from the neighbouring deserts, who had made himself famous for many miles round by his extraordinary austerities, his ceaseless prayers, his loving wisdom, and various miraculous cures.

While still in the prime of his manhood he was dragged, against his own entreaties, to preside over the laura of Scetis. The elder monks considered it an indignity to be ruled by so young a man; but the monastery thrived and grew rapidly under his government. His sweetness, patience and humility, and, above all, his marvellous understanding of the doubts and temptations of his own generation, soon drew around him all whose sensitiveness or waywardness had made them unmanageable in the neighbouring monasteries.

Never was the young Abbot Philammon heard to speak harshly of any human being, and above all he stopped, by stern rebuke, any attempt to revile either heretics or heathens.

One thing was noted, that there mingled always with his prayers the names of two women. And when some worthy elder,

taking courage from his years, dared to hint kindly that this caused some scandal to the weaker brethren, "It is true," answered he. "Tell my brethren that I pray nightly for two women, both of them young, both of them beautiful; both of them beloved by me more than I love my own soul; and tell them that one of the two was an actress, and the other a heathen." The old monk laid his hand on his mouth and retired.

THE remainder of his history it seems better to extract from an unpublished fragment of the lives of the saints.

'Now when the said abbot had ruled the monastery of Scetis seven years with uncommon prudence, he called one morning to him a certain ancient brother, and said: "Make ready for me the divine elements, that I may consecrate them and partake thereof with all my brethren, ere I depart hence. For know assuredly that within the seventh day, I shall migrate to the celestial mansions. For this night stood by me in a dream, those two women, whom I love, and for whom I pray; the one clothed in a white, the other in a ruby-coloured garment, and holding each other by the hand; who said to me, 'That life after death is not such a one as you fancy: come, therefore, and behold with us what it is like.'" Troubled at which words, the deacon went forth: yet on account not only of holy obedience, but also of the sanctity of the blessed abbot, did not hesitate to prepare according to his command the divine elements.

'And the abbot, having consecrated, distributed among his brethren, reserving only a portion of the most holy bread and wine; and then, having bestowed on them all the kiss of peace, he took the paten and chalice in his hands, and went forth from the monastery towards the desert; whom the whole fraternity followed weeping. And having arrived at the foot of a certain mountain, he stopped, and blessing them, dismissed them, and so ascending, was taken away from their eyes.

'But the eldest brother sent two of the young men to seek their master. Who, meeting with a certain Moorish people, learnt that a priest, bearing a paten and

chalice, had passed before them a few days before, crossing the desert in the direction of the cave of the holy Amma.

'And they inquiring who this Amma might be, the Moors answered that some twenty years ago there had arrived in those mountains a woman more beautiful than had ever before been seen in that region, who, after distributing among them the rich jewels which she wore, had embraced the hermit's life, and sojourned upon the highest peak of a neighbouring mountain; till, her garments failing her, she became invisible to mankind, saving to a few women of the tribe, who went up from time to time to carry her offerings of fruit and meal, and to ask the blessing of her prayers. To whom she rarely appeared, veiled down to her feet in black hair.

'Then the two brothers, determining to proceed, arrived at sunset upon the summit of the said mountain.

'There in an open grave, guarded by two lions, lay the body of Philammon, the abbot; and by his side, wrapped in his cloak, the corpse of a woman of exceeding beauty, such as the Moors had described. And by the grave-side stood the paten and the chalice, emptied of their divine contents. Whereon, filling in the grave with all haste, they returned weeping to the laura.

'Now, before they returned, one of the brethren, searching the cave wherein the holy woman dwelt, found nothing there, saving one bracelet of gold, of large size and strange workmanship, engraved with foreign characters, which no one could decipher.

'And it came to pass years afterwards that certain wandering barbarians of the Vandalic race saw this bracelet in the laura of Scetis, and pretended that it had belonged to a warrior of their tribe.'

So be it. Pelagia and Philammon, like the rest, went to their own place; to the only place where such in such days could find rest; to the desert and the hermit's cell.

Let him that is without sin among you cast the first stone, whether at Hypatia or Pelagia, Cyril or Philammon.

GILBERT BURNET

HISTORY OF MY OWN TIME

As an ardent and active partisan, and one moreover who played a very influential part in bringing about the Revolution of 1688, Bishop Burnet's accuracy as a historian has been impugned by many writers whose political opinions were opposed to his. The general trend of the best criticism, however, has been to confirm the great reputation the scholarly prelate made with his earlier *History of the Reformation of the Church of England*; and his *History of My Own Time* is now accepted as an honest and exact account of occurrences in which the writer participated, and as an indispensable aid to knowledge of the period it covers. The pleasant garrulity of the exceedingly frank style may be regarded as incidental evidence of its substantial veracity, and it is incontestably the quality which gives the work its permanent vitality. The first volume of the work appeared in 1723, the second being delayed until 1734. A complete edition in two volumes is published by the Oxford University Press, and an abridged edition included in Everyman's Library. The following epitome has been prepared by A. D. Innes.

I



I HAD while I was very young a greater knowledge of affairs than is usual at that age, for my father, who had been engaged in great friendships with men of both sides, took a sort of pleasure to relate to me the series of all public affairs. And now I have lived in such intimacy with all who have had the chief conduct of affairs that I have been able to penetrate far into the true secrets of counsels and designs; I have given the characters of men very impartially and copiously, and have writ in as clear and plain a style as was possible, choosing rather a copious enlargement than a dark conciseness. But of what is contained in my first Book of the causes of the Civil Wars and of the Rebellion and the rule of the Commonwealth, these were either before my time or in my boyhood; and it was not till the second half of the reign of Charles II that I had such more particular knowledge of affairs in England as enables me to speak of them the more authentically, though I knew the affairs of Scotland very thoroughly.

II

A JUST account of Cromwell which I had from sure hands might be no unacceptable thing. He never could shake off the roughness of his education

and temper; he spoke always long and very ungracefully. The enthusiast and the dissembler mixed so equally in him that it was not easy to tell which was the prevailing character. When his own designs did not lead him out of the way, he was a lover of justice and virtue, and even of learning. And his maintaining the honour of the nation in all foreign countries gratified the vanity which is very natural to Englishmen. King Charles II at his restoration was thirty years of age. He had a very good understanding; he was affable and easy, and loved to be made so by all who were about him. His apprehension was quick and his memory good: he hated business, and could not be easily brought to mind any; but when it was necessary, and he was set to it, he would stay as long as his ministers had work for him. But at that time he left all to the care of the earl of Clarendon.

Sir Anthony Ashley Cooper, who afterwards was raised to be earl of Shaftesbury, I knew for many years in a very particular manner. He could mix both the facetious and the serious way of arguing very agreeably. I never knew any man equal to him in the art of governing parties. Of the chief of the Scots the earl of Lauderdale was of an ill appearance, very rough and boisterous, and very unfit for a court. He was very learned, with an extraordinary memory, and a violence of passion that carried him often to fits

like madness. He was the coldest friend and the violentest enemy I ever knew. His ministry was liker the cruelty of an inquisition than the legality of justice.

The duke of York, afterwards King James II, was very brave in his youth. He was naturally candid and sincere ; but he had no true judgement, was soon determined by those whom he trusted, and was obstinate against all other advices. Of the two brothers it was truly said that the king could see things if he would, and the duke would see things if he could.

III

IN the year '78, the confusion that was brought about by the affair of the popish plot being then at its height, matters were embroiled the more. For Danby had broke with Mountague, formerly ambassador at Paris, and on suspicion that he was in correspondence with Rome, his letters were seized, but to no purpose. For he had secreted and now produced in parliament letters writ by Danby to him to treat with the king of France for £300,000 for three years if peace were made, with no word to the secretary of state. Upon which it was moved that Danby should be impeached of high treason, though it had been done by the king's own orders. The letters did cast a very great blemish not only upon Danby, but on the king ; but the impeachment was stayed by the prorogation and then the dissolution of parliament. And later great debate arose because Danby procured the king's pardon, and it was hotly questioned whether the king's pardon could be pleaded in stay of an impeachment, since ill ministers would always be secure of a pardon and would be the more encouraged. But although the impeachment did not go through, it ended Danby's ministry.

It was then said that the letters had been writ for the staving off of a parliament by the French king's money, since, if King Charles must be in dependence, it was better to pay it to a great and generous king than to five hundred of his own insolent subjects. So, in the last year of his reign, when he had kept Tangier about twenty years, and had been at vast charges in making a mole before it, and the work was now brought near perfection,

which seemed to give us the key of the Mediterranean, he, to deliver himself of that charge, sent Lord Dartmouth with a fleet to destroy all the works and to bring home all our men. The king, when he communicated this to the cabinet council, charged them to be secret. Lord Dartmouth executed the design as he was ordered, so an end was put to our possession of that place. This was done only to save charge that the court might hold out the longer without a parliament.

IV

ON the death of Charles II, King James succeeded without disturbance, and his first speech gave great content to those who believed that he would stick to his promises. Yet his levying of the customs before they had been voted, his going openly to mass, and the strange practices that were followed in the elections to the first parliament, gave all thinking men a melancholy prospect ; and I myself thought it well to go abroad, out of the way.

It was not long after that the duke of Monmouth was hurried into his ill designed invasion. The rising was put down easily enough, and the duke was executed without pity ; but the worst came when Jeffreys was sent the western circuit to try the prisoners. He was perpetually either drunk or in a rage. Many pleaded guilty, in the hope of some favour if they gave him no trouble ; but he shewed no mercy. He hanged, in several places, about six hundred persons, the greatest part being of the meanest sort, and of no distinction. One case deserves special mention ; that of Lady Lisle, the widow of a regicide, who was charged with harbouring rebels. Jeffreys conducted the trial with outrageous violence. Though the persons found in her house had not been convicted, he ordered the jury to pronounce her guilty. Yet twice they declared her not guilty, and it was only through sheer terror that after a third retirement they brought her in guilty. Yet the king would shew no other favour but that he changed the sentence from burning (the legal penalty for women), to beheading. She died with great constancy of mind ; and expressed

a joy that she thus suffered for an act of piety and charity.

In 1688, when the seven bishops were charged with uttering a seditious libel on account of their petition with regard to the Declaration of Indulgence, there was a vast concourse about Westminster Hall on the day of the trial. Even the army at Hounslow Heath shewed such a disposition to mutiny as gave the king no small uneasiness. The trial lasted above ten hours, and it was not until next morning that the jury returned their verdict of not guilty. Upon which there were such shoutings, so long continued and, as it were, echoed into the city, that all people were struck with it. Every man seemed transported with joy. Bonfires were made all about the streets, and the news going over the nation produced the like rejoicings and bonfires all England over.

On November 5 the Prince of Orange came into Torbay and landed, I being of his company. The king came down to Salisbury; but his troops with their officers were soon coming over to us; the king was deserted by one after another of his supposed supporters. The prince was not come to claim the throne, but King James, though the terms offered him were better than he had looked for, was resolved to take flight to France. He attempted to do so secretly on December 10; and though he was captured by some fishermen and brought back, he escaped again and got safe over on the last day of the year. Since he had abandoned all by his own act, great debate arose of the many opinions as to the course which should now be taken; till the prince made known the conditions upon which alone he was willing to stay; whereupon the crown was offered to and accepted by him and his wife under those conditions.

V

IN 1692, after the resistance to King William had been put down in Ireland as well as in Scotland, there was a very barbarous massacre committed in Scotland. The king had by a proclamation offered an indemnity to all the Highlanders that had been in arms against him, upon their coming in by the last day of December

1691, with a threatening of a military execution against such as should not do so. The head of the Macdonalds of Glencoe, who were believed guilty of much robbery and many murders, came on the last lawful day to the governor of Fort William, who, not being a magistrate, refused to tender the oath. Because of the snows, it was four or five days before Macdonald took the oath before a magistrate, legally too late. Lord Braidalbin, to revenge a private grudge upon Macdonald and to render the king odious to all Highlanders, laid an information keeping back the facts which were in Macdonald's favour, and through the secretary of state procured the king's signature, without inquiry, to an order for a military execution upon the Macdonalds. A company of soldiers was sent to Glencoe upon a pretext, where they were received without suspicion and hospitably entertained for a week. Then in the night they fell upon their hosts and killed some six and thirty of them, the rest escaping in the darkness. Such an outcry was raised that an inquiry was ordered, but with no other result than the dismissal of the secretary, the Master of Stair. But the not punishing this with a due rigour was the greatest blot on this whole reign, and had a very ill effect in alienating that nation from the king and his government.

In 1699 a treaty was made with France for the partition of the Spanish dominions when the king of Spain should die, the succession being in dispute, but the emperor was not satisfied with it. Next year, when the Spanish king was at the point of death, he made a will with the assent of the grandees, declaring the French king's grandson Philip heir to the whole. Upon which, France set aside the treaty and declared Philip king of Spain; and the Spaniards delivered all into the hands of the French; which was like to create a new universal monarchy. Yet there was a strong party in England which persuaded itself that we had no interest in supporting the Austrian claims and it seemed that King William would be forced to submit.

But in September 1701, the unfortunate king James died. On his death-bed the king of France came to see him,

and was so much touched that he promised to own the Prince of Wales as king of England. This was an open violation of the treaty of Ryswick, and it gave a universal distaste to the whole English nation; all people seemed possessed with a high indignation upon it, to see a foreign power that was at peace with us pretend to declare who ought to be our king. The city of London began, and all the nation followed in a set of addresses pledging themselves to the king and his successors according to the act of settlement. A new parliament had a clear majority in the king's interests; no exception was made to the alliances he had formed or was negotiating; all were for war, and the general spirit was shown by an act passed in both houses requiring all to take an oath abjuring the Prince of Wales.

This was brought to the king for his assent when he was already dying. In the end of February he fell from his horse, breaking his collar bone. The injury was slight, but he was then very feeble and knew himself a dead man. Those acts were thus passed on the last day of his life.

VI

KING WILLIAM, during his last illness, sent a message to the two houses of parliament recommending the union of the kingdoms of England and Scotland; but the project was then let fall. In 1703 a new parliament being called in Scotland resolved that the successor to the crown after the queen (Anne), in case she should die without issue, should not be the same person that was king or queen of England, unless the just rights of the nation should be declared in parliament in an independence upon English interests. In 1705, to avoid an act settling the succession, an act was passed providing for a treaty of union subject to the repeal of the English alien act. The act against the Scots was repealed. Commissions from both countries were then appointed to meet in London. The Scots were inclined to a federal union, preserving their independence; the English would consider only an incorporating union, in the projecting of which Lord



GILBERT BURNET was born at Edinburgh, September 18, 1643, and educated at Marischal College, Aberdeen, and at Oxford, Cambridge and Amsterdam. After a period as parish minister at Saltoun and professor of divinity at Glasgow he settled in London in 1674 as chaplain to Charles II, preacher at the Rolls Chapel and lecturer at St. Clement's. Deprived of these appointments because of his defence of William, Lord Russell, he withdrew to the Continent on the accession of James II, and took active part in the negotiations that led to the accession of William III, who appointed him bishop of Salisbury in 1689. He had charge of the succession bill of 1701, and later secured for the Church of England the funds now called Queen Anne's bounty. Burnet retained his influence throughout Queen Anne's reign, and died March 7, 1715.

After the painting by John Riley in the National Portrait Gallery

Somers had the chief hand. The advantages in it to Scotland were so great that only considerations of safety could make it acceptable to the English. The financial arrangements were wholly in favour of the Scots; trade was to be free all over the islands and to the plantations, and the judicatories and laws of Scotland were to be continued. The Scots parliament, however, insisted on the insertion of a clause for securing the presbyterian form of Church government as a fundamental and essential article and condition of the union, though this was most insisted on by those who most disliked presbytery in the hope that it would wreck the union. Thus the act was passed in Scotland and adopted by the English parliament, and so this great design, so long laboured for in vain, was at last accomplished.

In 1709 the duke of Marlborough won the last of his great victories at Malplaquet, the hardest fought of all his battles, as the military men have always said, and with the most loss of life. The

business that took up the most of the session of parliament this winter related to Dr. Sacheverell, a bold, insolent man with a very small measure of religion, virtue, learning or good sense. This man preached a sermon giving a full vent to his fury, in the most virulent declamation that he could contrive, asserting the doctrine of non-resistance in the highest strain possible, and pouring out much scorn and scurrility upon the dissenters, which he printed. The lord treasurer was so described that it was next to the naming of him; so a parliamentary impeachment was unhappily resolved on. The motion was carried by a great majority. Those who were of his party gave it out boldly that a design was formed by the Whigs to pull down the church, and though this was all falsehood and forgery it is scarce credible how generally it was believed. The people were the more inflamed as there were many delays, and when the trial began in public at Westminster Hall it lasted three weeks, in which all other business was at a stand. In the end the lords coming down to the hall, fifty-two

voted him not guilty and sixty-nine guilty; but the judgement given was so mild that those who had supported him during the trial counted it a victory. Bonfires, illuminations and other marks of joy appeared, not only in London, but over the whole kingdom. During the trial the multitudes that followed him all the way as he came and went back pressed about him, striving to kiss his hand, and would cry out, 'The Church and Sacheverell,' and such as joined not in the shout were insulted and knocked down.

In September 1712, died the earl of Godolphin. He served the queen with such a particular affection and zeal that he studied to possess all people with a great personal esteem for her. If courts were not different from all other places in the world, it might have been thought that his wise management at home and the duke of Marlborough's glorious conduct abroad would have fixed them in their posts above the little practices of an artful favourite and the cunning of a man who has not hitherto shewed any token of a great genius.

Ripest Novel of a Great Russian Genius

IVAN TURGENEV VIRGIN SOIL

Retold by P. G. Konody

IN his last great novel, *Virgin Soil* ('Nov'), Ivan Turgenev attempts the solution of a problem that has excited Russia for many generations—the question raised by the apparent impossibility of maintaining the imperial régime, and the equally apparent impossibility (when *Virgin Soil* was written) of overthrowing it. Here the author reviews the various moral and social influences at work in connexion with the Nihilistic movement, making much of the extravagances of the new ideas, and ridiculing Young Russia so much that the revolutionaries thought him reactionary. The narrative is developed with all Turgenev's wit and refinement. Solomin and Nezhdanov, the one methodical and abstracted, and the other a passionate creature of impulse, are drawn with masterly skill; and so also are the Russian peasants, cold, tough and pessimistic until the moment of action arises, when they prove real representatives of the Slav. The story was published in 1877. English translations are published by William Heinemann and by J. M. Dent. Others of Turgenev's works are summarised in *The World's Great Books*.

I—The Message



'MY DEAR VLADIMIR,—
I am living as tutor
in the house of a wealthy
swell, Sipyagin; I am
teaching his little son,
feeding sumptuously (I've
never been so well fed in my life),

sleeping soundly, waking in lovely
country and, what is the chief thing,
I have escaped for a time from the
care of my St. Petersburg friends. As for
the peasants, they seem rather unap-
proachable, and the hired servants have
all such decorous faces.' But we will go

into that later on. Sipyagin is always so condescending; the lady of the house is a perfect beauty—a sly puss, I should fancy! I'm afraid of her. There are neighbours—wretched creatures. But I am most interested in a girl, whether a relation or a companion, goodness knows. I have hardly spoken to her in all the week that I have been here, but I feel that she is made of the same clay as myself.

‘That she is unhappy, proud, reserved and, most of all, unhappy, I feel no doubt. That she is honest is clear to me. She scarcely ever speaks to me, as I said just now, but in the few words she has addressed to me there is a sort of rough frankness. I like it. Write to me soon.

Your friend,

‘ALEXEY NEZH DANOV.’

Having written this letter, Nezhdanov wandered into the woods. The day was hot—it was the end of May—and he sat down in the shade, meditating.

Suddenly he heard the sound of approaching footsteps, the light rustle of a woman's dress, a man's voice. “And so that is your last word—never?”

“Never!” repeated a woman's voice—a voice which sounded familiar. And an instant later Marianna, the girl of whom he had just been writing, stepped into view, escorted by a man whom Nezhdanov had never seen before. Both stopped dead, then, turning their backs, walked away.

At dinner that night Sipyagin introduced the stranger to Nezhdanov as Sergei Mihlovitch Markelov, his wife's brother.

Going to his room after dinner, Nezhdanov met Marianna in the corridor. He was about to pass her, when she stopped him.

“Mr. Nezhdanov,” she began, “it ought really to be just the same to me what you think about me; but, nevertheless, I consider . . . I consider it fitting to tell you that when you saw me to-day in the copse with Mr. Markelov—tell me, no doubt, you wondered why we had come there, as though by appointment?”

“It certainly struck me as a little strange,” he began.

“Mr. Markelov,” Marianna broke in, “made me an offer, and I refused him.

That's all I have to say. So—good-night. Think of me what you choose.”

Nezhdanov entered his room and sat down by the open window.

“What a strange girl,” he pondered. “Why this uninvited confidence? What is it—affection, pride?”

At this moment the door of his room opened, quietly, and to his astonishment Markelov entered.

“Are you Alexey Dmitrich Nezhdanov, student of the St. Petersburg University?”

“Yes, certainly,” he answered.

“Then read this,” said Markelov. “From Vassily Nikolaevitch,” he added, dropping his voice significantly.

He produced a letter, something of the nature of a circular, in which the bearer, Sergei Markelov, was recommended as one of ‘us,’ fully deserving of confidence. There followed an exhortation on the necessity of concerted action. The circular was addressed to Nezhdanov.

MARKELOV proposed, for safety's sake, that they should drive over to his house, some eight miles distant, and discuss matters. Their conversation naturally turned on the wrongs of the people. Markelov grew hot and spoke of hideous acts of injustice that had been committed, of the necessity for immediate action. Everything was ready and none but cowards could procrastinate.

Nezhdanov at first tried to reply; he referred to the harm done by haste, by premature, ill-considered action. Above all, he was surprised to find that no effort had been made to try to find out precisely what the people wanted. But afterwards he got carried away and went even further than Markelov. What impulse was working in him it would be hard to say. Was it remorse? Was it the longing to stifle some worm gnawing within?

When, after hours of talk, they separated, Nezhdanov stood musing on the character of his host. “A limited nature,” was his thought, “but how much better to be even as he, rather than such—such as I, for instance, feel myself to be. And yet, why? Am not I, too, capable of sacrificing myself? Wait a bit, my friends.” . . . He ground his teeth angrily and flung himself on the bed.

II—Confidences

"YOU are wrong, Marianna Vikentyevna," said Nezhdanov; "on the contrary, I thought that I had inspired you with confidence."

"It's not so much that you inspire confidence," she replied, "but your position and mine are very much alike. That's a bond between us."

"Are you unhappy?"

"And you—aren't you?" she cried. "Do you know my story?" she continued quickly; "the story of my father, his exile? Deprived of his rank—everything—sent to Siberia. Then he died . . . my mother died, too. My uncle took care of me; I live at his expense; he's my benefactor and Valentina Michalovna is my benefactress. And I repay them with the blackest ingratitude, because, I suppose, I have a hard heart—and the bread of charity is bitter!"

"But, tell me, you are wretched and miserable; won't your uncle stand by?"

"I'm not wretched at all here—that is to say, I'm not oppressed in any way. If I am unhappy, it isn't for my own unhappiness. It sometimes seems to me that I suffer for all the oppressed, the poor, the wretched in Russia. No, I don't suffer, but I'm indignant—I'm in revolt for them. I am ready for them—to lay down my life. And I can do—nothing!"

Kallomyetsev came to dinner that night, greatly perturbed. His friend, Prince Michael, had been murdered in Belgrade. Full of indignation, he turned his wrath from the foreign miscreants to home-bred Nihilists and Socialists.

"Ah, I long to crush, to grind to powder all who are in opposition to anyone or anything whatever! It is high time," he declared—"high time!"

Nezhdanov began to champion the hopes, the ideals, of the younger generation; Kallomyetsev became abusive. Suddenly, on hearing the name of Ladislav for the twentieth time, with a blow on the table Nezhdanov shouted, "A fine authority! As though we didn't know what kind of a creature this Ladislav is. A hired puppy from his birth up, and nothing more!"

"Is that the way you allow yourself to refer to a man who enjoys the respect

of a p-person of p-position like Prince K-Kovrishkin?" stammered Kallomyetsev, stuttering with rage.

Nezhdanov shrugged his shoulders.

"A great recommendation; Prince Kovrishkin, the flunky enthusiast."

"Ladislav is my friend," shrieked Kallomyetsev; "he is my comrade . . ."

"So much the worse for you," interrupted Nezhdanov. "It implies that you share his way of thinking."

As soon as possible after dinner Nezhdanov retired to his room. He did not want to see anyone—except Marianna. Once or twice he walked up and down his room, then went along the corridor to her room and softly knocked. There was no answer. He retired to his own room, but almost immediately he heard Marianna's voice at the door, "Alexey Dmitrich, was that you came to me?"

Marianna was standing at his door, pale and motionless, holding a lighted candle in her hand.

"Come along," she said, going along the corridor. She stopped half way and pushed open a low door. "We had better go in here, where no one will disturb us."

"I understand why you wanted to see me," she began. "It is very wretched for you living in this house."

"It isn't wretched for me since I came to know you, Marianna Vikentyevna."

"Thanks, Alexey Dmitrich. But tell me, do you intend to stay here after this business?"

"I don't suppose they'll let me—of my own accord I won't go."

"Why?"

"If you want to know the truth, because you are here. And besides," he continued, "I am bound to stay here. You know nothing, but I feel I must tell you everything." And he told her of his plans, his acquaintances, his past, everything.

"What am I to do?" said Marianna. "How am I to help you? What's to be done?"

"I don't know yet. Vassily Nikolavitch has sent me orders to go with Markelov to-morrow to see Solomin."

"Markelov—that's a splendid man, now—a real friend!"

"Like me?"

Marianna looked him straight in the face.

"No—not like you."

"How?"

She turned suddenly away.

"Ah," she whispered, "don't you understand what you have become to me?"

He smiled at her in answer.

"Strange," he said; "why, we have made our love known to one another—and never a word of it said between us."

III—*Spade Work*

NEZH DANOV praised Markelov with warmth and sincerity, and spoke with special appreciation of Solomin. "He is a well-balanced character," was his conclusion.

"Tell me quickly," interrupted Marianna, "what have you decided upon?"

"Decided! Why, were we to have decided on anything?"

"Oh, you know what I mean! Tell me what you talked about—tell me everything!"

What Markelov said, what Golushkin thought, what Kislyakov wrote, what were Solomin's ideas—these were the points she wanted. 'When—when?' was continually on her lips while Nezhdanov was talking, while he seemed to avoid everything which could give a positive answer.

"Well, then, what *did* you decide?"

"Why, I've told you—nothing as yet; we must wait."

"Wait?"

"Perhaps, after all, we shall fail; but better failure in this than success in anything else!"

"You are right!" she cried, her whole face radiant. "But perhaps we shall not fail at once. We shall be useful; our life shall not be in vain. We will go and live among the people. We will work; we will devote to them all we know. You shall see! But I must run away from here."

"Run away?"

"Yes, run away! You're not going to stay, are you? We must work together; we will go together."

"If you mean to leave just because the revolution is going to break out directly——" began Solomin.

"That's just why we wrote to you for advice," said Marianna, "to find out for certain what position things are in."

"In that case you can stop a good bit longer. But if you mean to run away now,

I will give you any help in my power. Because, my dear young lady, I've loved you, and him too, from the first sight, as if you were my own sister and brother."

"But tell us what to do," said Marianna. "There is work to be done impossible in this house. Only just tell us what to do. You will send us to the peasants?"

"You want to get to know the people? I'll tell you what—come to my factory. I can hide you there. Only, if you are going among the peasants, you must dress as peasants; these clothes won't do at all."

AND how did you fare to-day?" Marianna asked Nezhdanov in the evening.

"Absolutely all the people I talked to are discontented," he replied, "and no one ever cares to know how to remedy their discontent. At propaganda I seem to be a very poor hand; two pamphlets I left secretly in a room, one I thrust into a cart. What will come of them Lord knows. I offered pamphlets to four men. One asked if it was a religious work, and didn't take it; another took one for his children, as it had a picture on the cover; the third swore at me; the fourth took one, and thanked me for it, but I fancy he couldn't make head or tail of what I said to him. A peasant woman abused me for a Moscow loafer. A soldier on furlough wanted to shoot me—and he'd got drunk on my money, too! And my head's splitting from the vodka!"

"Have you drunk so much, then?"

"No, only to set the example! But I can't stand that filthy vodka a bit."

"My dear Vladimir,—We have now been in this factory a fortnight; our stay is only temporary—we are here until the time comes for action; though, to judge by what has happened so far, that time is hardly likely ever to come. Vladimir, my

heart is heavy—heavy! First of all, I must tell you that although Marianna and I have run away together, we are, so far, as brother and sister. She loves me . . . and has told me she will be mine, if . . . I have the right to ask it of her.

"Vladimir, I don't feel I have the right. I know I never have loved, never shall love anyone more than her. But how can I unite her fate for ever to mine? A living being—to a corpse! You will say if there were a strong passion, conscience would have nothing to say. That's the very point; I have no strong passion; I am a corpse—an honest and well-meaning corpse, if you like.

"For the last fortnight I have been "going to the people," and, alack! anything more absurd you cannot imagine. I feel myself I am no good; it's like a bad actor in the wrong part. They maintain that one ought first to study the people's talk, and learn their character and habits. . . . Rubbish—rubbish! One must *believe* in what one says, and then one may say what one likes. Marianna has faith—and as a result she's busy from morning

till night, and never rests for a moment.

"Yes; Vladimir, I'm in a bad way. I have begun to be haunted by some grey, ugly thoughts. Hardly in this fortnight have I come across anything consolatory. "Now then, sir," says one to me, "are you giving up all your land as it is, or not?" "What do you mean?" I replied; "I'm not a gentleman, Lord bless you." "But if you are a common man," says he, "what sort of sense is there in you? Do me the favour to let me alone." That seems to be the attitude of them all.

"COME, what is one to do, then? Found a secret printing press? Why, there are books enough already, both of the "cross yourself and take up the hatchet" sort, and of the sort that say simply, "Take up the hatchet!" But against whom? With whom? What for? So that the national soldier may shoot you down with the national rifle? A sort of complex suicide. 'Of one thing I am sure; our people is asleep. But I fancy if anything wakes them, it won't be what we are thinking of . . .'

IV—The Only Way

MARIANNA'S face expressed delight and agitation.

"Do you know, Alyosha, they say that in the T— district it has already begun? The peasants are rising, collecting in mobs, refusing to pay taxes."

Solomin turned to her.

"If Markelov's mixed up in this affair, he's lost."

"Lost! But why? Why can't he be victorious? Why must he be inevitably lost?"

"Because in such undertakings, Marianna, the first always perish, even if they succeed. And in the work he's plotting for, not only the first and second, but even the tenth and twentieth."

"Then we shall never live to see it?"

"With our eyes, never. In the spirit, perhaps—that's a different matter."

Nezhdanov hastened off to T— in a cart, driven by Pavel, Solomin's foreman.

They drove into a village street—a crowd was assembled; Nezhdanov flew from the cart into their midst and began preaching. A gigantic man came up to

him through the throng and clapped him on the shoulder.

"Bravo! You're a fine chap! But dry words scorch the mouth; come this way!" He dragged Nezhdanov to a tavern. "Drink!" he shouted, handing him a full glass. "Drink! if you've any feeling for the likes of us!"

He drank with the heroism with which he would have flung himself on a row of bayonets.

"To your health, lads!" he shouted, and emptied the glass at one gulp.

Again someone bellowed "Drink!" Again Nezhdanov swallowed the poison. It was terrible; he seemed to be full of hooks tearing him to pieces inside! Horror—a third pot—was it possible he had emptied it? The earth reeled under his feet. . . .

Paklin came to the factory with bad news. Markelov had been seized by the peasants and carried off to the town. Golushkin had been betrayed, and in turn had betrayed Nezhdanov; a

police raid on the factory was imminent.

Marianna brought Nezhdanov the news.

"How pale you are. You haven't slept. Are you ill, or is it the result of yesterday?"

"No—I didn't sleep—I didn't undress even. I kept thinking—thinking! I thought I'm in your way, in Solomin's, in my own. Marianna, there are two men in me, and one won't let the other live; so I suppose it would be better for both to cease to live. It is not what happened yesterday that has upset me. No, that's nonsense! It has upset me, not because I came home drunk, but because it was the final proof of failure. Marianna, I must tell you that I have no faith now in the cause which brought us together. And do you believe in it?"

"Yes, Alexey, I do believe in it, with all the strength of my soul."

"I expected that answer; you see, there is nothing for us to do in common. You yourself have severed our tie at one blow."

"Stop, Alexey! What are you saying? Why, this very day there will be a search for us. We must set off together."

"I know very well that, in your eyes, this marriage is nothing but a passport—a means of avoiding annoyance from the police; but, nevertheless, it does in a way pledge us."

"What do you mean? Are you going to stay here?"

"N-no."

"Then are you going away from here, but not where I go?"

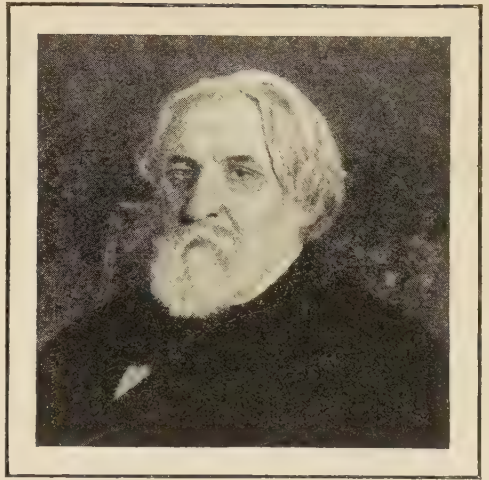
NEZH DANOV pressed her hand warmly.

"You shall have a protector, a champion, do not doubt it."

"What is the matter with you? You frighten me! Your words are so strange."

"Don't frighten yourself. The whole trouble is this: Markelov, they say, was beaten by the peasants; he felt their fists. I've not been beaten by them—they even drank my health—but they have bruised my soul worse than Markelov's ribs. I was born all out of joint. I tried to set myself right, and only put myself more out of joint than ever."

In Nezhdanov's room they found a



IVAN SERGEIEVITCH TURGENEV was born at Oriel, in the government of the same name, November 9, 1818, and died September 3, 1883. Educated at Moscow, St. Petersburg and Berlin, Turgenev began life in a government office, but after a year retired into private life. His early attempts at literature were chiefly poems and sketches, but it was not till 1847, on the appearance of *A Sportsman's Sketches*—peasant life depicted with fiery realism—that his name became known. A *House of Nobles* was published in 1858 and brought him a European reputation; *Fathers and Sons* in 1861, *Smoke* in 1867 and *Virgin Soil* in 1877. Turgenev left Russia in 1855 and passed the rest of his life abroad.

From the painting by J. E. Répine

letter addressed to Marianna and Solomin.

"My children—for, standing as I do at the end of life, I regard myself as an old man—I am much to blame to both of you, especially you, Marianna, for causing you such grief. For I know you will grieve. But what could I do? I could find no other way out of it."

"Marianna, I should have been a great burden to you. You are great-hearted—you would have rejoiced in the burden even; but I had no right to accept such a sacrifice from you—you have better and greater work to do."

"My children, let me write you, as it were, from the grave. . . . You will be happy together. Marianna, you will infallibly come to love Solomin. As for him, he has loved you ever since he first saw you."

"Live happily! and you, Marianna, think of me only when you are happy. Think of me as one who was true, and good, too, but one for whom it was somehow more fitting to die than to live."

"Good-bye! Good-bye, my dear! Good-bye, my friends! Your A."



THE TEMPTATION OF CHRIST IN THE DESERT
From the painting by Professor Morrell in the Louvre Museum, Paris, Naples.

JOHN MILTON

PARADISE REGAINED

THE authentic history of the origin of *Paradise Regained* has been preserved for us since Milton's day. It was suggested in 1665 by Ellwood, the Quaker, who on several occasions acted as amanuensis to Milton, and it was finished and shown to Ellwood in 1666, though the work was not published until 1671. Readers are advised to refer to our epitome of *Paradise Lost*, of which this work is the complement (see page 395 of *The World's Great Books*). Neither in majesty of conception nor in charm of style can *Paradise Regained* compare with its mighty forerunner, to which it is, as has been said, a codicil and not a sequel. Much of *Paradise Regained* is but a somewhat rambling paraphrase and expansion of scriptural narratives; but there are, none the less, passages in the later poem where Milton resumes his perfect mastery of poetic form, under that most potent inspiration which places him among the highest band of immortal singers of all tongues.

I—The Forty Days



I, who erewhile the happy
Garden sung,
By one man's disobedience lost,
now sing
Recovered Paradise to all man-
kind,
By one Man's firm obedience

fully tried

Through all temptation, and the Tempter
foiled

In all his wiles, defeated and repulsed,
And Eden raised in the waste Wilderness.

[Having thus introduced his subject, the poet describes, on Scriptural lines, the baptism of John, seen by Satan 'when roving still about the world.' The Fiend then 'flies to his place' and 'summons all his mighty peers'—a gloomy consistory—warning them that the time seems approaching when they 'must bide the stroke of that long-threatened wound,' when 'the woman's Seed shall bruise the serpent's head.' They agree that Satan shall return to earth and act as Tempter. In Heaven, meantime, God tells the assembly of angels, addressing Gabriel, that He will expose His Son to Satan, in order that the Son may 'show Him worthy of His birth divine and high prediction.' And the angelic choir sings 'Victory and triumph to the Son of God.']

So they in Heaven their odes and vigils tuned.
Meanwhile the Son of God . . .
Musing and much revolving in His breast
How best the mighty work He might begin
Of Saviour to mankind, and which way first
Publish His God-like office now mature,
One day forth walked alone, the Spirit leading,
And His deep thoughts, the better to converse
With solitude, till, far from track of men,
Thought following thought, and step by step led
on,
He entered now the bordering desert wild.

[Christ then, in meditation, tells reminiscently the story of His life.]

Full forty days he passed
Nor tasted human food, nor hunger felt,
Till those days ended; hungered then at last
Among wild beasts. They at His sight grew mild,
Nor sleeping Him nor waking harmed; His walk
The fiery serpent fled and noxious worm;
The lion and fierce tiger glared aloof.
But now an aged man in rural weeds,
Following, as seemed, the quest of some stray
ewe,

Or withered sticks to gather, which might serve
Against a winter's day, when winds blow keen,
To warm him, wet returned from field at eve,
He saw approach.

[This is Satan, who entering into conversation adjures the Son—]

'If Thou be the Son of God, command
That out of these hard stones be made Thee
bread,
So shalt Thou save Thyself, and us relieve
With food, whereof we wretched seldom taste.'

[Christ at once discerns who His tempter is and rebuffs him; and the Fiend, 'now undisguised,' goes on to narrate his own history, arguing that he is not a foe to mankind.]

'They to me
Never did wrong or violence. By them
I lost not what I lost; rather by them
I gained what I have gained, and with them
dwelt
Co-partner in these regions of the world.'

[Christ, replying, attributes to Satan the evils of idolatry and the crafty oracles of heathendom, which have taken the place of the 'inward oracle in pious hearts,' whereupon Satan, 'bowing low his grey dissimulation disappeared.']

II—The Temptation of the Body

MEANWHILE, the disciples were gathered 'close in a cottage low,' wondering where Christ could be, and Mary, with troubled thoughts, rehearsed the story of His early life. Satan, returning to the council of his fellow fiends, in 'the middle region of thick air,' reports his failure, and that he has found in the Tempted 'amplitude of mind to greatest deeds.' Belial advises that the temptation should be continued by women 'expert in amorous arts,' but Satan rejects the plan, and reminds Belial—]

'Among the sons of men
How many have with a smile made small account
Of beauty and her lures. For beauty stands
In the admiration only of weak minds
Led captive; cease to admire and all her plumes
Fall flat. . . . We must try
His constancy with such as have more show
Of worth, of honour, glory and popular praise.'

[With this aim Satan again betakes himself to the desert, where Christ, now hungry, sleeps and dreams of food.]

III—The Temptation of Glory

FINDING his weak 'arguing and fallacious drift' ineffectual, Satan next appeals to ambition and suggests conquest; but is reminded that conquerors]

'Rob and spoil, burn, slaughter and enslave
Peaceable nations, neighbouring or remote,
Made captive, yet deserving freedom more
Than those their conquerors, who leave behind
Nothing but ruin wheresoe'er they rove,
And all the flourishing works of peace destroy,
Then swell with pride and must be titled gods;
But if there be in glory aught of good,
It may by means far different be attained,
Without ambition, war, or violence,
By deeds of peace, by wisdom eminent,
By patience, temperance.'

[But Satan sardonically argues that God expects glory, nay, exacts it from all, good and bad alike. To which Christ replies:]

'Not glory as prime end,
But to show forth His goodness, and impart

IV—The Last Temptation

THE tempter now brings the Saviour round to the western side of the mountain, and there Rome]

An imperial city stood;
With towers and temples proudly elevate,
On seven hills, with palaces adorned,
Porches and theatres, baths, aqueducts,
Statues and trophies, and triumphal arcs,
Gardens and groves. Queen of the Earth
So far renowned, and with the spoils enriched
Of nations.

[But this has no effect on Christ, who says:]

And now the herald lark
Left his ground-nest, high towering to descry
The morn's approach, and greet her with his song.
As lightly from his grassy couch arose
Our Saviour, and found all was but a dream;
Fasting He went to sleep and fasting waked.
Up to a hill anon His steps he reared,
And in a bottom saw a pleasant grove,
With chant of tuneful birds resounding loud.
Thither He bent His way
When suddenly a man before Him stood.
Not rustic as before, but seemlier clad
As one in city or court or palace bred.

[Here Satan again tempts Him with a spread of savoury food, which Jesus dismisses with the words:]

'Thy pompous delicacies I contemn,
And count thy precious gifts no gifts, but
guiles.'

[The book closes with the offer of riches, which are rejected as 'the toil of fools.']

His good communicable to every soul
Freely; of whom what could He less expect
Than glory and benediction—that is thanks—
The slightest, easiest, readiest recompense
From them who could return Him nothing else?'

[But, argues Satan, it is the Throne of David to which the Messiah is ordained; why not begin that reign? Hitherto Christ has scarcely seen the Galilean towns, but He shall 'quit these rudiments' and survey the 'monarchies of the earth, their pomp and state.' And thereupon he carries Him to a mountain whence He can see 'Assyria and her empire's ancient bounds,' and there suggests the deliverance of the Ten Tribes.]

'Thou on the Throne of David in full glory,
From Egypt to Euphrates and beyond,
Shalt reign, and Rome or Caesar not need fear.'

[The answer is that these things must be left to God's due time and providence.]

'Know, when My season comes to sit
On David's Throne, it shall be like a tree
Spreading and overshadowing all the earth;
Or as a stone that shall to pieces dash
All monarchies besides throughout the world,
And of My Kingdom there shall be no end.'

[The offer of the kingdoms of the world incurs the stern rebuke:]

'Get thee behind me!
Plain thou now appear'st
That Evil One, Satan, for ever damned.'

[Still the Fiend is not utterly abashed, but, as a last temptation from the 'specular mount,' shows Athens.]

[power
Of harmony, in tones and numbers hit
By voice or hand, and various-measured verse.
To sage philosophy next lend Thine ear,
From Heaven descended to the low-roofed house
Of Socrates.]

[Christ replies that whoever seeks true wisdom in the philosophies, moralities and conjectures of men finds her not, and that the poetry of Greece will not compare with 'Hebrew songs and harps.' It is the prophets who teach most plainly]

What makes a nation happy, and keeps it so ;
What ruins kingdoms, and lays cities flat.

[Finding all these temptations futile, Satan explodes :]

' Since neither wealth nor honour, arms nor arts,
Kingdom nor empire pleases Thee, nor aught
By me proposed in life contemplative
Or active, tended on by glory or fame ;
What dost Thou in this world ? The wilderness
For Thee is fittest place. I found Thee there
And thither will return Thee.'

[So he transports the passive Saviour back to His homeless solitude.]

Our Saviour, meek, and with untroubled mind,
Hungry and cold betook Himself to rest.
The Tempter watched, and soon with ugly
dreams
Disturbed His sleep. And either tropic now
'Gan thunder and both ends of Heaven ; the
clouds

From many a horrid rift abortive poured [fire
Fierce train with lightning mixed ; water with
In ruin reconciled. . . Ill wast Thou shrouded then,
O patient Son of God ! Yet only stood'st
Unshaken ! Nor yet staid the terror there.
Infernal ghosts and hellish furies round
Environed Thee ; some howled, some yelled,
some shrieked,

Some bent at Thee their fiery darts, while Thou
Sat'st unappalled in calm and sinless peace.
Thus passed the night so foul, till morning fair
Came forth with pilgrim steps, in amice grey,
Who with her radiant finger stilled the roar
Of thunder, chased the clouds, and laid the winds,
And grisly spectres, which the Fiend had raised
To tempt the Son of God with terrors dire.
And now the sun with more effectual beams
Had cheered the face of earth, and dried the wet
From drooping plant, or dropping tree ; the
birds,

Who all things now beheld more fresh and green,
After a night of storm so ruinous,
Cleared up their choicest notes in bush and spray,
To 'gratulate the sweet return of morn.

[Satan, in anger, begins the last temptation. Feigning to doubt whether the Saviour is the Son of God, he snatches Him up and carries Him to where, in]

Fair Jerusalem,
The Holy City lifted high her towers,
And higher yet the glorious Temple reared
Her pile ; far off appearing like a mount
Of alabaster, topp'd with golden spires :
There on the highest pinnacle he set
The Son of God, and added thus in scorn :
' There stand if Thou wilt stand ; to stand up-
right

Will ask Thee skill.' [stood.
' Tempt not the Lord thy God,' He said, and
But Satan, smitten with amazement, fell,
And to his crew, that sat consulting, brought
Ruin, and desperation, and dismay.
Who durst so proudly tempt the Son of God.
So Satan fell ; and straight a fiery globe,
Of angels, on full sail of wing flew nigh,
Who on their plummy vans received Him soft,
From His uneasy station, and upbore
As on a floating couch through the blithe air ;
Then in a flowery valley set Him down
On a green bank, and set before Him spread,
A table of celestial food.

. And as He fed, angelic quires
Sang heavenly anthems to His victory
Over temptation and the Tempter proud.

True image of the Father whether throned
In the bosom of bliss, and light of light
Conceiving, or remote from Heaven, enshrined
In fleshly tabernacle, and human form,
Wandering the Wilderness, whatever place,
Habit or state, or motion, still expressing
The Son of God, with godlike force indued
Against th' Attempter of thy Father's throne,
And thief of Paradise ; him long of old
Thou didst debel, and down from Heaven cast
With all his army, now thou hast avenged
Supplanted Adam, and by vanquishing
Temptation, hast regained lost Paradise,
And frustrated the conquest fraudulent :
He never more henceforth will dare set foot
In Paradise to tempt ; his snares are broke :
For, though that seat of earthly bliss be failed,
A fairer Paradise is founded now
For Adam and his chosen sons, whom thou
A Saviour art come down to re-install.
Where they shall dwell secure, when time shall be
Of tempter and temptation without fear.
But thou, Infernal Serpent, shalt not long
Rule in the clouds ; like an autumnal star
Or lightning thou shalt fall from Heaven trod
down

Under his feet : hereafter learn with awe
To dread the Son of God ; he all unarm'd
Shall chase thee with the terror of his voice
From thy demoniac holds, possession foul,
Thee and thy legions, yelling they shall fly,
And beg to hide them in a herd of swine,
Lest he command them down into the deep
Bound, and to torment sent before their time.
Hail son of the Most High, heir of both worlds,
Queller of Satan, on thy glorious work
Now enter, and begin to save mankind.

Thus, they the Son of God, our Saviour meek,
Sung victor, and from heavenly feast refreshed,
Brought on His way with joy. He, unobserved,
Home to His mother's house private returned.

EARL OF BEACONSFIELD CONINGSBY

BENJAMIN DISRAELI'S novels—especially the famous trilogy of *Coningsby* (1844), *Sybil* (1845) and *Tancred* (1846)—are remarkable chiefly for the view they give of contemporary political life, and for the definite political philosophy of their author. Neither the earlier novels, such as *Vivian Grey* (1826), *Contarini Fleming*, *Alroy* (1832), *Henrietta Temple*, and *Venetia* (1837), nor the later ones, such as *Lothair* (1870) and *Endymion* (1874), are to be ranked as the equals of *Coningsby* and *Sybil*. Many of the characters that we encounter in *Coningsby* are modelled upon well known statesmen and men of affairs whom Disraeli knew in his political life. Lord Monmouth is Lord Hertford, whom Thackeray depicted in his writings as the Marquess of Steyne; Rigby is John Wilson Croker; Oswald Millbank is William Ewart Gladstone; Lord H. Sidney is Lord John Manners; Sidonia is Baron Alfred de Rothschild; and *Coningsby* is Lord Lyttelton. Cheaply priced editions of *Coningsby* are published by the firms of Longmans and John Lane.

I—The Hero of Eton



CONINGSBY was the orphan child of the younger of the two sons of Lord Monmouth. It was a family famous for its hatreds. The elder son hated his father, and lived at Naples, maintaining no connexion either with his parent or his native country. On the other hand, Lord Monmouth hated his younger son, who had married against his consent a woman to whom that son was devoted. Persecuted by his father, he died abroad, and his widow returned to England. Not having a relation, and scarcely an acquaintance, in the world, she made an appeal to her husband's father, the wealthiest noble in England, and a man who was often prodigal and occasionally generous, who respected law and despised opinion. Lord Monmouth decided that, provided she gave up her child, and permanently resided in one of the remotest counties, he would make her a yearly allowance of three hundred pounds. Necessity made the victim yield; and three years later Mrs. Coningsby died, the same day that her father-in-law was made a marquess.

Coningsby was then not more than nine years of age; and when he attained his twelfth year an order was received from Lord Monmouth, who was at Rome, that he should go at once to Eton.

Coningsby had never seen his grandfather. It was Mr. Rigby who made

arrangements for his education. This Mr. Rigby was the manager of Lord Monmouth's parliamentary influence and the auditor of his vast estates. He was a member for one of Lord Monmouth's boroughs and, in fact, a great personage. Lord Monmouth had bought him, and it was a good purchase.

In the spring of 1832, when the country was in the throes of agitation over the Reform Bill, Lord Monmouth returned to England, accompanied by the Prince and Princess Colonna and the Princess Lucretia, the prince's daughter by his first wife. Coningsby was summoned from Eton to Monmouth House, and returned to school in the full favour of the marquess.

Coningsby was the hero of Eton; everybody was proud of him, talked of him, quoted him, imitated him. But the ties of friendship bound Coningsby to Henry Sydney and Oswald Millbank above all other companions. Lord Henry Sydney was the son of a duke, and Millbank was the son of one of the wealthiest manufacturers in Lancashire. Once Coningsby saved Millbank's life; and this was the beginning of a close and ardent friendship.

Coningsby liked very much to talk politics with Millbank. He heard things from Millbank which were new to him. Politics had, as yet, appeared to him a struggle whether the country was to be governed by Whig nobles or Tory nobles; and Coningsby, a high Tory as he supposed himself to be, thought it very unfortunate

that he should probably have to enter life with his friends out of power and his family boroughs destroyed. But he heard for the first time of influential classes in the country who were not noble and yet were determined to acquire power.

Generally, at that time, among the upper boys at Eton there was a reigning inclination for political discussion and a feeling

in favour of 'Conservative principles.' A year later, and in 1836, gradually the inquiry fell upon attentive ears as to what these Conservative principles were. Before Coningsby and his friends left Eton—Coningsby for Cambridge and Millbank for Oxford—they were resolved to contend for political faith rather than for mere partisan success or personal ambition.

II—A Portrait of a Lady

ON his way to Coningsby Castle, in Lancashire, where the Marquess of Monmouth was living in state—feasting the county, patronising the borough, and diffusing confidence in the Conservative party in order that the electors of Dartford might return his man, Mr. Rigby, once more for parliament—our hero halted for the night at Manchester. In the coffee-room at the hotel a stranger, loud in praise of the commercial enterprise of the neighbourhood, advised Coningsby, if he wanted to see something tip-top in the way of cotton works, to visit Millbank of Millbank's; and thus it came about that Coningsby first met Edith Millbank. Oswald was abroad; and Mr. Millbank, when he heard the name of his visitor, was only distressed that the sudden arrival left no time for adequate welcome.

"My visit to Manchester, which led to this, was quite accidental," said Coningsby. "I am bound for the other division of the county, to pay a visit to my grandfather, Lord Monmouth; but an irresistible desire came over me during my journey to view this famous district of industry."

A cloud passed over the countenance of Millbank as the name of Lord Monmouth was mentioned; but he said nothing, only turning towards Coningsby, with an air of kindness, to beg him, since to stay longer was impossible, to dine with him. Coningsby gladly agreed to this; and the

village clock was striking five when Mr. Millbank and his guest entered the gardens of his mansion and proceeded to the house.

The hall was capacious and classic; and as they approached the staircase the sweetest and the clearest voice exclaimed from above: "Papa, papa!" and instantly a young girl came bounding down the stairs; but suddenly seeing a stranger with her father, she stopped upon the landing-place. Mr. Millbank beckoned her, and she came down slowly; at the foot of the stairs her father said briefly: "A friend you have often heard of, Edith—this is Mr. Coningsby."

She started, blushed very much, and then put forth her hand.

"How often have we all wished to see and to thank you!" Miss Edith Millbank remarked in tones of sensibility.

Opposite Coningsby at dinner that night was a portrait which greatly attracted his attention. It represented a woman extremely young and of a rare beauty. The face was looking out of the canvas and the gaze of this picture disturbed the serenity of Coningsby. On rising to leave the table he said to Mr. Millbank, "By whom is that portrait, sir?"

The countenance of Millbank became disturbed; his expression was agitated, almost angry. "Oh! that is by a country artist," he said, "of whom you never heard."

III—The Course of True Love

THE Princess Colonna resolved that an alliance should take place between Coningsby and her step-daughter. But the plans of the princess, imparted to Mr. Rigby that she might gain his assistance in achieving them, were doomed to frustration. Coningsby fell deeply in love

with Miss Millbank; and Lord Monmouth himself decided to marry Lucretia.

It was in Paris that Coningsby, on a visit to his grandfather, woke to the knowledge of his love for Edith Millbank. They met at a brilliant party, Miss Millbank with her aunt, Lady Wallinger.

"Miss Millbank says that you have quite forgotten her," said a mutual friend.

Coningsby started, advanced, coloured a little, could not conceal his surprise. The lady, too, though more prepared, was not without confusion. Coningsby recalled at that moment the beautiful, bashful countenance that had so charmed him at Millbank; but two years had effected a wonderful change and transformed the silent, embarrassed girl into a woman of surpassing beauty. That night the image of Edith Millbank was the last thought of Coningsby as he sank into an agitated slumber. In the morning his first thought was of her of whom he had dreamt. The light had dawned on his soul. Coningsby loved.

THE course of true love was not to run smoothly with our hero. Within a few days he heard rumours that Miss Millbank was to be married to Sidonia, a wealthy and gifted man of Jewish race, the friend of Lord Monmouth. Often had Coningsby admired the wisdom and the abilities of Sidonia; against such a rival he felt powerless and, without mustering courage to speak, left hastily for England.

But Coningsby had been deceived—the gossip was without foundation; and once more he was to meet Edith Millbank. This time, however, it was Mr. Millbank himself who vetoed the courtship.

Oswald had invited his friend to Millbank; and Coningsby, having learnt the baselessness of the report that had driven him from Paris, gladly accepted. Coningsby Castle was near to Hellingsley; and this estate Mr. Millbank had purchased, outbidding Lord Monmouth. Bitter enmity existed between the great marquess and the famous manufacturer—an old, implacable hatred. Mr. Millbank now resided at Hellingsley; and Coningsby left the castle rejoicing to meet his old Eton friend again, and still more the beautiful sister of his old friend.

Mr. Millbank was from home when he arrived; and Coningsby and Miss Millbank walked in the park, and rested by the margin of a stream. Assuredly a maiden and a youth more beautiful and engaging had seldom met in a scene more fresh and fair.

Coningsby gazed on the countenance of his companion. She turned her head and met his glance.

"Edith," he said, in a tone of tremulous passion, "let me call you Edith! Yes," he continued; "let me call you my Edith! I love you!"

She did not withdraw her hand; but turned away a face flushed as the impending twilight.

The lovers returned late for dinner to find that Mr. Millbank was at home.

NEXT morning, in Mr. Millbank's room, Coningsby learnt that the marriage he looked forward to with all the ardour of youth was quite impossible.

"The sacrifices and the misery of such a marriage are certain and inseparable," said Mr. Millbank gravely, but without harshness. "You are the grandson of Lord Monmouth; at present enjoying his favour, but dependent on his bounty. You may be the heir of his wealth to-morrow, and to-morrow you may be the object of his hatred and persecution. Your grandfather and myself are foes—to the death. It is idle to mince phrases. I do not vindicate our mutual feelings; I may regret that they have ever arisen, especially at this exigency. Lord Monmouth would crush me, had he the power, like a worm; and I have curbed his proud fortunes often. These feelings of hatred may be deplored, but they do exist; and now you are to go to this man, and ask his sanction to marry my daughter!"

"I would appease these hatreds," retorted Coningsby, "the origin of which I know not. I would appeal to my grandfather; I would show him Edith."

"He has looked upon as fair even as Edith," said Mr. Millbank. "And did that melt his heart? My daughter and yourself can meet no more."

In vain Coningsby pleaded his suit. It was not till Mr. Millbank told that he, too, had suffered—that he had loved Coningsby's own mother, and that she gave her heart to another, to die afterwards solitary and forsaken, tortured by Lord Monmouth—that Coningsby was silent. It was his mother's portrait he had looked upon that night at Millbank; and he understood the cause of the hatred

He wrung Mr. Millbank's hand and left Hellingsley in despair. But Oswald overtook him in the dark ; and, leaning on his friend's arm, Coningsby poured forth a hurried, impassioned strain—all that had occurred, all that he had dreamed,

his baffled bliss, his actual despair.

A thunderstorm overtook them ; and Oswald took refuge from the elements at the castle. There, as they sat together, pledging their faithful friendship, the door opened and Mr. Rigby appeared.

IV—Coningsby's Political Faith

LORD MONMOUTH banished the Princess Colonna from his presence and married Lucretia. Coningsby returned to Cambridge and continued to enjoy his grandfather's hospitality whenever Lord Monmouth was in London.

Mr. Millbank had, in the meantime, become a member of Parliament, having defeated Mr. Rigby in the contest for the representation of Dartford.

In the year 1840 a general election was imminent and Lord Monmouth returned to London. He was weary of Paris ; every day he found it more difficult to be amused. Lucretia had lost her charm : they had been married nearly three years. The marquess, from whom nothing could be concealed, perceived that often, while she elaborately attempted to divert him, her mind was wandering elsewhere.

He fell into the easy habit of dining in his private rooms, sometimes *tête-à-tête* with Villebecque, his private secretary, a cosmopolitan theatrical manager, whose tales and adventures about a kind of society which Lord Monmouth had always preferred to the polished and somewhat insipid circles in which he was born, had rendered him the prime favourite of his great patron. Villebecque's step-daughter Flora, a modest and retiring maiden, waited on Lucretia.

Back in London, Lord Monmouth, on the day of his arrival, welcomed Coningsby to his room, and at a sign from his master Villebecque left the apartment.

"You see, Harry," said Lord Monmouth, "that I am much occupied to-day, yet the business on which I wish to communicate with you is so pressing that it could not be postponed. These are not times when young men should be out of sight. Your public career will commence immediately. The government have resolved on a dissolution. My information is from the highest quarter. The Whigs are going to dissolve their own House of Commons.

Notwithstanding this, we can beat them ; but the race requires the finest jockeying. We can't give a point. Now, if we had a good candidate we could win Dartford. But Rigby won't do. He is too much of the old clique ; used up ; a hack ; besides, a beaten horse. We are assured the name of Coningsby would be a host ; there is a considerable section who support the present fellow who will not vote against a Coningsby. They have thought of you as a fit person ; and I have approved of the suggestion. You will, therefore, be the candidate for Dartford with my entire sanction and support ; and I have no doubt you will be successful."

To Coningsby the idea was appalling. To be the rival of Mr. Millbank on the hustings of Dartford ! Vanquished or victorious, equally a catastrophe. He saw Edith canvassing for her father and against him. Besides, to enter the House of Commons a slave and a tool of party ! Strongly anti-Whig, Coningsby distrusted the Conservative party and looked for a new party of men who shared his youthful convictions and high political principles.

Lord Monmouth, however, brushed aside his grandson's objections.

"You are certainly still young ; but I was younger by nearly two years when I first went in, and I found no difficulty. As for your opinions, you have no business to have any other than those I uphold. I want to see you in parliament. I tell you what it is, Harry," Lord Monmouth concluded, very emphatically, "members of this family may think as they like, but they must act as I please. You must go down on Friday to Dartford and declare yourself a candidate for the town, or I shall reconsider our mutual positions."

Coningsby left Monmouth House in dejection, but to his solemn resolution of political faith he remained firm. He would not stand for Dartford against Mr. Millbank as the nominee of a party he could not

follow. In terms of tenderness and humility he wrote to his grandfather that he positively declined to enter parliament except as the master of his own conduct.

In the same hour of his distress Coningsby overheard in his club two men discussing the engagement of Miss Millbank to

the Marquess of Beaumanoir, the elder brother of his school friend, Henry Sydney.

Edith Millbank, too, had heard that Coningsby was engaged to be married to Lady Theresa Sydney.

So easily does rumour spin her stories and smite her victims with sadness.

V—*Lady Monmouth's Departure*

IT was Flora, to whom Coningsby had been always kind and courteous, who told Lucretia that Lord Monmouth was displeased with his grandson.

"My lord is very angry with Mr. Coningsby," she said, shaking her head mournfully. "My lord told M. Villebecque that perhaps Mr. Coningsby would never enter the house again."

Lucretia immediately dispatched a note to Mr. Rigby and, on the arrival of that gentleman, told him all she had learnt of the contention between Harry Coningsby and her husband.

"I told you to beware of him long ago," said Lady Monmouth. "He has ever been in the way of both of us."

"He is in my power," said Rigby. "We can crush him. He is in love with the daughter of Millbank, the man who bought Hellingsley. I found the younger Millbank quite domiciliated at the castle, a fact which of itself, if known to Lord Monmouth, would ensure the lad's annihilation."

"The time is now most mature for this. Let us not conceal it from ourselves that since this grandson's first visit to Coningsby Castle we have neither of us really been in the same position with my lord which we then occupied, or believed we should occupy. Go now; the game is before you! Rid me of this Coningsby, and I will secure all that you want."

"It shall be done," said Rigby; "it must be done."

Lady Monmouth bade Mr. Rigby hasten at once to the marquess and bring her news of the interview. She awaited with some excitement his return. Her original prejudice against Coningsby and jealousy of his influence had been aggravated by the knowledge that, although after her marriage Lord Monmouth had made a will which secured to her a very large portion of his great wealth, the energies

of the marquess had of late been directed to establish Coningsby in a barony.

Two hours elapsed before Mr. Rigby returned. There was a churlish and unusual look about him.

"Lord Monmouth suggests that, as you were tired of Paris, your ladyship might find the German baths at Kissingen agreeable. A paragraph in the 'Morning Post' would announce that his lordship was about to join you; and even if his lordship did not ultimately reach you, an amicable separation would be effected."

In vain Lucretia stormed. Mr. Rigby mentioned that Lord Monmouth had already left the house and would not return, and finally announced that Lucretia's letters to a certain Prince Trautsmendorff were in his lordship's possession.

A few days later Coningsby read in the papers of Lady Monmouth's departure to Kissingen. He called at Monmouth House, to find the place empty, and to learn from the porter that Lord Monmouth was about to occupy a villa at Richmond.

Coningsby entertained for his grandfather a sincere affection. With the exception of their last unfortunate interview, he had experienced nothing but kindness from Lord Monmouth. He determined to pay him a visit at Richmond.

Lord Monmouth, who was entertaining two French ladies at his villa, recoiled from grandsons and relations and ties of all kinds; but Coningsby so pleasantly impressed his fair visitors that Lord Monmouth decided to ask him to dinner. Thus, in spite of the combinations of Lucretia and Mr. Rigby, and his grandfather's resentment, within a month of that memorable interview at Monmouth House, Coningsby found himself once more a guest at Lord Monmouth's table.

In that same month other important circumstances also occurred.

At a fête in some beautiful gardens on the banks of the Thames, Coningsby and Edith Millbank were both present. The announcement was made of the forthcoming marriage of Lady Theresa Sydney to Mr. Eustace Lyle, a friend of Mr. Coningsby; and later, from the lips of Lady Wallinger herself, Miss Millbank's aunt, Coningsby learnt how really groundless was the report of Lord Beaumanoir's engagement.

VI—Lord Monmouth's Money

IN the midst of Christmas revels at the country house of Mr. Eustace Lyle, surrounded by the duke and duchess and their children—the Sydneys—Coningsby was called away by news of the sudden death of Lord Monmouth.

The date of the will was 1829; and by this document the sum of £10,000 was left to Coningsby, who at that time was unknown to his grandfather.

But there were many codicils. In 1832, the £10,000 was increased to £50,000. In 1836, after Coningsby's visit to the castle, £50,000 was left to the Princess Lucretia and Coningsby was left sole residuary legatee.

After the marriage, an estate of £9,000 a year was left to Coningsby, £20,000 to Mr. Rigby, and the whole of the residue went to issue by Lady Monmouth.

In the event of there being no issue, the whole of the estate was to be divided equally between Lady Monmouth and Coningsby. In 1839, Mr. Rigby was reduced to £10,000, Lady Monmouth was to receive £3,000 per annum, and the rest, without reserve, went absolutely to Coningsby.

The last codicil was dated immediately after the separation with Lady Monmouth.

All dispositions in favour of Coningsby were revoked, and he was left with the interest of the original £10,000, Rigby receiving £5,000, M. Villebecque £30,000, and Flora, whom the marquess acknowledged to be his natural daughter, the entire residue.

Sidonia lightened the blow for Coningsby as far as philosophy could.

"I ask you," he said, "which would you have rather lost—your grandfather's inheritance or your right leg?"

"Most certainly my inheritance."

"Lord Beaumanoir admires her—has always admired her," Lady Wallinger explained to Coningsby; "but Edith has given him no encouragement whatever."

At the end of the terrace Edith and Coningsby met.

"How could you ever doubt me?" said Coningsby, after some time.

"I was unhappy."

"And now we are as before."

"And will be," said Edith.

"Or your left arm?"

"Still the inheritance."

"Would you have given up a year of your life for that fortune trebled?"

"Even at twenty-three I would have refused the terms."

"Come, then, Coningsby, the calamity cannot be very great. You have health, youth, good looks, great abilities, considerable knowledge, a fine courage and no contemptible experience. You can live on £300 a year. Read for the Bar."

"I have resolved," said Coningsby. "I will try for the Great Seal."

NEXT morning came a note from Flora, begging Mr. Coningsby to call upon her. It was an interview he would rather have avoided. But Flora had not injured him, and she was, after all, his kin. She was alone when Coningsby entered the room.

"I have robbed you of your inheritance."

"It was not mine by any right, legal or moral. The fortune is yours, dear Flora, by every right; and there is no one who wishes more fervently that it may contribute to your happiness than I do."

"It is killing me," said Flora mournfully. "I must tell you what I feel. This fortune is yours. I never thought to be so happy as I shall be if you will accept it."

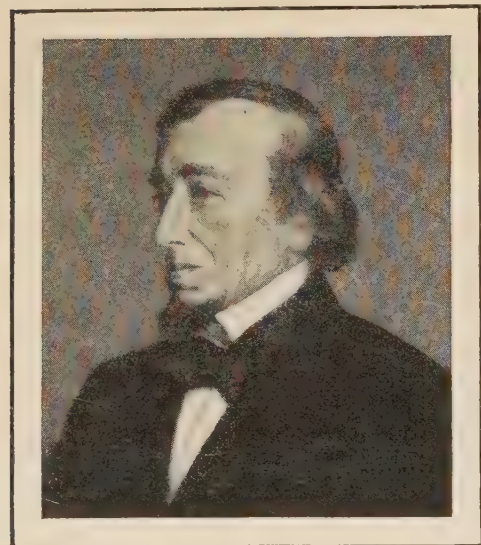
"You are, as I have ever thought you, the kindest and most tender-hearted of beings," said Coningsby, much moved; "but the custom of the world does not permit such acts to either of us as you contemplate. Have confidence in yourself. You will be happy."

"When I die, these riches will be yours; that, at all events, you cannot prevent," were Flora's last generous words.

VII—On Life's Threshold

CONINGSBY established himself in the Temple to read law; and Lord Henry Sydney, Oswald Millbank and other old Eton friends rallied round their early leader.

"I feel quite convinced that Coningsby will become Lord Chancellor," Lord Henry



BENJAMIN DISRAELI, Earl of Beaconsfield, was not only a great figure in English politics in the nineteenth century, he was also a novelist of brilliant powers. Born in London, December 21, 1804, the son of Isaac D'Israeli, the future prime minister of England was first articled to a solicitor; but he quickly turned from the law to politics. Disraeli was leader of the Conservative party in the House of Commons in 1847; he was twice Prime Minister. In 1876 he was created Earl of Beaconsfield. Endymion, published in 1874, contains many memories of his great political and public career. In March 1880, just after his last great speech in the House of Lords, he became seriously ill, and he died April 19, 1881. He was buried at Hughenden, in Buckinghamshire.

From the painting by Sir J. E. Millais, P.R.A.

Sydney said gravely, after leaving the Temple.

The General Election of 1841, which Lord Monmouth had expected a year before, found Coningsby a solitary student in his lonely chambers in the Temple. All his friends and early companions were candidates, and with sanguine prospects. They sent their addresses to Coningsby, who, deeply interested, traced in them the influence of his own mind.

Then, in the midst of the election, one evening in July, Coningsby, catching up a third edition of *The Sun*, was startled by the word 'Dartford' in large type. Below it were the headlines:

'Extraordinary Affair! Withdrawal of the Liberal Candidate! Two Tory Candidates in the Field!'

Mr. Millbank, at the last moment, had retired and had persuaded his supporters to nominate Harry Coningsby in his place. The fight was between Coningsby and Rigby.

Oswald Millbank, who had just been returned to parliament, came up to London; and from him, as they travelled to Dartford, Coningsby grasped the change of events. Sidonia had explained to Lady Wallinger the cause of Coningsby's disinheritance. Lady Wallinger had told Oswald and Edith; and Oswald had urged on his father the recognition of his friend's affection for his sister.

On his own impulse, Mr. Millbank decided that Coningsby should contest Dartford.

MR. RIGBY was beaten, and Coningsby arrived at Dartford in time to receive the cheers of thousands. From the hustings he gave his first address to a public assembly; and by general agreement no such speech had ever been heard in the borough before.

Early in the autumn Harry and Edith were married at Millbank, and they passed their first moon at Hellingsley.

The death of Flora, who had bequeathed the whole of her fortune to the husband of Edith, took place before the end of the year, hastened by the fatal inheritance which disturbed her peace and embittered her days, haunting her heart with the recollection that she had been the instrument of injuring the only being whom she loved.

Coningsby passed his next Christmas in his own hall, with his beautiful and gifted wife by his side and surrounded by the friends of his heart and his youth.

